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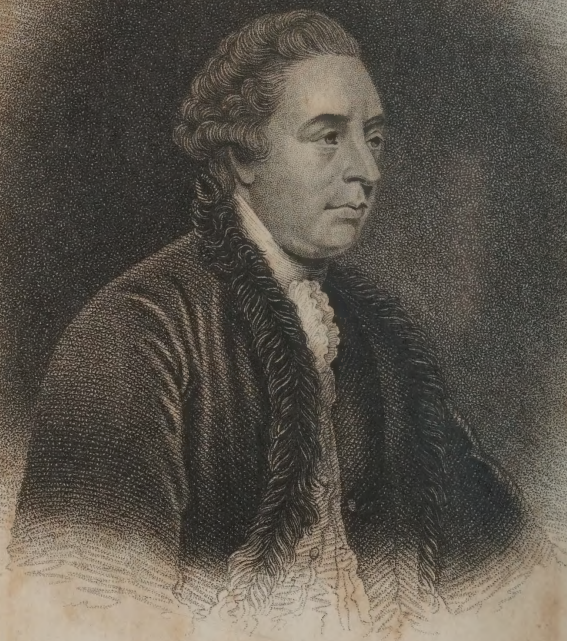








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JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L.L.D.

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FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



JONES'S  
UNIVERSITY EDITION OF

SELECT BRITISH CLASSICS.

THE  
ADVENTURER  
BY

*John Hookerworth, LL.D.*

and others.  
THE FOUR VOL. COMPLETE IN ONE.



*Engraved by M<sup>r</sup> Rogers, from a drawing by Corbould.*

L O N D O N

Published by Jones & C<sup>o</sup> May 21. 1825.

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THE  
ADVENTURER:

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL. D.

AND OTHERS.

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—Tentanda via est ; qua me quoque possim  
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora. Virg.

On venturous wing in quest of praise I go,  
And leave the gazing multitude below.

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COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

LONDON:  
PUBLISHED BY JONES & COMPANY,  
3, ACTON PLACE, KINGSLAND ROAD.

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1825.

GLASGOW,  
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# HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

## PREFACE

TO

### THE ADVENTURER.

THE *Adventurer* was planned by Dr. John Hawkesworth soon after the conclusion of the *Rambler*, in conjunction with Dr. Johnson. The first number was published on Tuesday, Nov. the 7th, 1752, in the folio size, and quantity of the *Rambler*, and at the same price. The days of publication were Tuesday and Saturday, and a period was put to the work in No. 140, Saturday, March, 9, 1754.

John Hawkesworth, L.L.D. was born in 1715, or, according to another account, in 1719. His parents were dissenters, probably in humble life. It has been asserted that he was brought up to a mechanical employment, but Sir J. Hawkins says that he was in his youth a hired clerk to an attorney—a situation scarcely superior to the former. By some means, however, he fitted himself for the profession of a man of letters; and about 1744 was Dr. Johnson's successor in the office of compiler of the parliamentary debates for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. To that publication he contributed during some successive years several pieces of poetry, some of them under the signature "H. Greville." We find him, between his thirtieth and fortieth year, residing at Bromley, in Kent, where his wife kept a boarding-school for young ladies. In 1752 he began to publish "*The Adventurer*," which was continued to the one hundred and fortieth number, and then collected into four volumes 12mo. Of these, one half, or seventy numbers, were of his own composition. He had for his coadjutors Johnson, Bathurst, and Warton, and there were a few other occasional contributors. The *Adventurer* was favourably received by the public, and merited its success by the purity of its morals, the elegance of its critical disquisitions, and the acquaintance it

displayed with life and manners. The papers of Hawkesworth resemble in style the *Ramblers* of Johnson, though with somewhat less pomp of diction. Those among them which have been most admired consist of eastern tales, and of stories in domestic life; in the former of which he exhibited a fine imagination, and in the latter a considerable knowledge of the human heart. Both of them convey the most instructive lessons of conduct. Archbishop Herring so much approved the moral and religious tenor of these papers, that he conferred upon their author the degree of doctor of civil law. From some circumstance, this acquisition of dignity lost Dr. Hawkesworth the friendship of Johnson (who had not then obtained a similar honour), and they appear never again to have associated together. That Hawkesworth was weakly elated by his new title, appears from the intention with which it inspired him of assuming the profession of a civilian, and practising in the ecclesiastical courts; but, after some preparatory studies, the opposition he met with obliged him to desist from his purpose. In 1756, at the desire of Garrick, he altered for the stage Dryden's comedy of *Amphytrion*. His oratorio of "*Zimri*," performed at Covent Garden in 1760, displayed no mean talents for poetical composition; and his "*Edgar and Emmeline*," a dramatic entertainment, called "*a Fairy Tale*," brought out at Drury-lane in 1761, was a very elegant fancy-piece. In the same year he published "*Almorán and Hamet*," an Oriental tale, two volumes 12mo, which possesses much merit as a romance of the serious and dignified class. He was the editor about this time of a collection of the works of Dean Swift, to which he prefixed a life of that extraordinary person.

The mention made of this performance by Dr. Johnson, in his *Lives of the English Poets*, is too valuable a biographical record of our author to be omitted:—"An account of Dr. Swift has been already collected with great diligence and acuteness by Dr. Hawkesworth, according to a scheme which I laid before him in the intimacy of our friendship. I cannot, therefore, be expected to say much of a life, concerning which I had long since communicated my thoughts to a man capable of dignifying his narration with so much elegance of language and force of sentiment." In 1766 Dr. Hawkesworth was the editor of three volumes of "Letters of Dr. Swift and several of his Friends, published from the Originals, with Notes explanatory and historical." A "Translation of Telemachus," quarto, 1768, exhibited to great advantage the beauties of Hawkesworth's style, which was peculiarly adapted to represent the rich description and sentimental glow of the admired original; and he was allowed to have left all former translators of this work far behind him. The reputation he had now acquired as a writer obtained for him, in 1772, the lucrative and distinguished task of compiling into one narrative an account of all the voyages of discovery made by command of his present majesty, to that period of his reign. This work was published in three volumes 4to. magnificently adorned with charts, maps, views, &c. and comprising the materials of the journals kept by commodore Byron, captains Wallis and Carteret, and lieutenant Cook, in their respective voyages to the Southern hemisphere and Pacific ocean. Dr. Hawkesworth received the very munificent reward of six thousand pounds; and his execution of the task obtained the praise of lively and elegant narration, and of sufficient fidelity as to matters of fact. Yet the author by profession, the speculatist and philosopher, too much appeared amidst the simple relations of sea officers and navigators; and the colouring of his style produced a similar effect in the writing, with that of the Grecian figures of Cipriani and other artists in the engravings. Some moral and religious objections were likewise made to his performance. He had indulged in some descriptions of the licentious manners of the South Sea islanders, which were thought too inflammatory: and he had made some unnecessary attacks upon the popular doctrine of a particular providence. Some nautical omissions were severely censured: and upon the whole, the criticisms he underwent gave him vexations, which more than counterbalanced the satisfaction arising from his profits. The latter were enjoyed a very short time; for the year in which this work appeared was the last of his life, which closed on November 16, 1773, at Bromley. The chagrin he underwent, together with indulgence

in his mode of living, are supposed to have shortened his days. Dr. Hawkesworth was a man of irritable passions and exquisite sensibility, but friendly, social, and humane. His conversation is represented as having been highly agreeable, and his manners to have been those of the scholar and gentleman united.

The first coadjutor of Dr. Hawkesworth in the *Adventurer*, prior to Dr. Johnson or Dr. Warton joining him, is said to have been Dr. Richard Bathurst, at that time one of the members of Dr. Johnson's Ivy-lane Club. He was the son of a Colonel Bathurst, a West India planter, from whom Dr. Johnson received his faithful black servant. Dr. Bathurst is said to have written the eight papers marked A. in the *Adventurer*. Dr. Johnson wrote twenty-nine papers in the *Adventurer*, the general character of which is the same with that of his preceding work. He did not begin to write for the *Adventurer* until No. 34, March 3, 1753. He began to write with the story of Misargyrus, which he continued in Nos. 41, 53, and 62. His *Journey in a Stage Coach*, in No. 84, cannot be exceeded for delicate humour. We find him dwelling on his favourite topic, the concerns and interests of literary men, Nos. 85, 95, 115, 137, and 138. In No. 120, he indulges in reflections "on the bitterness of being." Mr. Boswell has discovered that No. 39., on sleep, was written by him. Sir J. Hawkins, when he collected Dr. Johnson's works for a uniform edition in 1786-7, omitted no less than five of his *Adventurers*, viz. Nos. 39, 67, 74, 81, and 128.

The next contributor to the *Adventurer* that we shall notice was Dr. Joseph Warton, to whom the province of criticism and literature was assigned in the original plan. His contributions amount to twenty-four papers. This elegant scholar, and distinguished writer, was born about the year 1722. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Warton, poetry-professor at Oxford, and vicar of Basingstoke. He received his early education chiefly under his father; and at the age of fourteen was admitted on the foundation at Winchester-school, where he continued till 1740, when he was entered of Oriel-college, Oxford. After taking the degree of B. D. he became curate to his father at Basingstoke, where he officiated two years; and in 1746 he removed to a similar employment at Chelsea. In 1748 he was presented by the Duke of Bolton to the rectory of Winslade, and soon after married. He accompanied his patron in 1751 on a tour to the south of France; before which period he had commenced an edition of Virgil in Latin and English, which was completed in 1753. When the *Adventurer* was undertaken by Dr. Hawkesworth, Warton received an invitation through the medium of



his friend Dr. Johnson, to become a contributor. The result of his compliance was twenty-four papers, as we have stated, of which some were of the humorous cast, but the greater part were essays on critical topics. In this department he adopted the mode of criticism, to which he always adhered, and which consisted in exercising his elegance of taste and nicety of feeling upon particular passages, and pointing out their beauties and defects, as addressed to the heart and the imagination. He was presented in 1754 to the rectory of Tunworth; and in 1755, was elected second master of Winchester-school, with the advantage of a boarding-house. The first volume of his "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope" appeared, without his name, in 1756. In 1766 he was advanced to the place of head master of Winchester-school, which he long occupied with high reputation. He visited Oxford on this promotion, where he proceeded to the degrees of bachelor and doctor of divinity.

Dr. Warton's life was from this time uniform, or only varied by occasional visits to London, by schemes of publication, and by new preferences. In 1793 he closed his long labours at Winchester-school by a resignation of the mastership, and retired to the rectory of Wickham, which he had obtained by an exchange for another. Still fond of literary employment, he accepted a proposal from the bookseller, to superintend an edition of Pope's works, which was completed in 9 volumes 8vo. published in 1797. After he had finished his task as editor of Pope, he undertook the like service to Dryden, and had prepared two volumes of that eminent poet at the time of his death. This event took place in February, 1800, in his 78th year. Dr. Warton was twice married, and left a son and three daughters.

No. 90, of the *Adventurer*, was written by Mr. Colman, afterwards the principal contributor to the *Connoisseur*. The beautiful lines in No. 37 have been usually attributed to the pious Gilbert West; but they were afterwards discovered to have been the production of the Rev. Richard Jago.

Nos. 77, 78, and 79, containing the story of *Fidelia*, were written by the celebrated Mrs. Chapone. This esteemed female writer was born in 1727. She was the daughter of Thomas Mulso, Esq. of Twywell, Northamptonshire. At an early age she displayed a lively imagination and strong understanding, and is said to have composed a romance at the age of nine. Her mother, who rather discouraged than pro-

moted her mental improvement, dying when she was young, she was left to follow her own inclination in that respect, and stored her mind with the best writings in different modern languages. She was one of the female favourites of the celebrated Richardson, and through his means was introduced to Mr. Chapone, a young practitioner of the law, and a mutual attachment was the result. In the mean time she formed an acquaintance with Miss Carter, to whom she addressed a poem on her translation of Epictetus, which, with an ode to Peace, and the story of *Fidelia* in the *Adventurer*, were among her first public productions. She married Mr. Chapone in 1760, but the union was dissolved by his death ten months after, and she was left a mourning widow with a narrow income. Her good sense, powers of conversation, and respectable character, procured her many friends of both sexes, among whom were Mrs. Montague and Lord Lyttleton, and she passed her time chiefly in London, or in occasional visits. Her name became more generally known by the publication, in 1773, at the request of her literary friends, of "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, addressed to a Young Lady." Of this work the following character has been given by an eminent writer of her own sex:—"It is distinguished by sound sense, a liberal, as well as a warm spirit of piety, and a philosophy applied to its best use, the culture of the heart and affections. It has no shining eccentricities of thought, no peculiarities of system: it follows experience as its guide, and is content to produce effects of acknowledged utility by known and approved means. On these accounts it is perhaps, the most unexceptionable treatise that can be put into the hands of female youth. These letters are particularly excellent in what relates to regulating the temper and feelings. Their style is pure and unaffected, and the manner grave and impressive." In 1775 Mrs. Chapone published a volume of "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," some pieces in which she had formerly printed without her name.

The loss of friends by death, especially that of an excellent and beloved brother in 1799, rendering London no longer a desirable abode, she had intended to remove to Winchester, which was the residence of the niece to whom she had addressed the *Letters*, and who was married to a clergyman; but the death of this lady in childbed disconcerted her plan, and at length she removed to Hadley, where she died in 1801, at the age of 74.

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# THE ADVENTURER.

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No. 1.] TUESDAY, NOV. 7. 1752.

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*Hac arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules  
Innixus, arces attigit igneas.*—

HOR.

Thus mounted to the towers above,  
The vagrant hero, son of Jove.

FRANCIS.

AS every man in the exercise of his duty to himself and the community, struggles with difficulties which no man has always surmounted, and is exposed to dangers which are never wholly escaped; life has been considered as a warfare, and courage as a virtue more necessary than any other. It was soon found, that without the exercise of courage, without an effort of the mind by which immediate pleasure is rejected, pain despised, and life itself set at hazard, much cannot be contributed to the public good, nor such happiness procured to ourselves as is consistent with that of others.

But as pleasure can be exchanged only for pleasure, every art has been pleased to connect such gratifications with the exercise of courage, as compensate for those which are given us: the pleasures of the imagination are substituted for those of the senses, and the hope of future enjoyments for the possession of present; and to decorate these pleasures and this hope, has wearied eloquence and exhausted learning. Courage has been dignified with the name of heroic virtue; and heroic virtue has deified the hero: his statue, hung round with ensigns of terror, frowned in the gloom of a wood or a temple; altars were raised before it, and the world was commanded to worship.

Thus the ideas of courage, and virtue, and honour, are so associated, that wherever we perceive courage, we infer virtue and ascribe honour; without considering, whether courage was exerted to produce happiness or misery, in the defence of freedom or support of tyranny.

But though courage and heroic virtue are still

confounded, yet by courage nothing more is generally understood than a power of opposing danger with serenity and perseverance. To secure the honours which are bestowed upon courage by custom, it is indeed necessary that this danger should be voluntary: for a courageous resistance of dangers to which we are necessarily exposed by our station, is considered merely as the discharge of our duty, and brings only a negative reward, exemption from infamy.

He who, at the approach of evil, betrays his trust or deserts his post, is branded with cowardice; a name, perhaps more reproachful than any other, that does not imply much greater turpitude: he who patiently suffers that which he cannot without guilt avoid, escapes infamy but does not obtain praise. It is the man who provokes danger in its recess, who quits a peaceful retreat, where he might have slumbered in ease and safety, for peril and labour, to drive before a tempest or to watch in a camp; the man who descends from a precipice by a rope at midnight, to fire a city that is besieged; or who ventures forward into regions of perpetual cold and darkness, to discover new paths of navigation, and disclose new secrets of the deep; it is the Adventurer alone, on whom every eye is fixed with admiration, and whose praise is repeated by every voice.

But it must be confessed that this is only the praise of prejudice and of custom: reason as yet sees nothing either to commend or imitate: a more severe scrutiny must be made, before she can admit courage to belong to virtue, or entitle its possessor to the palm of honour.

If new worlds are sought merely to gratify avarice or ambition, for the treasures that ripen in the distant mine, or the homage of nations whom new arts of destruction may subdue; or if the precipice is descended merely for a pecuniary consideration; the Adventurer is, in the estimation of reason, as worthless and contemptible, as the robber who defies a gibbet for the hire of a strumpet, or the fool who lays out his

whole property on a lottery ticket. Reason considers the motive, the means, and the end; and honours courage only, when it is employed to effect the purpose of virtue. Whoever exposes life for the good of others, and desires no super-added reward but fame, is pronounced a hero by the voice of reason; and to withhold the praise that he merits, would be an attempt equally injurious and impossible. How much then is it to be regretted, that several ages have elapsed, since all who had the will, had also the power, thus to secure at once the shout of the multitude, and the eulogy of the philosopher! The last who enjoyed this privilege were the heroes that the history of certain dark ages distinguishes by the name of Knights Errant; beings who improved the opportunities of glory that were peculiar to their own times, in which giants were to be encountered, dragons destroyed, enchantments dissolved, and captive princesses set at liberty.

These heroes, however numerous, or wherever they dwelt, had nothing more to do than, as soon as Aurora with her dewy fingers unlocked the rosy portals of the east, to mount the steed, grasp the lance, and ride forth attended by a faithful squire: a giant or a dragon immediately appeared; or a castle was perceived with a moat, a bridge, and a horn: the horn is sounded, a dwarf first appears, and then an enchanter; a combat ensues, and the enchanter is defeated: the knight enters the castle, reads a Talisman, dissolves the enchantment, receives the thanks of the princesses and encomium of the knights; then is conducted by the principal lady to the court of her father; is there the object of universal admiration, refuses a kingdom, and sets out again to acquire new glory by a series of new adventures.

But if the world has now no employment for the Knight Errant, the Adventurer may still do good for fame. Such is the hope, with which he quits the quiet of indolence and the safety of obscurity; for such ambition he has exchanged content, and such is his claim as a candidate for praise. It may, indeed, be objected, that he has no right to the reward; because, if it be admitted that he does good for fame, it cannot be pretended that it is at the risk of life: but honour has been always allowed to be of greater value than life. If, therefore, the Adventurer risks his honour, he risks more than the knight. The ignominy which falls on a disappointed candidate for public praise, would by those very knights have been deemed worse than death; and who is more truly a candidate for public praise than an author? But as the knights were without fear of death, the Adventurer is without fear of disgrace or disappointment: he confides, like them, in the temper of his weapon, and the justice of his cause; he knows he has not far to go before he will meet with some fortress that

has been raised by sophistry for the asylum of error, some enchanter who lies in wait to ensnare innocence, or some dragon breathing out his poison in defence of infidelity: he has also the power of enchantment, which he will exercise in his turn; he will sometimes crowd the scene with ideal beings, sometimes recal the past, and sometimes anticipate the future; sometimes he will transport those who put themselves under his influence to regions which no traveller has yet visited, and will sometimes confine them with invisible bands till the charm is dissolved by a word, which will be placed the last in a paper which he shall give them.

Nor does he fear that this boast should draw upon him the imputation of arrogance or of vanity, for the knight, when he challenged an army, was not thought either arrogant or vain: and yet as every challenge is a boast, and implies a consciousness of superiority, the ostentation is certainly in proportion to the force that is defied; but this force is also the measure of danger, and danger is the measure of honour. It must also be remarked, that there is great difference between a boast of what we shall do, and of what we have done. A boast when we enter the lists, is a defiance of danger; it claims attention, and it raises expectation: but a boast when we return, is only an exultation in safety, and a demand of praise which is not thought to be due, for the praise that is thought to be due, is always paid. Let it be remembered, therefore, that if the Adventurer raises expectation, he proportionably increases his danger; and that he asks nothing which the public shall desire to withhold.

No. 2.] SATURDAY, NOV. 11, 1752.

*Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.*  
HOR.

—To sink in shame, or swell with pride,  
As the gay palm is granted or denied.

FRANCIS.

THE multitudes that support life by corporal labour, and eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, commonly regard inactivity as idleness; and have no conception that weariness can be contracted in an elbow-chair, by now and then peeping into a book, and musing the rest of the day: the sedentary and studious, therefore, raise their envy or contempt, as they appear either to possess the conveniences of life by the mere bounty of fortune, or to suffer the want of them by refusing to work.

It is, however, certain, that to think is to labour; and that as the body is affected by the exercise of the mind, the fatigue of the study is



not less than that of the field or the manufactory.

But the labour of the mind, though it is equally wearisome with that of the body, is not attended with the same advantages. Exercise gives health, vigour, and cheerfulness, sound sleep, and a keen appetite: the effects of sedentary thoughtfulness are diseases that embitter and shorten life, interrupted rest, tasteless meals, perpetual languor, and causeless anxiety.

No natural inability to perform manual operations, has been observed to proceed from disinclination; the reluctance, if it cannot be removed, may be surmounted; and the artificer then proceeds in his work with as much dexterity and exactness, as if no extraordinary effort had been made to begin it: but with respect to the productions of imagination and wit, a mere determination of the will is not sufficient; there must be a disposition of the mind which no human being can procure, or the work will have the appearance of a forced plan, in the production of which the industry of art has been substituted for the vigour of nature.

Nor does this disposition always ensure success, though the want of it never fails to render application ineffectual; for the writer who sits down in the morning fired with his subject, and teeming with ideas, often finds at night, that what delighted his imagination offends his judgment, and that he has lost the day by indulging a pleasing dream, in which he joined together a multitude of splendid images without perceiving their incongruity.

Thus the wit is condemned to pass his hours, those hours which return no more, in attempting that which he cannot effect, or in collecting materials which he afterwards discovers to be unfit for use: but the mechanic and the husbandman know, that the work which they perform will always bear the same proportion to the time in which they are employed, and the diligence which they exert.

Neither is the reward of intellectual equally certain with that of corporal labour; the artificer, for the manufacture which he finishes in a day, receives a certain sum; but the wit frequently gains no advantage from a performance at which he has toiled many months, either because the town is not disposed to judge of his merit, or because he has not suited the popular taste.

It has been often observed, that not the value of a man's income, but the proportion which it bears to his expenses, justly denominates him rich or poor; and that it is not so much the manner in which he lives, as the habit of life he has contracted, which renders him happy or wretched. For this reason, the labour of the mind, even when it is adequately rewarded, does not procure means of happiness in the same proportion as that of the body. They that sing

at the loom, or whistle after the plough, wish not for intellectual entertainment; if they have plenty of wholesome food, they do not repine at the inelegance of their table, nor are they less happy because they are not treated with ceremonious respect and served with silent celerity. The scholar is always considered as becoming a gentleman by his education; and the wit as conferring honour upon his company, however elevated by their rank or fortune: they are, therefore, frequently admitted to scenes of life very different from their own; they partake of pleasures which they cannot hope to purchase; and many superfluities become necessary, by the gratification of wants, which in a lower class they would never have known.

Thus, the peasant and the mechanic, when they have received the wages of the day, and procured their strong beer and supper, have scarce a wish unsatisfied; but the man of nice discernment and quick sensations, who has acquired a high relish of the elegancies and refinements of life, has seldom philosophy enough to be equally content with that which the reward of genius can purchase.

And yet there is scarce any character so much the object of envy, as that of a successful writer. But those who only see him in company, or hear encomiums on his merit, form a very erroneous opinion of his happiness: they conceive him as perpetually enjoying the triumphs of intellectual superiority; as displaying the luxuriance of his fancy, and the variety of his knowledge, to silent admiration; or listening in voluptuous indolence to the music of praise. But they know not, that these lucid intervals are short and few; that much the greater part of his life is passed in solitude and anxiety; that his hours glide away unnoticed, and the day like the night is contracted to a moment by the intense application of the mind to its object: locked up from every eye, and lost even to himself, he is reminded that he lives only by the necessities of life; he then starts as from a dream, and regrets that the day has passed unenjoyed, without affording means of happiness to the morrow.

Will Hardman the smith had three sons, Tom, Ned, and George. George, who was the youngest, he put apprentice to a tailor; the two elder were otherwise provided for: he had by some means the opportunity of sending them to school upon a foundation, and afterwards to the University. Will thought that this opportunity to give his boys good learning, was not to be missed: "Learning," he said, "was a portion which the devil could not wrong them of; and when he had done what he ought for them, they must do for themselves."

As he had not the same power to procure them livings, when they had finished their

studies, they came to London. They were both scholars; but Tom was a genius, and Ned was a dunce: Ned became usher in a school at the yearly salary of twenty pounds, and Tom soon distinguished himself as an author: he wrote many pieces of great excellence; but his reward was sometimes withheld by caprice, and sometimes intercepted by envy. He passed his time in penury and labour; his mind was abstracted in the recollection of sentiment, and perplexed in the arrangement of his ideas and the choice of expression.

George in the meantime became a master in his trade, kept ten men constantly at work upon the board, drank his beer out of a silver tankard, and boasted, that he might be as well to pass in a few years as many of those for whom he made laced clothes, and who thought themselves his betters. Ned wished earnestly that he could change stations with George: but Tom in the pride of his heart disdained them both; and declared that he would rather perish upon a bulk with cold and hunger, than steal through life in obscurity, and be forgotten when he was dead.

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No. 3.] TUESDAY, NOV. 14, 1752.

———*Scenis decora alta futuris.*

VIRG.

The splendid ornament of future scenes.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

As the business of pantomines is become a very serious concern, and the curiosity of mankind is perpetually thirsting after novelties, I have been at great pains to contrive an entertainment, in which every thing shall be united that is either the delight or astonishment of the present age: I have not only ransacked the fairs of Bartholomew and Southwark, but picked up every uncommon animal, every amazing prodigy of nature, and every surprising performer, that has lately appeared within the bills of mortality. As soon as I am provided with a theatre spacious enough for my purpose, I intend to exhibit a most sublime pantomime in the modern taste; but far more ostentatious in its feats of activity, its scenes, decorations, machinery, and monsters. A sketch of my design I shall lay before you; and you may possibly think it not inconsistent with the character of an Adventurer to recommend it to public notice.

I have chosen for the subject the Fable of Hercules, as his labours will furnish me with the most extraordinary events, and give me an opportunity of introducing many wonders of the monstrous creation. It is strange that this

story, which so greatly recommends itself by its incredibility, should have hitherto escaped the search of those penetrating geniuses, who have rummaged not only the legends of antiquity, but the fictions of fairy tales, and little history books for children, to supply them with materials for Perseus and Andromeda, Doctor Faustus, Queen Mab, &c. In imitation of these illustrious wits, I shall call my entertainment by the name of Harlequin Hercules.

In the original story, as a prelude to his future victories, we are told that Hercules strangled two serpents in the cradle: I shall therefore open with this circumstance; and have prepared a couple of pasteboard serpents of an enormous length, with internal springs and movements for their contortions, which I dare say will far exceed that most astonishing one in Orpheus and Eurydice. Any of the common sized particoloured gentry, that have learned to whimper and whine after being hatched in the egg in the Rape of Proserpine, may serve for this scene: but as the man Hercules must be supposed to be of a preternatural bulk of body, the modern Colossus has practised the tiptoe step and tripping air for the ensuing parts. Instead of a sword of lath, I shall arm him, in conformity to his character, with a huge cork club.

The first labour is the killing the Nemean Lion, who, in imitation of the fable, shall drop from an oiled-paper moon. We have been long accustomed to admire lions upon the stage; but I shall vastly improve upon this, by making our conqueror flea him upon the spot, and cloke himself with the skin: I have, therefore, got a tawny-coloured hide made of course serge, with the ears, main, and tip of the tail, properly bushed out with brown worsted.

Next to this is the destruction of the Hydra, a terrible serpent with seven heads; and as two were said to sprout up again in the place of every one that was cut off, I design by the art of my machinery to exhibit a successive regeneration of double heads, till a hundred and more are prepared to be knocked off by one stroke of the aforesaid cork-club.

I have a beautiful canvas wild boar of Erymanthus for the third labour, which, as Harlequin is to carry it off the stage upon his shoulders, has nothing in its belly but a wadding of tow, and a little boy who is to manage its motions, to let down the wire jaw, or gnash the wooden tusks: and though I could rather wish he were able to grunt and growl, yet as that is impossible, I have taught the urchin to squeak prodigiously like a pig.

The fourth labour, his catching the hind of Mænalus, whose feet were of brass and horns of gold, I fear I must omit; because I cannot break any common buck to run slow enough. But he is next to drive away these enormous



birds of *Stymphalus's* lake, which were of such prodigious bigness, that they intercepted the light with their wings, and took up whole men as their prey. I have got a flock of them formed of leather covered with raven's feathers: they are a little unwieldy, I must confess; but I have disposed my wires, so as to play them about tolerably well, and make them flap out the candles; and two of the largest are to gulp down the grenadier, stationed at each door of the stage, with their caps, muskets, bayonets, and all their accoutrements.

The sixth labour is an engagement with the Amazons; to represent whom, I have hired all the wonderful tall men and women that have been lately exhibited in this town. The part of *Hyppolita* their queen is to be played by the Female *Sampson*, who, after the company has been amazed with the vast proofs of her strength, is to be fairly flung in a wrestling bout by our invincible *Harlequin*.

I shall then present you with a prospect of the *Augean* stable, where you will have an arrangement on each side of seven or eight cows' hides stuffed with straw, which the fancy's eye may as easily multiply into a thousand, as in a tragedy battle it has been used to do half a dozen scene-shifters into an army. *Hercules's* method of cleansing this stable is well known; I shall therefore let loose a whole river of pewter to glitter along the stage, far surpassing any little clinking cascade of tin that the *Playhouse* or *Vauxhall* can boast of.

As he is next to seize upon a bull breathing out fire and flames, I had prepared one accordingly, with the palate and nostrils properly loaded with wild-fire and other combustibles; but by the unskilfulness of the fellow inclosed in it, while he was rehearsing the bull's part, the head took fire, which spread to the carcass, and the fool narrowly escaped suffering the torment of *Phalaris*. This accident I have now guarded against, by having lined the roof and jaws with thin plates of painted iron.

To personate *Geryon*, who had three bodies, I have contrived to tie three men together back to back; one of them is the famous negro who swings about his arms in every direction; and these will make full as grotesque a figure as the man with a double mask. As *Harlequin* for his eighth labour is to deliver this triple-form monster to be devoured by his cannibal oxen, I shall here with the greatest propriety exhibit the noted ox with six legs and two bellies; and as *Diomedes* must be served up in the same manner as a meal for his flesh-eating horses, this will furnish me with a good pretext for introducing the beautiful panther mare.

After these I shall transport you to the orchard of the *Hesperides*, where you will feast your sight with the green paper trees and gilt apples. I have bought up the old copper dra-

gon of *Wantley* as a guard to this forbidden fruit; and when he is new burnished, and the tail somewhat lengthened, his aspect will be much more formidable than his brother dragon's in *Harlequin* Sorcerer.

But the full display of my art is reserved for the last labour, the descent through a trap-door into hell. Though this is the most applauded scene in many of our favourite pantomimes, I don't doubt but my hell will outdo whatever has been hitherto attempted of the kind, whether in its gloomy decoration, its horrors, its flames, or its devils. I have engaged the engineer of *Cuper's* gardens to direct the fire-works: *Ixion* will be whirled round upon a wheel of blazing saltpetre; *Tantalus* will catch at a reflux flood of burning rosin; and *Sisyphus* is to roll up a stone charged with crackers and squibs, which will bound back again with a thundering explosion: at a distance you will discover black steams arising from the river *Styx*, represented by a stream of melted pitch: the noted fire eater also shall make his appearance, smoking out of red hot tobacco pipes, champing lighted brimstone, and swallowing his infernal mess of broth. *Harlequin's* errand hither being only to bring away *Cerberus*, I have instructed the most amazing new English *chien savant* to act the part of this three-headed dog, with the assistance of two artificial noddles fastened to his throat. The sagacity of this animal will surely delight much more than the pretty trick of his rival, the human hound, in another entertainment.

Thus I have brought my *Hercules* through his twelve capital enterprizes; though I purpose to touch upon some other of the Grecian hero's achievements. I shall make him kill *Cacus* the three-headed robber, and shall carry him to *Mount Caucasus* to untie *Prometheus*, whose liver was continually preyed upon by a vulture. This last mentioned incident I cannot pass over, as I am resolved that my vulture shall vie in bulk, beauty, and docility, with the so much applauded stupendous ostrich: and towards the end I doubt not but I shall be able to triumph over the Sorcerer's great gelding, by the exhibition of my Centaur *Nessus*, who is to carry off the little woman that weighs no more than twenty-three pounds, in the character of *Deianira*; a burden great enough for the ostler who is to play the brute half of my centaur, as his back must be bent horizontally, in order to fix his head against the rump of the man-half.

The whole piece will conclude with *Harlequin* in a bloody shirt, skipping, writhing, and rolling, and at length expiring, to the irregular motions of the fiddlestick: though, if any of the fire-offices will ensure the house, he shall mount the kindled pile, and be burned to ashes in the presence of the whole audience.

Intrigue is the soul of these dumb shows, as



well as of the more senseless farces: Omphale, therefore, or Deianira must serve for my Columbine: and I can so far wrest the fable to my own purpose, as to suppose that these dangers were encountered by Harlequin for their sakes. Eristheus, the persecutor of Hercules, will be properly characterised by Pantaloon, and the servant whose business it is, as Homer says, "to shake the regions of the gods with laughter," shall be the wonderful little Norfolkman, as in all books of chivalry you never read of a giant but you are told of a dwarf. The fellow with Stentorian lungs, who can break glasses and shatter window-panes with the loudness of his vociferation, has engaged in that one scene, where Hercules laments the loss of his Hylas, to make the whole house ring again with his bawling; and the wonderful man, who talks in his belly, and can fling his voice into any part of a room, has promised to answer him in the character of Echo.

I cannot conclude without informing you, that I have made an uncommon provision for the necessary embellishments of singing and dancing. Grim Pluto, you know, the black-peruked monarch, must bellow in bass, and the attendant devils cut capers in flame-coloured stockings, as usual; but as Juno cherished an immortal hatred to our hero, she shall descend in a chariot drawn by peacocks, and thrill forth her rage; Deianira too shall vent her amorous sighs to soft airs: the Amazons with their gilt leather breast-plates and helmets, their tin-pointed spears and looking-glass shields, shall give you the Pyrrhic dance to a preamble on the kettle drums; and at Omphale's court, after Hercules has resigned his club, to celebrate her triumph, I shall introduce a grand dance of distaffs, in emulation of the witches' dance of broomsticks. Nothing of this kind shall be omitted, that may heighten either the grandeur or beauty of my entertainment: I shall therefore, I hope, find a place somewhere in this piece, as I cannot now have the wire dancer, to bring on my dancing bears.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

LUN TERTIUS.

A.

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No. 4.] SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1752.

*Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.* HOR.

Fictions to please should wear the face of truth.  
ROSC.

No species of writing affords so general entertainment as the relation of events; but all rela-

tions of events do not entertain in the same degree.

It is always necessary that facts should appear to be produced in a regular and connected series, that they should follow in a quick succession, and yet that they should be delivered with discriminating circumstances. If they have not a necessary and apparent connection, the ideas which they excite obliterate each other and the mind is tantalized with an imperfect glimpse of innumerable objects that just appear and vanish; if they are too minutely related, they become tiresome; and if divested of all their circumstances, insipid; for who that reads in a table of chronology or an index, that a city was swallowed up by an earthquake, or a kingdom depopulated by a pestilence, finds either his attention engaged, or his curiosity gratified.

Those narratives are most pleasing, which not only excite and gratify curiosity, but engage the passions.

History is a relation of the most natural and important events: history, therefore, gratifies curiosity, but it does not often excite either terror or pity; the mind feels not that tenderness for a falling state, which it feels for an injured beauty; nor is it so much alarmed at the migration of barbarians, who mark their way with desolation, and fill the world with violence and rapine, as at the fury of a husband, who, deceived into jealousy by false appearances, stabs a faithful and affectionate wife kneeling at his feet, and pleading to be heard.

Voyages and travels have nearly the same excellences and the same defects: no passion is strongly excited except wonder; or if we feel any emotion at the danger of the traveller, it is transient and languid, because his character is not rendered sufficiently important; he is rarely discovered to have any excellences but daring curiosity; he is never the object of admiration, and seldom of esteem.

Biography would always engage the passions, if it could sufficiently gratify curiosity: but there have been few among the whole human species, whose lives would furnish a single adventure; I mean such a complication of circumstances, as hold the mind in an anxious yet pleasing suspense, and gradually unfold in the production of some unforeseen and important event; much less such a series of facts, as will perpetually vary the scene, and gratify the fancy with new views of life.

But nature is now exhausted; all her wonders have been accumulated, every recess has been explored, deserts have been traversed, Alps climbed, and the secrets of the deep disclosed; time has been compelled to restore the empires and the heroes of antiquity; all have passed in review; yet fancy requires new gratifications, and curiosity is still unsatisfied.

The resources of art yet remain: the simple

beauties of nature, if they cannot be multiplied, may be compounded, and an infinite variety produced, in which by the union of different graces both may be heightened, and the coalition of different powers may produce a proportionate effect.

The epic poem at once gratifies curiosity and moves the passions; the events are various and important; but it is not the fate of a nation, but of the hero in which they terminate, and whatever concerns the hero engages the passions; the dignity of his character, his merit, and his importance, compel us to follow him with reverence and solicitude, to tremble when he is danger, to weep when he suffers, and to burn when he is wronged: with these vicissitudes of passion every heart attends Ulysses in his wanderings, and Achilles to the field.

Upon this occasion the old romance may be considered as a kind of epic, since it was intended to produce the same effect upon the mind nearly by the same means.

In both these species of writing truth is apparently violated: but though the events are not always produced by probable means, yet the pleasure arising from the story is not much lessened; for fancy is still captivated with variety, and passion has scarce leisure to reflect, that she is agitated with the fate of imaginary beings, and interested in events that never happened.

The novel, though it bears a nearer resemblance to truth, has yet less power of entertainment; for it is confined within the narrower bounds of probability, the number of incidents is necessarily diminished, and, if it deceives us more, it surprises us less. The distress is indeed frequently tender, but the narrative often stands still; the lovers compliment each other in tedious letters and set speeches; trivial circumstances are enumerated with a minute exactness, and the reader is wearied with languid descriptions and impertinent declamations.

But the most extravagant, and yet perhaps the most generally pleasing of all literary performances, are those in which supernatural events are every moment produced by genii and fairies; such are the Arabian nights entertainments, the tales of the countess d'Anois, and many others of the same class. It may be thought strange, that the mind should with pleasure, acquiesce in the open violation of the most known and obvious truths; and that relations which contradict all experience, and exhibit a series of events that are not only impossible but ridiculous, should be read by almost every taste and capacity with equal eagerness and delight. But it is not perhaps, the mere violation of truth or of probability that offends, but such a violation only as perpetually recurs. The mind is satisfied, if every event appears to have an adequate cause; and when the agency

of genii or fairies is once admitted, no event which is deemed possible to such agents is rejected as incredible or absurd; the action of the story proceeds with regularity, the persons act upon rational principles, and such events take place as may naturally be expected from the interposition of superior intelligence and power: so that though there is not a natural, there is at least a kind of moral probability preserved, and our first concession is abundantly rewarded by the new scenes to which we are admitted, and the unbounded prospect that is thrown open before us.

But though we attend with delight to the achievements of a hero who is transported in a moment over half the globe upon a griffin, and see with admiration a palace or a city vanish upon his breaking a seal or extinguishing a lamp: yet if at his first interview with a mistress, for whose sake he had fought so many battles and passed so many regions, he should salute her with a box on the ear; or if immediately after he had vanquished a giant or a dragon, he should leap into a well or tie himself up to a tree; we should be disappointed and disgusted, the story would be condemned as improbable, unnatural, and absurd, our innate love of truth would be applauded, and we should expatiate on the folly of an attempt to please reasonable beings, by a detail of events which can never be believed, and the intervention of agents which could never have existed.

Dramatic poetry, especially tragedy, seems to unite all that pleases in each of these species of writing, with a stronger resemblance of truth, and a closer imitation of nature: the characters are such as excite attention and solicitude; the action is important, its progress is intricate yet natural, and the catastrophe is sudden and striking; and as we are present to every transaction, the images are more strongly impressed, and the passions more forcibly moved.

From a dramatic poem to those short pieces, which may be contained in such a periodical paper as the *Adventurer*, is a bold transition. And yet such pieces, although formed upon a single incident, if that incident be sufficiently uncommon to gratify curiosity, and sufficiently interesting to engage the passions, may afford an entertainment, which, if it is not lasting, is yet of the highest kind. Of such, therefore, this paper will frequently consist: but it should be remembered, that it is much more difficult and laborious, to invent a story, however simple and however short, than to recollect topics of instruction, or to remark the scenes of life as they are shifted before us.

No. 5.] TUESDAY, Nov. 21, 1752.

*Tunc et aves tulas movere per aëra pennas ;  
Et lepus impavidus mediis erravit in agris :  
Nec sua credulitas piscem suspenderat hamo.  
Cuncta sine insidiis, nullamque timentia fraudem,  
Plenaque pacis erant.*—— OVID.

Then birds in airy space might safely move,  
And tim'rous hares on heaths securely rove :  
Nor needed fish the guileful hook to fear ;  
For all was peaceful, and that peace sincere.

DRYDEN.

I HAVE before remarked, that it is the peculiar infelicity of those who live by intellectual labour, not to be always able equally to improve their time by application : there are seasons when the power of invention is suspended, and the mind sinks into a state of debility from which it can no more recover itself, than a person who sleeps can by a voluntary effort awake. I was sitting in my study a few nights ago in these perplexing circumstances, and after long rumination and many ineffectual attempts to start a hint which I might pursue in my lucubration of this day, I determined to go to bed, hoping that the morning would remove every impediment to study, and restore the vigour of my mind.

I was no sooner asleep than I was relieved from my distress by means which, if I had been waking, would have increased it ; and instead of impressing upon my mind a train of new ideas in a regular succession, would have filled it with astonishment and terror. For in dreams, whether they are produced by a power of the imagination to combine images which reason would separate, or whether the mind is passive and receives impressions from some invisible agent, the memory seems to lie wholly torpid, and the understanding to be employed only about such objects as are then presented, without comparing the present with the past. When we sleep, we often converse with a friend who is either absent or dead, without remembering that the grave or the ocean is between us. We float like a feather upon the wind, or we find ourselves this moment in England and the next in India, without reflecting that the laws of nature are suspended, or inquiring how the scene could have been so suddenly shifted before us. We are familiar with prodigies, we accommodate ourselves to every event however romantic ; and we not only reason, but act upon principles which are in the highest degree absurd and extravagant.

In that state, therefore, in which no prodigy could render me unfit to receive instruction, I imagined myself to be still sitting in my study, pensive and dispirited, and that I suddenly heard a small shrill voice pronounce these words, "Take

your pen ; I will dictate an Adventurer," I turned to see from whom this voice proceeded, but I could discover nothing : believing, therefore, that my good genius or some favouring muse was present, I immediately prepared to write, and the voice dictated the following narrative :

"I was the eldest son of a country gentleman who possessed a large estate, and when I was about nineteen years of age fell with my horse as I was hunting, my neck was dislocated by the fall, and for want of immediate assistance I died before I could be carried home : but I found myself the next moment, with inexpressible grief and astonishment, under the shape of a mongrel puppy in the stable of an inn, that was kept by a man who had been butler to my father, and had married the cook.

"I was indeed greatly caressed ; but my master, in order as he said to increase my beauty as well as my strength, soon disencumbered me of my ears and my tail. Besides the pain that I suffered in the operation, I experienced the disadvantages of this mutilation in a thousand instances : this, however, was but a small part of the calamity which in this state I was appointed to suffer.

"My master had a son about four years old, who was yet a greater favourite than myself ; and his passions having been always indulged as soon as they appeared, he was encouraged to gratify his resentment against any thing, whether animate or inanimate, that had offended him, by beating me ; and when he did any mischief, for of other faults little notice was taken, the father, the mother, or the maid, were sure to chastise me in his stead.

"This treatment from persons whom I had been accustomed to regard with contempt, and command with insolence, was not long to be borne : early one morning, therefore, I departed. I continued my journey till the afternoon without stopping, though it rained hard : about four o'clock I passed through a village ; and perceiving a heap of shavings that were sheltered from the wet by the thatch of a house which some carpenters were repairing, I crept as I thought unnoticed into the corner, and laid myself down upon them : but a man who was planing a board, observing that I was a strange dog and of a mongrel breed, resolved to make himself and his companions merry at my expense : for this purpose, having made a hole about two inches diameter in a piece of deal, he suddenly caught me up, and putting the remainder of my tail through this diabolical engine, he made it fast by driving in a wedge, with a heavy mallet, which crushing the bone put me to inexpressible torment. The moment he set me down, the wretches, who had been spectators of this waggery, burst into immoderate laughter at the awkward motions by which I expressed



my misery, and my ridiculous attempt to run away from that which I could not but carry with me. They hooted after me till I was out of their sight: however, fear, pain, and confusion, still urging me forward with involuntary speed, I ran with such force between two pales that were not far enough asunder to admit my clog, that I left it with the remainder of my tail behind me. I then found myself in a farm-yard; and fearing that I should be worried by the mastiff which I saw at a distance, I continued my flight: but some peasants who were at work in a neighbouring barn, perceiving that I ran without being pursued, that my eyes were inflamed, and that my mouth was covered with foam, imagined that I was mad, and knocked out my brains with a flail.

"Soon after I had quitted this maimed and persecuted carcass, I found myself under the wings of a Bullfinch with three others that were just hatched. I now rejoiced in the hope of soaring beyond the reach of human barbarity, and becoming like my mother a denizen of the sky: but my mother, before I was perfectly fledged, was surprised in her nest by a school-boy, who grasped her so hard to prevent her escape, that she soon after died; he then took the nest with all that it contained, which he deposited in a basket, where I presently lost my three companions in misfortune, by change of food and unskilful management. I survived; and soon after I could feed myself, I was taken by my tyrant's mother when she went to pay her rent, as a present to her landlord's daughter, a young lady who was extremely beautiful, and in the eighteenth year of her age.

"My captivity now began to lose its terrors; I no longer dreaded the rude gripe of a boisterous urchin, whose fondness was scarce less dangerous than his resentment; who in the zeal of his attachment to a new plaything, might neglect me till I perished with hunger; or who might wring off my neck, because he had some other use for the halfpenny which should procure me food: the confinement of a cage became habitual: I was placed near a pleasant window: I was constantly fed by one of the finest hands in the world: and I imagined, that I could suffer no misery under the patronage of smiles and graces.

"Such was my situation, when a young lady from London made an afternoon's visit to my mistress: she took an opportunity to caress me among her other favourites, which were a parrot, a monkey, and a lap dog; she chirped, and holding out her finger to me, I hopped upon it; she stroked me, put my head to her cheek, and to show my sensibility of her favours I began to sing: as soon as my song was over, she turned to my mistress, and told her, that the dear little creature might be made absolutely the sweetest bird in the world, only by putting

out his eyes, and confining it in a less cage: to this horrid proposal my fair keeper agreed, upon being again assured that my song would be very greatly improved; and the next day performed herself the operation, as she had been directed, with the end of a hot knitting-needle. My condition was now more easily to be conceived than expressed; but I did not long suffer the mournful solitude of perpetual darkness; for a cat came one night into the room undiscovered, dragged me through the wires of the cage, and devoured me.

"I was not displeased to find myself once more at large; delivered from blindness and captivity, and still able to sport upon the breeze in the form of a cockchafer. But I had scarce entered this new scene of existence, when a gentleman, in whose garden I was feasting on one of the leaves of a cherry-tree, caught me, and turning to his son, a boy who had just been put into his first breeches, Here, Tommy, says he, is a bird for you. The boy received me with a grin of horrid delight, and, as he had been taught, immediately impaled me alive upon a corking-pin, to which a piece of thread was fastened, and I was doomed to make my young master sport, by fluttering about in the agonies of death: and when I was quite exhausted, and could no longer use my wings, he was bid to tread upon me, for that I was now good for nothing; a command with which he mercifully complied, and in a moment crushed me to atoms with his foot.

"From a cockchafer I transmigrated into an earth-worm, and found myself at the bottom of a farmer's dunghill. Under this change of circumstances I comforted myself by considering, that if I did not now mount upon the wind, and transport myself from place to place with a swiftness almost equal to thought, yet I was not likely either to please or to offend mankind, both of which were equally fatal; and I hoped to spend my life in peace, by escaping the notice of the most cruel of all creatures.

"But I did not long enjoy the comfort of these reflections. I was one morning disturbed by an unusual noise, and perceived the ground about me to shake. I immediately worked my way upward to discover the cause; and the moment I appeared above the surface, I was eagerly snatched up by a man who had stuck a dung-fork into the ground, and moved it backward and forward to produce the effect that had now happened. I was put into a broken pan with many other associates in misfortune, and soon after disposed of to one of those gentle swains who delight in angling. This person carried us the next morning to the brink of a river, where I presently saw him take out one of my companions, and whistling a tune, pass a barbed hook through the whole length of his body, entering it at the head and bringing it out at the

tail. The wretched animal writhed itself on the bloody hook, in torture which cannot be conceived by man, nor felt by any creature that is not vital in every part. In this condition he was suspended in the water as a bait for fish, till he was, together with the hook on which he hung, swallowed by an eel. While I was beholding this dreadful spectacle, I made many reflections on the great inequality between the pleasure of catching the prey, and the anguish inflicted on the bait. But these reflections were presently after lost, in the same agonies of which I had been a spectator.

"You will not have room in this paper to relate all that I suffered from the thoughtless barbarity of mankind, in a cock, a lobster, and a pig: let it suffice to say, that I suffered the same kind of death with those who are broken upon the wheel, I was roasted alive before a slow fire, and was scourged to death with small cords, to gratify the wanton appetite of luxury, or contribute to the merriment of a rabble."

Thus far I had written as amanuensis to an invisible dictator; when my dream still continuing, I felt something tickle my wrist, and turning my eye from the paper to see what it was, I discovered a flea, which I immediately caught and killed, by putting it into the candle. At the same instant the flea vanished, and a young lady of exquisite beauty stood before me. "Thoughtless wretch," said she, "thou hast again changed the state of my existence, and exposed me to still greater calamities than any that I have yet suffered. As a flea I was thy monitor, and as a flea I might have escaped thy cruelty if I had not intended thy instruction. But now to be concealed is impossible, and it is therefore impossible to be safe. The eyes of desire are upon me, and to betray me to infamy and guilt will be the toil of perseverance and the study of reason. But though man is still my enemy, though he assails me with more violence and persists with more obstinacy, I have yet less power of resistance; there is a rebel in my own bosom who will labour to give me up, whose influence is perpetual, and perpetual influence is not easily surmounted. Publish, however, what I have communicated; if any man shall be reclaimed from a criminal inattention to the felicity of inferior beings, and restrained from inflicting pain by considering the effect of his actions, I have not suffered in vain. But as I am now exposed not only to accidental and casual evils, as I am not only in danger from the frolics of levity, but from the designs of cunning; to atone for the injury which thou hast done me, let the Adventurer warn the sex of every wile that is practised for their destruction; and deter men from the attempt, by displaying the aggravated guilt, and shameless dissimulation of assuming an appearance of the most

ardent and tender affection, only to overwhelm with unutterable distress the beauty whom love has made credulous, and innocence keeps unacquainted with suspicion."

While I listened to this address, my heart throbbed with impatience; and the effort that I made to reply, awaked me.

No. 6.] SATURDAY NOV. 25, 1752.

*Nunc auctionem facere decretum est mihi.  
Foras necessum est, quicquid habeo, vendere.  
Adeste sultis, præda erit præsentium.  
Logos ridiculos vendo.....*

LAUT.

I am obliged to part with my whole stock, and am resolved to sell it by auction: you that will buy make haste, here will be excellent pennyworths: my merchandise is jests and witticisms.

LAST Sunday morning I was disturbed very early by an old crouny, a brother of the quill, as he calls himself, who burst into my chamber, and running to my bed side, "Get up, my dear friend," said he, pressing my hand with great eagerness; "I have such news for you! Here's your clothes; make haste, let me beg of you."

I had been used, at each return of the sabbath, to receive a visit from my old acquaintance about dinner time; but I could not imagine what had induced him to give me this morning salutation. However, I huddled on my clothes, and had scarce seated him by the fire side in my study, when flinging down a paper very much blotted upon the table, "There," says he, "there's a scheme for you, my old boy! I am made for ever—read it—I am made for ever."

I very well knew my friend's foible: he has learning, a great deal of vivacity, and some judgment; but he wants the necessary steadiness for serious application. He is continually in pursuit of new projects, but will not allow himself time to think of putting them in execution. He has contracted with every eminent bookseller in town for works of which he had only conceived the design, and scarce ever proceeded beyond the title-page and preface. He is a professed writer; and of a genius so extensive, that all subjects are alike to him; but as he cannot submit to the drudgery of correctness, his performances are hurried over in so slovenly a manner, that they hardly procure him a bare subsistence. He is, therefore, perpetually exclaiming against the tyranny of the trade; and laments, that merit should be so much discouraged, by the ignorance or envy of the town.

I had often experienced the fertility of his invention, in forming such projects as were easy in theory, but impossible in the practice; I



therefore expected nothing less than such another whimsical contrivance as his last, "for making new boards out of shavings:" but how was I surprised, when I took up his paper, and saw at the top of it the following advertisement!

On the                      day of                      next

WILL BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

A curious and valuable collection of manuscripts  
(warranted originals) in prose and verse:

Being the entire stock in trade of

TIMOTHY SPINBRAIN, AUTHOR,

Leaving off Business.

As I could not help smiling at the conceit, my friend understood it as a mark of my approbation; and snatching the sheet out of my hand, "Well," says he, "don't you think this will free me from the impertinence of duns, and the servility of suing to those unconscionable vultures the booksellers, for more copy-money? Why, man, I shall raise an estate by it. I have such an infinite number of tracts on political, polemical, philosophical, physiological, economical, religious, and miscellaneous subjects. My manuscripts, let me tell you, are of greater utility, and consequently more valuable, than those in the Vatican or Bodleian libraries." He then proceeded to descant on the particulars of his plan; not forgetting to enliven his discourse with many sprightly sallies against the retailers of the works of the learned, those blood-suckers, as he called them, of the literary commonwealth.

"Sir," continued he, "I intend to strike off an impression of twenty thousand copies of my catalogue, to be distributed among all the lovers of literature throughout the three kingdoms; and I shall take care to circulate a sufficient number among the virtuosi in Holland, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and elsewhere. I will just mention to you some of the chief articles that enrich my collection.

"In politics, I have an invaluable scheme for ruining the French power, which, I suppose, will be bought up at any price, by commission from abroad, if our ministry have not spirit enough to outbid them. I have another for a coalition of parties, which will prevent all disputes at the next general election. I have another for discharging the national debt, which I contrived in gratitude for my being set at liberty by the last act of insolvency. I have several other pamphlets on the important topics of liberty, bribery, and corruption, written on both sides the question; and a most curious collection of speeches adapted to every kind of debate, which will be of admirable use to young members of parliament.

"In philosophy, I have several new systems in opposition to the present received opinions: I have a proof, that the earth is an octagon; another, that the sun is inhabited; and a third, that the moon may, for aught we can tell to the contrary, be made of a green cheese. I have a new theory of optics; demonstrating, that darkness is caused by certain tenebrous rays oppugning, obtunding, sheathing, and absorbing the rays of light. I have resolved the phenomena of electricity and magnetism; and have made many surprising improvements in all the arts and sciences. These, I fear, will be carried off by some German professor, who will thence claim the merit to himself, and the honour of the discovery will be attributed to his nation.

"Those who are fond of displaying their talents in religious disputes, will find in my auction, sufficient matter for their various altercations; whether they are Atheists, Deists, or distinguished by the modest appellation of Free-thinkers. There is scarce a sect among the many hundreds, whom I have not defended or attacked: but it must not be concluded from thence, that I have been biassed more towards one than another; as you know the faith of an author is out of the question; and he only writes pro or con, as the several opinions are more or less embraced or exploded in the world. I have got, indeed, some infallible arguments against the pope's infallibility; and some probable conjectures, that there never was such a person as Mahomet; both which, I don't doubt, will be bought up by the emissaries of Rome and Constantinople."

Here I interrupted my friend, by asking him, if he had not something likewise against the patriarch of the Greek church; or a serious admonition against the growth of Hottentotism among us. He answered very calmly, "I should see in the catalogue," and proceeded.

"The emissaries of Constantinople—Well—My stock in Belles Lettres is almost inexhaustible. I have a complete set of criticisms on all the ancient authors, and a large store of conjectural emendations on the old English classics: I have several new essays in modern wit and humour; and a long string of papers, both serious and diverting, for periodical lucubrations: I have, I know not how many original entertaining novels, as well as elegant translations from the French; with a heap of single pamphlets on the most popular and interesting subjects. My poetry will consist of every article, whether tragedies, comedies, farces, masques, operas, sonnets, cantatas, songs, pastorals, satires, odes, elegies, or epithalamiums: and then, such a load of epigrams, anagrams, rebusses, riddles, acrostics, conundrums! which you know will fetch a high price from the wittlings, and the proprietors of monthly magazines. To wind up the whole, there shall be several dis-



tinct lots of title-pages and mottoes, and dedications, and prefaces, and plans for books.

"Thus, my dear friend, have I opened to you the main drift of my design: and I believe, at a moderate computation—let me see—ay, after I have cleared myself in the world, I shall be able to retire into the country, let me tell you, with a pretty fortune in my pocket. But before I begin my sale, if you can find any thing that will suit your Adventurer, as you are an old acquaintance, you shall have it at your own price."

I thanked Mr. Spinbrain for his genteel offer, and heartily congratulated him on the prospect of his pretty fortune: but I could not help inquiring, where all these immense stores of literature were lodged, as I never had observed any thing but loose scraps of paper scattered about his room, and one book of "*loci communes*," or "*hints*," as he called them, placed upon the chimney-piece. "Ha!" says he, "that's true; I forgot to mention that: why, indeed, they are none of them quite finished as yet: but I have got the rough draughts of most somewhere: besides I have it all here," pointing to his forehead. I advised him to set about it directly; and in the evening, when we parted, he resolved not to go to bed till he had perfected his scheme. Yesterday morning I received a note from him, acquainting me that he had laid aside all thoughts of his auction; because, as he imagined, the maid had inadvertently lighted his fire with the best of his materials.

The restlessness of my friend's chimerical genius will not, however, let him entirely give up the point: and though he has been disappointed in this mighty project, yet he informs me he has hit upon a scheme equally advantageous, which shall monopolize the whole business of scribbling, and he offers to take me into partnership with him, "Ah," says he, "we will humble those fellows—We need not care a farthing for Mr. Bibliopola."—His design is to open a New Literary Warehouse, or Universal Register Office for Wit and Learning. The particulars he has promised to communicate to me to-morrow: in the meantime, he desires me to advance him a trifle, to buy paper for a poem on the late theatrical disputes.

A.

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No. 7.] TUESDAY, NOV. 28, 1752.

*Sit mihi fas audita loqui—*

VIRG.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

I RECEIVED, a few weeks ago, an account of the death of a lady whose name is known to many,

but the "eventful history" of whose life has been communicated to few: to me it has been often related during a long and intimate acquaintance: and as there is not a single person living, upon whom the making it public can reflect unmerited dishonour, or whose delicacy or virtue can suffer by the relation, I think I owe to mankind a series of events from which the wretched may derive comfort, and the most forlorn may be encouraged to hope; as misery is alleviated by the contemplation of yet deeper distress, and the mind fortified against despair by instances of unexpected relief.

The father of Melissa was the youngest son of a country gentleman who possessed an estate of about five hundred a year; but as this was to be the inheritance of the elder brother, and as there were three sisters to be provided for, he was at about sixteen taken from Eton school, and apprenticed to a considerable merchant at Bristol. The young gentleman, whose imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by magnanimous presumption, and the wonders discovered by daring curiosity, was not disposed to consider the acquisition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honest industry as the total of his fame. He regarded his situation as servile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in search of adventures, he neglected his business as unworthy of his attention, heard the remonstrances of his master with a kind of sullen disdain, and after two years legal slavery made his escape, and at the next town enlisted himself a soldier; not doubting but that, by his military merit and the fortune of war, he should return a general officer, to the confusion of those who would have buried him in the obscurity of a counting-house. He found means effectually to elude the inquiries of his friends, as it was of the utmost importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project and obstruct his advancement.

He was sent with other recruits to London, and soon after quartered with the rest of his company in a part of the country, which was so remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a discovery.

It happened that he went one day to the house of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chambermaid, and by her interest admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whose age was something more than sixty, had been about two years married to a second wife, a young woman who had been well educated and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his first wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had several children; the youngest was a daughter who had just entered her seventeenth year: she was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion,

good features, and was well shaped; but her father, whose affection for her was mere instinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impossible for him, he said, to live without her; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governess and proper masters in a place so remote from London, she was suffered to continue illiterate and unpolished; she knew no entertainment higher than a game at romps with the servants; she became their confident, and trusted them in return, nor did she think herself happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondness of her father had never conciliated her affection, she perceived it abate upon his marriage without regret. She suffered no new restraint from her new mother, who observed with a secret satisfaction that Miss had been used to hide herself from visitors, as neither knowing how to behave nor being fit to be seen, and chose rather to conceal her defects by excluding her from company, than to supply them by putting her to a boarding school.

Miss, who had been told by Betty that she expected her sweetheart, and that they were to be merry, stole down stairs, and, without scruple, made one in a party at blind man's buff. The soldier of fortune was struck with her person, and discovered, or thought he discovered, in the simplicity of nature, some graces which are polished away by the labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be indifferent to him: and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the disguise of a common soldier, without revealing his birth, or boasting of his expectations.

In this attempt he became very assiduous, and succeeded. The company being ordered to another place, Betty and her young mistress departed early in the morning with their gallants; and there being a privileged chapel in the next town, they were married.

The old gentleman, as soon as he was informed that his daughter was missing, made so diligent and scrupulous an inquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way she was gone: he mounted his horse, and pursued her, not without curses and imprecations; discovering rather the transports of rage than the emotions of tenderness, and resenting her offence rather as the rebellion of a slave than the disobedience of a child. He did not, however, overtake them till the marriage had been consummated; of which when he was informed by the husband, he turned from him with expressions of brutality and indignation, swearing never to forgive a fault which he had taken no care to prevent.

The young couple, notwithstanding their union frequently redoubled their distress, still continued fond of each other. The spirit of en-

terprise and the hope of promotion were not yet quelled in the young soldier; and he received orders to attend king William, when he went to the siege of Namur, with exultation and transport, believing his elevation to independence and distinction as certain as if he had been going to take possession of a title and estate. His wife who had been some months pregnant, as she had no means of subsistence in his absence, procured a passage with him. When she came on shore and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, wretches who without compunction wade in human blood to strip the dying and the dead, to whom horror is become familiar and compassion impossible, she was terrified; the discourse of the women, rude and unpolished as she was, covered her with confusion; and the brutal familiarity of the men, filled her with indignation and disgust; her maid Betty, who had also attended her husband, was the only person with whom she could converse, and from whom she could hope the assistance of which she was so soon to stand in need.

In the mean time she found it difficult to subsist; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer whom she remembered to have visited her mother soon after her marriage, she applied to him, told him her name, and requested that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this request the captain complied; her circumstances became less distressed, and her mind more easy: but new calamity suddenly overtook her; she saw her husband march to an engagement in the morning, and saw him brought back desperately wounded at night. The next day he was removed in a waggon with many others who were in the same condition, to a place of greater safety, at the distance of about three leagues, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She intreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but to this he could not consent, because the waggon would be filled with those who neither were able to walk, nor could be left behind. He promised, however, that if she would stay till the next day, he would endeavour to procure her a passage; but she chose rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be absent from her husband. She could not, however, keep pace with it, and she reached the hospital but just time enough to kneel down by him upon some clean straw, to see him sink under the last agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more. The fatigue of the journey, and the perturbation of her mind, immediately threw her into labour, and she lived but to be delivered of Melissa, who was thus in the most helpless state left without father, mother, or friend, in a foreign country, in circumstances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderness that should attempt

the preservation of her life, and among persons who were become obdurate and insensible, by having been long used to see every species of distress.

It happened that, among those whom accident or distress had brought together at the birth of Melissa, there was a young woman, whose husband had fallen in the late engagement, and who a few days before had lost a little boy that she suckled. This person, rather perhaps to relieve herself from an inconveniency, than in compassion to the orphan, put it to her breast: but whatever was her motive, she believed that the affording sustenance to the living, conferred a right to the apparel of the dead, of which she therefore took possession; but in searching her pocket she found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking-glass, about the value of a penny in Dutch money, and the certificate of her marriage. The paper, which she could not read, she gave afterwards to the captain, who was touched with pity at the relation which an inquiry after his laundress produced. He commended the woman who had preserved the infant, and put her into the place of its mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till the captain returned to England, with whom she also returned, and became his servant.

This gentleman, as soon as he had settled his immediate concerns, sent Melissa under the care of her nurse to her grandfather; and inclosed the certificate of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been preserved. He knew that those who have been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affection when living, are generally remembered with tenderness when dead; and that after the grave has sheltered them from our resentment, and rendered reconciliation impossible, we often regret as severe that conduct which before we approved as just: he, therefore, hoped, that the parental fondness which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the sight of her offspring, that the memory of her fault would be lost in the sense of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that inexorable resentment which produced them, by cherishing a life to which she had, as it were, transferred her own. But in these expectations, however reasonable, he was mistaken. The old man, when he was informed by the messenger that the child she held in her arms was his granddaughter, whom she was come to put under his protection, refused to examine the contents of the letter, and dismissed her with menaces and insult. The knowledge of every uncommon event soon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of Melissa's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this fresh instance of his brutality with grief

and indignation; he sent immediately for the child and the letter, and assured the servant that his niece should want nothing which he could bestow; to bestow much, indeed, was not in his power, for his father having obstinately persisted in his resentment, his whole support was a little farm which he rented of the 'squire: but as he was a good economist, and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, because his father had denied him affluence.

Melissa, who was compassionated for her mother's misfortunes, of which her uncle had been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who has returned a widow to her friends in the country, was not less beloved for her own good qualities; she was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as soon as she was able to learn; and she was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettiest girl in the place: but her aunt died when she was about eleven years old, and before she was thirteen she lost her uncle.

She was now again thrown back upon the world, still helpless though her wants were increased, and wretched in proportion as she had known happiness: she looked back with anguish, and forward with distraction; a fit of crying had just afforded her a momentary relief when the 'squire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, sent for her to his house. This gentleman had heard her story from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life, which had been preserved almost by miracle, should at last be abandoned to misery; he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a servant but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accomplished, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her distress, and Miss received her with great tenderness and complacency: she wiped away her tears, and of the intolerable anguish of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom she loved and revered as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put into her hand just before he expired; she found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, enclosed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events that have been before related, which her uncle had put down as they came to his knowledge: the train of mournful ideas that now rushed upon her mind, raised emotions which, if they could not be suppressed by reason, were soon destroyed by their own violence.



No. 8.] SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1752.

*Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis. VIRG.*

Endure and conquer, live for better fate.

IN this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, Melissa soon became a favourite: the good 'squire seemed to consider her as his child, and Miss as her sister; she was taught dancing and music, introduced to the best company, elegantly dressed, and allowed such sums as were necessary for trivial expenses. Youth seldom suffers the dread of tomorrow to intrude upon the enjoyment of today, but rather regards present felicity as the pledge of future: Melissa was probably as happy as if she had been in the actual possession of a fortune, that, to the ease and splendour which she enjoyed already, would have added stability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year, and the only son of her benefactor was just come from the university to spend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her person, behaviour, and discourse; and what he could not but admire, he took every opportunity to commend. She soon perceived that he showed particular marks of respect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himself by an officious assiduity, and a diligent attention to the most minute circumstances that might contribute to her pleasure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear: she foresaw, that if what she had remarked in his conduct should be perceived by his father or sister, the peace of the family would be destroyed; and that she must either be shipwrecked in the storm, or thrown overboard to appease it. She therefore affected not to perceive that more than a general complaisance was intended by her lover; and hoped that he would thus be discouraged from making an explicit declaration: but though he was mortified at her disregard of that which he knew she could not but see, yet he determined to address her in such terms as should not leave this provoking neutrality in her power: though he revered her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of making her his wife; and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquish his hopes of possessing her as a mistress. An opportunity for the execution of his purpose was not long wanting: she received his general professions of love with levity and merriment; but when she perceived that his view was to seduce her to prostitution, she burst into tears, and fell back in an agony unable to speak. He was immediately touched with grief

and remorse; his tenderness was alarmed at her distress, and his esteem increased by her virtue; he caught her in his arms, and as an atonement for the insult she had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chastity would not suffer her to become his mistress, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife; and as soon as she was sufficiently recollected, she intreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligation she was under either to herself or to her benefactor. "Would not," said she, "the presence of a wretch whom you had seduced from innocence and peace to remorse and guilt, perpetually upbraid you; and would you not always fear to be betrayed by a wife, whose fidelity no kindness could secure; who had broken all the bands that restrain the generous and the good; and who by an act of the most flagitious ingratitude had at once reached the pinnacle of guilt, to which others ascend by imperceptible gradations?"

These objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to subdue desire: he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardour; and as he could not always forbear expostulations, neither could she always silence them in such a manner as might most effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the situation of the two lovers: he had taken her hand into his, and was speaking with great eagerness; while she regarded him with a kind of timorous complacency, and listened to him with an attention which her heart condemned: his father, in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually engrossed by each other, came near enough to hear that his heir had made proposals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

As he did not dream that such a proposal could possibly be rejected by a girl in Melissa's situation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate, if her person was not prostituted, he took his measures accordingly. It was near the time in which his family had been used to remove into the country: he, therefore, gave orders, that every thing should be immediately prepared for the journey, and that the coach should be ready at six the next morning, a man and horse being despatched in the meantime to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little surprised at this sudden removal; but though the 'squire was a good-natured man, yet as he governed his family with high authority, and as they perceived something had offended him, they did not inquire the reason, nor indeed did they suspect it. Melissa packed up her things as usual; and in the morning the young gentleman and his sister having by their father's orders got into the coach, he called Melissa into the parlour; where in a few words, but with great acrimony, he

reproached her with having formed a design to marry his son without his consent, an act of ingratitude which he said justified him in upbraiding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a resolution he had taken that a bank bill of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand, should be the last; adding, that he expected she should within one week leave the house. To this heavy charge she was not in a condition to reply; nor did he stay to see whether she would attempt it, but hastily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was Melissa a third time, by a sudden and unexpected desertion, exposed to penury and distress, with this aggravation, that ease and affluence were become habitual; and that though she was not so helpless as at the death of her uncle, she was exposed to yet greater danger; for few that have been used to slumber upon down, and wake to festivity, can resist the allurements of vice, who still offers ease and plenty, when the alternatives are a flock bed and a garret, short meals, coarse apparel, and perpetual labour.

Melissa, as soon as she had recovered from the stupor which had seized her upon so astonishing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a person who imagined her to be unworthy of it; nor to attempt her justification, while it would render her veracity suspected, and appear to proceed only from the hope of being restored to a state of splendid dependence, from which jealousy or caprice might again at any time remove her, without cause and without notice; she had not, indeed, any hope of being ever able to defend herself against her accuser upon equal terms, nor did she know how to subsist a single day, when she had returned his bill and quitted his house: yet such was the dignity of her spirit, that she immediately inclosed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country seat, and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the house, sent her immediately with it to the post-office. The tears then burst out, which the agitation of her mind had before restrained; and when the servant returned, she told her all that had happened, and asked her advice what she should do. The girl, after the first emotions of wonder and pity had subsided, told her that she had a sister who lodged in a reputable house, and took in plain work, to whom she would be welcome, as she could assist her in her business, of which she had often more than she could do; and with whom she might continue till some more eligible situation could be obtained. Melissa listened to this proposal as to the voice of Heaven; her mind was suddenly relieved from the most tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about without money or employment, exposed to the menaces of a beadle, or the

insults of the rabble: she was in haste to secure her good fortune, and felt some degree of pain lest she should lose it by the earlier application of another; she therefore went immediately with the maid to her sister, with whom it was soon agreed that Melissa should work for her board and lodging; for she would not consent to accept as a gift, that which she could by any means deserve as a payment.

While Melissa was a journeywoman to a person, who but a few weeks before would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confusion; it happened that a suit of linen was brought from the milliner's wrapped up in a newspaper: the linen was put into the work-basket, and the paper being thrown carelessly about, Melissa at last caught it up, and was about to read it; but perceiving that it had been published a fortnight, was just going to put it into the fire, when by an accidental glance she saw her father's name: this immediately engaged her attention, and with great perturbation of mind she read an advertisement, in which her father, said to have left his friends about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or the navy, was directed to apply to a person in Staples inn, who could inform him of something greatly to his advantage. To this person Melissa applied with all the ardour of curiosity, and all the tumult of expectation: she was informed that the elder brother of the person mentioned in the advertisement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was possessed of fifteen hundred a year, five hundred of which had descended to him from his father, and one thousand had been left him by an uncle, which upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his sisters; but that a mistress who had lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the supposed heiresses with too much severity and contempt, had in the bitterness of her resentment published the advertisement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

The conflict of different passions that were at once excited with uncommon violence in the breast of Melissa, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection; and when she became more calm, she knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right: her mind was bewildered amidst a thousand possibilities, and distressed by the apprehension that all might prove ineffectual. After much thought and many projects, she recollected that the captain, whose servant brought her to England, could probably afford her more assistance than any other person: as he had been often pointed out to her in public places by the 'squire, to whom her story was well known, she was acquainted with his person, and knew that within a few months he was alive; she soon obtained directions to his house, and being readily admitted.



to a conference, she told him, with as much presence of mind as she could, that she was the person whom his compassion had contributed to preserve when an infant, in confirmation of which she produced his letter, and the certificate which it inclosed; that by the death of her father's elder brother, whose family she had never known, she was become entitled to a very considerable estate; but that she knew not what evidence would be necessary to support her claim, how such evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to trust the management of an affair in which wealth and influence would be employed against her. The old captain received her with that easy politeness which is almost peculiar to his profession, and with a warmth of benevolence that is seldom found in any: he congratulated her upon so happy and unexpected an event; and without the parade of ostentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confession of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom he said she might with the utmost security confide, and with whom she would have nothing more to do than to tell her story: "And do not," said he, "doubt of success, for I will be ready to testify what I know of the affair, whenever I shall be called upon: and the woman who was present at your birth, and brought you over, still lives with me, and upon this occasion may do you signal service."

Melissa departed, melted with gratitude and elated with hope. The gentleman, to whom the captain's letter was a recommendation, prosecuted her claim with so much skill and assiduity, that within a few months she was put into the possession of her estate. Her first care was to wait upon the captain, to whom she now owed not only life but a fortune: he received her acknowledgments with a pleasure, which only those who merit it can enjoy; and insisted that she should draw upon him for such sums as she should want before her rents became due. She then took very handsome ready-furnished lodgings, and determined immediately to justify her conduct to the 'squire, whose kindness she still remembered, and whose resentment she had forgiven. With this view she set out in a chariot and six, attended by two servants in livery on horseback, and proceeded to his country-seat, from whence the family was not returned; she had lain at an inn within six miles of the place, and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning, she could perceive the servants run to and fro in a hurry, and the young lady and her brother gazing through the window to see if they knew the livery: she remarked every circumstance which denoted her own importance with exultation; and enjoyed the solicitude which her presence produced among those, from whose society she had so lately been driven with disdain and indignation.

She now increased their wonder, by sending in a servant to acquaint the old gentleman, that a lady desired to speak with him about urgent business, which would not however long detain him: he courteously invited the lady to honour him with her commands, hasted into his best parlour, adjusted his wig, and put himself in the best order to receive her: she alighted, and displayed a very rich undress, which corresponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modish appearance of her servants. She contrived to hide her face as she went up the walk, that she might not be known too soon: and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom she soon discovered herself to his great astonishment, and before he had recovered his presence of mind, she addressed him to this effect, "You see, Sir, an orphan who is under the greatest obligations to your bounty, but who has been equally injured by your suspicions. When I was a dependent upon your liberality, I would not assert my innocence, because I could not bear to be suspected of falsehood: but I assert it now I am the possessor of a paternal estate, because I cannot bear to be suspected of ingratitude: that your son pressed me to marry him, is true; but it is also true that I refused him, because I would not disappoint your hopes and impoverish your posterity." The old gentleman's confusion was increased by the wonders that crowded upon him: he first made some attempts to apologise for his suspicions with awkwardness and hesitation; then doubting the truth of appearance, he broke off abruptly and remained silent; then reproaching himself, he began to congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again desisted before he had finished the compliment. Melissa perceived his perplexity, and guessed the cause; she was, therefore, about to account more particularly for the sudden change of her circumstances, but Miss, whose maid had brought her intelligence from the servants, that the lady's name who was with her papa was Melissa, and that she was lately come to a great estate by the death of her uncle, could no longer restrain the impatience of her affection and joy: she rushed into the room and fell upon her neck, with a transport that can only be felt by friendship, and expressed by tears. When this tender silence was past, the scruples of doubt were soon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal and sincere; the father led out his guest, and presented her to his son with an apology for his conduct to them both.

Melissa had bespoke a dinner and beds at the inn, but she was not suffered to return. Within a few weeks she became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his son, with whom she shared many years that happiness which is the reward of virtue. They had several children, but none survived them; and Melissa,



upon the death of her husband, which happened about seven years ago, retired wholly from town to her estate in the country, where she lived beloved, and died in peace.

No. 9.] TUESDAY, DEC. 5. 1752.

—Εν προτομαῖς ἄνην διδασκαλίαν. VET. EPIGR.

He hung th' instructive symbol o'er his door.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I SHOULD be sorry to take off your attention from matters of greater moment, and to divert you from the speculation of faults, that present themselves directly before your eyes, by desiring you to contemplate the enormities that hang over your head. It has been customary, I know, with you writers of essays, to treat the subject of signs in a very ludicrous manner: for my part, I cannot help thinking, that it deserves a more serious consideration. The attacks of your predecessors on the absurdities which tradesmen usually commit in these pendent advertisements, have been very slight, and consequently have produced no salutary effect: blunders have to this day been handed down from master to 'prentice, without any regard paid to their remonstrances; and it is left to the sturdy Adventurer, if he pleases, to combat these monstrous incongruities, and to regulate their Babel-like confusion.

I am at present but an humble journeyman sign-painter in Harp-alley; for though the ambition of my parents designed that I should emulate the immortal touches of a Raphael or a Titian, yet the want of taste among my countrymen, and their prejudice against every artist who is a native, have degraded me to the miserable necessity, as Shaftesbury says, "of illustrating prodigies in fairs, and adorning heroic sign-posts." However, as I have studied to improve even this meanest exercise of the pencil, I intend to set up for myself; and, under the favour of your countenance, to reduce the vague practice of sign-painting to some standard of elegance and propriety.

It cannot be doubted, but that signs were intended originally to express the several occupations of their owners; and to bear some affinity in their external designations, with the wares to be disposed of, or the business carried on within. Hence the Hand and Shears is justly appropriated to tailors; as the Hand and Pen is to writing-masters; though the very reverend and right worthy order of my neighbours, the Fleet-parsons, have assumed it to themselves as

a mark of "marriages performed without imposition." The Wool-Pack plainly points out to us a Woollen-Draper; the Naked Boy elegantly reminds us of the necessity of clothing; and the Golden Fleece figuratively denotes the riches of our staple commodity: but are not the Hen and Chickens and the Three Pigeons, the unquestionable right of the poulterer; and not to be usurped by the venders of silk or linen.

It would be endless to enumerate the gross blunders committed in this point, by almost every branch or trade. I shall therefore confine myself chiefly to the numerous fraternity of publicans, whose extravagance in this affair calls aloud for reprehension and restraint. Their modest ancestors were contented with a plain bough stuck up before their doors: whence arose the wise proverb, "Good wine needs no bush:" but how have they since deviated from their ancient simplicity! They have ransacked earth, air, and seas; called down sun, moon and stars, to their assistance, and exhibited all the monsters that ever teemed from fantastic imagination. Their hogs in armour, their Blue Boars, Black Bears, Green Dragons, and Golden Lions, have already been sufficiently exposed by your brother essay writers:

— *Sus horridus, atraque tigris,  
Squamosusque draco, et fulva cervice leona.*  
VIRG.

With foamy tusks to seem a bristly boar,  
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;  
Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger stare. DRYDEN.

It is no wonder that these gentlemen, who indulge themselves in such unwarrantable liberties, should have so little regard to the choice of signs adapted to their mystery. There can be no objection made to the Bunch of Grapes, the Rummer, or the Tuns; but would not any one inquire for a hosier at the Leg, or for a locksmith at the Cross-Keys? And who would expect any thing but water to be sold at the Fountain? The Turk's Head may fairly intimate that a seraglio is kept within; the Rose may be strained to some propriety of meaning, as the business there transacted may be said to be done "under the Rose:" but why must the Angel, the Lamb, and the Mitre, be the designations of the seats of drunkenness or prostitution?

Some regard should likewise be paid by tradesmen to their situation; or, in other words, to the propriety of the place: and in this too the publicans are notoriously faulty. The King's Arms, and the Star and Garter, are aptly enough placed at the court end of the town, and in the neighbourhood of the royal palace; Shakspeare's Head takes his station by one playhouse, and Ben Johnson's by the other: Hell is a public-house adjoining to Westminster-hall, as the Devil Tavern is to the

lawyers' quarters in the Temple: but what has the Crown to do by the 'Change, or the Gun, the Ship, or the Anchor, any where but at the Tower-hill, at Wapping, or Deptford?

It was certainly from a noble spirit of doing honour to a superior desert, that our forefathers used to hang out the heads of those who were particularly eminent in their professions. Hence we see Galen and Paracelsus exalted before the shops of chemists; and the great names of Tully, Dryden, Pope, &c. immortalized on the rubric posts of booksellers, while their heads denominated the learned repositories of their works. But I know not whence it happened that publicans have claimed a right to the physiognomies of kings and heroes, as I cannot find out, by the most painful researches, that there is any alliance between them. Lebec, as he was an excellent cook, is the fit representative of luxury; and Broughton, that renowned athletic champion, has an indisputable right to put up his own head, if he pleases: but what reason can there be, why the glorious Duke William should draw porter, or the brave Admiral Vernon retail flip? Why must Queen Anne keep a gin shop, and King Charles inform us of a skittle-ground? Propriety of character, I think, requires, that these illustrious personages should be deposed from their lofty stations, and I would recommend hereafter that the alderman's effigy should accompany his entire butt beer, and that the comely face of that public spirited patriot, "who first reduced the price of punch, and raised its reputation *pro bono publico*," should be set up wherever three pennyworth of warm rum is to be sold.

I have been used to consider several signs, for the frequency of which it is difficult to give any other reason, as so many hieroglyphics with a hidden meaning, satirizing the follies of the people, or conveying instruction to the passer by. I am afraid that the stale jest on our sober citizens gave rise to so many horns in the public streets; and the number of castles floating with the wind, was probably designed as a ridicule on those erected by soaring projectors. Tumble-down Dick, in the borough of Southwark, is a fine moral on the instability of greatness and the consequences of ambition: but there is a most ill-natured sarcasm against the fair sex exhibited, on a sign in broad St. Giles's, of a headless female figure, called the Good Woman:

*Quale portentum, neque militaris  
Daunia in latis alit esculetis;  
Nec Juba tellus generat, leonum  
Arida nutrix.*

HOR.

No beast of such portentous size  
In warlike Daunia's forest lies,  
Nor such the tawny lion reigns  
Fierce on his native Afric's thirsty plains.

FRANCIS.

A discerning eye may also discover in many of our signs evident marks of the religion prevalent among us before the reformation. St. George, as the tutelary saint of this nation, may escape the censure of superstition: but St. Dunstan with his tongs ready to take hold of Satan's nose, and the legions of angels, nuns, crosses, and holy lambs, certainly had their origin in the days of popery.

Among the many signs, which are appropriated to some particular business, and yet have not the least connection with it, I cannot, as yet, find any relation between blue balls and pawnbrokers; nor could I conceive the intent of that long poll jutting out at the entrance of a barber's shop, till a friend of mine, a learned etymologist and glossariographer, assured me, that the use of this poll, took its rise from the corruption of an old English word. "It is probable," says he, "that our primitive tonsors used to stick up a wooden block, or head, or poll, as it was then called, before their shop windows, to denote their occupation; and that afterwards, through a confounding of different things with a like pronunciation, they put up that particoloured staff of an enormous length, which is now called a poll, and appropriated only to barbers."

The same observations might be extended to other methods that tradesmen make use of to attract the public notice. Thus, the card manufacturers stamp upon their packs the figure perhaps of Harry the eighth, or the great Mogul, though I cannot find in history, that either of these monarchs played at cards: it would therefore be more in character to give us a picture of the groom-porter, or of that master of the science the celebrated Hoyle, who has composed an elaborate treatise on every fashionable game.

I could point out to you many more enormities; but lest I should exceed the limits of your paper, I shall at present conclude with assuring you, that I am

Your devoted humble servant,

A.

PHILIP CARMINE.

No. 10.] SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1752.

*Da, Pater, augustam menti conscendere sedem;  
Da fontem lustrare boni; da, luce repertâ,  
In Te conspicuos animi defigere visus!* BOETH.

Give me, O Father, to thy throne access,  
Unshaken seat of endless happiness!  
Give me, unveil'd, the source of good to see!  
Give me thy light, and fix mine eyes on thee!

NOTHING has offended me more, than the manner in which subjects of eternal moment are



often treated. To dispute on moral and theological topics is become a fashion; and it is usual with persons, of whom it is no reproach to say they are ignorant, because their opportunities of gaining knowledge have been few, to determine with the utmost confidence upon questions to which no human intellect is equal. In almost every tavern and every alehouse illiterate petulance prates of fitness and virtue, of freedom and fate; and it is common to hear disputes concerning everlasting happiness and misery, the mysteries of religion and the attributes of God, intermingled with lewdness and blasphemy, or at least treated with wanton negligence and absurd merriment.

For lewdness and blasphemy, it is hoped no apology will seriously be offered: and it is probable, that if the question in debate was, which of the disputants should be hanged on the morrow, it would be conducted with decency and gravity, as a matter of some importance: that risible good-humour, and that noble freedom, of which they appear to be so fond, would be thought not well to agree with their subject; nor would either of the gentlemen be much delighted, if an argument intended to demonstrate that he would within a few hours be suspended on a gibbet, should be embellished with a witty allusion to a button and loop, or a jocular remark that it would effectually secure him from future accidents, either by land or water: and yet the justice and mercy of Omnipotence, the life and death of the soul, are treated with ridicule and sport; and it is contended, that with ridicule and sport they ought always to be treated.

But the effect, as well as the manner of these fashionable disputes, is always ill; they tend to establish what is called natural religion, upon the ruins of Christianity; and a man has no sooner styled himself a moral philosopher, than he finds that his duty both to God and man is contracted into a very small compass, and may be practised with the greatest facility. Yet as this effect is not always apparent, the unwary are frequently deluded into fatal error; and imagine they are attaining the highest degree of moral excellence, while they are insensibly losing the principles upon which alone temptation can be resisted, and a steady perseverance in well doing secured.

Among other favourite and unsuspected topics, is the excellency of virtue. Virtue is said necessarily to produce its own happiness, and to be constantly and adequately its own reward: as vice, on the contrary, never fails to produce misery, and inflict upon itself the punishment it deserves; propositions of which every one is ready to affirm, that they may be admitted without scruple, and believed without danger. But, from hence it is inferred, that future rewards and punishments are not necessary, either to furnish adequate motives to the practice of

virtue, or to justify the ways of God. In consequence of their being not necessary, they become doubtful; the Deity is less and less the object of fear and hope; and as virtue is said to be that which produces ultimate good below, what ever is supposed to produce ultimate good below is said to be virtue; right and wrong are confounded, because remote consequences cannot perfectly be known; the principal barrier, by which appetite and passion are restrained, is broken down; the remonstrances of conscience are overborne by sophistry; and the acquired and habitual shame of vice is subdued by the perpetual efforts of vigorous resistance.

But the inference from which these dreadful consequences proceed, however plausible, is not just; nor does it appear from experience, that the premises are true.

That virtue alone is happiness below, is indeed a maxim in speculative morality, which all the treasures of learning have been lavished to support, and all the flowers of wit collected to recommend; it has been the favourite of some among the wisest and best of mankind in every generation; and is at once venerable for its age, and lovely in the bloom of a new youth. And yet if it be allowed, that they who languish in disease and indigence, who suffer pain, hunger, and nakedness, in obscurity and solitude, are less happy than those, who, with the same degree of virtue, enjoy health, and ease, and plenty, who are distinguished by fame, and courted by society; it follows, that virtue alone is not efficient of happiness, because virtue cannot always bestow those things upon which happiness is confessed to depend.

It is indeed true, that virtue in prosperity enjoys more than vice, and that in adversity she suffers less: if prosperity and adversity, therefore, were merely accidental to virtue and vice, it might be granted, that, setting aside those things upon which moral conduct has no influence, as foreign to the question, every man is happy, either negatively or positively, in proportion as he is virtuous; though it were denied, that virtue alone could put into his possession all that is essential to human felicity.

But prosperity and adversity, affluence and want, are not independent upon moral conduct: External advantages are frequently obtained by vice, and forfeited by virtue; for as an estate may be gained by secreting a will, or loading a die, an estate may also be lost by withholding a vote, or rejecting a job.

Are external advantages then too light to turn the scale? Will an act of virtue, by which all are rejected, ensure more happiness than an act of vice by which all are procured? Are the advantages, which an estate obtained by an act of vice bestows, overbalanced through life by regret and remorse? and the indigence and contumely that follow the loss of conveniences,



which virtue has rejected, more than compensated by content and self approbation ?

That which is ill gotten, is not always ill used ; nor is that which is well rejected always remembered without regret. It is not to be supposed that he, who by an act of fraud gained the possession of a thousand pounds a year, which he spends, in such a gratification of his appetites and passions as is consistent with health and reputation, in the reciprocation of civilities among his equals, and sometimes in acts of bounty and munificence, and who uses the power and influence which it gives him so as to conciliate affection and procure respect ; has less happiness below, than if by a stronger effort of virtue he had continued in a state of dependence and poverty, neglected and despised, destitute of any other means to exercise the social affections than mutual condolence with those who suffer the same calamity, and almost wishing, in the bitterness of his distress, that he had improved the opportunity which he had lost.

It may indeed be urged, that the happiness and infelicity of both these states are still in exact proportion to virtue : that the affluence, which was acquired by a single act of vice, is enjoyed only by the exercise of virtue ; and that the penury incurred by a single effort of virtue, is rendered afflictive only by impatience and discontent.

But whether this be granted or denied, it remains true that the happiness in both these states is not equal ; and that in one the means to enjoy life were acquired by vice, which in the other were lost by virtue. And if it be possible, by a single act of vice, to increase happiness upon the whole of life ; from what rational motives can the temptation to that act be resisted ? From none, surely, but such as arise from the belief of a future state, in which virtue will be rewarded and vice punished ; for to what can happiness be wisely sacrificed, but to greater happiness ? and how can the ways of God be justified, if a man by the irreparable injury of his neighbour becomes happier upon the whole, than he would have been if he had observed the eternal rule, and done to another as he would that another should do to him.

Perhaps I may be told, that to talk of sacrificing happiness to greater happiness, as virtue, is absurd ; and that he who is restrained from fraud or violence, merely by the fear of hell, is no more virtuous than he who is restrained merely by the fear of a gibbet.

But supposing this to be true, yet with respect to society, mere external rectitude of conduct answers all the purposes of virtue ; and if I travel without being robbed, it is of little consequence to me, whether the person whom I meet on the road were restrained from attempting to invade my property by the fear of punish-

ment, or the abhorrence of vice : so that the gibbet, if it does not produce virtue, is yet of such incontestible utility, that I believe those gentlemen would be very unwilling that it should be removed, who are, notwithstanding, so zealous to steel every breast against the fear of damnation ; nor would they be content, however negligent of their souls, that their property should be no otherwise secured, than by the power of moral beauty and the prevalence of ideal enjoyments.

If it be asked, how moral agents became the subjects of accidental and adventitious happiness and misery ; and why they were placed in a state in which it frequently happens, that virtue only alleviates calamity, and vice only moderates delight ; the answer of revelation is known, and it must be the task of those who reject it to give a better : it is enough for me to have proved that man is at present in such a state : I pretend not to trace the "unsearchable ways of the Almighty," nor attempt to "penetrate the darkness that surrounds his throne : " but amidst this enlightened generation, in which such multitudes can account for apparent obliquities and defects in the natural and the moral world, I am content with an humble expectation of that time, in which "every thing that is crooked shall be made straight, and every thing that is imperfect shall be done away."

No. 11.] TUESDAY DEC. 12, 1752.

— *Ille potens sui  
Latusque deget, cui licet in diem  
Dixisse, viri.*

HOR.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,  
He who can call to-day his own ;  
He, who secure within can say,  
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

It is the fate of all who do not live in necessary or accidental obscurity, who neither pass undistinguished through the vale of poverty, nor hide themselves in the groves of solitude, to have a numerous acquaintance and few friends.

An acquaintance is a being who meets us with a smile and a salute, who tells us in the same breath that he is glad and sorry for the most trivial good and ill that befalls us, and yet who turns from us without regret, who scarce wishes to see us again, who forsakes us in hopeless sickness or adversity, and when we die remembers us no more. A friend is he with whom our interest is united, upon whose parti-

cipation all our pleasures depend; who soothes us in the fretfulness of disease, and cheers us in the gloom of a prison; to whom when we die even our remains are sacred, who follows them with tears to the grave, and preserves our image in his heart. A friend our calamities may grieve, and our wants may impoverish, but neglect only can offend, and unkindness alienate. Is it not therefore astonishing, that a friend should ever be alienated or offended? and can there be a stronger instance of the folly and caprice of mankind, than their withholding from those, upon whom their happiness is confessed to depend, that civility which they lavish upon others, without hope of any higher reward than a trivial and momentary gratification of their vanity, by an echo of their compliments and a return of their obeisance?

Of this caprice there are none who have more cause to complain than myself. That I am a person of some importance has never yet been disputed: I am allowed to have great power to please and to instruct; I always contribute to the felicity of those by whom I am well treated; and I must confess, that I am never abused without leaving marks of my resentment behind me.

I am generally regarded as a friend; and there are few who could think of parting with me for the last time, without the utmost regret, solicitude, and reluctance. I know, wherever I come, that I have been the object of desire and hope; and that the pleasure which I am expected to diffuse, has, like all others, been enjoyed by anticipation. By the young and gay, those who are entering the world either as a scene of business or pleasure, I am frequently desired with such impatience, that although every moment brings on wrinkles and decrepitude with irresistible rapidity, they would be willing that the time of my absence should be annihilated, and the approach of wrinkles and decrepitude rendered yet more precipitate. There cannot surely be stronger evidence than this of my influence upon their happiness, or of their affection for me: and yet the transport with which I am at first received quickly subsides; they appear to grow weary of my company, they would again shorten life to hasten the hour of my departure, and they reflect upon the length of my visit with regret.

To the aged I confess I am not able to procure equal advantages; and yet there are some of these who have been remarkable for their virtue, among whom I experience more constant reciprocations of friendship. I never heard that they expressed an impatient expectation of me when absent, nor do they receive me with rapture when I come; but while I stay they treat me with complacency and good-humour; and in proportion as their first address is less violent, the whole tenour of their conduct

is more equal: they suffer me to leave them in an evening without importunity to prolong my visit, and think of my departure with indifference.

You will, perhaps, imagine, that I am distinguished by some strange singularity, of which the uncommon treatment that I receive is a consequence. As few can judge with impartiality of their own character, none are believed merely upon their own evidence who affirm it to be good: I will therefore describe to you the manner in which I am received by persons of very different stations, capacities, and employments. The facts shall be exhibited without false colouring; I will neither suppress, soften, nor exaggerate any circumstance, by which the natural and genuine state of these facts may be discovered, and I know that your sagacity will do me justice.

In summer I rise very early, and the first person that I see is a peasant at his work, who generally regards me with a smile, though he seldom participates of my bounty. His labour is scarce ever suspended while I am with him; yet he always talks of me with complacency, and never treats me with neglect or indecorum, except perhaps on a holiday, when he has been tipping; and this I can easily overlook, though he commonly receives a hint of his fault the next morning, that he may be the more upon his guard for the future.

But though in the country I have reason to be best satisfied with the behaviour of those whom I first see, yet in my early walks in town I am almost sure to be insulted. As soon as the wretch, who has passed the night at a tavern, or a gaming table, perceives me at a distance, he begins to mutter curses against me, though he knows they will be fulfilled upon himself, and is impatient till he can bar his door, and hide himself in bed.

I have one sister, and though her complexion is very dark, yet she is not without her charms. She is, I confess, said to look best by candle-light, in her jewels, and at a public place, where the splendour of her dress, and the multiplicity of other objects, prevent too minute an examination of her person. Some good judges have fancied, though perhaps a little whimsically, that there is something inexpressibly pleasing in her by moon-light, a kind of placid ease, a gentle languor, which softens her features, and gives new grace to her manner: they say too, that she is best disposed to be agreeable company in a walk, under the chequered shade of a grove, along the green banks of a river, or upon the sandy beach by the sea.

My sister's principles in many particulars differ from mine; but there has been always such a harmony between us, that she seldom smiles upon those who have suffered me to pass with a contemptuous negligence; much less

does she use her influence, which is very great, to procure any advantage for those who drive me from their presence with outrage and abuse; and yet none are more assiduous in their addresses, nor intrude longer upon her privacy, than those who are most implacably my enemies.

She is generally better received by the poor, than the rich; and indeed she seldom visits the indigent and the wretched, without bringing something for their relief; yet those who are most solicitous to engage her in parties of pleasure, and are seen longest in her company, are always suspected of some evil design.

You will, perhaps, think there is something enigmatical in all this; and lest you should not yet be able to discover my true character sufficiently to engage you in my interest, I will give you a short history of the incidents that have happened to me during the last eight hours.

It is now four o'clock in the afternoon: about seven I rose; soon after, as I was walking by the dial in Covent Garden, I was perceived by a man well dressed, who appeared to have been sleeping under one of the sheds, and whom a watchman had just told that I was approaching: after attempting to swear several oaths and staggering a few paces, he scowled at me under his hat, and insulted me indirectly, by telling the watchman as well as he could, that he had sat in company with my sister till he became too drunk to find his way home, which nevertheless he had attempted; and that he hated the sight of me as he hated the devil: he then desired that a coach or a chair might be immediately called to carry him from my presence.

About nine I visited a young lady who could not see me, because she was but just returned from a rout. I went next to a student in the temple, who received me with great joy; but told me, that he was going to dine with a gentleman, whose daughter he had long courted, and who at length, by the interposition of friends, had been persuaded to consent to the match, though several others had offered a larger settlement. From this interview I had no desire to detain him; and about twelve I found a young prodigal, to whom I had afforded many opportunities of felicity, which he neglected to improve; and whom I had scarce ever left without having convinced him, that he was wasting life in the search of pleasure which he could never find: he looked upon me with a countenance full of suspicion, dread, and perplexity, and seemed to wish that I had delayed my visit, or been excluded by his servant; imagining, as I have since heard, that a bailiff was behind me. After dinner, I again met my friend the student; but he who had so lately received me with ecstasy, now leered at me with a sullen discontent, and if it had been in his power would have destroyed me, for no other reason than because the old

gentleman whom he had visited had changed his mind.

You may, perhaps, be told, that I am myself inconstant and capricious, that I am never the same person eight and forty hours together, and that no man knows whether at my next visit I shall bring him good or evil: but identity of person might with equal truth be denied of the Adventurer, and of every other being upon earth; for all animal bodies are in a state of perpetual decay and renovation: so ridiculous a slander does not indeed deserve a serious reply: and I believe you are now ready to answer every other cavil of my enemies, by convincing the world that it is their own fault if I do not always leave them wiser and better than I find them; and whoever has through life continued to become gradually wiser and better, has obtained a source of divine felicity, a well of living water, which, like the widow's oil, shall increase as it is poured out, and which, though it was supplied by time, eternity shall not exhaust.

I hope, Sir, your paper will be a means of procuring me better treatment; and that you will yourself be solicitous to secure the friendship of,

Your humble servant,

TO-DAY.

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No. 12.] SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1752.

*Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet  
Quidvis aut facere aut pati.*

HOR.

He whom the dread of want ensnares,  
With baseness acts, with meanness bears.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

OF all the expedients that have been found out to alleviate the miseries of life, none is left to despair but complaint: and though complaint, without hope of relief, may be thought rather to increase than mitigate anguish, as it recollects every circumstance of distress, and imbibes the memory of past sufferings by the anticipation of future, yet, like weeping, it is an indulgence of that which it is pain to suppress, and soothes with the hope of pity the wretch who despairs of comfort. Of this number is he who now addresses you: yet the solace of complaint and the hope of pity, are not the only motives that have induced me to communicate the series of events, by which I have been led on in an insensible deviation from felicity, and at last plunged in irremediable calamity: I wish that others may escape perdition; and am, therefore, solicitous



to warn them of the path, that leads to the precipice from which I have fallen.

I am the only child of a wealthy farmer, who, as he was himself illiterate, was the more zealous to make his son a scholar; imagining that there was in the knowledge of Greek and Latin, some secret charm of perpetual influence, which as I passed through life would smooth the way before me, establish the happiness of success, and supply new resources to disappointment. But not being able to deny himself the pleasure he found in having me about him, instead of sending me out to a boarding-school, he offered the curate of the parish ten pounds a year and his board to become my tutor.

This gentleman, who was in years, and had lately buried his wife, accepted the employment, but refused the salary: the work of education, he said, would agreeably fill his intervals of leisure, and happily coincide with the duties of his function: but he observed that his curacy, which was thirty pounds a year, and had long subsisted him when he had a family, would make him wealthy now he was a single man; and therefore he insisted to pay for his board: to this my father, with whatever reluctance, was obliged to consent. At the age of six years I began to read my accidence under my preceptor; and at fifteen had gone through the Latin and Greek classics. But the languages were not all that I learned of this gentleman; besides other science of less importance, he taught me the theory of Christianity by his precepts, and the practice by his example.

As his temper was calm and steady, the influence which he had acquired over me was unlimited: he was never capriciously severe; so that I regarded his displeasure not as an effect of his infirmity, but of my own fault; he discovered so much affection in the pleasure with which he commended, and in the tender concern with which he reproved me, that I loved him as a father; and his devotion, though rational and manly, was yet so habitual and fervent, that I revered him as a saint. I found even my passions controlled by an awe which his presence impressed; and by a constant attention to his doctrine and his life, I acquired such a sense of my connection with the invisible world, and such a conviction of the consciousness of Deity to all my thoughts, that every inordinate wish was secretly suppressed, and my conduct regulated by the most scrupulous circumspection.

My father thought he had now taken sufficient care of my education, and therefore began to expect that I should assist in overlooking his servants, and managing his farm, in which he intended I should succeed him: but my preceptor, whose principal view was not my temporal advantage, told him, that, as a farmer, great part of my learning would be totally use-

less; and that the only way to make me serviceable to mankind, in proportion to the knowledge I had acquired, would be to send me to the university, that at a proper time I might take orders. But my father, besides that he was still unwilling to part with me, had probably many reasons against my entering the world in a cassock: such, however, was the deference which he paid to my tutor, that he had almost implicitly submitted to his determination, when a relation of my mother's, who was an attorney of great practice in the temple, came to spend part of the long vacation at our house, in consequence of invitations which had been often repeated during an absence of many years.

My father thought that an opportunity of consulting how to dispose of me with a man so well acquainted with life, was not to be lost; and perhaps he secretly hoped, that my preceptor would give up his opinion as indefensible, if a person of the lawyer's experience should declare against it. My cousin was accordingly made umpire in the debate; and after he had heard the arguments on both sides, he declared against my becoming a farmer; he said, it would be an act of injustice to bury my parts and learning in the obscurity of rural life; because, if produced to the world, they would probably be rewarded with wealth and distinction. My preceptor imagined the question was now finally determined in his favour; and being obliged to visit one of his parishioners that was sick, he gave me a look of congratulation as he went out, and I perceived his cheek glow with a flush of triumph, and his eye sparkle with tears of delight.

But he had no sooner left the room, than my cousin gave the conversation another turn; he told my father, that though he had opposed his making me a farmer, he was not an advocate, for my becoming a parson; for that to make a young fellow a parson, without being able to procure him a living, was to make him a beggar; he then made some witty reflections on the old gentleman who was just gone out; "nobody," he said, "could question his having been put to a bad trade, who considered his circumstances now he had followed it forty years." And after some other sprightly sallies, which, though they made my father laugh, made me tremble, he clapped him upon the shoulder, "If you have a mind your boy should make a figure in life, old gentleman," says he, "put him clerk to me; my Lord Chancellor King was no better than the son of a country shopkeeper; and my master gave a person of much greater eminence many a half crown when he was an attorney's clerk in the next chambers to mine. What say you? shall I take him up with me or no?" My father, who had listened to this proposal with great eagerness, as soon as my cousin had

done speaking, cried, "A match;" and immediately gave him his hand, in token of his consent. Thus the bargain was struck, and my fate determined before my tutor came back.

It was in vain that he afterwards objected to the character of my new master, and expressed the most dreadful apprehensions at my becoming an attorney's clerk, and entering into the society of wretches who had been represented to him, and perhaps not unjustly, as the most profligate upon earth; they do not, indeed, become worse than others, merely as clerks: but as young persons, who with more money to spend in the gratification of appetite, are sooner than others abandoned to their own conduct; for though they are taken from under the protection of a parent, yet being scarce considered as in a state of servitude, they are not sufficiently restrained by the authority of a master.

My father had conceived of my cousin as the best natured man in the world: and probably was intoxicated with the romantic hope, of living to see me upon the Bench at Westminster hall, or of meeting me on the circuit lolling in my own coach, and attended by a crowd of the inferior instruments of justice. He was not therefore to be moved either by expostulation or entreaty; and I set out with my cousin on horseback, to meet the stage at a town within a few miles, after having taken leave of my father, with tenderness that melted us both; and received from the hoary saint his last instructions and benediction, and at length the parting embrace, which was given with the silent ardour of unutterable wishes, and repeated with tears that could no longer be suppressed or concealed.

When we were seated in the coach, my cousin began to make himself merry with the regret and discontent that he perceived in my countenance, at leaving a cowhouse, a hogstye, and two old grey pates, who were contending whether I should be buried in a farm or a college. I, who had never heard either my father or my tutor treated with irreverence, could not conceal my displeasure and resentment: but he still continued to rally my country simplicity with many allusions which I did not then understand, but which greatly delighted the rest of the company. The fourth day brought us to our journey's end, and my master, as soon as we reached his chambers, shook me by the hand, and bid me welcome to the temple.

He had been some years a widower, and his only child a daughter being still at a boarding-school, his family consisted only of a man and maid servant and myself: for though he had two hired clerks, yet they lodged and boarded themselves. The horrid lewdness and profaneness of these fellows terrified and disgusted me; nor could I believe that my master's property and interest could be safely intrusted with men, who in every respect appeared to be so

destitute of virtue and religion: I, therefore, thought it my duty to apprise him of his danger; and accordingly one day when we were at dinner, I communicated my suspicion, and the reason upon which it was founded. The formal solemnity with which I introduced this conversation, and the air of importance which I gave to my discovery, threw him into a violent fit of laughter, which struck me dumb with confusion and astonishment. As soon as he recovered himself, he told me, that though his clerks might use some expressions that I had not been accustomed to hear, yet he believed them to be very honest; and that he placed more confidence in them, than he would in a formal prig, of whom he knew nothing but that he went every morning and evening to prayers, and said grace before and after meat; that as to swearing, they meant no harm; and as he did not doubt but that every young fellow liked a girl, it was better they should joke about it than be hypocritical and sly: not that he would be thought to suspect my integrity, or to blame me for practices, which he knew to be merely effects of the bigotry and superstition in which I had been educated, and not the disguises of cunning or the subterfuges of guilt.

I was greatly mortified at my cousin's behaviour on this occasion, and wondered from what cause it could proceed, and why he should so lightly pass those vices in others, from which he abstained himself; for I had never heard him swear; and as his expressions were not obscene, I imagined his conversation was chaste; in which, however, my ignorance deceived me, and it was not long before I had reason to change my opinion of his character.

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No. 13.] TUESDAY, DEC. 19, 1752.

———— *Sic omnia fati*

*In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri:  
Non aliter quam qui adverso vir flumine lembum  
Remigiis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,  
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit æveus amni.*  
VIRG.

Thus all below, whether by nature's curse,  
Or fate's decree, degenerate still to worse.  
So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,  
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:  
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,  
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.  
DRYDEN

THERE came one morning to inquire for him at his chambers, a lady who had something in her manner which caught my attention and excited my curiosity: her clothes were fine, but the manner in which they were put on was rather flaunting than elegant; her address was not easy



nor polite, but seemed to be a strange mixture of affected state and licentious familiarity: she looked in the glass while she was speaking to me, and without any confusion adjusted her tucker: she seemed rather pleased than disconcerted at being regarded with earnestness; and being told that my cousin was abroad, she asked some trifling questions, and then making a slight courtesy, took up the side of her hoop with a jerk that discovered at least half her leg, and hurried down stairs.

I could not help inquiring of the clerks, if they knew this lady; and was greatly confounded when they told me, with an air of secrecy, that she was my cousin's mistress, whom he had kept almost two years in lodgings near Covent-garden. At first I suspected this information; but it was soon confirmed by so many circumstances, that I could no longer doubt of its truth.

As my principles were yet untainted, and the influence of my education was still strong, I regarded my cousin's sentiments as impious and detestable; and his example rather struck me with horror, than seduced me to imitation. I flattered myself with hopes of effecting his reformation, and took every opportunity to hint the wickedness of allowed incontinence; for which I was always rallied when he was disposed to be merry, and answered with the contemptuous sneer of self-sufficiency when he was sullen.

Near four years of my clerkship were now expired, and I had never yet entered the lists as a disputant with my cousin: for though I conceived myself to be much his superior in moral and theological learning, and though he often admitted me to familiar conversation, yet I still regarded the subordination of a servant to a master, as one of the duties of my station, and preserved it with such exactness, that I never exceeded a question or a hint when we were alone, and was always silent when he had company, though I frequently heard such positions advanced, as made me wonder that no tremendous token of the divine displeasure immediately followed: but coming one night from the tavern, warm with wine, and, as I imagined, flushed with polemic success, he insisted upon my taking one glass with him before he went to bed; and almost as soon as we were seated, he gave me a formal challenge, by denying all divine revelation, and defying me to prove it.

I now considered every distinction as thrown down, and stood forth as the champion of religion, with that elation of mind which the hero always feels at the approach of danger. I thought myself secure of victory; and rejoicing that he had now compelled me to do what I had often wished he would permit, I obliged him to declare that he would dispute upon equal terms, and we began the debate. But it was not long

before I was astonished to find myself confounded by a man, whom I saw half-drunk, and whose learning and abilities I despised when he was sober; for as I had but very lately discovered, that any of the principles of religion, from the immortality of the soul to the deepest mystery, had been so much as questioned, all his objections were new. I was assaulted where I had made no preparation for defence; and having not been so much accustomed to disputation, as to consider, that, in the present weakness of human intellects, it is much easier to object than answer, and that in every disquisition difficulties are found which cannot be resolved, I was overborne by the sudden onset, and in the tumult of my search after answers to his cavils, forgot to press the positive arguments on which religion is established: he took advantage of my confusion, proclaimed his own triumph, and because I was depressed, treated me as vanquished.

As the event which had thus mortified my pride was perpetually revolved in my mind, the same mistake still continued: I inquired for solutions instead of proofs, and found myself more and more entangled in the snares of sophistry. In some other conversations which my cousin was now eager to begin, new difficulties were started, the labyrinth of doubt grew more intricate, and as the question was of infinite moment, my mind was brought into the most distressful anxiety. I ruminated incessantly on the subject of our debate, sometimes chiding myself for my doubts, and sometimes applauding the courage and freedom of my inquiry.

While my mind was in this state, I heard by accident that there was a club at an alehouse in the neighbourhood, where such subjects were freely debated, to which every body was admitted without scruple or formality: to this club in an evil hour I resolved to go, that I might learn how knotty points were to be discussed, and truth distinguished from error.

Accordingly, on the next club night I mingled with the multitude that was assembled in this school of folly and infidelity: I was at first disgusted at the gross ignorance of some, and shocked at the horrid blasphemy of others; but curiosity prevailed, and my sensibility by degrees wore off. I found that almost every speaker had a different opinion, which some of them supported by arguments that to me, who was utterly unacquainted with disputation, appeared to hold opposite probabilities in exact equipoise; so that, instead of being confirmed in any principle, I was divested of all; the perplexity of my mind was increased, and I contracted such a habit of questioning whatever offered itself to my imagination, that I almost doubted of my own existence.

In proportion as I was less assured in my principles, I was less circumspect in my con-



duct: but such was still the force of education, that any gross violence offered to that which I had held sacred, and every act which I had been used to regard as incurring the forfeiture of the divine favour, stung me with remorse. I was indeed still restrained from flagitious immorality, by the power of habit: but this power grew weaker and weaker, and the natural propensity to ill gradually took place; as the motion that is communicated to a ball which is struck up into the air, becomes every moment less and less, till at length it recoils by its own weight.

Fear and hope, the great springs of human action, had now lost their principal objects, as I doubted whether the enjoyment of the present moment was not all that I could secure; my power to resist temptation diminished with my dependence upon the grace of God, and regard to the sanction of his law; and I was first seduced by a prostitute, in my return from a declamation on the beauty of virtue, and the strength of the moral sense.

I began now to give myself up entirely to sensuality, and the gratification of appetite terminated my prospects of felicity: that peace of mind, which is the sunshine of the soul, was exchanged for the gloom of doubt, and the storm of passion; and my confidence in God and hope of everlasting joy, for sudden terrors and vain wishes, the longings of satiety, and the anguish of disappointment.

I was indeed impatient under this fluctuation of opinion, and therefore I applied to a gentleman who was a principal speaker at the club, and deemed a profound philosopher, to assist the labours of my own mind in the investigation of truth, and relieve me from distraction by removing my doubts: but this gentleman, instead of administering relief, lamented the prejudice of education, which he said hindered me from yielding without reserve to the force of truth, and might perhaps always keep my mind anxious, though my judgment should be convinced. But as the most effectual remedy for this deplorable evil, he recommended to me the works of Chubb, Morgan, and many others, which I procured, and read with great eagerness; and though I was not at last a sound deist, yet I perceived with some pleasure that my stock of polemic knowledge was greatly increased; so that, instead of being an auditor, I commenced a speaker at the club: and though to stand up and babble to a crowd in an alehouse, till silence is commanded by the stroke of a hammer, is as low an ambition as can taint the human mind; yet I was much elevated by my new distinction, and pleased with the deference that was paid to my judgment. I sometimes, indeed, reflected, that I was propagating opinions by which I had myself become vicious and wretched; but it immediately occurred, that though my conduct

was changed, it could not be proved that my virtue was less; because many things, which I avoided as vicious upon my old principles, were innocent upon my new. I therefore went on in my career, and was perpetually racking my invention for new topics and illustration: and among other expedients, as well to advance my reputation, as to quiet my conscience, and deliver me from the torment of remorse, I thought of the following.

Having learned that all error is innocent, because it is involuntary, I concluded, that nothing more was necessary to quiet the mind than to prove that all vice was error: I therefore formed the following argument; "No man becomes vicious, but from a belief that vice will confer happiness: he may indeed have been told the contrary, but implicit faith is not required of reasonable beings, therefore, as every man ought to seek happiness, every man may lawfully make the experiment, if he is disappointed, it is plain that he did not intend that which has happened, so that every vice is an error, and therefore no vice will be punished."

I communicated this ingenious contrivance to my friend the philosopher, who, instead of detecting the difference between ignorance and perverseness, or stating the limitations within which we are bound to seek our own happiness, applauded the acuteness of my penetration, and the force of my reasoning. I was impatient to display so novel and important a discovery to the club, and the attention that it drew upon me gratified my ambition, to the utmost of my expectation. I had indeed some opponents; but they were so little skilled in argumentation, and so ignorant of the subject, that it only rendered my conquest more signal and important, for the chairman summed up the arguments on both sides with so exact and scrupulous an impartiality, that as I appeared not to have been confuted, those who could not discover the weakness of my antagonists, thought that to confute me was impossible, my sophistry was taken for demonstration, and the number of proselytes was incredible. The assembly consisted chiefly of clerks and apprentices, young persons who had received a religious though not a liberal education; for those who were totally ignorant, or wholly abandoned, troubled not themselves with such disputations as were carried on at our club: and these unhappy boys, the impetuosity of whose passions was restrained chiefly by fear, as virtue had not yet become a habit, were glad to have the shackles struck off which they were told priestcraft had put on.

But however I might satisfy others, I was not yet satisfied myself; my torment returned, and new opiates became necessary; they were not indeed easily to be found; but such was my good fortune, that an illiterate mechanic afforded me a most seasonable relief, "by discussing the

important question, and demonstrating that the soul was not nor could be immortal." I was, indeed, disposed to believe without the severest scrutiny, what I now began secretly to wish; for such was the state of my mind, that I was willing to give up the hope of everlasting happiness, to be delivered from the dread of perpetual misery; and as I thought of dying as a remote event, the apprehension of losing my existence with my life, did not much interrupt the pleasures of the bagnio and the tavern.

They were, however, interrupted by another cause; for I contracted a distemper, which alarmed and terrified me, in proportion as its progress was swift, and its consequences were dreadful. In this distress I applied to a young surgeon, who was a speaker at the club, and gained a genteel subsistence by keeping it in repair: he treated my complaint as a trifle; and to prevent any serious reflections in this interval of pain and solitude, he rallied the deplorable length of my countenance, and exhorted me to behave like a man.

My pride, rather than my fear, made me very solicitous to conceal this disorder from my cousin; but he soon discovered it rather with pleasure than anger, as it completed his triumph, and afforded him a new subject of raillery and merriment. By the spiritual and corporeal assistance of my surgeon, I was at length restored to my health, with the same dissolute morals, and a resolution to pursue my pleasures with more caution: instead, therefore, of hiring a prostitute, I now endeavoured to seduce the virgin, and corrupt the wife.

another, my cousin determined to take his daughter, who was now in her nineteenth year, from school; and as he intended to make her mistress of his family, he quitted his chambers, and took a house.

This young lady I had frequently seen, and always admired; she was therefore no sooner come home, than I endeavoured to recommend myself by a thousand assiduities, and rejoiced in the many opportunities that were afforded me to entertain her alone; and perceived that she was not displeased with my company, nor insensible to my complaisance.

My cousin, though he had seen the effects of his documents of infidelity in the corruption of my morals, yet could not forbear to sneer at religion in the presence of his daughter; a practice in which I now always concurred, as it facilitated the execution of a design that I had formed of rendering her subservient to my pleasures. I might indeed have married her, and perhaps my cousin secretly intended that I should: but I knew women too well to think that marriage would confine my wishes to a single object; and I was utterly averse to a state, in which the pleasure of variety must be sacrificed to domestic quiet, or domestic quiet to the pleasure of variety; for I neither imagined that I could long indulge myself in an unlawful familiarity with many women, before it would by some accident be discovered to my wife; nor that she would be so very courteous or philosophical, as to suffer this indulgence without expostulation and clamour: and besides, I had no liking to a brood of children, whose wants would soon become importunate, and whose claim to my industry and frugality would be universally acknowledged; though the offspring of a mistress might be abandoned to beggary, without breach of the law, or offence to society.

The young lady, on the contrary, as she perceived that my addresses exceeded common civilities, did not question but that my view was to obtain her for a wife; and I could discern that she often expected such a declaration, and seemed disappointed that I had not yet proposed an application to her father: but imagining, I suppose, that these circumstances were only delayed till the fittest opportunity, she did not scruple to admit all the freedoms that were consistent with modesty; and I drew every day nearer to the accomplishment of my design, by insensible approaches, without alarming her fear or confirming her hopes.

I knew that only two things were necessary; her passions were to be inflamed, and the motives from which they were to be suppressed, removed. I was therefore perpetually insinuating, that nothing which was natural could be ill; I complained of the impositions and restraints of priestcraft and superstition; and, as if these hints were casual and accidental, I

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No. 14.] SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1752.

*Admonet, et magna testatur voce per umbras:  
Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.*  
VIRG.

Even yet his voice from hell's dread shades we hear,

"Beware, learn justice, and the gods revere.

In these attempts my new principles afforded me great assistance: for I found that those whom I could convert, I could easily debauch; and that to convert many, nothing more was necessary than to advance my principles, and allege something in defence of them, by which I appeared to be convinced myself; for not being able to dispute, they thought that the argument which had convinced me, would, if they could understand it, convince them; so that, by yielding an implicit assent, they at once paid a compliment to their own judgments, and smoothed the way to the indulgence of appetite.

While I was thus gratifying every inordinate desire, and passing from one degree of guilt to



would immediately afterwards sing a tender song, repeat some seducing verses, or read a novel.

But henceforward, let never insulted beauty admit a second time into her presence the wretch who has once attempted to ridicule religion, and substitute other aids to human frailty, for that "love of God which is better than life," and that fear "which is the beginning of wisdom:" for whoever makes such an attempt, intends to betray; the contrary conduct being without question the interest of every one whose intentions are good, because even those who profanely deny religion to be of divine origin, do yet acknowledge that it is a political institution well calculated to strengthen the band of society, and to keep out the ravager, by intrenching innocence and arming virtue. To oppose these corrupters by argument rather than contempt, is to parly with a murderer, who may be excluded by shutting a door.

My cousin's daughter used frequently to dispute with me, and these disputes always favoured the execution of my project: though, lest I should alarm her too much, I often affected to appear half in jest; and when I ventured to take any liberty, by which the bounds of modesty was somewhat invaded, I suddenly desisted with an air of easy negligence; and as the attempt was not pursued, and nothing farther seemed to be intended than was done, it was regarded but as waggery, and punished only with a slap or a frown. Thus she became familiar with infidelity and indecency by degrees.

I once subtly engaged her in a debate, whether the gratification of natural appetites was in itself innocent; and whether, if so, the want of external ceremony could in any case render it criminal. I insisted that virtue and vice were not influenced by external ceremonies, nor founded upon human laws, which were arbitrary, temporary, and local: and that as a young lady's shutting herself up in a nunnery was still evil, though enjoined by such laws; so the transmitting her beauty to posterity was still good, though under certain circumstances it had by such laws been forbidden. This she affected utterly to deny, and I proposed that the question should be referred to her papa, without informing him of our debate, and that it should be determined by his opinion; a proposal to which she readily agreed. I immediately adverted to other subjects, as if I had no interest in the issue of our debate: but I could perceive that it sunk deep into her mind, and that she continued more thoughtful than usual.

I did not however fail to introduce a suitable topic of discourse the next time my cousin was present, and having stated the question in general terms, he gave it in my favour, without suspecting that he was judge in his own cause; and the next time I was alone with his daughter, without mentioning his decision, I renewed

my familiarity, I found her resistance less resolute, pursued my advantage, and completed her ruin.

Within a few months she perceived that she was with child; a circumstance that she communicated to me with expressions of the most piercing distress: but instead of consenting to marry her, to which she had often urged me with all the little arts of persuasion that she could practise, I made light of the affair, chid her for being so much alarmed at so trivial an accident, and proposed a medicine which I told her would effectually prevent the discovery of our intercourse, by destroying the effect of it before it could appear. At this proposition she fainted, and when she recovered, opposed it with terror and regret, with tears, trembling, and intreaty: but I continued inflexible, and at length either removed or over-ruled her scruples, by the same arguments that had first seduced her to guilt.

The long vacation was now commenced, and my clerkship was just expired: I therefore proposed to my cousin that we should all make a visit to my father, hoping that the fatigue of the journey would favour my purpose, by increasing the effect of the medicine, and accounting for an indisposition which it might be supposed to cause.

The plan being thus concerted, and my cousin's concurrence being obtained, it was immediately put in execution. I applied to my old friend the club surgeon, to whom I made no secret of such affairs, and he immediately furnished me with such medicaments, which he assured me would answer my purpose; but either by a mistake in the preparation, or in the quantity, they produced a disorder, which soon after the dear injured unhappy girl arrived at her journey's end, terminated in her death.

My confusion and remorse at this event are not to be expressed, but confusion and remorse were suddenly turned into astonishment and terror; for she was scarce dead before I was taken into custody, upon suspicion of murder. Her father had deposed, that just before she died, she desired to speak to him in private; and that then, taking his hand, and intreating his forgiveness, she told him that she was with child by me, and that I had poisoned her, under pretence of preserving her reputation.

Whether she made this declaration, or only confessed the truth, and her father to revenge the injury had forged the rest, cannot now be known; but the coroner having been summoned, and the body viewed, and found to have been pregnant, with many marks of a violent and uncommon disorder, a verdict of wilful murder was brought in against me, and I was committed to the county jail.

As the judges were then upon the circuit, I was within less than a fortnight convicted and



condemned by the zeal of the jury, whose passions had been so greatly inflamed by the enormity of the crime with which I had been charged, that they were rather willing that I should suffer being innocent, than that I should escape being guilty; but it appearing to the judge in the course of the trial that murder was not intended, he relieved me before he left the town.

I might now have redeemed the time, and, awakened to a sense of my folly and my guilt, might have made some reparation to mankind for the injury which I had done to society; and endeavoured to rekindle some spark of hope in my own breast, by repentance and devotion. But alas! in the first transports of my mind, upon so sudden and unexpected a calamity, the fear of death yielded to the fear of infamy, and I swallowed poison: the excess of my desperation hindered its immediate effect; for, as I took too much, great part of it was thrown up, and only such a quantity remained behind, as was sufficient to insure my destruction, and yet leave me time to contemplate the horrors of the gulph into which I am sinking.

In this deplorable situation I have been visited by the surgeon who was the immediate instrument of my misfortune, and the philosopher who directed my studies. But these are friends who only rouse me to keener sensibility, and inflict upon me more exquisite torment. They reproach me with folly, and upbraid me with cowardice: they tell me too, that the fear of death has made me regret the errors of superstition; but what would I now give for those erroneous hopes, and that credulous simplicity, which, though I have been taught to despise them, would sustain me in the tremendous hour that approaches, and avert from my last agony the horrors of despair.

I have indeed a visitor of another kind, the good old man who first taught me to frame a prayer, and first animated me with the hope of heaven; but he can only lament with me that this hope will not return, and that I can pray with confidence no more: he cannot by a sudden miracle re-establish the principles which I have subverted. My mind is all doubt, and terror, and confusion; I know nothing but that I have rendered ineffectual the clemency of my judge, that the approach of death is swift and inevitable, and that either the shades of everlasting night, or the gleams of unquenchable fire are at hand. My soul in vain shrinks backward: I grow giddy with the thought: the next moment is distraction! Farewell.

OPINIOUS.

No. 15.] TUESDAY, DEC. 26, 1755.

*Inventum medicina meum est.* — OVID.

Medicine is mine.

DRYDEN.

As no man more abhors the maxim, which affirms the lawfulness of doing evil to produce good, than myself, I shall spare no falsehood, because it has been rendered subservient to political purposes, nor concur in the deception of mankind, though for the service of the state.

When the public liberty has been thought in so much danger, as to make it necessary to expose life in its defence; we have been told that life is the inferior blessing; that death is more eligible than slavery; and that to hold the contrary opinion, is not only absurd but infamous.

This, however, whether it is the rant of enthusiasm or the insinuation of cunning, contradicts the voice of reason and the general consent of mankind. The far greater part of the human species are confessed to live in a state of slavish subjection; and there is scarce any part of the globe where that which an Englishman calls liberty, is to be found: and yet it does not appear, that there is any place in which the attachment to life is dissolved, or that despotism and tyranny ever provoked suicide to depopulate their dominions. It may be said, that wretches who have never been free, suffer patiently because they are strangers to enjoyment; but it must be remembered, that our heroes of liberty, whether Bucks or Bloods, or of whatever other denomination, when by some creditor or slavish principles they have been locked up in prison, never yet petitioned to be hanged.

But though to every individual life is of greater value than liberty; yet health and ease are of greater value than life: though jollity may sometimes be found in the cell of a prisoner, it never enters the chambers of the sick; over pain and sickness, the sweetness of music, the sprightliness of humour, and the delicacies of luxury have no power. Without health life is misery; and death, as it removes positive evil, is at least a negative good. Among the many advantages, therefore, which are confessed to be peculiar to Great Britain, the highest surely is the number of medicines that are dispensed in this metropolis; medicines which infallibly remove every disease, by which the value of life is annihilated, and death rendered blessing.

It has been observed by naturalists, that every climate produces plants peculiarly adapted to remove its peculiar diseases; and by moralists that good and evil are universally distributed with an equal hand: my subject affords a remarkable instance of the truth of these observ-

tions: for without this extraordinary interposition of medical power, we should not only be the most loathsome, debilitated, and diseased of all mortals, but our country would soon become desolate, or, what is yet worse, a province to France.

Of this no doubt will remain, if it be considered, that the medicines, from which we are told almost every noble family in the kingdom has received benefit, are such as invigorate, cleanse, and beautify; for if our nobility are impotent, loathsome, and hideous, in what condition are those who are exposed to the vicissitudes of wet and dry, and cold and heat, which in this climate are sudden and frequent? In what condition are those who sweat at the furnace, or delve in the mine, who draw in pestiferous fumes at every breath, and admit an enemy to life at every pore? If a being whose perspicacity could discover effects yet slumbering in their causes, would perceive the future peers of this realm corked close in a vial, or rolled up in a pill: or if, while yet more distant, they would appear rising in the vapour of an alembic, or agitated in the vortex of a mortar; from whence must we expect those who should hereafter supply the fleet, the manufactory, or the field?

But the good that would flow in a thousand streams to the community from these fountains of health, and vigour, and beauty, is in some degree intercepted, by the envy or folly of persons who have at a great expense crowded the city with buildings called hospitals; in which those who have been long taught to mangle the dead, practise the same horrid arts upon the living; and where a cancer or a gangrene produce the amputation of a limb, though a cure for the cancer might have been purchased in Fleet-Street for a shilling, and a powder that instantly stops the progress of a gangrene, upon Tower-Hill for sixpence. In hospitals diseases are not cured, but rendered incurable: and though of this the public has been often advertised by Mr. Robert Ratsey, who gives advice to the poor in Billiter-Lane; yet hospitals are still filled, and new donations are made. Mr. Ratsey has indeed himself contributed to this evil; for he promises to cure even those who have been thus rendered incurable: a resource, therefore, is still left, and the vulgar will be encouraged to throw themselves into an hospital, in compliance with their prejudices, by reflecting that after all they can make the experiment which ought to have been their first choice.

I would not be thought to dictate to the legislature; but I think that all persons, especially this gentleman, should be prohibited from curing these incurable patients by act of parliament: though I hope that he will, after this notice, restrain the first ardour of his benevolence, by reflecting that a conduct which may

be mercy to one, will be cruelty to many; and that in his future advertisements this dangerous promise will not be repeated.

This island has been long famous for diseases which are not known in any other part of the world; and my predecessor, the Spectator, has taken notice of a person, who in his time, among other strange maladies, undertook to cure "long sea-voyages and campaigns." If I cannot acquaint my readers with any new disease that is equally astonishing, I can record a method of cure, which, though it was not successful, yet deserves to be remembered for farther experiments.

The minister, the overseer, and the churchwarden of a parish in Kent, after setting forth the misery of a young man who was afflicted with a rupture, proceeded to address the public in the following terms:

"His friends applied to several gentlemen for a cure, but all proved ineffectual, and wore a truss, till we sent him to Mr. Woodward at the King's Arms near Half-moon-street, Piccadilly."

It appears, therefore, that several gentlemen, in the zeal of their compassion, not only applied for advice, but actually wore a truss for this unfortunate youth; who would, notwithstanding, still have continued to languish in great misery, if they had not at last sent him to Mr. Woodward.

After this instance of generous compassion and true public spirit, it will be just to remark the conduct of persons who have filled a much more elevated station, who have been appointed guardians of the people, and whose obligations to promote their happiness was therefore more complicated and extensive.

I am told that formerly a patent could not be obtained for dispensing these infallible remedies at a less expense than sixty pounds; and yet that, without a patent, counterfeits are imposed upon the public, by which diseases are rendered more malignant, and death precipitated. I am, however, very unwilling to believe, that the legislature ever refused to permit others to snatch sickness and decrepitude from the grave, without receiving so exorbitant a consideration.

At present a patent may be obtained for a much more reasonable sum; and it is not worth while to inquire, whether this tax upon health was ever exorbitant, as it is now too light to be felt: but our enemies, if they cannot intercept the license to do good, still labour to render it ineffectual.

They insinuate, that though a patent is known to give a sanction to the medicine, and to be regarded by the vulgar as a certificate of its virtue: yet that, for the customary fee, a patent may be obtained to dispense poison: for if the nostrum itself is a secret, its qualities can-

not be otherwise known than by its effects ; and concerning its effects no inquiry is made.

Thus it appears that the Jesuits, who formerly did us so much mischief, are still busy in this kingdom : for who else could propagate so invidious a reproach for so destructive a purpose ?

But the web of subtilty is sometimes so extremely attenuated, that it is broken by its own weight ; and if these implacable enemies of our church and state had attempted less, they would have effected more : for who can believe, that those names, which should always be read with a sense of duty and obligation, were ever prostituted in public advertisements, for a paltry sum, to the purposes of wretches who defraud the poor of their money, and the sick of their life, by dispensing as remedies, drugs that are either ineffectual or pernicious, and precluding, till it is too late, more effectual assistance ? To believe this, would be as ridiculous as to doubt, whether an attempt was made to cure Mr. Woodward's patient, by applying trusses to the abdomen of his friends, after it has been so often and so publicly asserted in an advertisement, signed by persons of unquestionable veracity ; persons who were probably among the number of those by whom trusses were worn, and might first think of applying to Mr. Woodward, upon perceiving that a remedy which was so troublesome to them produced no apparent effect upon the patient. For my own part I never hear the cavils of sophistry with patience ; but when they are used to bring calamity upon my country, my indignation knows no bounds. Let us unite against the arts as well as the power of our enemies, and continue to improve all the advantages of our constitution and our climate ; and we cannot fail to secure health, vigour, and longevity, from which the wreath of glory and the treasures of opulence derive all their value.

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No. 16.] SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1752.

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*Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.*

VIRG.

More lovely virtue, in a lovely form.

I HAVE observed in a former paper, that the relation of events is a species of writing which affords more general entertainment than any other : and to afford entertainment appears to have been often the principal if not the only design of those by whom events have been related.

It must, indeed, be confessed, that when truths are to be recorded, little is left to the choice of the writer ; a few pages of the book of Nature or Providence are before him ; and if

he transcribes with fidelity, he is not to be blamed, if in this fragment good and evil do not appear to be always distributed as reward and punishment.

But it is justly expected of the writer of fiction, who has unbounded liberty to select, to vary and to complicate, that his plan should be complete, that he should principally consider the moral tendency of his work, and that when he relates events he should teach virtue.

The relation of events becomes a moral lecture, when vicious actions produce misery, and vicious characters incur contempt : when the combat of virtue is rewarded with honour, and her sufferings terminate in felicity : but though this method of instruction has been often recommended, yet I think some of its peculiar advantages have been still overlooked, and for that reason not always secured.

Facts are easily comprehended by every understanding : and their dependence and influence upon each other are discovered by those, who would soon be bewildered in a series of logical deductions ; they fix that volatility which would break away from ratiocination : and the precept becomes more forcible and striking as it is connected with example. Precept gains only the cold approbation of reason, and compels an assent which judgment frequently yields with reluctance, even when delay is impossible ; but by example the passions are roused ; we approve, we emulate, and we honour or love ; we detest, we despise, and we condemn, as fit objects are successively held up to the mind : the affections are, as it were, drawn out into the field ; they learn their exercise in a mock fight, and are trained for the service of virtue.

Facts, as they are most perfectly and easily comprehended, and as they are impressed upon the mind by the passions, are tenaciously remembered, though the terms in which they are delivered are presently forgotten : and for this reason the instruction that results from facts, is more easily propagated : many can repeat a story, who would not have understood a declamation ; and though the expression will be varied as often as it is told, yet the moral which it was intended to teach will remain the same.

But these advantages have not been always secured by those who have professed "to make a story the vehicle of instruction," and "to surprise levity into knowledge by a show of entertainment," for instead of including instruction in the events themselves, they have made use of events only to introduce declamation and argument. If the events excite curiosity, all the fine reflections which are said to be interspersed, are passed over ; if the events do not excite curiosity, the whole is rejected together, not only with disgust and disappointment, but indignation, as having allured by a false promise, and engaged in a vain pursuit. These pieces, if they are



read as a task by those for whose instruction they are intended, can produce none of the effects for which they were written; because the instruction will not be necessarily remembered with the facts; and because the story is so far from recommending the moral, that the moral is detested as interrupting the story. Nor are those who voluntarily read for instruction, less disappointed, than those who seek only entertainment; for he that is eager in the pursuit of knowledge, is disgusted when he is stopped by the intervention of a trivial incident or a forced compliment, when a new personage is introduced, or a lover takes occasion to admire the sagacity of a mistress.

But many writers who have avoided this error, and interwoven precept with event, though they intended a moral lecture, have yet defeated their own purpose, by taking from virtue every accidental excellence, and decorating vice with the spoils.

I can think of nothing that could be alleged in defence of this perverse distribution of graces and defects, but a design to show that virtue alone is sufficient to confer honour upon the lowest character, and that without it nothing can preserve the highest from contempt; and that those excellences which we can acquire by our own efforts, are of more moment than those which are the gifts of nature: but in this design, no writer, of whatever abilities, can succeed.

It has been often remarked, though not without wonder, that almost every man is more jealous of his natural than his moral qualities; and resents with more bitterness a satire upon his abilities than his practice: the fact is unquestionably true; and perhaps it will no longer appear strange, if it be considered, that natural defects are of necessity, and moral of choice; the imputation of folly, if it is true, must be suffered without hope, but that of immorality may at any time be obviated by removing the cause.

But whatever be the reason, it appears by the common consent of mankind, that the want of virtue does not incur equal contempt with the want of parts; and that many vices are thought to be rather honourable than infamous, merely because they imply some natural excellence, some superiority which cannot be acquired by those who want it, but to which those who have it believe they can add all that others possess whenever they shall think fit to make the attempt.

Florio, after having learned the Latin and Greek languages at Westminster, and spent three years at the university, made the tour of Europe, and at his return obtained a place at court. Florio's imagination is sprightly, and his judgment strong: he is well acquainted with every branch of polite literature, and travel has

polished the sound scholar into the fine gentleman: his person is graceful, and his manner polite; he is remarkable for the elegance of his dress; and he is thought to dance a minuet, and understand the small sword better than any other man in the kingdom. Among the ladies Florio has made many conquests: and has challenged and killed in a duel an officer, who upbraided him with the breach of a promise of marriage, confirmed by an oath to a young beauty whom he kept in great splendour as a mistress: his conversation is admired by all who can relish sterling wit and true humour; every private company brightens when he enters, and every public assembly becomes more splendid by his presence: Florio is also liberal to profusion; and is not, therefore, inquisitive about the merit of those upon whom he lavishes his bounty.

Benevolus has also had a liberal education: he learned the languages at Merchant Taylors, and went from thence to the university, where his application was greater than Florio's, but the knowledge that he acquired was less: as his apprehension is slow, and his industry indefatigable, he remembers more than he understands; he has no taste either for poetry or music; mirth never smiled at a sally of his imagination, nor did doubt ever appeal to his judgment: his person, though it is not deformed, is inelegant; his dress is not slovenly, but awkwardly neat; and his manner is rather formal than rude; he is the jest of an assembly, and the aversion of ladies; but he is remarkable for the most uniform virtue and unaffected piety: he is a faithful friend, and a kind master; and so compassionate, that he will not suffer even the snails that eat his fruit to be destroyed: he lays out annually near half his income in gratuities, not to support the idle, but to encourage the industrious; yet there is rather the appearance of parsimony than profusion in his temper; and he is so timorous, that he will turn pale at the report of a musket.

Which of these two characters wouldst thou choose for thy own? whom dost thou most honour, and to whom hast thou paid the tribute of involuntary praise? Thy heart has already answered with spontaneous fidelity in favour of Florio. Florio thou hast not considered as a scoundrel, who by perjury and murder has deserved the pillory and the gibbet; as a wretch who has stooped to the lowest fraud for the vilest purpose; who is continually ensnaring the innocent and the weak; who conceals the ruin that he brings by a lie, and the lie by an oath; and who having once already justified a sworn falsehood at the expense of life, is ready again to lie and to kill, with the same aggravation and in the same cause.

Neither didst thou view Benevolus, as having merited the divine eulogium bestowed upon him

"who was faithful over a few things;" as employing life in the diffusion of happiness, with the joy of angels, and in imitation of God.

Surely, if it is true that

"Vice to be hated needs but to be seen:"

POPE.

she should not be hidden with the ornaments, and disguised in the apparel, which in the general estimation belong to virtue. On the contrary, it should be the principal labour of moral writers, especially of those who would instruct by fiction, the power of which is not less to do evil than good, to remove the bias which inclines the mind rather to prefer natural than moral endowments; and to represent vice with such circumstances of contempt and infamy, that the ideas may constantly recur together. And it should be always remembered, that the fear of immediate contempt is frequently stronger than any other motive: how many have even in their own opinion, incurred the guilt of blasphemy, rather than the sneer of an infidel, or the ridicule of a club? And how many have rushed, not only to the brink of the grave but of hell, to avoid the scorn with which the foolish and the profligate regard those who have refused a challenge?

Let it, therefore, be the united efforts of genius and learning, to deter from guilt by the dread of shame; and let the time past suffice to have saved from contempt, those vices which contempt only can suppress.

No. 17.] TUESDAY, JAN. 2, 1753.

*Scopulis surdior Icari  
Voces audit.*

HOR.

— He hears no more  
Than rocks, when winds and waters roar.

CREECH.

PERHAPS few undertakings require attention to a greater variety of circumstances, or include more complicated labour, than that of a writer who addresses the public in a periodical paper, and invites persons of every station, capacity, disposition, and employment, to spend, in reading his lucubrations, some of those golden moments which they set apart from toil and solitude.

He who writes to assist the student, of whatever class, has a much easier task, and greater probability of success; for the attention of industry is surely more easily fixed than that of idleness: and he who teaches any science or art, by which wealth or honour may be acquired, is more likely to be heard, than he who only soli-

cits a change of amusement, and proposes an experiment which cannot be made without danger of disappointment.

The author who hopes to please the public, or, to use a more fashionable phrase, the town, without gratifying its vices, should not only be able to exhibit familiar objects in a new light, to display truths that are not generally known, and break up new veins in the mines of literature; he must have skill to select such objects as the town is willing to regard, such truths as excite its curiosity, and such knowledge as it is solicitous to acquire.

But the speculative and recluse are apt to forget, that the business and the entertainment of others are not the same with their own; and are often surprised and disappointed to perceive, that what they communicate with eagerness and expectation of applause, is heard with too much indifference to be understood, and wearies those whom it was expected to delight and instruct.

Mr. George Friendly, while he was a student at Oxford, became possessed of a large estate by the death of his elder brother; instead, therefore, of going up to London for preferment, he retired to the family-seat in the country; and as he had acquired the habit of study, and a strong relish for literature, he continued to live nearly in the same manner as at college; he kept little company, had no pleasure in the sports of the field, and, being disappointed in his first addresses, would never marry.

His sister, the wife of a gentleman who farmed his own estate, had one son whose name was John. Mr. Friendly directed that John should be put to a reputable school in the country, and promised to take care of his fortune. When the lad was about nineteen, his uncle declared his intention to send him to the university; but first desired to see him, that he might know what proficiency he had made in the languages. John, therefore, set out on a visit to his uncle, and was received with great affection; he was found to have acquired a reasonable knowledge of Latin and Greek; and Mr. Friendly formed a very favourable opinion of his abilities, and determined to reward his diligence, and encourage him to perseverance.

One evening, therefore, he took him up into his study, and after directing him to sit down, "Cousin John," said he, "I have some sentiments to communicate to you, with which I know you will be pleased; for truth, like virtue, is never perceived but with delight." John, whose heart did not give a full assent to the truth of this proposition, found himself in circumstances which, by the mere force of habit, caused him to draw in a long breath through his nose, and at the same time with a grin of exquisite sensibility to scratch his head. "But my observations, cousin," said his uncle, "have a necessary connection with a purpose that I



have formed, and with which you shall also be acquainted. Draw your chair a little nearer. The passions, cousin John, as they are naturally productive of all pleasure, should by reasonable beings be also rendered subservient to a higher purpose. The love of variety which is found in every breast as it produces much pleasure, may also produce much knowledge. One of the principal advantages that are derived from wealth, is a power to gratify and improve this passion. The rich are not confined by labour to a particular spot, where the same ideas perpetually recur; they can fill the mind, either by travel or by study, with innumerable images, of which others have no conception. But it must be considered, that the pleasure of travelling does not arise from the sight of a dirty town, or from lodging at an inn; nor from any hedge or cottage that is passed on the road; nor from the confused objects that are half discovered in the distant prospect, nor from the series of well-built houses in a city, or the busy multitudes that swarm in the streets; but from the rapid succession of these objects to each other, and the number of ideas that are thrown in upon the mind." Mr. Friendly here paused for John's reply; and John suddenly recollecting himself said, "Very true." "But how," said Mr. Friendly, "can this love of variety be directed to the acquisition of knowledge?" Here John wriggled in his seat, and again scratched his head: he was indeed something embarrassed by the question: but the old gentleman quickly put him out of his pain by answering it himself. "Why, by a judicious choice of the variety that is to produce our entertainment. If the various doublings of a hare only, or the changes of a game at whist, have afforded the variety of the day; whatever has been the pleasure, improvement has been wanting. But if the different customs, the policy, the trade of nations, the variety of soils, the manner of culture, the disposition of individuals, or the rise or fall of a state, have been impressed upon the mind; besides the pleasure of the review, a power of creating new images is acquired. Fancy can combine the ideas which memory has treasured; and when they have been reviewed and regulated by judgment, some scheme will result, by which commerce may be extended, agriculture improved, immorality restrained, and the prosperity of the state secured; of this, cousin John, you were not wholly ignorant before." John acquiesced with a bow: for though he had been a little bewildered, yet he understood by the tone of voice with which his uncle concluded the last sentence, that such acquiescence was expected. "Upon this occasion," continued Mr. Friendly, "I must remark, though it is something foreign to my purpose, that variety has by some philosophers been considered, as affording not only the plea-

sure and improvement, but even the measure of life; for of time in the abstract we have no idea, and can conceive it only by the succession of ideas to each other; thus, if we sleep without dreams, the moment in which we awake, appears immediately to succeed that in which we began to slumber."

A thicker gloom now fell upon John, and his countenance lengthened in proportion to his uncle's lecture, the end of which he perceived was now become more remote; for these remarks with respect to John, were not impressed with the signature of truth, nor did they reflect any idea of his own; they were not,

"Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,

That gives us back the image of our mind:

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRIT.

with respect to John, therefore, they had no characteristic of wit; and if they contained knowledge, it was knowledge which John had no wish to acquire: the old gentleman, however, proceeded thus with great deliberation:

"But though curiosity should be principally directed to usual purposes, yet it should not always be repressed or diverted, when the use is not immediate or apparent; for he who first perceived the magnetic attraction, and applied it to various experiments, probably intended nothing more than amusement; and when the polarity of the needle was discovered, it was not in the pursuit of any project to facilitate navigation. I am, therefore, now about to gratify your curiosity, cousin, with a view of London, and all the variety that it contains." Here John's countenance brightened, he roused himself on his seat, and looked eager with attention.

"As you have," continued his uncle, "applied with great diligence to your grammar learning; I doubt not but you have also read many of our best English authors, especially our immortal Shakspeare; and I am willing that, before you enter upon a course of academic study, you should see the theatre." John was going to express his joy, when his uncle increased it, by putting into his hand a bank note of fifty pounds. This," said he, "under the direction of a gentleman, to whom I shall recommend you, will furnish you with proper apparel, bear your expenses for a couple of months, and gratify you with all the entertainments of the town."

John could now bear some part in the conversation: he was much obliged to his uncle, and hoped he should live to make him amends; "for," says he, "one of our ushers, who was just returned from London before I left school, has made me long to see it: he says there is a man there who dances upon a wire no bigger



than a packthread; and that there is a collection of all the strange creatures in the world."

John, who had uttered this with a broad grin, and expressed his delight from head to foot, was somewhat disconcerted, when his uncle told him coolly, that though he would not have him leave London without seeing every thing in it that might justly raise curiosity: yet he hoped his notice was not principally attracted by objects which could convey no instruction, inspire no noble sentiment, nor move one tender passion. "I mention," says he, "Shakspeare, that mighty genius, whose sentiments can never be exhausted, and in whom new beauties are discovered at every view. That you may derive yet greater delight and advantage from the representation of his pieces, I will read you some historical and critical notes that I have been making during twenty years, after having read the first edition of his works and every commentator that has either illustrated or obscured his meaning." The old gentleman then taking out and wiping his spectacles, opened his bureau and produced the manuscripts. "I am now," said he, "about to confer a favour upon you, which I do not yet intend for any other; for as I shall continually enlarge this work, it will not be printed till I am dead." He then began to read, and John sat very silent, regaling himself with the anticipation of his own finery, the dexterity of the wire-dancer, and the variety of the savages that he was to visit in London. The old gentleman, who imagined that he was held motionless with attention, wonder, and delight, proceeded long in his lecture without once adverting to John for his explicit eulogium: but at the end of a favourite passage, which closed with a distich of his own poetry, he ventured to steal his eyes from the paper, and glancing them upon John, perceived that he was fast asleep with his mouth open, and the bank note in his hand.

Friendly, after having gazed upon him a few moments with the utmost astonishment and indignation, snatched away the note: and having roused him with a denunciation of resentment that touched those passions which Shakspeare could not touch, he thrust him out of the room and shut the door upon him: he then locked up his manuscript; and, after having walked many times backward and forward with great haste, he looked at his watch, and perceiving it to be near one in the morning, retired to bed with as little propensity to sleep as he had now left to his nephew.

No. 18.] SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1753.

*Duplex libelli dos est; quod risum movet,  
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.*

PHÆDRUS.

A twofold gift in this my volume lies;  
It makes you merry, and it makes you wise.

AMONG the fictions which have been intended for moral purposes, I think those which are distinguished by the name of Fables deserve a particular consideration.

A story or tale, in which many different characters are conducted through a great variety of events, may include such a number and diversity of precepts, as, taken together, form almost a complete rule of life: as these events mutually depend upon each other, they will be retained in a series; and therefore, the remembrance of one precept will almost necessarily produce the remembrance of another, and the whole moral, as it is called, however complicated, will be recollected without labour and without confusion.

In this particular, therefore, the story seems to have the advantage of the fable, which is confined to some single incident; for though a number of distinct fables may include all the topics of moral instruction, caution, and advice, which are contained in a story, yet each must be remembered by a distinct effort of the mind; and they will not recur in a series, because they have no connection with each other.

The memory of them may, however, be more frequently revived by those incidents in life to which they correspond; and they will, therefore, more readily present themselves, when the lessons which they teach should be practised.

Many, perhaps the greater number of those fables which have been transmitted to us as some of the most valuable remains of the simplicity and wisdom of antiquity, were spoken upon a particular occasion; and then the occasion itself was an index to the intent of the speaker, and fixed the moral of the fable: so when the Samians were about to put to death a man who had abused a public trust, and plundered the commonwealth, the counsel of Æsop could not be overlooked or mistaken, when he told them, that "a fox would not suffer a swarm of flies, which had almost satiated themselves by sucking his blood to be driven away; because a new swarm might then come, and their hunger drain him of all the blood that remained."

Those which are intended for general use, and to general use it is perhaps easy to accommodate the rest, are of two kinds; one is addressed to the understanding, and the other to the passions.

Of the preceptive kind is that of the "old man, who, to teach his sons the advantage of unanimity, first directed them to break a number of rods that were bound up together; and when they found it impossible, bade them divide the bundle, and break the rods separately, which they easily effected." In this fable no passion is excited; the address is to the understanding, and the understanding is immediately convinced.

That of the Old Hound belongs to the other class. When the toothless veteran had seized the stag, and was not able to hold him, he deprecates the resentment of his master, who had raised his arm for the blow, by crying out, "Ah! do not punish the impotence of age! strike me not, because my will to please thee has survived my power! If thou art offended with what I am, remember what I have been, and forgive me." Pity is here forcibly excited; and injurious resentment may be repressed, when an instance not equally strong recalls this to the mind.

Fables of the preceptive kind should always include the precept in the event, and the event should be related with such circumstances as render the precept sufficiently evident. As the incident should be simple, the inference should be in the highest degree natural and obvious.

Those that produce their effect upon the passions, should excite them strongly, and always connect them with their proper objects.

I do not remember to have seen any collection, in which these rules have been sufficiently observed; in far the greater number there is a deficiency of circumstance, though there is a redundancy of language; there is therefore, something to be added, and something to be taken away. Besides that, the peculiar advantages of this method of instruction are given up by reserving the precept to a long discourse, of which the fable is no more than the text, and with which it has so little connection, that the incident may be perfectly remembered, and the laboured inference totally forgotten. A boy, who is but six years old, will remember a fable after having once heard it, and relate it in words of his own; but it would be the toil of a day to get the terms in which he heard it by heart: and, indeed, he who attempts to supply any deficiency in a fable, by tacking a dissertation to the end of it, appears to me to act just as wisely, as if, instead of clothing a man whom he found naked, he should place a load upon his shoulders.

When the moral effect of fable had been thus brought to depend, not upon things, but upon words; the arrangement of these words into verse, was thought to be a happy expedient to assist the memory; for in verse words must be remembered in a regular series, or the measure and cadence will not be preserved: the measure

and cadence, therefore, discover any confusion or defect, not to the understanding, but to the ear; and show how the confusion may be regulated, and the defect supplied. The addition of rhyme was another advantage of the same kind, and this advantage was greater, as the rhyme was more frequently repeated. But if the fable is perfect in its kind, this expedient is unnecessary, and much less labour is required to include an evident precept in an incident, than to measure the syllables in which it is related, and place two words of a similar sound at the end of every couplet. Besides, in all verse, however familiar and easy, the words are necessarily thrown out of the order in which they are commonly used; and, therefore, though they will be more easily recollected, the sense which they contain will not be equally perspicuous.

I would not, however, be thought to deny, that verse is at least an ornament to this species of writing; nor to extend my censure to those short stories, which, though they are called fables, are written upon a more extensive plan, and are intended for more improved understandings.

But as fables have been told by some in verse, that they might be more easily remembered; they have been related by others in a barbarous jargon of hackneyed phrases, that they might be more easily understood.

It has been observed of children, that they are longer before they can pronounce perfect sounds, because perfect sounds are not pronounced to them; and that they repeat the gibberish of the nurse, because nothing better has been proposed to them for imitation: and how should the school-boy write English in grammatical purity, when all that he reads, except a foreign language and a literal translation, is written with all the license of extempore expression, without propriety of idiom, or regularity of combination, and abounds with absurdities that haste only can excuse in a speaker.

The fables of *Æsop*, for so they are all called, are often first exhibited to youth, as examples of the manner in which their native language is written; they should, therefore, be pure in the highest degree, though not pompous: and it is surely an affront to the understanding to suppose that any language would become more intelligible by being rendered less perfect.

But the fables that are addressed to the passions, besides the imperfections which they share in common with those that are addressed to the understanding, have others peculiar to themselves: sometimes the passion is not moved with sufficient force, and sometimes it is not connected with a fit object.

When the Fox decoys the poor Goat into a well, in order to leap out from his horns, and leave him to perish with a witty remark, that "if his wisdom had been proportioned to his

beard, he would not have been so easily overreached," the goat is not so much the object of pity as contempt; but of contempt, guileless simplicity caught in the snares of cunning, cannot surely be deemed a proper object. In the fox there appears a superiority which not only preserves him from scorn, but even from indignation: and indeed the general character of Reynard is by no means fit for imitation; though he is frequently the hero of the fable, and his conduct affords the precept for which it was written.

But though I have made a general division of fable into two kinds, there is yet a third, which, as it is addressed both to the understanding and passions, is consequently more forcible and perfect.

Of this number is that of the Sick Kite, who requested of his mother to petition the gods for his recovery, but was answered, "Alas! to which of the gods can I sacrifice? for which of their altars hast thou not robbed?" The precept that is here inculcated, is early piety; and the passion that is excited is terror; the object of which is the despair of him who perceives himself to be dying, and has reason to fear that his very prayer is an abomination.

There are others, which, though they are addressed to the understanding, do yet excite a passion which condemns the precept.

When the melodious complaint of the Nightingale had directed a hungry Hawk to the thorn on which she sung, and he had seized her with his talons, she appealed from his hunger to his mercy: "I am," said she, "little else than voice: and if you devour me, there will be no proportion between my loss and your gain: your hunger will be rather irritated than appeased by so small a morsel, but all my powers of enjoyment will cease for ever: attack, therefore, some larger bird."—Here the Hawk interrupted her; "He was not disposed," he said, "to controvert what she had advanced; but he was too wise to suffer himself to be persuaded by any arguments, to quit a certain for a contingent good."

Who that reads this fable does not pity the Nightingale, and in his heart condemn the Hawk, whose cruel prudence affords the lesson?

Instruction, in the strong language of eastern metaphors, is called, "a light to our paths." The fables of Pagan mythologists may, therefore, be considered as a cluster of stars of the first magnitude, which, though they shine with a distinct influence, may be taken as one constellation: but, like stars, they only break the obscurity of night; they do not diffuse round us the splendours of day: it is by the Sun of Righteousness alone, that we discover completely our duty and our interest, and behold that pattern of Divine Perfection which the

Christian aspires to imitate, by "forgiving injuries, and returning good for evil."

By many of the fables which are still retained in our collections, revenge is encouraged as a principle, and inculcated as a practice. The Hare triumphs in the destruction of the Sparrow who had insulted him, and the Thunny, in his last agonies, rejoices at the death of the Dolphin whose pursuit had driven him upon a rock. These, if they will not admit of another turn, should without question be omitted; for the mischievous effect of the fable will be remembered as an example that justifies the violence of sudden resentment, and cannot be prevented by a laboured comment, which is never read but as a task, and therefore immediately forgotten.

I think many others may be greatly improved; the practice of virtue may be urged from higher motives, the sentiments may be elevated, and the precepts in general rendered more striking and comprehensive.

I shall conclude this paper with the fable of the Dog and Shadow; which, as it is commonly told, censures no quality but greediness, and only illustrates the trite proverb, "All covet, all lose."

"A dog, who was crossing a rivulet with a piece of flesh in his mouth, perceived his shadow in the water, which he mistook for another dog with another piece of flesh. To this he knew he had no right; and yet he could not forbear catching at it: but instead of getting a new prize, he dropped that which he possessed into the water. He saw the smooth surface, break into many waves, and the dog whom he had attempted to injure disappear: he perceived at once, his loss, his folly, and his fault; and, in the anguish of regret, cried out, 'How righteous and how wise are the gods! since whatever seduces to evil, though but a shadow, becomes the instrument of punishment.'"

No. 19.] TUESDAY, JAN. 9, 1753.

*Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

HOR.

The monstrous tale, incredulous I hate.

THE repeated encomiums on the performances of the Animal Comedians, exhibited at Mrs. Midnight's oratory, induced me the other evening to be present at her entertainment. I was astonished at the sagacity of the monkeys; and was no less amazed at the activity of the other quadrupeds;—I should have rather said, from a view of their extraordinary elevations, bipeds.



It is a peculiar happiness to me, as an Adventurer, that I sally forth in an age, which emulates those heroic times of old, when nothing was pleasing but what was unnatural. Thousands have gaped at a wire-dancer daring to do what no one else would attempt; and thousands still gape at greater extravagances in pantomime entertainments. Every street teems with incredibilities: and if the great mob have their little theatre in the Hay-market, the small vulgar can boast their cheaper diversions in two enormous bears, that jauntily trip it to the light tune of a Caledonian jig.

The amazing docility of these heavy animals made me at first imagine, that they had been placed under the tuition of certain artists, who by their advertisements profess to instruct "Grown gentlemen in the modern way of footing;" but I have been since informed, that the method of teaching them this modern way of footing was, by placing red hot iron plates alternately under each hind leg, and in quicker or slower succession, as the variations of the tune required.

That the intellectual faculties of brutes may be exerted beyond the narrow limits which we have hitherto proudly assigned to their capacities, I saw a sufficient proof in Mrs. Midnight's dogs and monkeys. Man differs less from beasts in general, than these seem to approach to man in rationality. But while I applaud their exalted genius, I am in pain for the rest of their kindred, both of the Canine and Cercopithecan species. The price of monkeys has been considerably raised since the appearance of Signior Ballard's Cavaliers: and I hear, that this inimitable preceptor gives lectures to the monkeys of persons of quality at their own houses. Lady Bridget has destroyed three sets of china in teaching her Pug to hand about the cups, and sip tea with the air of Beau Blossom; and Miss Fanny has been labouring incessantly to qualify her dear pretty creature to make one at the brag-table.

But as these animals are of foreign extraction, I must confess my concern is yet greater for my fellow-natives. English liberty should be universal as the sun; and I am jealous even for the prerogative of our dogs. Lady Bright's lap-dog, that used to repose on downy cushions, or the softer bosom of its mistress, is now worried every hour with begging on its diminutive hind-legs, and endeavouring to leap over fan-sticks; Captain Storm's little grey-hound is made to ape the fierce fellows of the cockade in a red coat and a sword; whilst Mrs. Fanciful's Chloe is swathed up in a long sack, and sinking beneath the weight of an enormous hoop. Every boarding-house romp and wanton school boy is employed in perverting the end of the canine creation; and I wish the prevalence of Mrs. Midnight's example may not extend so

far, that hounds shall be no longer broke to the field-service, but instructed only to climb up ladders, and troll wheel-barrows.

After what has been said, I shall make no apology for printing the following letter, as it was elegantly done in English at Stockholm, and transmitted to me by the publisher of the Swede-Landte Magatzine, an ingenious gentleman, who has done me the honour of inserting several of my lucubrations in his most comprehensive monthly undertaking.

To Mr ———, the grand Adventurer, in  
Britain.

"Most learned Sir,

My worthy good friend Isaac Gilderstein, book-merchant, having engaged to further this to your excellency, I most humbly request, that you would make known to your polite, &c. &c. &c. nation, that I intend shortly to come over, and to entertain you in a new and most inimitable manner.

"Seeing that the Chien Savant, and other most amazing learned animals, have met with so gracious a reception in your grand city; I propose to exhibit unto your good nation a concert of vocal and instrumental music, to be performed by animals only; and afterwards to entertain you with several grand feats of activity; as also with the balance and the dance.

"My performers of instrumental music, great Sir, will consist of a select number of Italian cats, for the violin, violincello, and bass-viol; a German ass for the kettle-drum: and a complete set of Spanish hogs of different age and tone of voice for the organ concertos.

"But my vast labour was to procure harmonious voices, and to confine them to proper time and measure. I have taught some of your English mastiffs to bark in bass and some Guinea-pigs to squeak in treble: my cats also join in the vocal parts. I contrived divers means of deaths for swans; but though the Ancients are so full of praises on their expiring melody, I could not get a single note from them, better than the squall of a goose. However, I shall have a most charming grand chorus of Frogs from the fens of Holland: the words, profound Sir, you too well know, Aristophanes has finished to my hand in Greek—*Βγετεντιξ κοαξ κοαξ*—which a Leyden professor translated for me, Brekekekex koax koax. Besides these, I shall present you with a duet in recitativo, between a parrot and a magpye.

"My entertainments of dancing, and the like, will consist of a company of Norway rats, who are to move in a coranto, while my cats fiddle to them. A fox will dance a minuet with a goose; and a greyhound the rigadon with a hare. I have trained up an elephant who will perform several tricks in what you

call the slight of hand; he will tumble with a castle on his back, and show several balances upon the slack-rope with his trunk. Many other surprising feats will my animals perform, too tedious to mention in this address; and, therefore, great Adventurer, I shall trouble your tired patience with the mentioning of one only. I have instructed the tamest of my cats to open her jaws at the word of command, into which I put a bit of toasted cheese, and the least of my mice jumps in and nibbles the bait: at that instant my cat closes her mouth upon him; after which, to the great astonishment of all beholders, my cat opens her jaws again, and the mouse leaps out alive upon the stage; and then they both present the good company with a jig.

"As I am determined my whole theatre shall consist of only animal performers, I must acquaint you likewise, that I am teaching two squirrels to sweep the stage with their tails; and if it be allowed me to call in assistance from fishes, I shall not despair of being able, though it will require much time and practice, to make a lobster snuff the candles with his claw.

"Other particulars, most worthy Sir, I shall beg leave to defer, till I have the extreme honour of kissing your hands in England; and am,

"Most reverend and respectable patron,

With the profoundest humiliation,

Your devoted slave and servant,

GUSTAVUS GOOTENRUYSCHE."

A.

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No. 20.] SATURDAY, JAN. 13, 1753.

—*Quid violentus aure tyranni.*

JUV.

Rough truth soon irritates a tyrann's ear.

By which of the Indian sages of antiquity the following story was written, or whether the people of the east have any remote tradition upon which it is founded, is not known: but it was probably related in the first person, to give it an air of greater dignity, and render its influence more powerful: nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible, to people among whom the Metempsychosis is an article of faith, and the visible agency of superior beings admitted without scruple.

Amurath, Sultan of the east, the judge of nations, the disciple of adversity, records the wonders of his life: let those who presumptuously question the ways of providence, blush in silence and be wise; let the proud be humble and obtain honour; and let the sensual reform and be happy.

The angel of death closed the eyes of the sultan Abradin my father, and his empire

descended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At first my mind was awed to humility, and softened with grief; I was insensible to the splendour of dominion, I heard the addresses of flattery with disgust, and received the homage of dependent greatness with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence; and I was now perpetually recollecting instances of his tenderness and reviewing the solemn scene, in which he recommended me to Heaven in imperfect language, and grasped my hand in the agonies of death.

One evening, after having concealed myself all day in his chamber, I visited his grave: I prostrated myself on his tomb: sorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my bosom. I felt myself suddenly smitten on the shoulder as with a rod: and looking up, I perceived a man whose eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than snow. "I am," said he, "the genius Syndarac, the friend of thy father Abradin, who was the fear of his enemies, and the desire of his people; whose smile diffused gladness like the lustre of the morning, and whose frown was dreadful as the gathering of a tempest: resign thyself to my influence, and thou shalt be like him." I bowed myself to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience, and he put a ring on the middle finger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep colour and uncommon brightness. "This ring," said he, "shall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil; that without weighing remote consequences, thou may'st know the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive, therefore, to the silent admonition; and when the circle of gold shall by a sudden contraction press thy finger, and the ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou shalt be doing, and mark down that action in thy memory as a transgression of the rule of right: keep my gift a pledge of happiness and honour, and take it not off for a moment." I received the ring with a sense of obligation which I strove to express, and an astonishment that compelled me to be silent. The genius perceived my confusion, and turning from me with a smile of complacency, immediately disappeared.

During the first moon I was so cautious and circumspect, that the pleasure of reflecting that my ring had not once indicated a fault, was lessened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied myself to public business; my melancholy decreased as my mind was diverted to other objects; and lest the youth of my court should think that recreation was too long suspended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the sport rather to gratify others than myself, yet my usual ardour returned to the field; I grew warm in the pursuit, I continued the chase



which was unsuccessful, too long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

As I entered the seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father's, who expressed his joy at my return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand: but as I was not disposed to receive his caresses, I struck him in the fretfulness of my displeasure so severe a blow with my foot, that I left him scarce power to crawl away and hide himself under a sofa in a corner of the apartment. At this moment I felt the ring press my finger, and looking upon the ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

I was at first struck with surprise and regret; but surprise and regret quickly gave way to disdain. "Shall not the Sultan Amurath," said I, "to whom a thousand kings pay tribute, and in whose hand is the life of nations, shall not Amurath strike a dog that offends him, without being reproached for having transgressed the rule of right?" My ring again pressed my finger, and the ruby became more pale: immediately the palace shook with a burst of thunder, and the genius Syndarac again stood before me.

"Amurath," said he, "thou hast offended against thy brother of the dust; a being who, like thee, has received from the Almighty a capacity of pleasure and pain; pleasure which caprice is not allowed to suspend, and pain which justice only has a right to inflict. If thou art justified by power, in afflicting inferior beings; I should be justified in afflicting thee: but my power yet spares thee, because it is directed by the laws of sovereign goodness, and because thou mayest yet be reclaimed by admonition. But yield not to the impulse of quick resentment, nor indulge in cruelty the forwardness of disgust, lest by the laws of goodness I be compelled to afflict thee; for he that scorns reproof, must be reformed by punishment, or lost for ever."

At the presence of Syndarac I was troubled, and his words covered me with confusion; I fell prostrate at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder accent, "Expect not henceforth that I should answer the demands of arrogance, or gratify the security of speculation: confide in my friendship, and trust implicitly to thy ring."

As the chase had produced so much infelicity, I did not repeat it: but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and music. I had given leave that all ceremony should be suspended, and that the company should treat me not as a sovereign but an equal, because the conversation would otherwise be encumbered or restrained; and I encouraged others to pleasantry, by indulging the luxuriandy of my own imagination. But though I affected to throw off the trappings of royalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity to despise them. I en-

joyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was secretly offended at Alibeg my visier, who endeavoured to prevail upon the assembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them, and was himself an example of the conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the subject of my raillery, the man who alone deserved my approbation; he believed my condescension to be sincere, and imagined that he was securing my favour, by that behaviour which had incurred my displeasure; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my success: but my attention was suddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a moment; but some of my courtiers having discovered and seconded my intention, I felt my vanity and my resentment gratified: I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of my ring with wine; my satire became more bitter, and Alibeg discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproached me; but I still persevered: the visier was at length roused to his defence; probably he had discovered and despised my weakness; his replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from raillery to invective: at length disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile, "Amurath," said he, "if the Sultan should know, that after having invited your friends to festivity and merriment, you had assumed his authority, and insulted those who were not aware that you disdained to be treated with the familiarity of friendship, you would certainly fall under his displeasure." The severity of this sarcasm, which was extorted by long provocation from a man warmed with wine, stung me with intolerable rage: I started up, and spurning him from the table was about to draw my poignard; when my attention was again called to my ring, and I perceived with some degree of regret, that the ruby had faded almost to a perfect white.

But instead of resolving to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent reproof, I comforted myself, that the genius would no more alarm me with his presence. The irregularities of my conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring became proportionably more frequent though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when they were suspended.

It was soon discovered that I was pleased with servility; servility, therefore, was practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a pension and sometimes with a place. Thus the government of my kingdoms was left to petty tyrants, who oppressed the people to enrich themselves. In the mean time I filled my seraglio with women,



among whom I abandoned myself to sensuality, without enjoying the pure delight of that love which arises from esteem. But I had not yet stained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil.

My resentment against Alibeg, however unjust, was inflexible, and terminated in the most perfect hatred; I degraded him from his office; but I still kept him at court, that I might embitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practise against him new schemes of malevolence.

Selima, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife; and the marriage had been delayed only by his death: but the pleasure and the dignity that Alibeg would derive from this alliance, had now changed my purpose. Yet such was the beauty of Selima, that I gazed with desire; and such was her wit, that I listened with delight. I therefore resolved, that I would if possible seduce her to voluntary prostitution; and that when her beauty should yield to the charm of variety, I would dismiss her with marks of disgrace. But in this attempt I could not succeed; my solicitations were rejected, sometimes with tears and sometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretched, by seeking to bring calamity upon others; I considered my disappointment as the triumph of a slave, whom I wished but did not dare to destroy; and I regarded his daughter as the instrument of my dishonour. Thus the tenderness, which before had often shaken my purpose, was weakened; my desire of beauty became as selfish and as sordid an appetite as my desire of food: and as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my lust and my revenge, I determined to enjoy Selima by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She resided by my command in an apartment of the seraglio, and I entered her chamber at midnight by a private door of which I had a key; but with inexpressible vexation I found it empty. To be thus disappointed in my last attempt, at the very moment in which I thought I had insured success, distracted me with rage; and instead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my design, I called for her women. They ran in pale and trembling: I demanded the lady: they gazed at me astonished and terrified, and then looking upon each other stood silent: I repeated my demand with fury and execration, and to enforce it called aloud for the ministers of death: they then fell prostrate at my feet, and declared with one voice that they knew not where she was; that they had left her, when they were dismissed for the night, sitting on a sofa pensive and alone; and that no person had since to their knowledge passed in or out of her apartment.

No. 21.] TUESDAY, JAN. 16, 1753.

*Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma;  
At sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.*  
VIRG.

Of mortal justice if thou scorn the rod—  
Believe and tremble, thou art judged of God.

IN this account, however incredible, they persisted without variation; and having filled the palace with alarm and confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my resentment. I reviewed the transactions of the night with anguish and regret, and bewildered myself among the innumerable possibilities that might have produced my disappointment. I remembered that the windows of Selima's apartment were open, and I imagined that she might that way have escaped into the gardens of the seraglio. But why should she escape who had never been confined? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by day. Had she an assignation? and did she intend to return, without being known to have been absent? This supposition increased my torment; because, if it was true, Selima had granted to my slave, that which she had refused to me. But as all these conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her absence a pretence to destroy her father.

In the morning I gave orders that he should be seized, and brought before me; but while I was yet speaking, he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation: "May the Sultan Amurath, in whose wrath the angel of death goes forth, rejoice for ever in the smile of Heaven! Let the wretched Alibeg perish; but let my lord remember Selima with mercy, let him dismiss the slave in whom he ceases to delight." I heard no more, but cried out, "Darest thou to mock me with a request, to dismiss the daughter whom thou hast stolen! thou whose life, that has been so often forfeited, I have yet spared! Restore her within one hour, or affronted mercy shall give thee up." "O!" said he, "let not the mighty sovereign of the East sport with the misery of the weak: if thou hast doomed us to death, let us die together."

Though I was now convinced that Alibeg believed I had confined Selima, and decreed her death, yet I resolved to persist in requiring her at his hands; and therefore dismissed him with a repetition of my command, to produce her within an hour upon pain of death.

My ring, which, during this series of events had given perpetual intimations of guilt which were always disregarded, now pressed my finger

so forcibly, that it gave me great pain, and compelled my notice: I immediately retired, and gave way to the discontent that swelled my bosom. "How wretched a slave is Amurath to an invisible tyrant! a being whose malevolence or envy has restrained me in the exercise of my authority as a prince, and whose cunning has contrived perpetually to insult me by intimating that every action of my life is a crime! How long shall I groan under this intolerable oppression! This accursed ring is the badge and the instrument of my subjection and dishonour: he who gave it, is now, perhaps, in some remote region of the air; perhaps, he rolls some planet in its orbit, agitates the southern ocean with a tempest, or shakes some distant region with an earthquake: but wherever he is, he has surely a more important employ than to watch my conduct. Perhaps he has contrived this Talisman, only to restrain me from the enjoyment of some good, which he wishes to withhold. I feel that my desires are controlled; and to gratify these desires is to be happy." As I pronounced these words I drew off the ring, and threw it to the ground with disdain and indignation: immediately the air grew dark; a cloud burst in thunder over my head, and the eye of Syndarac was upon me, I stood before him motionless and silent; horror thrilled in my veins and my hair stood upright. I had neither power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess my faults. In his countenance there was a calm severity; and I heard him pronounce these words: "Thou hast now, as far as it is in thy power, thrown off humanity and degraded thy being: thy form, therefore, shall no longer conceal thy nature, nor thy example render thy vices contagious." He then touched me with his rod; and while the sound of his voice yet vibrated in my ears, I found myself in the midst of a desert, not in the form of a man but of a monster, with the fore-parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like a goat. I was still conscious to every event of my life, and my intellectual powers were continued, though my passions were irritated to frenzy. I now rolled in the sand in an agony not to be described; and now hastily traversed the desert, impelled only by the vain desire of flying from myself. I now bellowed with rage, and now howled in despair; this moment I breathed execration against the Genius, and the next reproached myself for having forfeited his friendship.

By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of both were soon exhausted: I crawled into a den which I perceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a state of insensibility. I slept, but sleep, instead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The Genius still terrified me with his presence; I heard his sentence repeated, and felt again all

the horrors of my transformation. When I awaked, I was not refreshed: calamity, though it is compelled to admit slumber, can yet exclude rest. But I was now roused by hunger; for hunger like sleep is irresistible.

I went out in search of prey; and if I felt any alleviation of misery, beside the hope of satisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I should meet, and inflicting some part of the evil which I endured; for though I regretted my punishment, I did not repent of my crimes: and as I imagined Syndarac would now neither mitigate nor increase my sufferings, I was not restrained, either by hope or fear, from indulging my disposition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was thus meditating the destruction of others, I trembled lest by some stronger savage I should be destroyed myself.

In the midst of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horses, and the shouts of hunters; and such is the love of life, however wretched, that my heart sunk within me at the sound. To hide myself was impossible, and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or resist. I stood still till they came up. At first they gazed at me with wonder, and doubted whether they should advance: but at length a slave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city.

I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidst the noise and tumult of a rabble, who the day before would have hid themselves at my presence. I heard the sound of music at a distance: the heralds approached, and Alibeg was proclaimed in my stead. I was now deserted by the multitude, whose curiosity was diverted by the pomp of the procession; and was conducted to the place where other savages are kept, which custom has considered as part of the regalia.

My keeper was a black slave whom I did not remember ever to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have been a fatal presumption to have stood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was restored, he discovered in me such tokens of ferocity, that he suffered me to fast many hours before I was again fed. I was so enraged at this delay, that, forgetting my dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me: so that he found it necessary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain such an ascendancy over me, as was suitable to his office. By this slave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famished, till the fierceness of my disposition being suppressed by fear and languor, a milder temper insensibly stole upon me; and a demeanour that was begun by constraint was continued by habit.

I was now treated with less severity, and strove to express something like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kind-

ness. His vanity was flattered by my submission; and, to show as well his courage as the success of his discipline, he ventured sometimes to caress me in the presence of those whose curiosity brought them to see me. A kind of friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened, that a tiger, which had been lately taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my provision, and leaping upon him would instantly have torn him to pieces, if I had not seized the savage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground: the slave presently despatched him with his dagger, and turned about to caress his deliverer; but starting suddenly backward, he stood motionless with astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a monster but a dog.

I was myself conscious of the change which had again passed upon me, and leaping out of my den, escaped from my confinement. This transformation I considered as a reward of my fidelity, and was perhaps never more happy than in the first moments of my escape; for I reflected, that as a dog my liberty was not only restored, but insured; I was no longer suspected of qualities which rendered me unfit for society; I had some faint resemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore hoped to be more generally caressed. But it was not long before this joy subsided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable distance. Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to the power, who had once more brought me within the circle of nature. As a brute I was more thankful for a mitigation of punishment, than as a king I had been for offers of the highest happiness and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can justly estimate the bounties of Heaven?

As soon as the first tumult of my mind was past, I felt an irresistible inclination once more to visit the apartments of my seraglio. I placed myself behind an Emir whom I knew to have been the friend of Alibeg, and was permitted to follow him into the presence. The persons and the place, the retrospection of my life which they produced, and the comparison of what I was with what I had been, almost overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the garden, and lay down under the shade of an almond-tree, that I might indulge those reflections, which, though they oppressed me with melancholy, I did not wish to lose.

I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be the same that I spurned from me when he caressed me at my return from hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now smote me, and I said to myself, "Dost thou know me under this disguise? Is thy fidelity to thy lord unshaken?"

Cut off as I am from the converse of mankind, hast thou preserved for me an affection, which I once so lightly esteemed, and requited with evil? This forgetfulness of injury, and this steady friendship, are they less than human, or are they more?" I was not prevented by these reflections from returning the caresses that I received; and Alibeg, who just then entered the garden, took notice of me, and ordered that I should not be turned out.

In the seraglio I soon learned, that a body, which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber; and that Alibeg had been chosen to succeed me, by the unanimous voice of the people: but I gained no intelligence of Selima, whose apartment I found in the possession of another, and for whom I had searched every part of the palace in vain. I became restless; every place was irksome; a desire to wander prevailed, and one evening I went out at the garden gate, and travelling till midnight, I lay down at the foot of a sycamore-tree, and slept.

In the morning I beheld, with surprise, a wall of marble that seemed to reach to heaven, and gates that were sculptured with every emblem of delight. Over the gate was inscribed in letters of gold, "Within this wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity complete: nature is not oppressed by the tyranny of religion, nor is pleasure awed by the frown of virtue. The gate is obedient to thy wish, whosoever thou art; enter therefore, and be happy."

When I read this inscription, my bosom throbbed with tumultuous expectation; but my desire to enter was repressed by the reflection, that I had lost the form, in which alone I could gratify the appetites of a man. Desire and curiosity were notwithstanding predominant: the door immediately opened inward; I entered, and it closed after me.

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No. 22.] SATURDAY, JAN. 20, 1753.

*Rursus et in veterem futo revoluta figuram.*

VIRG.

His native form at length by fate restored.

BUT my ears were now stunned with the dissonance of riot, and my eye sickened at the contortions of misery: disease was visible in every countenance, however otherwise impressed with the character of rage, of drunkenness, or of lust. Rape and murder, revelling and strife, filled every street and every dwelling.

As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumspection; for I imagined, that I could no otherwise escape injury, than by eluding the notice of wretches, whose



propensity to ill was restrained by no law, and I perceived too late, that to punish vice is to promote happiness.

It was now evening, and that I might pass the night in greater security, I quitted the public way, and perceiving a house that was encircled by a moat, I swam over to it, and chose an obscure corner of the area for my asylum. I heard from within the sound of dancing and music: but after a short interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the shrieks of terror, and the wailings of distress. The window of the banqueting room flew open, and some venom was thrown out, which fell just at my feet. As I had eaten nothing since my departure from the seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate accident; and after the pleasure of an unexpected repast, I again lay down in expectation of the morning, with hope and fear; but in a short time, many persons rushed from the house with lights, and seemed solicitous to gather up the venom which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the same time perceiving me, they judged that I had devoured it. I was immediately seized and led into the house: but as I could not discover that I was the object either of malignity or kindness, I was in doubt what would be the issue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was resolved; for I soon learned from the discourse of those about me, that I was suspected to have eaten poison, which had been intended for another, and was secured, that the effect might either remove or confirm the suspicion. As it was not expected that the poison would immediately operate, I was locked up in a room by myself, where I reflected upon the cause and the event of my confinement, with inexpressible anguish, anxiety, and terror.

In this gloomy interval, a sudden light shone round me, and I found myself once more in the presence of the genius. I crawled towards him trembling and confounded, but not utterly without hope. "Yet a few moments," said he, "and the angel of death shall teach thee, that the wants of nature cannot be supplied with safety, where the inordinate appetites of vice are not restrained. Thy hunger required food: but the lust and revenge of others have given thee poison." My blood grew chill as he spake; I discovered and abhorred my folly: but while I wished to express my contrition, I fell down in an agony: my eyes failed me, I shivered, was convulsed, and expired.

That spark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench, rose up from the dust which had thus been restored to the earth, and now animated the form of a dove. On this new state of existence I entered with inexpressible delight; I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of safety, but of the favour of Syndarac, whom I was now more than ever

solicitous to please. I flew immediately from the window, and turning towards the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedness were complicated in every object, and which I now detested as much as before I had desired. But over this region a sulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, which I had no sooner entered than I fell down panting for breath, and had scarce strength to keep my wings sufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight, and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared some faint glimmerings of light. Into this place I entered without much apprehension; as it seemed rather to be the retreat of penitence, than the recess of luxury: but lest the noise of my wings should discover me to any hateful or mischievous inhabitant of this gloomy solitude, I entered in silence and upon my feet. As I went forward the cave grew wider; and by the light of a lamp which was suspended from the roof, I discovered a hermit listening to a young lady, who seemed to be greatly affected with the events which she was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge: but the lady I discerned to be Selima. I was struck with amazement at this discovery; I remembered with the deepest contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her lips with the utmost impatience of curiosity, and she continued her narrative.

"I was sitting on a sofa one evening after I had been caressed by Amurath, and my imagination kindled as I mused. Why, said I aloud, should I give up the delights of love with the splendour of royalty? since the presumption of my father has prevented my marriage, why should I not accept the blessings that are still offered? Why is desire restrained by the dread of shame; and why is the pride of virtue offended by the softness of nature? Immediately a thick cloud surrounded me; I felt myself lifted up and conveyed through the air with incredible rapidity. I descended, the cloud dissipated, and I found myself sitting in an alcove, by the side of a canal that encircled a stately edifice and a spacious garden. I saw many persons pass along; but discovered in all something either dissolute or wretched, something that alarmed my fears, or excited my pity. I suddenly perceived many men with their swords drawn, contending for a woman, who was forced along irresistibly by the crowd, which moved directly towards the place in which I was sitting. I was terrified, and looked round me with eagerness, to see where I could retreat for safety. A person richly dressed perceived my distress and invited me into the house which the canal surrounded.

this invitation I hastily accepted with grati

tude and joy: but I soon remarked several incidents, which filled me with new perplexity and apprehension. I was welcomed to a place, in which infamy and honour were equally unknown; where every wish was indulged without the violation of any law, and where the will was therefore determined only by appetite. I was presently surrounded by women, whose behaviour covered me with blushes; and though I rejected the caresses of the person into whose power I was delivered, yet they became jealous of the distinction with which he treated me: my expostulations were not heard, and my tears were treated with merriment: preparations were made for revelling and jollity; I was invited to join the dance, and upon my refusal was entertained with music. In this dreadful situation, I sighed thus to myself: How severe is that justice, which transports those who form licentious wishes, to a society in which they are indulged without restraint! Who shall deliver me from the effects of my own folly? who shall defend me against the vices of others? At this moment I was thus encouraged by the voice of some invisible being. "The friends of virtue are mighty; reject not their protection, and thou art safe." As I renounced the presumptuous wish, which had once polluted my mind, I exulted in this intimation with an assurance of relief; and when supper was set before me, I suffered the principal lady to serve me with some venison; but the friendly voice having warned me that it was poisoned, I fell back in my seat and turned pale: the lady inquired earnestly what had disordered me; but instead of making a reply, I threw the venison from the window, and declared that she had intended my death. The master of the table, who perceived the lady to whom I spoke change countenance, was at once convinced, that she had indeed attempted to poison me, to preserve that interest which as a rival she feared I should subvert. He rose up in a rage, and commanded the venison to be produced; a dog that was supposed to have eaten it was brought in: but before the event could be known, the tumult was become general, and my rival, after having suddenly stabbed her patron, plunged the same poniard in her own bosom.

"In the midst of this confusion I found means to escape, and wandered through the city in search of some obscure recess, where, if I received not the assistance which I hoped, death at least might secure my person from violation, and close my eyes on those scenes, which, wherever I turned, filled me not only with disgust but with horror. By that benevolent power, who, as a preservative from misery, has placed in us a secret and irresistible disapprobation of vice, my feet have been directed to thee, whose virtue has participated in my distress, and whose wisdom may effect my deliverance."

I gazed upon Selima, while I thus learned the ardour of that affection which I had abused with sentiments that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched with the most bitter remorse, for having produced one wish that could stain so amiable a mind and abhorred myself for having used the power which I derived from her tenderness, to effect her destruction. My fondness was, not less ardent, but it was more chaste and tender; desire was not extinguished, but it was almost absorbed in esteem. I felt a passion, to which, till now, I had been a stranger; and the moment love was kindled in my breast, I resumed the form proper to the nature in which alone it can subsist, and Selima beheld Amurath at her feet. At my sudden and unexpected appearance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the powers of life were suspended, and she sunk into my arms. I clasped her to my breast, and looking towards the hermit for his assistance, I beheld in his stead the friendly Genius, who had taught me happiness by affliction. At the same instant Selima recovered. "Arise," said Syndarac, "and look round." We looked round; the darkness was suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves in the road to Golconda, and the spires of the city sparkled before us. "Go," said he, "Amurath, henceforth the husband of Selima, and the father of thy people! I have revealed thy story to Alibeg in a vision; he expects thy return, and the chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, Amurath the sultan of the east, the judge of nations, the taught of heaven: Amurath, whose ring is equal to the ring of Solomon, returns to reign with wisdom and diffuse felicity." I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by Alibeg with sentiments which could not be uttered, and by the people with the loudest acclamations: Syndarac proclaimed our return, in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in prosperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered: for to none who hear of the ring of Amurath, shall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witness, thou whose eye drinks instruction from my pen? Hast thou not a monitor who reproaches thee in secret, when thy foot deviates from the paths of virtue? Neglect not the first whispers of this friend to thy soul; it is the voice of a greater than Syndarac, to resist whose influence is to invite destruction.

No. 23.] TUESDAY, JAN. 23, 1753.

——— *Quo fit, ut omnis.**Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella**Vita* ———

HOR.

In books the various scenes of life he drew,  
As votive tablets give the wreck to view.

AMONG the many Pocket-Companions, New Memorandum-Books, Gentleman and Tradesman's Daily Assistants, and other productions of the like nature, calculated for the use of those who mix in the bustle of the world, I cannot but applaud those polite and elegant inventions, The Ladies' Memorandum-Books, as these seem chiefly adapted to the more important business of pleasur and amusement. I shall not take upon me to determine which is the most preferable: each of them being, if you believe the solemn asseverations of their proprietors, "the best and most complete of its kind that has hitherto been published."

The utility of these little books, with respect to the fair sex, is on the first view apparent; as they are divided for each day of the week into distinct columns, allotted to the several branches of engagements, expenses, and occasional memorandums. These, indeed, comprehend every thing that can either attract their regard, or take up their time. I shall therefore point out some particular advantages that will arise from a right use and regulation of them.

With regard to engagements, it is very well known, what embarrassments, jealousies, and quarrels, have arisen from an erroneous management in that most essential part of female transactions, the paying and receiving of visits. It has hitherto been usual to trust entirely in this point to the care of an illiterate footman, or heedless porter, who is to take account of all the raps at the door, and to enter the names of the several visitants in a regular journal. Hence it frequently happens, that the bond of amity is dissolved, and perpetual variance created between families, by the mistake or forgetfulness of a servant. Lady Formal and Mrs. Prim were once the most intimate females living; they courtesied to one another regularly at church and the playhouse, talked together wherever they met, and left their names once a month alternately at each other's house for several years; till it happened that Lady Formal's Swiss forgot to set down Mrs. Prim's last visit to her ladyship; which occasions them now to stare at one another like perfect strangers, while each considers the other as guilty of that most atrocious crime, the owing a visit. A card was sent two months beforehand to invite Mrs. Gadabout to a rout; but by the negligence of the maid it unfortunately miscarried, before the date of it was posted in the day-book, and con-

sequently she was prevented from going. The affront was unpardonable; her absence rendered one whist-table useless; the neglect was told every where; and the innocent Mrs. Gadabout wonders at the reason why she is so seldom invited as a party in card assemblies. These lamentable mistakes are, therefore, effectually guarded against by the use of the Memorandum-Book, which puts it in every lady's power to keep a more exact register of all her engagements, and to state the balance of visits fairly between debtor and creditor.

And as there is certainly no virtue more amiable, or of greater emolument, than female economy, to which nothing contributes more than a just knowledge of expenses, the Memorandum-Book has also wisely provided for this; in which, under the article of expenses, the lady may set down the particular sums laid out in masquerade tickets, subscription concerts, wax-lights for routs, drums, or hurricanes, birth-day suits, chair-hire, and the like; she may also know the true balance between her winnings and losings, and make a due registry of her debts of honour. For want of this method many widows of distinction have imperceptibly run out the whole income of their jointures in a few months, and been forced to retire the rest of the year into country lodgings; and many married ladies have been constrained to petition the brutes their husbands for the advance of a quarter's pin-money to satisfy the importunate dunnings of a needy honourable gamester.

The blank allotted for occasional memorandums may be filled up from time to time with the lie of the day, topics of scandal, names and abodes of milliners, descriptions of new fashions, and a hundred other circumstances of equal importance. This will greatly relieve the memory, and furnish an inexhaustible store of matter for polite conversation.

There is another very pleasing advantage arising from the use of these books, as we are informed by one of the compilers, who acquaints us, that "if preserved, they will enable any lady to tell what business she has transacted, and what company [she has] been in, every day, during any period of her life." How enchanting, how rapturous, must such a review prove to those who make a figure in the polite world! to live over their days again! to recall the transporting idea of masquerades, plays, concerts, cards, and dress! to revive lost enjoyments, and in imagination to tread over again the delightful round of past pleasures!

I was led to the consideration of this subject by a visit I the other day made a polite lady, whom I found earnestly employed in writing. I would have withdrawn immediately; but she told me she was only entering some particulars in her memorandum-book, which would soon be finished, and desired me to take a chair. I ex-



pressed some curiosity to know her method; upon which she very frankly put the book into my hand, bidding me persue it; "for," says she, "I do nothing that I need be ashamed of." As she was soon after called out of the room, I took the opportunity of transcribing her first week's account, which I shall faithfully present to my fair readers, as a farther illustration of the use of these books, and, if they please, as a pattern for their practice.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

## OCCASIONAL MEMORANDUMS.

January.

1. Monday. To call at Deard's in the morning. To dine with my husband's uncle the city merchant.

City politeness intolerable! Crammed with mince pies, and fatigued with compliments of the season! Play at Pope John for pence; O the creatures!

2. Tuesday. In the morning with the Miss Flareits, to drive to the silk mercers, &c. At night to go to the genii.

A beautiful new French brocade at Silver-tongue's on Ludgate hill. Mem. To tease my husband to buy me a suit of it. Engaged the stage-box for Woodward's night.

3. Wednesday. Expect Mademoiselle la Toure to try on my French head. In the evening to pay forty-three visits.

Mademoiselle the milliner tells me Lady Z's in the straw, and Captain X is supposed to be the cause of it.—Told it as a great secret at Lady F's, the countess of L's, Mrs. R's, &c. &c. &c.

4. Thursday. My own day at home. To have a drum major and seventeen card-tables.

Miss Sharp is a greater cheat than her mamma. Company went before five. Stupid creature Mrs. Downright! never to have read Hoyle!

5. Friday. To go to the auction with Lady Nicknack. To dine at home with a parcel of my husband's city relations.

Lady Nicknack finely taken in. The whole day a blank. Head-ache. Could not dress. Went to bed horrid soon; — before one. Husband drunk. Lay alone, my maid sat by me.

6. Saturday. Monsieur Le Frise all the morning to dress my

My left temple singed with the curling iron. Several fine French

## ENGAGEMENTS.

## OCCASIONAL MEMORANDUMS.

January.

head. At night (being Twelfth-night) at court. To dance, if I can, with the handsome Bob Brilliant.

dresses at court; but lady Homebred's, paltry English! Sir John Dapperwit whispered me, that Miss Bloom was almost as charming as myself. She must paint I am certain.

7. Sunday. If I rise soon enough, Saint James's Church. In the afternoon to write a defence of Hoyle to Miss Petulant at Bath, who has controverted some of his principles. Lady Brag's in the evening.

Not up till two. Finished my letter at six and sent John express with it. Bad luck at night. Never could win on Sundays. Miss Serious, who hates cards, says it is a judgment.

Among the articles under Expenses I found the following.

January

£. s. d.

- |   |    |    |   |
|---|----|----|---|
| 1. Bought at Deard's, a bauble for a new year's gift to my little god-child . . . . . | 5  | 5  | 0 |
| 3. To Mrs. La Toure in part of her bill . . . . .                                     | 31 | 10 | 0 |
| To ditto for extraordinary trouble . . . . .  | 3  | 12 | 0 |
| 5. Bought at the auction, a china lap dog . . . . .                                   | 4  | 9  | 0 |
| 6. Monsieur le Frise, for dressing my head, &c. . . . .                               | 0  | 10 | 0 |
| 7. Lost at cards, at Lady Brag's . . . . .  | 47 | 5  | 0 |

I intend in a future paper to take notice of some other advantages to be drawn from such a use of these Memorandum Books, as above stated; and shall at present conclude with desiring my female readers to supply themselves immediately, and to send me an account of the use they make of them.

A.

No. 24.] SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1753.

*Longa mora est, quantum noxæ sit ubique repertum, Enumerare.*——— OVID.

The various ills ordain'd to man by fate  
Where'er he turns, 'tis tedious to relate.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

You have lately remarked, that the sedentary and recluse, those who have not acquired an ex

tensive and experimental knowledge of mankind, are frequently warmed with conceptions, which, when communicated, are received with the most frigid indifference. As I have no pretensions to this knowledge, it is probable, that the subject of my letter, though it pleased me in the fervour of my imagination, may yet appear to others trite and unimportant: to your judgment, therefore, I appeal, as the substitute of the public, and leave you to determine both for them and for me.

I have a small estate in a remote and sequestered part of the kingdom, upon which I have constantly resided. As in this place I was not seduced to entertainments that endangered either my virtue or my fortune, I indulged my inclination to books; and by reading I could always prevent solitude from becoming irksome. My library consisted chiefly of books of entertainment, but they were the best of their kind; and, therefore, though I was most delighted with dramatic writers, I had no plays but Shakspeare's. Shakspeare was, indeed, my favourite author; and after my fancy had been busied in attempting to realize the scenes that he drew, I sometimes regretted the labour, and sometimes repined that it was ineffectual. I longed to see them represented on a theatre; and had formed romantic ideas of the force they would derive from proper action, habits and machinery.

The death of a wealthy relation of my wife's, who has made my little boy his heir, called me this winter to London. I set out alone: and as I had been used to that reciprocation of affection and duty, which constitutes the happiness of a family; as we all met together in the evening, after having been separated by the different employments of the day, with smiles of complacency and good humour, and mutually rejoiced in the satisfaction which each derived from the presence of the other; I found myself, after my first day's journey, in a very forlorn and comfortless situation at an inn. My evening was passed among people, with whom I had no tender connection; and when I went to bed, I reflected that there was not within many miles a single person, who cared whether I should be found living or dead in the morning.

The melancholy which this situation, and these reflections, however whimsical, brought upon me, increased as my home became more distant. But the moment I entered London, speculation was at an end; the innumerable objects which rushed upon my senses left me power only to hear and see.

When I turned into the inn yard, the first thing that caught my attention was a large sheet of paper, printed in characters that differed not only in size but colour, some being red and others black. By the perusal of this pompous page, I learned that a comedy and a pantomime

were to be performed at the theatre in the evening. It was now two o'clock; and I resolved to atone for the want of enjoyments which I had left behind me, by securing what I had been used to think the highest intellectual entertainment which art could furnish: the play was not indeed a tragedy, nor Shakspeare's; but if it was not excellent, it was new to me, and therefore equally excited my curiosity. As soon as I had taken possession of a room, and safely deposited my portmanteau, I communicated my purpose to my host, who told me I could not have a better opportunity; for that both the play and entertainment were thought by the best judges to be very fine, and the principal parts were to be performed by the most celebrated actors of the age. My imagination was fired with this account; and being told that the house would be so soon full, that to secure a good place I must be there by four o'clock; I hastily swallowed my dinner, and getting into a hackney-coach, was driven to the theatre, and by the coachman conducted to the door that leads to the pit.

At this door I waited near half an hour with the utmost impatience; and the moment it was open rushed in, driven forward by the crowd that had gathered round me. Following the example of others, I paid my three shillings, and entering the pit among the first that gained admittance, seated myself as near as I could to the centre. After having gazed once or twice round me with wonder and curiosity, my mind was wholly taken up in the anticipation of my entertainment, which did not, however, much alleviate the torments of delay. At length, the stage was illuminated, the last music was played, and I beheld the curtain rise with an emotion, which, perhaps, was little inferior to that of a lover, when he is first admitted to the presence of his mistress.

But just at this moment a very tall man, by the contrivance of two ladies, who had kept a seat for him by spreading their hoops, placed himself so exactly before me, that his head intercepted great part of the stage, and I could now see the actors no lower than the knee. This incident, after all my care and solicitude to secure an advantageous situation, was extremely vexatious; my attention to the play was for some time suspended, and I suffered much more than I enjoyed: but it was not long before the scenery and the dialogue wholly possessed my mind; I accommodated myself the best I could to the inconvenience of my seat, and thought of it no more. The first act, as it was little more than a prelude to the action, pleased me rather by what it promised, than by what it gave: I expected the sequel with yet more ardour, and suffered the interval with all the fretfulness of suspended curiosity. The second act gratified my imagination with a greater variety of incidents; but they were such

as had a direct tendency to render appetite too strong for the curb of reason. I this moment rioted in the luxurious banquet, that was by a kind of enchantment placed before me; and the next reflected with regret and indignation upon those arts, under the influence of which I perceived my virtue to be enervated, and that I became contemptible even to myself. But this struggle did not last long: these images, which could not be seen without danger, were still multiplying before me; my resistance grew proportionably more languid; and at length I indulged every sensation, without inquiring whether I was animated to the imitation of virtue, or seduced by the blandishments of vice.

In the third act I was become acquainted with the characters, which the author intended to exhibit; and discerned, that, though some of them were sustained with great judgment and address, yet others were mistaken: I had still some person before me, whose manner was that of a player, and who, when I had been introduced into scenes of real life by the skill of another, immediately brought me back to a crowd and a theatre: I found, that, upon the whole, I was not so constantly present to the events of the drama, as if I had read them silently in my study, though some circumstances might be more forcibly represented: but these critical remarks, as they lessened my pleasure, I resolved to remit. In the fourth act, therefore, I endeavoured to supply every defect of the performer by the force of my own fancy, and in some degree I succeeded: but my pleasure was now interrupted by another cause; for though my entertainment had not been equal to my expectation, yet I now began to regret that it was almost at an end, and earnestly wished that it was again to begin. In the fifth act, curiosity was no longer excited; I had discovered in what events the action would terminate, and what was to be the fate of the persons: nothing remained but the forms necessary to the conclusion of the play: the marriage of lovers, their reconciliation with offended parents, and the sudden reformation of a rake, who had, through the whole representation, been employed to produce incidents which might render his vices contagious, and to display qualities that might save them from contempt. But though the last act was thus rendered insipid, yet I was sorry when it was over: I reflected with a sigh, that the time was at hand, in which I must return to the comfortless solitude of my inn.

But this thought, however mortifying, was transient; I pleased myself with the expectation of the pantomime, an entertainment of which I had no conception, and of which I had heard the highest encomium from those about me: I, therefore, once more sat down upon the rising of the curtain, with an attention to the stage which nothing could divert. I gazed at the prodigies

which were every moment produced before me with astonishment: I was bewildered in the intricacies of enchantment; I saw woods, rivers, and mountains, alternately appear, and vanish; but I knew not in what cause, or to what end. The entertainment was not adapted to my understanding, but to my senses; and my senses were indeed captivated with every object of delight; in particular, the dress of the women discovered beauties which I could not behold without confusion; the wanton caresses which they received and returned, the desire that languished in their eyes, the kiss snatched with eagerness, and the embrace prolonged with reciprocal delight filled my breast with tumultuous wishes, which though I feared to gratify, I did not wish to suppress. Besides all these incentives to dissolute pleasure, there was the dance, which indulged the spectators with a view of almost every charm that apparel was intended to conceal; but of the pleasure of this indulgence I was deprived by the head of the tall man who sat before me, and I suffered again all the vexation which had interrupted my attention to the first act of the play. But before the last scene, my mind had been so violently agitated, and the inconveniences of so long a confinement, in a multitude, were become so sensible, I was so much oppressed with heat, and offended with the smell of the candles that were either burning in the sockets or expiring in smoke, that I grew weary of my situation; my faculties were suspended as in a dream, and I continued to sit motionless, with my eyes fixed upon the curtain some moments after it fell. When I was roused from my reverie, I found myself almost alone; my attachment to the place was dissolved, the company that had surrounded me were gone out, and without reflecting whether I was to go, I wished to follow them.

When I was returned to the inn, and had locked myself into my room, I endeavoured to recover that pleasing tranquillity in which I had been used to resign myself to sleep, and which I now regretted to have once changed for tumult and dissipation; of my theatrical adventure I remembered no incident with pleasure, but that which when it happened I regarded as a misfortune, the stature of the person who sat before me, which intercepted the more gross indecencies, and defended me from their influence. This reflection immediately opened a new vein of thought. I considered the evening which I had just spent as an epitome of life, and the stage as an emblem of the world.

The youth is all ardour and expectation; he looks round with wonder and curiosity, and he is impatient for the time in which the world is to be thrown open before him. This time arrives; but he finds some unexpected obstacle to enjoyment, and in the first act of life he discovers, that his hopes are rather transferred to



more distant objects, than fulfilled by those which are present. As he proceeds, the scene grows more busy, and his attachments to life increase in number and in strength: he is now seduced by temptation; and the moment its influence is suspended, and the pleasure which it promised is at an end, he abhors it as debasing his nature, disappointing his highest hopes, and betraying him to remorse and regret.

This is the crisis of life, the period upon which immortality depends. Some continue the contest, and become more than conquerors: they reflect, with gratitude to providence, upon circumstances which intercepted temptations by adversity, and perceive that they owe their safety to incidents which they laboured to prevent. Others abandon themselves to sensuality; and affecting to believe all things uncertain, eagerly catch at whatever is offered by the present moment, as the whole of their portion: but at length novelty, that mighty charm, that beauty of perpetual influence, novelty is no more! every object that gave delight is become familiar; and is therefore beheld, not with desire but with disgust.

Thus life at length almost ceases to be a positive good; and men would scarce desire to live, but that they fear to die. Yet the same enjoyments which are despised, are also regretted; in time they are remembered without the circumstances that diminished their value; and the wretch who has survived them, wishes that they would return. Life, from this period, is more wearisome in proportion as it is prolonged; nothing is expected with ardour, because age has been too often cheated to trust to the promises of time, and because to-day has anticipated the enjoyment of to-morrow. The play is now over, the powers of the mind are exhausted; and intellectual pleasure and pain are almost at an end. The last stage, the stage of dotage remains, and this is the pantomime of life; the images are new only in proportion as they are extravagant, and please only because the imagination is distempered or infirm: but the sensibility of corporal misery remains; infirmities multiply; the hours of pain and imbecility pass in anguish which none can alleviate, and in fretfulness which none regard; the palsied dotard looks round with impotent solicitude; he perceives himself to be alone, he has survived his friends, and he wishes to follow them; his wish is fulfilled, he drops torpid and insensible into that gulph which is deeper than the grave, and it closes over him for ever. From this dreadful picture I started with terror and amazement: it vanished; and I was immediately relieved by reflecting that life and the joys of life were still before me: that I should soon return to my paternal inheritance, that my evenings would no more be passed in tumult, and end in satiety; but that they would close upon scenes of domes-

tic felicity, felicity which is pure and rational, and which is still heightened by the hope that it will be repeated to-morrow. And is not the human mind a stranger and a sojourner upon earth? has it not an inheritance in a better country that is incorruptible and undefiled? an inheritance to which all may return, who are not so foolish, as after perpetual disappointment in the search of pleasure which they never found, still to continue the pursuit till every hope is precluded, and life terminates either in the stupor of insensibility, or the agonies of despair.

No. 25.] TUESDAY, JAN. 30, 1753.

*Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares  
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea  
Sævo mittere cum joco.*

HOR.

In brazen yokes thus Venus binds  
Ill-coupled forms and jarring minds,  
And, gaily cruel, joys to see  
The restless lovers disagree.

LOGIC.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THERE are some subjects upon which a man is better qualified to write, by having lived in the world than in a study; and many of these are of the highest importance. Of the infelicities of matrimony I have been often a spectator; and of some of them I think I have discovered the cause, though I have never entered into a philosophical inquiry concerning the nature of the passions, or the power of reason. The facts from which I have derived my knowledge, I shall state with as much perspicuity as I can, and leave others to make what inferences they please.

Flippanta, a young coquet, whose love of the fashionable follies was perpetually disappointed by the severe authority of a father, threw herself into the arms of a lover of sixty-four; believing that she could with ease impose upon the fondness of dotage, that youth and beauty would render her power absolute and unlimited, and that she would therefore be no longer the slave of formality and caprice. Flippanta was, however, disappointed; and in a very few weeks discovered that the economy of a father was now complicated with the jealousy of a husband; that he was fretful, selfish, and diseased, and expected less from her as a wife, than a nurse. Infirmities which she had never felt, she knew not how to pity: he exerted his authority, in proportion as he discovered her want of tenderness: and their misery is alleviated only by the hope of surviving each other; in

which, it must be confessed, the lady has greatly the advantage.

Sophron, by his insinuating eloquence, prevailed on the mother of Modesta, to devote her as a sacrifice to learned importance. Love is beneath the dignity of grey-headed wisdom; they have therefore separate beds; while the unhappy victim repines in public, under the pomp of ornaments with which she is decorated, to flatter the pride and proclaim the triumph of her lord and master.

Senilis, to keep up the family name, married a young girl of a ruddy complexion, and a cheerful temper. He is fond of her to distraction; but at the same time so intolerably jealous, that he questions whether the boy, who has fulfilled the hope with which he married, is his own.

Urbana was contracted to Rusticus by the contrivance of their parents, that their family interests, together with their estates, might be united. She had all the passions of a thoroughbred town lady; he the indifference of a down-right country squire; they therefore never met without mutual upbraidings, in which she was accused of extravagance, and he of brutality. At length they agreed in this one point, a separate maintenance.

Pervicax and Tetrica have during twenty years been continually thwarting each other. As the husband is hasty, positive, and overbearing; the wife is whimsical, vain, and peevish. They can never agree whether their mutton shall be boiled or roasted; and the words ninnyhammer, noodle, and numscull, are frequently bandied to and fro betwixt them. Their very servants are encouraged in impertinence, and their children protected in disobedience; because, as one chides, the other is sure always to excuse or defend.

Mercator was desirous of ennobling the blood of his posterity, and therefore married a fine lady from the court end of the town. He had been brought up in the arts of amassing money, she in contriving new methods to squander it; he had been accustomed to a settled uniform practice of business, she to an irregular restless course of pleasure. It was impossible to reconcile their different habits of life; they therefore judged it best for their mutual quiet, that each should pursue their favourite schemes without molestation. Consequently, while the good man is intent upon bargains at 'Change, she is slumbering in bed; when the family are at dinner, she is drinking her chocolate; and while he is adjusting his account-books, she is discharging her visiting debts. He is often reeling home from the club, when his wife is set down to a whist-table, or dressing for the ridotto; and just as the clerks are entering upon business in the counting-house, she is perhaps retiring to rest. Thus do they live as far asunder as

persons in the different antipodes: while my lady is the astonishment of the grave Aldermen at their city balls; and Mercator is allowed to be a quiet, inoffensive, good-natured kind of beast, among Madam's acquaintance.

Urania married a man who was deemed a wit and a scholar, because, as she valued herself upon these qualities, she was not willing they should be overlooked. Between Urania and her husband, there was a perpetual contest for superiority; they regarded each other with all the malignity of rivals; every conversation terminated in a debate, and every debate in contemptuous insult, sullenness, or rage. But if she had married a person, whose chief ambition was not literary excellence, he might have admired her qualities, and she might have approved of his; there would have been a mutual deference paid to each other, and their life would not only have been peaceful but happy.

Theophila, who, for the practice of that virtue which is sublimed by religion, had been called the devotee, obviated the scruple which her own mind suggested against marrying a free-thinker for whom she could not suppress her inclination, by flattering herself that she should be able to convert him. Accordingly, she at first expostulated, then reasoned, and at length upbraided; but without producing any other effects than altercations, coldness, and aversion. As his home became irksome, and he had no steady principles of virtue, he took to drinking: and now, while he is cursing the hypocrisy of prudes over his bottle, she is weeping in her closet, regretting the folly of her presumption, and dreading the brutality of drunkenness.

The blind wonder-working boy, who reconciles contradictions, and even breaks down the mounds of party, brought a couple of fond creatures secretly together, at a time when their parents were irreconcilably divided about the names Whig and Tory. The mist of love, which before blinded their understandings, has been long dissipated; and they are perpetually tripping up the dissensions of their grand-fathers, and discussing the propriety of the word abdication. The wife looks upon her husband as a mean-spirited time-server; and he often rails at her, for teaching her children to lisp treason, and bringing them up with a bias to popery and arbitrary power.

Deborah was advanced from the kitchen to the parlour, by the unrestrained passion of her inconsiderate master: but she was only exalted to a more splendid servitude, and condemned to drudge all her life in the double capacity of wife and maid.

Lascivia, to secure herself a pretence for indulging a scandalous licentiousness, ran away with her father's footman. She had been forced, at the expense of a considerable annuity,

and the reversion of her estate after death, to lay him under articles never to come near her while she is living.

Parcus, a city plumb, from a principle of frugality, took unto himself a plain neighbour's daughter without a penny; as he thought it would be cheaper than to espouse a fine courtly lady, though with a mint of money. 'Tis true she costs him but a trifle in clothes; she has no taste for nicknacks, and kickshaws, and whimwhams; she hates company, and never touches a card; but then she is always sending hot plates of meat to one neighbour who is sick; and bottles of wine to another who lies in; and gives away every week such a load of broken victuals, bread, butter, cheese, coals, candles, and small beer, that the expenses of house-keeping would almost ruin a Lord Mayor. She is, besides, eternally teasing him to bind an uncle's son prentice, to set up a fifth cousin, to fit out an old acquaintance's child to sea, or to buy clothes for another; and Parcus complains, that he is eat out of house and home, by the daily visits of his wife's poor relations.

Pray, Mr. Adventurer, do not these infelicities arise principally from an injudicious choice, rather than from the vices and follies of the parties? Will you, who are a philosopher, give us a proper lecture upon these facts, or demonstrate, *a priori*, how misery may be avoided in that state, which is generally agreed to be capable of more happiness than any other?

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JOHN TOWNLEY.

A.

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No. 26.] SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1753.

*Est ardelionum quædam Romæ natio,  
Gratis anhælas*——— PHÆDRUS.

Through all the town the busy triflers swarm,  
Fix'd without proof, and without interest warm.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THE character which you have assumed, encourages me to hope, that you will not be deterred either by toil or danger, from entering the lists as the champion of distressed beauty. That the sufferers may possibly be unknown, and the scene of action is remote, are circumstances of no moment; for neither seas nor deserts are insuperable to perseverance and valour; and the hero's country is circumscribed only by the limits of the world. Nothing more, therefore, is necessary, than to acquaint you with

the wrong which you are to redress, and the offender whom you are to punish.

Two virgin princesses, the daughters of a mighty monarch, who in the pompous language of the east is styled lord of the whole earth, discovered, while they were yet very young, something singular in their natural temper and disposition. One of them was remarkable for cheerfulness, which was not, however, so much excited by external objects, as by scenes of pleasantry with which she was continually entertained by the strength of her own imagination: her countenance was dimpled with perpetual smiles; and her eyes, yet more expressive, seemed to sparkle with laughter. The deportment of the other was solemn, and her walk majestic: her eyes looked equally piercing, but less active; they appeared not often to change, but long to contemplate their object: she delighted equally in the pleasures of imagination, but they were of a different kind; her fancy did not form objects of ridicule, but of pity; and she would imagine herself leaning her whole weight on a shrub that projected from the brow of a precipice, till it gave way, and she started with horror at the danger, merely that she might suddenly reflect upon her safety, and enjoy the pleasure of awaking from a terrifying dream.

As these were enjoyments that promiscuous company rather interrupted than improved, both these ladies, however different in other respects, agreed in the love of solitude; and having obtained the consent of their father, they retired to a rural situation, which was healthful, pleasant, and romantic. It was the summit of a high hill, which was watered by a fine spring: from hence they had an unbounded prospect; and the air on this spot is said to have a peculiar quality, that excites pleasing dreams, impresses new ideas upon the mind, and illuminates with intuitive knowledge. The ladies were here visited by their sisters, and a young prince of extraordinary beauty, who was celebrated for his skill in all science, but chiefly in music and poetry. The enjoyment of wit, literature, and harmony, excluded from this select society every desire that contaminates the mind of idleness, and degrades reason by brutal sensuality: the prince was received by the royal virgins, not as a lover, but a friend; and he visited them, not as beauties but as wits.

The place of their retreat was soon known, and their presence rendered it illustrious. Here they received the cheerful homage of voluntary subjection: and from hence they diffused an influence, which not only polished but ennobled mankind. Such would long have been their felicity and glory; but the grim tyrant of a northern climate, a region of cold and darkness, at the head of a numerous band of desperate savages, suddenly invaded the country. No force was found sufficient to oppose those who



had been driven forward by famine; the fury of hunger and rapine was irresistible; the princesses fled with the utmost precipitation, and the barbarians, who regarded every thing with malignity by which they were excelled, razed the palace so completely that scarce a vestige appeared, and obliterated all traces of the royal influence wherever they were discovered.

The princesses directed their course westward; and after having long wandered from place to place, and passed through great varieties of fortune, they at last took refuge in a small island, which was governed by a prince whose consort was their half sister, being the daughter of their father, though by another wife. The prince received them with peculiar marks of distinction, and appointed a great officer, one of the principal lords of his court, to superintend the measures that were immediately taken for their accommodation. Two sumptuous palaces were soon prepared for their residence, and their household was immediately settled; they were frequently visited by the king; the queen often declared that she considered them as being more particularly under her patronage; they quickly became extremely popular, and were scarce less happy there than upon their favourite hill. As they greatly excelled in all the arts of conversation, as their eloquence could always command the passions, and their knowledge improve the understanding, every one was solicitous to be admitted to their presence; and that they might gratify a people, among whom they had received so many favours, they were resolved to have a certain number of public days, on which every one should be admitted without scruple.

But that all their conveniences and splendour might be procured, though at a great expense, yet without imposing a general tax or burdening the public, it was contrived that the servants of the princesses should be paid by their vails; and that the reward of their labour might not depend wholly upon caprice, it was ordered, that those who attended the princesses only on public days, and did not pretend to have a right to visit by their intimacy or station, should receive a ticket, for which they should pay a certain fee to the porter.

There is in this island, a certain person, said to be descended from a race of giants that were its original inhabitants, who has such power and influence, though he has often been suspected to be mad, that the king himself treats him with great deference. In the height of his frenzy he has boasted, that his voice is the voice of God, and that all the sovereign princes in the world are his vicegerants. Of this person every one stands in awe; the queen is his principal favourite; and for her sake he is well affected to the king, whom he has often defended, when every other power would have been

ineffectual. He has a natural son who possesses all his ill qualities, but of his virtues is wholly destitute; he assumed the name, the deportment, and the style of his father, whose fondness has encouraged him to commit many enormities, from which he would have been otherwise deterred.

This person, of whom every body is afraid, not only because his own power is very great, but because to repress his insolence might give offence to his father, comes frequently to the palaces of the princesses, and makes no scruple to purchase a ticket with the customary fee; but he is subject to fits of sudden and outrageous frenzy; in which he pretends, that the servants of the princesses become his own, by receiving his fee for admittance to their presence; and he treats them with the cruel insolence of a capricious tyrant, and introduces the wildest tumult and confusion. The rest of the company are terrified and disappointed; he perceives it, and compels them to depart: nay, he has sometimes offered violence to the ladies themselves; he has, either by menaces or by bribery, gained some of their servants over to his own interest; and to gratify an unaccountable humour, he has prevailed upon them to admit a kind of Necromancer, with whose feats he is greatly delighted, into the public room, where innumerable effects of his art are exhibited; and it is said, that, by the same influence, one of the palaces has been made a receptacle for wild beasts; and that all the gambols of folly have been played in a place, that was intended for the asylum of beauty and wit, and for the school not only of wisdom but of virtue.

With the author of this confusion the Adventurer is requested to engage; and if his zeal and his abilities are equal to his boast, he is expected immediately to declare himself the champion of the princesses, by publishing his defiance to the following effect:

“That the princesses alone have a right to the palaces, which have been allotted to them by the munificence of the sovereign of the island; that their servants are accountable only to them, to the sovereign, or to the lord whom he has appointed to superintend the household; that every man is at liberty to be absent, who thinks the entertainment not worthy of his attendance, or the fee for his admittance too exorbitant; but that no man has a right to disturb, to terrify, or to disappoint an assembly, which is supposed to be in the immediate presence of the sovereign, to whom they owe allegiance; and I challenge to single combat, whoever shall affirm the contrary.”

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

Flavilla, a lady who sometimes honours me with a visit, was present when I received this

letter. Flavilla, though she has all the sprightliness of a coquet, has been a great reader, and is not behind those who discovered a political satire under the Rape of a Lock, in resolving a riddle or penetrating an allegory. I put the letter into her hand, and threw myself back in my easy chair with an air of importance: "There," says I, "read that; and see what rank I hold in the estimation even of those, by whom my province is mistaken."

I fixed my eyes upon her, and waited with impatience till she had read it. But how was I disappointed to hear her cry out, "Good Sir, your province and your importance are mistaken by none but yourself. Could not your sagacity discover this letter to be an allegory?" Pray, Madam, said I, will you be pleased to communicate to me, what you imagine to be the hidden meaning which that allegory envelopes? "La," says she, "you are so dull to day! Why are not the Comic and the Tragic Muse the daughters of Jupiter; and did they not, with the rest of the muses, their sisters, reside on Parnassus, a lofty hill that was watered by the Castalian spring? Were they not there visited by Apollo, the patron of all science, and in particular of poetry and music? Did they not fly westward at the approach of barbarians, who though they left behind the glooms of the inhospitable north, yet brought with them the 'Cimmerian darkness of ignorance,' and scarce left any traces of science in the countries through which they passed? Did not the lovely fugitives find refuge in Britain?"—But pray, Madam, said I, shaking my right foot which hung over my left knee, will you condescend to tell me, who is the consort of the king who afforded them protection? My letter says, she was half-sister to the ladies whom you suppose to be two of the muses. "Who," replied Flavilla pertly, "but liberty: is not liberty the perpetual consort of the kings of Britain; and will any dispute, that liberty is derived from Jove, the parent of good?" Go on, Madam, said I. "The great officer, said she, is the lord chamberlain; the palaces are the theatres, which by royal authority are appropriated to the use of tragedy and comedy; their attendants, the players, are, indeed, the servants of the king, and are paid by the stated fees for admittance into the house. The public is the most potent and venerable body upon earth; and the town, its illegitimate offspring, is insolent, capricious, and cruel: the town is perpetually insulting the players as its servants: though, as servants to the town, the law considers them as enemies to society; and it is as servants to the king only, that they are permitted to exhibit public entertainments. It is to humour the town, that the necromancer harlequin has associated with tumblers and savages, to profane the place, which, under

proper regulation would indeed be the school of wisdom and virtue. Every one present at a theatrical performance is supposed to be in the royal presence: or at least the players are under his more immediate protection: as every man has a right in common with others to the dramatic entertainment of the evening, when he has purchased an admittance to the house, it follows that no man has a right to monopolize or to destroy it. An empty house is by the players deemed the most dreadful sign of popular disapprobation; and when the public are displeased with the entertainment that is offered them, to neglect it will be the most effectual means to procure a better: and as a full, or a thin house, will indubitably express the sentiments of a majority, the complaints of a faction should be wholly disregarded."

Flavilla, as she concluded this speech, in which she began to grow very warm, cast her eyes upon me, and expected my reply. But as I continued to gaze with great gravity at the fire, and remained silent, she gave me a smart stroke with her fan, accompanied with this interrogation; "you sullen monster, why don't you speak? Do you hear me? publish the letter, with my exposition, in your next paper, or—" Madam, says I bowing, it shall be done. In obedience, therefore, to her command, and in justice to myself, I lay the state of our controversy before the public, and doubt not but that we shall be both satisfied with their determination.

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No. 27.] TUESDAY, FEB. 6, 1753.

Νύκτας—Αἴθερος καὶ Ἡμέρα ἐξήγοντο. HESIOD.

From night arose the sun-shine and the day.

THE following letter was the first voluntary contribution I received; and if it had been longer, it would have been sooner communicated to my readers. It is written in the name of a lady, to whom I am indeed under many obligations; to whom I owe great part of the knowledge which I have acquired, and under whose influence many of these lucubrations were written: her character is assumed by my correspondent with great art; but I discovered that it was not real, by the conclusion of the letter, in which I am invited to an intimacy that I have long enjoyed.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

Dec. 15, 1752.

WITHOUT detracting from the merits of your correspondent of Tuesday last,\* whose preten-

\* Number XI.

sions to public regard are undoubtedly well founded, I beg leave to make your paper my channel to fame; and am persuaded the judicious reader will admit of my claim, when he is acquainted with my history; and notwithstanding my sister has artfully enough insinuated her superiority, and indeed hinted reflections capable of wounding the most innocent character, as the first story is generally well told, I shall appeal to the impartial examiner, and expect my share of honour from his decision.

I shall begin then with informing you, that I am the elder, a circumstance my sister's pride made her suppress, and in the opinion of the best judges the handsomer; this her own vanity will hardly deny, nor does she attempt to shine but in my absence. She is indeed fairer; but dark beauties are not only more agreeable, but more durable: and as she has little to recommend her but her face, the indifference and neglect she complains of is the less to be wondered at. Besides, the glare she affects in public, the fickleness of her behaviour, the pleasure she takes in discovering the secrets intrusted to her; and, above all, the fraud she practises by continual promises of being always the same, are sufficient reasons, why half who know her pay her so little regard.

For my own part, ostentation is my aversion; and my pride, which makes me fond of admiration, prevents my using a mean condescension to procure it. Though I dress well, I am never gaudy; and when I appear in my blue robe with gold spangles, and a crescent on my forehead, I have the satisfaction of seeing myself ogled even by philosophers. Some of my sex may think this a triumph of small importance, and prefer the unmeaning applause of a coxcomb to the approbation of a man of understanding; but experience, the mother of true wisdom, has long since convinced me, that real beauty is best discerned by real judges, and the addresses of a sensible lover imply the best compliment to the understanding of his mistress.

The affability of my temper, indeed, exposes me to the visits of all parties; and my easiness of access too frequently engages me in the disagreeable company of fools and sharpers: nay more, sometimes I am the unwilling spectator of riot and intemperance; but when this happens, I generally throw in some reproof, and make the libertine, though he curses me, repent his excess: nor is it the least of my praise, that my approach strikes terror to the soul of the villain.

I might rise in the reputation I so justly demand, by recounting the many important services I have done mankind: I have conducted armies in safety, inspired politicians, rescued the distressed, and blessed the brightest eyes in Britain; I have industriously concealed the

scandal my sister has propagated; and received with a condescension scarce found in a rival, the wretch whom her follies had made weary of her service.

By this time you may be desirous of my name, and I think it no vanity to add, ambitious of my acquaintance. I formerly was a friend to the Rambler, nor will the Adventurer's intimacy with me lessen him in the opinion of his readers. For a proof of this, a great genius of the present age courted my assistance; and in gratitude for the favours he received from me, placed my name in the title-page of the best book in the language. After this explanation, it is almost unnecessary to subscribe myself, at your service,

S.

NIGHT.

## TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

It has been long my opinion, that a man's general reputation rather sinks than rises, upon his being first distinguished by a public encomium; for one voice that echoes the praise, there are a hundred, which, to indulge the spleen that it excites, are employed in detraction. But of this perverseness and malignity I have never remarked a stronger instance, than in the effects of your recommendation of Mr. Ratsey and Mr. Woodward: two gentlemen, who almost every day; at a considerable expense, generously repeat their offers to save the poor from the miseries of an hospital, by curing them gratis, with much more ease, expedition and safety.

Some persons, rather than admit the uncommon merit of these gentlemen, have invidiously represented your encomium as an irony; and others have even ventured to deny the facts upon which it is founded. But though every paragraph which was intended to reward ingenuity, is thus opposed or perverted; yet that, in which you have inadvertently disgraced it, is, from the same motives, received in its genuine sense, and readily admitted to be true. It is denied, that Mr. Ratsey ever removed an incurable disease, and that Mr. Woodward is more successful in the cure of ruptures than the hospital surgeons; but it is universally believed, that the youth whom you mention received no benefit from the trusses that were worn by his friends: this, however, is a fact in which you are yourself egregiously mistaken, and which you have greatly misrepresented. You tell us, indeed, that this method deserves to be remembered for farther experiments; but you insinuate, that it was among those which had been practiced without success, before the patient was put under Mr. Woodward's care: on the contrary, it was directed by that great artist himself; and is one of the most useful improve-



ments that he has made in surgery, though it is not to be depended upon alone. As an incontestible proof of your mistake, and of the mischief which it has produced, I shall recite another address to the public in the behalf of Mr. Woodward, by which it appears, that he now wears trusses for his patients himself. It is entitled, "The humble thanks of Elizabeth Tipping, for her cure in a rupture, gratis."

"A gentleman," says Mrs. Tipping, "recommended me to Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, and in *their*\* goodness gave me a truss to wear; and in wearing it, to my grief, I found more pain than ever I felt before; and I must have laboured under this great misfortune all the days of my life, had not Mr. Woodward, through charity, took me under his care: by his tender compassion towards me, giving me his powders with drops, and wearing his new-invented bandages, my pains left me."

It appears, therefore, that Mr. Woodward, instead of giving Mrs. Tipping a truss to wear, as the gentleman or the hospital had done, gave her only his powders with drops, and wore the truss himself. As the facts, however strange, will be attested at Mr. Russel's toy-shop in the Hay-market, and Mrs. Sotro's, the corner of Spring Gardens, it must follow as an inevitable consequence, that when, by the old erroneous custom of applying trusses or bandages to the patient, their malady is increased; it may be wholly removed by medicaments, properly administered to them, and a truss judiciously applied to another. In Mrs. Tipping's case, indeed, there appears to have been something critical, because Mr. Woodward would trust none but himself with the management of the bandage, by which he intended to effect her cure; though the truss for his Kentish patient was worn by the minister and church-wardens of the parish. There is, however, another reason for his conduct, which I am unwilling to suggest: your paper may have discouraged others from concurring in this method of cure, by insinuating that it was troublesome, and had been practised without success. If this should be true, how have you increased the labour of this beneficent surgeon, and at the same time circumscribed his power of doing good! It is scarce possible that he should be able, by any contrivance, to wear more than ten of his bandages at one time; and how small a number is ten, compared to the multitudes that apply for his assistance.

Upon the whole, whatever was your intention, I am afraid your paper has produced but one good effect. As modesty is always the concomitant of merit, Mr. Ratsey no longer offers health to those, who have suffered others to render their diseases incurable; but leaves them

to perish, for the preservation of those that survive.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

T. FRIENDLY.

As it is the opinion of Mr. Friendly, that I have conferred no honour by my panegyric, I shall now attempt to effect my purpose by censure. As physis is, perhaps the most difficult of all the sciences, no man more honours those who excel in it than myself: if I cannot, therefore, animate them in the race, I may at least clear the way about them, and afford merit a fairer chance, by lessening the number of competitors, who may obstruct others, though they cannot run themselves.

It is frequently admitted among persons, whose judgment is not otherwise contemptible, that a man without parts and without literature may practise physis with success; or, in other words, that an illiterate blockhead may be a good physician. But as this maxim appears to me to be little less formidable than a pestilence, I think I shall do considerable service to mankind if I can prevent it from spreading.

That the following argument may be more easily comprehended and remembered, I have laboured to contract it into a small compass, and to express my thoughts with the utmost plainness and perspicuity.

- I. Medicines are not specific antidotes for certain diseases, which we hear distinguished by known and general names:  
—For,
- II. Twenty persons may be ill of a fever; and this fever may be so much a different disease in each, that an application which would certainly cure one of them, would certainly kill another: so that the very efficacy of the medicine, if it is unskillfully administered, increases the danger.
- III. The investigation of diseases; the discovery of their causes by their symptoms; and the adaptation of the remedy, not to the disease only, with all its accidental complications, but to the habits, age, sex, and constitution of the patient; require such skill as can result only from extensive knowledge, sound judgment, and critical inquiry.
- IV. This skill cannot be exerted, if the patient is not seen.
- V. Gross ignorance of the propriety of language, in a man who pretends to have studied physis, is an incontestable proof of insolence and stupidity.
- VI. He, therefore, who does not see the absurdity of professing to cure incurable diseases, cannot possibly have ac-

\* It cannot certainly be known, whether by *their* is meant the gentleman or the hospital.

quired sufficient knowledge to cure any.

- VII. To detect a man in deliberately writing and publishing gross nonsense, in an advertisement of his medical skill, written in his native language, is to arrest "the foe of mankind in his walk," and to intercept the "arrow that flies in darkness."

This task is at present left to the Adventurer; and this task he will continue to perform, till the legislature shall take it out of his hands.

No. 28.] SATURDAY, FEB. 10, 1753.

*Cælo supinas si tuleris manus  
Nascente Luna, rustica Phidyle;  
Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum,  
Fecunda vitis*—————

HOR.

If rustic Phidyle her prayer renews,  
Her artless prayer, when sacred hours return,  
Her vines shall droop beneath no blighting dews,  
Nor southern storms her yellow harvest burn.

THAT mankind have any natural propensity to ill, or that their minds are subject to the influence of any invisible and malevolent being, are notions that of late have been treated with the utmost contempt and disdain. And yet I have remarked, that men frequently neglect to practise those duties of religion, without which they believe the divine favour cannot be secured, though by such neglect they do not obtain any immediate advantage.

The miserable wretches who swarm in the streets of this metropolis, covered with filth and rags, pining with cold and hunger, and rotting with diseases, will be found to have a general belief, that by going to church men please God, and obtain the pardon of their sins; and yet those who expect to be relieved by the congregation, will linger at the church door till the service is at an end. In this instance, surely, they become, in their own opinion, the servants of sin, for no other wages than death. To the rich, irreligion, as well as vice, sometimes offers immediate pleasure; and it is easy to conceive, why they should rather sink in a luxurious slumber on a bed of down, than kneel at the altar; but why does the beggar, in the severity of winter, shiver at the porch, when he might take shelter in the aisle? If he was as near to any other building which he could as easily enter, he would not hesitate a moment; but rather than become a candidate for the blessing of God, he will forego the advantage of exciting the charity of the devout, by an appearance of devotion.

Of the duties and the privileges of religion, prayer is generally acknowledged to be the chief: and yet I am afraid, that there are few who will not be able to recollect some seasons, in which their unwillingness to pray has been more than in proportion to the labour and the time that it required; seasons in which they would have been less willing to repeat a prayer than any other composition; and rather than have spent five minutes in an address to God, would have devoted an equal space of time wholly to the convenience of another, without any enjoyment or advantage to themselves.

These facts, I believe, will scarce be controverted by any; and those who cannot show that they have adequate natural causes, must allow that they have some other. It also must be acknowledged, that if men are tempted to neglect the worship of God by any spiritual enemy, to worship God is by such an enemy known to be their interest: but because I would not rest much upon this argument in favour of religion, I shall only say, that it has more force than any that I have heard against it.

I believe, indeed, there are some who, with whatever reluctance, punctually conform to the rituals of religion, as an atonement for an allowed and perpetual neglect of virtue; who dream, that by going to church on Sunday, they balance the account of the week, and may again lie, defraud, swear, and be drunken with impunity. These wretches, although in spite of indignation they move my pity, I shall not here reprove, because their conduct does not only imply the grossest ignorance, but the most deplorable stupidity; and it is hopeless to write for those, of whom it cannot be expected that they should read.

There are others, who, believing that neither virtue nor religion alone is sufficient to secure immortality, neglect religion as useless, because they cannot resolve to practise virtue: so the purchase of a telescope would be a superfluous expense to a man that is blind, though all the advantages of sight cannot be obtained without it by those who can see.

Upon these slaves of sensuality, it is to be feared little effect can be produced, by an address either to their reason or their passions: for their reason is already convinced, and their passions alarmed; they live in a perpetual violation of the dictates of conscience; purposes of amendment are every moment formed and broken; they look backward with remorse, and forward with terror; and they accumulate guilt, even while they are anticipating judgment. Nor can I press them to put on an appearance of religion for mere temporary purposes; not only because it would be an aggravation of their wickedness, but because it would conceal their true character, and might, therefore, injure society.

A man who apparently lives without religion, declares to the world, that he is without virtue, however he may otherwise conceal his vices: for when the obstacles to virtue are surmounted, the obstacles to religion are few. What should restrain him who has broken the bonds of appetite from rising at the call of devotion? Will not he who has accomplished a work of difficulty, secure his reward at all events, when to secure it is easy? Will not he that has panted in the race stretch forth his hand to receive the prize?

It may, perhaps, be expected, that from this general censure I should except those, who believe that all religion is the contrivance of tyranny and cunning; and that every human action which has Deity for its object, is enthusiastic and absurd. But of these there are few, who do not give other evidence of their want of virtue, than their neglect of religion; and even of this few it must be acknowledged, that they have not equal motives to virtue; and therefore to say, that they have not equal virtue, is only to affirm that effects are proportionate to their causes: a proposition which, I am confident no philosopher will deny.

By these motives I do not mean merely the hope and fear of future reward and punishment; but such as arise from the exercise of religious duties, both in public and private, and especially of prayer.

I know, that concerning the operation and effects of prayer, there has been much doubtful disputation, in which innumerable metaphysical subtilties have been introduced, and the understanding has been bewildered in sophistry, and affronted with jargon: those who have no other proofs of the fitness and advantage of prayer than are to be found among these speculations, are but little acquainted with the practice.

He who has acquired an experimental knowledge of this duty, knows that nothing so forcibly restrains from ill, as the remembrance of a recent address to Heaven for protection and assistance. After having petitioned for power to resist temptation, there is so great an incongruity in not continuing the struggle, that we blush at the thought, and persevere lest we lose all reverence for ourselves. After fervently devoting our souls to God, we start with horror at immediate apostacy: every act of deliberate wickedness is then complicated with hypocrisy and ingratitude: it is a mockery of the father of mercy: the forfeiture of that peace in which we closed our address, and a renunciation of the hope that it inspired.

For a proof of this, let every man ask himself, as in the presence of "Him who searches the heart," whether he has never been deterred from prayer, by his fondness for some criminal gratification, which he could not with sincerity profess to give up, and which he knew he could

not afterwards repeat without greater compunction. If prayer and immorality appear to be thus incompatible, prayer should not surely be lightly rejected by those, who contend that moral virtue is the summit of human perfection; nor should it be incumbered with such circumstances, as must inevitably render it less easy and less frequent: it should be considered as the wings of the soul, and should be always ready, when a sudden impulse prompts her, to spring up to God. We should not think it always necessary to be either in a church or in our closet, to express joy, love, desire, trust, reverence, or complacency, in the fervour of a silent ejaculation. Adoration, hope, and even a petition, may be conceived in a moment; and the desire of the heart may ascend, without words, to "Him by whom our thoughts are known afar off." He who considers himself as perpetually in the presence of the Almighty, need not fear that gratitude or homage can ever be ill-timed, or that it is profane thus to worship in any circumstances that are not criminal.

There is no preservative from vice, equal to this habitual and constant intercourse with God; neither does any thing equally alleviate distress, or heighten prosperity: in distress, it sustains us with hope; and in prosperity it adds to every other enjoyment the delight of gratitude.

Let those, therefore, who have rejected religion, as they have given up incontestible advantages, try whether they cannot yet be recovered; let them review the arguments by which their judgment has been determined, and see whether they compel the assent of reason; and let those, who, upon this recollection, perceive, that, though they have professed infidelity, they do indeed believe and tremble, no longer sacrifice happiness to folly, but pursue that wisdom "whose ways are pleasantness and peace."

No. 29.] TUESDAY, FEB. 13, 1753.

—*Damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit et hæres.*  
JUV.

If gaming does an aged sire entice,  
Then my young master swiftly learns the vice,  
And shakes, in hanging sleeves, the little box and  
dice.  
DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

It is a remark of some philosophers, that there is a malignity in human nature, which urges every man to depress him who is already sinking. The gamester is a character, at which the artillery of the legislature has been long levelled:



the practice of his profession has been rendered extremely difficult, and the instruments of it have been destroyed wherever they could be found; he has been persecuted by justices, constables, and watchmen; he has languished in Newgate, and toiled in Bridewell. Under this accumulated distress, he is not the object of pity but contempt; every mouth is open against him; he is cursed by the mechanic and the trader, derided by wits, and hooted by the mob. In defence of this injured character, which I have long borne, and of which I am not yet ashamed, permit me to appear in your paper.

In the first place, Sir, the gamester is a gentleman: and though he has been insulted by beggars and cits, the polite world is still in his interest; and he has still friends at Westminster, from the grey-headed general to the beardless senator. With the character of a gentleman, there is but one vice which is now believed to be wholly incompatible; and such is the malice of our enemies, that we have been degraded by the imputation of it, and our ruling passion is said to be avarice.

But, can he be avaricious, who trusts his whole property to chance? who immediately circulates what he wins, with a liberality that has been censured by others as profusion? Can avarice be his motive to play, who, with twenty thousand pounds in the funds, sits down with a man whose whole estate he knows to be in his pocket, and to amount to no more than ten pieces? as the love of money appears uncontestedly not to govern one of these persons, it cannot be proved to govern the other: the charge of avarice is, indeed, so ridiculous and absurd, that I am ashamed of an attempt to confute it.

This charge might with great justice be retorted upon trade, which, when put in competition with gaming, must appear to great disadvantage. Trade has besides introduced all the superfluities that have enervated and corrupted mankind: trade has even produced opposite evils; it has pampered luxury, and wearied labour; but gaming has done neither.

Trade, indeed, circulates property; but property might with greater advantage be circulated by gaming. If it be asked, how the persons employed in this delightful circulation of property, are to be furnished with the necessaries of life, when trade is at an end; I answer, that the necessaries of life, in the estimation of virtue and the gamester, are few; a sheepskin, a hovel, and a dice-box, would furnish the gamester with sufficient apparel, shelter, and entertainment; and with these he would be as happy as he is now; for he has no power of acquiring happiness that is not exerted in play, and of other happiness he has indeed no conception.

If play was then universally pursued, as at once comprehending all business and all pleasure,

one man might not only grow rich, and another poor, but the same person might alternately pass through all the vicissitudes of fortune, while he sat upon the ground in the sun, without toiling in the manufactory, or sweating at the forge, without the perplexity of accompts, or the perils of a voyage.

If it be again asked, when life is reduced to this state of primitive simplicity, what would be the advantage of wealth? I answer, the same as it is at present to those who possess more than they spend, a consciousness that they are wealthy; and those who are capable of more exalted felicity, would enjoy in the acquisition the transport of winning, without considering money to have any power, quality, or use, but as a stake.

These, indeed, are Utopian scenes; and I return, with a sigh, to vindicate my profession from other imputations, which are equally false and injurious.

It has been said, that we are strangers to reciprocal felicity; and that the happiness of one gamester is produced by the misery of another, the pain of him who loses being always proportioned to the pleasure of the winner. But this is only the cavil of popular prejudice: if I am happy, what is it to me who else is miserable? Every man, whatever he may pretend, is concerned only for himself; and might, consistent with right reason, cut any other man's throat if he could escape punishment, and secure to himself any advantage by the fact. If any of your readers have still scruples, and desire to see this doctrine farther illustrated, I refer them to the great Dr. Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*.

Among other enemies, that have been encouraged to fall upon the gamester in his distress, is bigotry or religion; for I consider both these terms as expressions of the same idea. Bigotry then accuses us with exercising our employment on a Sunday; but this accusation is the effect of such complicated folly, ignorance, and malice, that it could have had no other author. Not to insist that a gentleman is under no moral obligation to regard one day more than another, is he to be insulted for doing that, which has a direct tendency to destroy luxury root and branch, on a Sunday? Shall virtue, in this enlightened age, be given up to ceremony; and patriotism be stigmatized as impiety? I have, on every other article, been able to keep my temper; but I can never bear the cant of bigotry with patience.

There is, however, another charge, which I shall not obviate as an imputation of profaneness, but of folly. It is said, that we utter the most horrid oaths and imprecations; that we invoke beings whom we do not believe to exist, and denounce curses that can never be fulfilled. This has, indeed, been practised in our assemblies; but by those only who are novices

in the profession: for among other advantages that arise from gaming, is such a silent acquiescence in the will of fortune, as would do honour to a stoic; or, at least, a calm philosophical immutability of countenance, by which all that passes in the bosom is concealed.

This acquisition, it must be confessed, requires some parts and long practice; but there have been many illustrious examples of it among us. A gentleman, my particular friend, who had the honour to be many years an eminent gamester, without money, committed a robbery upon the highway, to procure another stake, that he might return to his profession. It happened unfortunately that he was taken; and though he had great interest with some persons that shall be nameless, yet he was convicted and hanged. This gentleman's ill luck continued all the while he was in gaol; so that he was compelled to dispose of his body to the surgeons, and lost the money to a friend who visited him in the cells, the night before execution. He appeared, however, next morning with great composure; no reflection on the past, no anticipation of the future, caused him once to change countenance during his passage to the gallows; and though he was about to receive death from a greasy scoundrel, whom he knew once to have been a butcher, yet he swore but two oaths in the cart; and was so indifferent as to what should afterwards befall him, that he bravely refused to say Amen to the prayers.

If by your communication of these hints, the clamours of slander shall be silenced, and the true character of a gamester shall be more generally known,—I have secrets, which may be communicated *entre nous*,—and the next dead set—you understand me—I am a man of honour, and you may command,

Sir, Yours, &c.

TIM. COGDIE.

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No. 30.] SATURDAY, FEB. 17, 1753.

*Felices ter et amplius*

*Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis*

*Divulsus querimonia*

*Suprema citius solvet amor dei.*

HOR.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights

Whom Love with mutual bonds unites;

Unbroken by complaints or strife,

And binding each to each for life. FRANCIS.

THOUGH I devote this lucubration to the ladies, yet there are some parts of it which I hope will not be wholly useless to the gentlemen: and, perhaps, both may expect to be addressed upon a subject, which to both is of equal importance; especially after I have admitted the public re-

commendation of it by my correspondent Mr. Townly.

It has been universally allowed, and with great reason, that between persons who marry there should be some degree of equality, with respect to age and condition. Those who violate a known truth, deserve the infelicity they incur: I shall, therefore, only labour to preserve innocence by detecting error.

With the ladies it is a kind of general maxim, that "the best husband is a reformed rake;" a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which such a husband is commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an incontestible proof, that with the true character of a Rake the ladies are wholly unacquainted. "They have," indeed, "heard of a wild young gentleman, who would rake about the town, and take up his lodgings at a bagnio; who had told many a girl a pretty story, that was fool enough to believe him; and had a right to many a child that did not call him father: but that in some of these frolics he thought no harm, and for others he had sufficiently suffered." But let the Adventurer be believed, those are words of dreadful import, and should always be thus understood:

"To rake about town and lodge at a bagnio, is to associate with the vilest and most abandoned of human beings; it is to become familiar with blasphemy and lewdness, and frequently to sport with the most deplorable misery: to tell pretty stories to credulous girls, is to deceive the simplicity of innocence by cunning and falsehood: to be the father of a nameless progeny, is to desert those, whose tears only can implore the protection, to which of all others they have the strongest and the tenderest claim; it is more than to be a man without affection, it is to be a brute without instinct. To think no harm in some of these frolics, is to have worn out all sensibility of the difference between right and wrong; and to have suffered for others, is to have a body contaminated with diseases, which in some degree are certainly transmitted to posterity."

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of this picture, will be sufficient to deter the ladies from precluding happiness by marrying the original; and from discouraging virtue by making vice necessary to the character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle, which, though not equally fatal and absurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

When the Rake is excluded, it will be generally supposed, that superior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. "A man of fine sense," is indeed a character of great dignity; and the ladies have always been advised to prefer this to every other, as it in-

cludes a capacity to bestow "that refined, exalted, and permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of a rational being." But I think it probable, that this advice, however specious, has been often given for no other reason, than because to give it flattered the vanity of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character, and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies universally affect to approve, and probably for a similar reason; since every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high estimation, is to demonstrate that she possesses it.

As he that would persuade, should be scrupulously careful not to offend, I will not insinuate that there are any ladies, by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted understanding cannot be discerned; and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleasure which it can bestow. And yet, I think, there is another excellence which is much more essential to conjugal felicity, good nature.

I know that good nature has, like Socrates, been ridiculed in the habit of folly; and that folly has been dignified by the name of good nature. But by good nature, I do not mean that flexible imbecility of mind which complies with every request, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expense of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expense of his estate. Persons of this disposition have seldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true good nature, there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the sullenness of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others; and is, therefore, a forcible and constant motive, to communicate happiness, and alleviate misery.

As human nature is, from whatever cause, in a state of great imperfection, it is surely to be desired, that a person, whom it is most our interest to please, should not see more of this imperfection, than we do ourselves.

I shall perhaps, be told, that "a man of sense can never use a woman ill." The latter part of this proposition is a phrase of very extensive and various signification: whether a man of sense can "use a woman ill," I will not inquire, but I shall endeavour to show, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Persons of keen penetration, and great delicacy of sentiment, as they must necessarily be more frequently offended than others; so, as a punishment for the offence, they can inflict more exquisite pain, because they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him whom good nature does not restrain from re-

taliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus punished.

If this punishment is suffered with silence, confusion, and tears, it is possible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorse of a murderer, is too late; the dread of incurring the same anguish by a like fault, will substitute, for the smile of cheerfulness, that sunshine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, solicitude, and anxiety. The offence will, notwithstanding, be again repeated; the punishment, the distress, and the remorse will again return; because error is involuntary, and anger is not restrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deserved, becomes the subject of debate; the consequences are yet more dreadful: after a vain attempt to show an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than sounds by the deaf, the husband will be insulted for causeless and capricious displeasure, and the wife for folly, perverseness, and obstinacy. In these circumstances, what will become of "the refined, the exalted, and the permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of reasonable beings, and which elevated genius only can bestow?"

That this conduct is, by a man of sense, known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it must also be granted, that the discernment of wrong is not always a propensity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce salutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

Good nature, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, must be admitted as the highest personal merit. If, without it, wisdom is not kind; without it, folly must be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated, "the quality most essential to conjugal felicity is good nature." And, surely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a husband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleasure without feeling it themselves, it is easy to perceive which sensation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected, that I should give some general rules, by which the ladies may discover the disposition of those, by whom they are addressed: but it is extremely difficult to detect malevolence amidst the assiduities of courtship, and to distinguish the man under that almost inscrutable disguise, the lover. Good nature, however, is not indicated by the fulsome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almost anticipates the jest, or the constant echo of every sentiment; neither is it safe to trust the appearance of profuse liberality, or busy officiousness. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents, in which the lady is not concerned; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependants, and whether they ap-



proach him with a slavish timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary servitude. Is he ever merry at the expense of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his mistress? Does he mention the absent with candour, and behave to those who are present with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to these circumstances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, good nature is not of less importance to ourselves than to others. The morose and petulant first feel the anguish that they give: reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are constantly again forced back upon their source. Sweetness of temper is not, indeed, an acquired, but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice. But let that which in happier natures is instinct, in these be reason; let them pursue the same conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the sourness of the crab inhances the value of the graft, so that which on its parent plant is good nature, will, on a less kindly stock, be improved into virtue. No action by which others receive pleasure or pain, is indifferent: the sacred rule, "do that to others which ye would that others should do to you," extends to every deed; and "every word shall be brought into judgment."

No. 31.] TUESDAY, FEB. 20, 1753.

*Invidia Siculi non invenere Tyranni  
Majus tormentum* ————— HOR.

Nor could Sicilia's tyrants ever find  
A greater torment than an envious mind.

FRANCIS.

Soon after the expiration of that golden age, in which perpetual and spontaneous plenty precluded all temptation to violence and fraud, Apollo, the god of wisdom, of eloquence, and music, became enamoured of one of the nymphs who graced the train of Diana. The nymph, whose name time has not preserved with her story, was at first inflexible; but the suit which her chastity refused, her vanity still continued to permit: and thus, though wisdom, eloquence, and music, were ineffectual; yet perseverance prevailed. The pride of virtue was imperceptibly softened; and the sense of guilt had been so often lost in the anticipation of delight, that it did not always return: to this delight there remained no obstacle but the fear of shame; and the fear of shame, as desire perpetually increased, was at last surmounted.

Apollo perceived and pursued his advan-

tage; and the nymph silently consented to an assignation; the place was a grotto far sequestered from the path of the traveller, and the time was midnight.

When nature no longer lavished her bounty upon idleness, and the fruits of the earth were bestowed only upon labour; when the harvest and the vintage ceased to be common, and the bounds of property were set up, many vices under human forms became inhabitants of the earth, and associated with mankind. Of some the external appearance was pleasing, and their qualities were not immediately discovered. Among these vices was Envy. Envy, indeed, was never lovely; but she was then young, nor was the malignity of her mind yet expressed in her person.

As Apollo was enamoured of the nymph, Envy was enamoured of Apollo: she watched his descent, therefore, with all the impatience of desire: and though she knew her own passion to be hopeless, yet the discovery of his addresses to another, distracted her with jealousy: she was always busied to procure intelligence which could only increase her torment; and was perpetually contemplating the happiness which she despaired to enjoy.

It happened that the assignation of the lovers was overheard by Echo, and by Echo repeated to Envy. This intelligence roused her to a yet keener sensibility of misery: to intercept the happiness of a rival, was the first object of her wish; and the next moment she conceived a design of securing that happiness to herself. To effect both these purposes, a thousand projects had been by turns contrived, examined, and rejected; her mind was more violently agitated, in proportion as the time drew more near; and after all the toil of thinking had ended in despair, an expedient suddenly started into her mind, which she perceived at once to be simple and easy; she wondered how it had been before overlooked, and resolved immediately to put it in execution.

It was within one hour of midnight, when the nymph took her way to the grotto. She was now pale with remorse, and now flushed with shame; she hesitated; her bosom again beat with anticipated delight; she trembled, and went forward. Envy perceived her at a distance; and cast round her a thick cloud, which scarce the beams of Phœbus himself could have dissipated. The nymph looked round for the grotto, but suddenly perceived herself to be involved in impenetrable darkness; she could discover neither the sky above her, nor the ground on which she stood; she stopt short, terrified, and astonished; desire was chilled in her veins, and she shuddered at the temerity of her purpose.

In this dreadful moment she had no hope of deliverance, but from the power whose laws she

had been about to violate; and she, therefore, addressed this prayer to Diana: "Chaste queen of irreproachable delight! who, though my mind had renounced thy influence, hast yet by this omen preserved me from corporal dishonour; O! guide me in safety through the terrors of this guilty night: let me once more be permitted to pursue the chase at thy side; and to mingle with the happy virgins, whom Cheerfulness, the daughter of Innocence, assembles at thy power!" As she uttered this prayer, she hastily turned about; and the moment she made an effort to go back, her prayer was granted; the gloom that surrounded her was dissipated; and she again perceived the mild radiance of her queen tremble upon the foliage of the trees, and chequer the path before her with a silver light. She now sprang forward, impelled by that joy which her deliverance had inspired: her speed was no longer restrained by the timidity of guilt; the solitary way was repassed in a moment; and her desire to return had been so ardent, that she could scarce believe it to be accomplished.

In the mean time, Envy had entered the grotto, and was expecting Apollo; she heard him approach with a tumult of passions, in which pain was predominant; and she received him in silence and confusion, which otherwise she would have found it difficult to feign.

When the momentary transport which she had thus obtained, was at an end, she perceived that it had been too dearly purchased with safety: she reflected upon her situation with terror; and wished, too late, that the nymph, whose pleasure she had intercepted, had received it in her stead, as it would have been more than counter-balanced by a small proportion of her pain; her pain was not, however, produced by regretting the loss of innocence, but by anticipating the punishment of guilt.

Apollo, who knew not how wretched and malignant a being he had clasped to his bosom, whispered a thousand tender sentiments, and urged her to reply. Envy was still silent; but knowing that she could not in these circumstances continue long undetected, she suddenly collected all her forces, and sprung from him, hoping to have escaped unknown in the darkness of the night: but just as she reached the entrance of the grotto, he again caught her in his arms. Envy shrieked in the anguish of despair; and the god himself started back with astonishment: he would not, however, quit his hold of the fugitive; and Diana, that she might not lose an opportunity to punish incontinence, darted her rays directly upon the place. Apollo discovered the features of Envy, and turned from her with abhorrence. After a moment's recollection, looking again sternly upon her, "Loathed and detested as thou art," said he, "I cannot destroy thee, for thou art immortal as the felicity of heaven;

and I wish not to destroy thee, for immortality is thy curse. But may my arms again embrace thee, and may thy bosom be again pressed to mine, if thy power thus to profane the delights of love end not this moment for ever: henceforth thy face shall be deformed with the characteristics of want and age, and snakes instead of hair shall be the covering of thy head; thy breasts shall be lengthened to thy waist, and thy skin shall be suffused with gall." While he was yet speaking, the freshness of youth faded from her cheeks; her eyes sunk inward; her tresses, that flowed in loose ringlets upon her shoulders, were suddenly contracted, and wreathing themselves in various contortions, a brood of serpents hissed round her head: her flesh became flaccid, her skin appeared shrivelled and yellow, and her whole form expressed at once malignity and wretchedness.

Thus changed, she fled from the presence of Apollo: but she carried with her not a memorial of her crime only, but of that pleasure which her punishment had rendered it impossible to repeat. A child, which she regarded as at once her glory and her shame, was at length born, and afterwards known among mankind by the name of Cunning.

In Cunning, the qualities both of the father and the mother, as far as they are compatible, are united. As the progeny of Envy, he regards whatever is amiable and good with malignity; the end that he proposes, therefore, is always the gratification of vice: but he inherits so much of his father's wisdom, that he frequently pursues that end by the most effectual means.

All, therefore, whom wisdom would disdain to counsel, apply to Cunning. But of the votaries to Cunning, even those who succeed are disappointed: they do, indeed, frequently obtain the immediate desire of their wish; but they are still restless and unsatisfied; as the statesman, after he has gratified his ambition, still sighs in vain for felicity.

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No. 32.] SATURDAY, FEB. 24, 1753.

*Munde—parvo sub lare pauperum  
Cœnæ, sine auleis et ostro,  
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.*

HOR.

To frugal treats and humble cells,  
With grateful change the wealthy fly,  
Where health preserving plainness dwells,  
Far from the carpet's gaudy dye.  
Such scenes have charm'd the pangs of care,  
And smooth'd the clouded forehead of despair.

FRANCIS.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aabukahis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks

the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze stedfastly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream, he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction," said Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name," replied the stranger, "is Hassan, and I am a native of this city; the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me; and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates, thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee," said Omar, "belongs to him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy life from me; for the burden which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request.

"It is now six years, since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whose memory be blessed, first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessings which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to dispense; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic, entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power, and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore inquired his country and his name.

Hassan, said he, 'I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above.' These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the pe-

culiarity of his vest, and put the royal signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: 'Hassan,' said he, 'forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.' I answered, 'mock not thy servant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will.' 'Hassan,' he replied, 'I can no otherwise give life or happiness than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bow-string, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another; but with respect to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.' He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

"As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, which my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence: and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

"In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of



greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. ‘Hassan,’ said he, ‘what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thy own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.’ I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, ‘Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who is happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?’

“When I had finished this speech Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. ‘Hassan,’ said he, ‘I perceive not with indignation but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot, therefore, invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression: and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.’ I sprang from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an ecstasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; and I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which, though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

“Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such, thou knowest, was the destiny, which the Almighty had written upon his head.

“His son Aububeker, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy: he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace, a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and all the sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had not been written on the tablets of providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasure of neither can return.” Hassan, having thus ended his story, smote his hands together, and looking upward burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, “my son,” said he, “more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububeker take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

“Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope: for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object was also the bound of thy hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, and thou hadst believed that by the tenor of thy life these delights had been secured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldst not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things: put thy trust in Him, who alone can gratify the wish of reason, and satisfy the soul with good: fix thy hope upon that portion, in comparison of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance. Return, my son, to thy labour, thy food shall be again tasteful, and thy rest shall be sweet: to thy content also will be added stability, when it depends not upon that which is possessed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in heaven.”

Hassan, upon whose mind the angel of in-

struction impressed the counsel of Omar, hastened to prostrate himself in the temple of the prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulness; his devotion became fervent and habitual: and the latter days of Hassan were happier than the first.

No. 33.] TUESDAY, FEB. 27, 1753.

——*Latet anguis in herba.*

VIRG.

Within the grass conceal'd a serpent lies.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

As the view of public undertakings should be the public good, no foible that is prejudicial to society can be too trifling to be animadverted upon. I shall therefore, without any farther apology, lay before you one of the greatest impediments to the pleasure of conversation; an artful manner of conveying keen reproaches and harsh satires, under the disguise of discoursing on general subjects, which seem quite foreign to any thing that may concern the company. Thus, instead of endeavouring to entertain each other with cheerful good humour, most conversations are carried on, as Hudibras says,

"With words, far bitterer than wormwood,  
That would in Job or Grizzel stir mood."

It is an old and a just observation, that no situation can well be less entertaining, than that of a third person to lovers: yet while decency is preserved, which is generally the case before marriage, and by sensible and well bred people afterwards, even in this situation, the mind that is stored with any images of its own, may amuse itself; and the heart that is fraught with any good-nature may find some satisfaction in considering the pleasure which the fond lovers enjoy in the company of each other. But from the uneasiness of being a third person to quarrellers, there is no relief: your own thoughts are broke in upon by the jarring discord of your companions; and they will neither contribute to your entertainment, nor even suffer you to retain the tranquillity of your own bosom.

Amongst the vulgar, where the men vent their passions by swearing, and the women by scolding or crying, their quarrels are generally soon made up, nor does any anger remain after reconciliation. But in higher life, where such efforts are restrained by good-breeding, and where people have learned to disguise, not to subdue their passions, an inveterate rancour

often lies corroding in the breast, and generally produces all the effects of inexorable malice.

People consider not, that by family repartees and oblique reflections on each side, the very inmost secrets of their lives are disclosed to their common acquaintance; and that they oftentimes inconsiderately lay open to their worst enemies, faults and imperfections in themselves and their relations, which they would take pains to conceal from their dearest friends.

To give you a full idea of what I mean, I send you a history of my life and adventures for one day; and I wish I could say it was the only one, in which I have been witness to such disagreeable scenes as are here represented.

In the morning I breakfasted with two young ladies. Miss Harriet the elder sister was about the age of nineteen, and Miss Fanny the youngest not quite seventeen. Their parents are able amply to provide for them; and have spared no cost in masters of every kind, in order to give them all fashionable female accomplishments. Ever since they have quitted the nursery, they have been indulged in seeing their own company in Miss Harriet's dressing-room, which is finished and adorned with great elegance of taste and profusion of expense. They are both possessed of no small share of beauty, with so much quickness of apprehension and ready wit, as might, if rightly applied, render them extremely entertaining. Not one real misfortune can they yet have met with, to sour their tempers or suppress their vivacity: yet I could plainly see, that they were very far from being happy, and that their unhappiness arose from their continual bickerings with each other. After breakfast, Miss Fanny took up a volume of Shakspeare's plays that lay in the window, and out of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, read the following part of a speech which Helena makes to her friend Hermia, in the third act:

"Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid!

Have you contrived, have you with these contrived

To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty footed time  
For parting us: O! and is all forgot!"

Then laying down the book with the tears half starting from her eyes, she looked earnestly at her sister, and, in a tone more theatrical than I wish to hear off the stage, cried out, "Oh! wretched Helena, unhappy maid! I wonder not that in your circumstances you imagined that every word was intended as an insult; since no doubt you had often experienced such inhuman treatment." Miss Harriet with some warmth answered, "You should remember, sister, that Helena was a foolish weak girl, fond of a man that despised her; and it was kind of



any body to endeavour to cure her of such a mean-spirited passion."

*Fanny.* 'Tis always cruel, sister, to insult the wretched.

*Harriet.* Those that are miserable by their own folly, Miss Fanny, will call every thing insult and reproach, that tends not to soothe and encourage them in a silly passion.

*Fanny.* If love is a silly passion, Miss Harriet, I know some mighty wise people that have felt its power.

*Harriet.* I don't say love is a silly passion, where it is properly placed: but I know Madam, that a headstrong young girl will always be angry with every one that advises her for her own good.

*Fanny.* And I know also, Madam—

As soon as the affectionate name of Sister was dropped, and the ceremony of Miss supplied its place, I even then began to fear, lest ceremony would also undergo the same fate, and that passion at last would introduce open rudeness: but the word Madam doubly retorted, no sooner reached my ears, than, trembling for the event, I interrupted the dialogue by taking my leave; and I doubt not but any one from this sketch may easily be able to paint in what manner these young ladies pass most of their hours together.

From hence I went to visit three cousins, who, although they had moderate independent fortunes, yet had for some years lived together as one family. They were women of an obscure and low education, but commonly reputed good-natured. I took it for granted, therefore, that I should meet with some harmony amongst them: but by their conversation I soon found, that they continued under the same roof, for no other reason, but because each fancied herself obliged to it she knew not why, and could not tell how to extricate herself from imaginary chains.

Whatever conversation I began with a design of amusing them, was interrupted by their all talking at once upon the subject which seemed uppermost in their minds; and proving to a demonstration, that one person could live by herself much cheaper than with a companion: and each separately declared, that she could live for a mere trifle, was it not for expensive connections. Then running through every branch of house-keeping, each inveighed strongly against some article, which either she did not like, or from ill health could not enjoy, and which she knew also to be agreeable to her companions. This discourse was too vulgar as well as disagreeable to be long endured; I therefore hastened off as fast as possible and went to dinner, where the family consisted of an old gentleman and lady, their two daughters, and two young gentlemen, who, I soon found, were the intended lovers of the young ladies. By intended lovers, I mean, they were young gentlemen, whose

fortunes and characters were agreeable to the parents; and the design of this interview was for the young people to see whether they were agreeable to each other. I now expected the highest scene of cheerfulness and good humour; for on such occasions both gentlemen and ladies generally dress themselves in their best looks and their best humour, as certainly as in their best and most becoming clothes. The two gentlemen I soon perceived had made a separate choice; but, unfortunately, the two ladies were both bent on the conquest of the same man: to compass which, their features and persons, through affectation, were thrown into a thousand distortions. From an envious fear of each other's success, lowering suspicion sat upon their brows; and their eyes, which were naturally piercing, darted forth such malignant glances at each other, that they lost all their beauty, and, from being turped so many ways at once, looked as if they squinted. Their whole discourse consisted of sharp reflections against coquetry; each insinuating in pretty intelligible terms, that the other was a finished coquet: and indeed they spared not, in an indirect manner, to accuse each other of every ill quality in human nature. How this recommended them to their lovers, I know not; but it made their company, partly through compassion, and partly through indignation, so unpleasant to me, that as soon as I could, consistent with civility, I took my leave, and closed this agreeable day with a married couple, the motive of whose coming together was said to be love, for no other could well be assigned for it. They had been married some years, but had no children; which I soon found was no small grief to the husband, by his talking in raptures of every prattling child he had met with abroad; to which the wife always answered, that she was sick of hearing of nothing but the monkey tricks of a parcel of senseless brats. As they were both people of tolerable understanding, and were said to be very fond of reading, I endeavoured to turn the discourse into another channel, which was pretty easily done, and they with great readiness entered into a conversation on plays and books of amusement. But here again not a single character could be mentioned, without causing a warm dispute between the husband and wife: she most outrageously inveighed against every example of a kind and obliging wife, whose behaviour, she said, was the effect of a paltry meanness of spirit; while he burst out in raptures on the happiness of every libertine, who was not bound by the uneasy fetters of matrimony. Both had some poetical passage ready to repeat in support of their decisions; and their eyes were alternately cast towards me, as claiming my approbation.

Could I possibly want to be farther informed of their private history? Or can I claim to



myself any peculiar penetration, for saying that Mr. B—— is grown sick of his wife, and is a man of pleasure and intrigue; and that she leads him a weary life from suspicion of his amours, being resolved not to incur that censure of mean-spiritedness, which she cast on every character that exemplified any degree of patience and acquiescence towards a husband? Nay, without the least spark of divination, I will venture to foretell, that Mr. B——; driven from his own house by the petulance and clamours of his wife, will spend most of his time with some favourite courtesan, whose interest it is to engage him by cheerfulness and good-humour; and that Mrs. B——, piqued at the neglect of her charms, may possibly revenge the inconstancy of her husband, by sacrificing her own virtue and honour.

If, Sir, you can prevail with people not to expose themselves in this manner, and can persuade them, that good humour would be a more agreeable entertainment to their guests than the most costly provisions, you will certainly do an essential piece of service to society; and you may command all the assistance in the power of

\* \*

Your most obedient, &amp;c.

MURTILLA.

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No. 34.] SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1753.

*Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas.* JUV.

Such fate pursues the votaries of praise.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

Sir, Fleet-prison, Feb. 24.

To a benevolent disposition, every state of life will afford some opportunities of contributing to the welfare of mankind. Opulence and splendour are enabled to dispel the cloud of adversity, to dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, and to increase the felicity of all around them: their example will animate virtue, and retard the progress of vice. And even indigence and obscurity, though without power to confer happiness, may at least prevent misery, and apprise those who are blinded by their passions that they are on the brink of irremediable calamity.

Pleased, therefore, with the thought of recovering others from that folly which has embittered my own days, I have presumed to address the Adventurer from the dreary mansions of wretchedness and despair, of which the gates are so wonderfully constructed, as to fly open for the reception of strangers, though they are impervious as a rock of adamant to such as are within them:

—*Facilis descensus Averni;*

*Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis:*

*Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,*  
Hoc opus hic labor est. VIRG.

The gates of hell are open night and day;  
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:  
But to return and view the cheerful skies;  
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

DRYDEN.

Suffer me to acquaint you, Sir, that I have glittered at the ball, and sparkled in the circle; that I have had the happiness to be the unknown favourite of an unknown lady at the masquerade, have been the delight of ladies of the first fashion, and the envy of my brother beaux; and to descend a little lower, it is, I believe, still remembered, that Messrs. Velours and d'Espagne stand indebted for a great part of their present influence at Guildhall, to the elegance of my shape, and the graceful freedom of my carriage.

—*Sed quæ præclara et prospera tanti,*  
*Ut rebus lætis par sit mensura malorum!* JUV.

See the wild purchase of the bold and vain,  
Where every bliss is bought with equal pain!

As I entered into the world very young with an elegant person, and a large estate, it was not long before I disentangled myself from the shackles of religion; for I was determined to the pursuit of pleasure, which according to my notions consisted in the unrestrained and unlimited gratifications of every passion and every appetite; and as this could not be obtained under the frowns of a perpetual dictator, I considered religion as my enemy; and proceeding to treat her with contempt and derision, was not a little delighted, that the unfashionableness of her appearance, and the unanimated uniformity of her motions, afforded frequent opportunities for the sallies of my imagination.

Conceiving now that I was sufficiently qualified to laugh away scruples, I imparted my remarks to those among my female favourites, whose virtue I intended to attack: for I was well assured, that pride would be able to make but a weak defence, when religion was subverted; nor was my success below my expectation: the love of pleasure is too strongly implanted in the female breast, to suffer them scrupulously to examine the validity of arguments designed to weaken restraint; all are easily led to believe, that whatever thwarts their inclination must be wrong; little more, therefore, was required, than, by the addition of some circumstances, and the exaggeration of others, to make merriment supply the place of demonstration; nor was I so senseless as to offer arguments to such as could not attend to them, and with whom a repartee or catch would more effectually answer the same purpose. This being effected, there remained only "the dread of the world:" but

Roxana soared too high, to think the opinion of others worthy her notice; Lætitia seemed to think of it only to declare, that "if all her hairs were worlds," she should reckon them "well lost for love;" and Pastorella fondly conceived, that she could dwell for ever by the side of a bubbling fountain, content with her swain and fleecy care; without considering that stillness and solitude can afford satisfaction only to innocence.

It is not the desire of new acquisitions, but the glory of conquests, that fires the soldier's breast; as indeed the town is seldom worth much, when it has suffered the devastations of a siege; so that though I did not openly declare the effects of my own prowess, which is forbidden by the laws of honour, it cannot be supposed that I was very solicitous to bury my reputation, or to hinder accidental discoveries. To have gained one victory, is an inducement to hazard a second engagement: and though the success of the general should be a reason for increasing the strength of the fortification, it becomes, with many, a pretence for an immediate surrender, under the notion that no power is able to withstand so formidable an adversary; while others brave the danger, and think it mean to surrender, and dastardly to fly. Melissa, indeed, knew better; and though she could not boast the apathy, steadiness, and inflexibility of a Cato, wanted not the more prudent virtue of Scipio, and gained the victory by declining the contest.

You must not, however, imagine, that I was, during this state of abandoned libertinism, so fully convinced of the fitness of my own conduct, as to be free from uneasiness. I knew very well, that I might justly be deemed the pest of society, and that such proceedings must terminate in the destruction of my health and fortune; but to admit thoughts of this kind was to live upon the rack: I fled, therefore, to the regions of mirth and jollity, as they are called, and endeavoured with burgundy, and a continual rotation of company, to free myself from the pangs of reflection. From these orgies we frequently sallied forth in quest of adventures, to the no small terror and consternation of all the sober stragglers that came in our way; and though we never injured, like our illustrious progenitors, the Mohocks, either life or limbs; yet we have in the midst of Covent-Garden buried a tailor, who had been troublesome to some of our fine gentlemen, beneath a heap of cabbage-leaves and stalks, with this conceit,

*Satia te caule quem semper cupisti.*

Glut yourself with cabbage, of which you have always been greedy.

There can be no reason for mentioning the common exploits of breaking windows and

bruising the watch; unless it be to tell you of the device of producing before the justice, broken lanterns, which have been paid for a hundred times: or their appearances with patches on their heads, under pretence of being cut by the sword that was never drawn: nor need I say any thing of the more formidable attack of sturdy chairmen, armed with poles; by a slight stroke of which, the pride of Ned Revel's face was at once laid flat, and that effected in an instant which its most mortal foe had for years assayed in vain. I shall pass over the accidents that attend attempts to scale windows, and endeavour to dislodge signs from their hooks: there are many "hair breadth 'scapes" besides those in the "imminent deadly breach;" but the rake's life, though it be equally hazardous with that of the soldier, is neither accompanied with present honour nor with pleasing retrospect: such is, and such ought to be the difference, between the enemy and the preserver of his country.

Amidst such giddy and thoughtless extravagance, it will not seem strange, that I was often the dupe of coarse flattery. When Mons. L'Allonge assured me, that I thrust quart over arm better than any man in England, what could I less than present him with a sword that cost me thirty pieces? I was bound for a hundred pounds for Tom Trippet, because he had declared that he would dance a minuet with any man in the three kingdoms except myself. But I often parted with money against my inclination, either because I wanted the resolution to refuse, or dreaded the appellation of a niggardly fellow; and I may be truly said to have squandered my estate, without honour, without friends, and without pleasure. The last may, perhaps, appear strange to men unacquainted with the masquerade of life: I deceived others, and I endeavoured to deceive myself; and have worn the face of pleasantry and gayety, while my heart suffered the most exquisite torture.

By the instigation and encouragement of my friends, I became at length ambitious of a seat in parliament; and accordingly set out for the town of Wallop in the west, where my arrival was welcomed by a thousand throats, and I was in three days sure of a majority: but after drinking out one hundred and fifty hogsheads of wine, and bribing two thirds of the corporation twice over, I had the mortification to find, that the borough had been before sold to Mr. Courtney.

In a life of this kind, my fortune, though considerable, was presently dissipated; and as the attraction grows more strong the nearer any body approaches the earth, when once a man begins to sink into poverty, he falls with velocity always increasing; every supply is purchased at a higher and higher price, and every office of kindness obtained with greater and greater

difficulty. Having now acquainted you with my state of elevation, I shall, if you encourage the continuance of my correspondence, show you by what steps I descended from a first floor in Pall-Mall to my present habitation.—

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

T.

MISARGYRUS.

No. 35.] TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1753.

—*Celebrare domestica facta.*

HOR.

We find fit subjects for our verse at home. ROSC.

### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

ONE of the improvements of life in which the present age has excelled all that have gone before it, is the quick circulation of intelligence, the faithful and easy communication of events past and future, by the multitude of newspapers which have been contrived to amuse or inform us. But as these performances, whether daily or weekly, are commonly the productions of industrious indigence, unacquainted with the higher classes of mankind, my cotemporaries have left to me the province of relating what immediately passes in the fashionable world. I shall therefore, give up to my brother journalists the dreams of politicians, the disputes of empires, and the fluctuations of commerce; and apply myself entirely to that more important business, which claims every one's attention that has the happiness of living within the circle of politeness. I have accordingly formed the plan of a new paper calculated solely for high life, in which will be contained a periodical account of the rise, progress, and declension of fashions; and a faithful recital of every remarkable occurrence among persons of figure and distinction. The usefulness and entertainment of such a paper, are too evident to need any observation; and to give you a comprehensive view of my design, and make it universally known, I have sent you the following specimens.

### THE BEAU-MONDE:

OR, THE GENTLEMAN AND LADY'S POLITE INTELLIGENCER.

Yesterday arrived a Mail from Bath.

We hear that a certain great lady, having complained to a certain great lord, that the world was so ill-natured as to say her retreat

into the country was in order to lie-in, and that she had even been delivered of twins, "Madam," said my lord, "I make it a rule never to believe above half of what the world says."

Advices from Hyde Park bring accounts of a bloody battle fought the 3d instant, N. S. between captain Dreadnought and lieutenant Fury, in which both were honourably run through the body.

Letters from New-Market assure us, that the horse are actually in motion, and exercise every day; whence it is conjectured, that they will take the field, and enter upon action some time in April. A list of the forces is already drawn up by the first aid-de-camp the honourable Reginald Heber, Esq.

An express arrived yesterday from France, when the privy-council met in Tavistock-street for the despatch of fashions. The British manufacturers had leave to withdraw their petitions, and the fan-makers' address was ordered to lie upon the table.

Orders were issued from Lady Chamberlain's office for all peeresses, &c. not to wear any caps in full dress, and to make use of gray powder. The men to wear wire wigs, or their own hair frizzled up to the top, without hats. The muffs to expire the first day of May next.

On Tuesday last a pair of white-heeled shoes made its appearance in the Park, and the next day was accompanied by a pair of silver-clocked stockings.

According to the latest observations, the hoops are found to have increased two-tenths of an inch in diameter, and the hats to have decreased two-fifths in the brim.

At the last masquerade it was computed that there were near eighteen hundred people, men, women, and children. The most remarkable were three naked ladies representing the graces, two dancing bears, and a bombazeen devil. Lady Bubble-Bet lost seven hundred guineas, and my Lord Stake is said to have won fifteen hundred. The company departed in good order at break of day.

Both playhouses perform, as usual, every night to crowded audiences. Lady Frolick, choosing to mob it in the gallery the first night of the new play, lost her pink shade, half her petenlair, and one shoe in getting it. Mrs. Vale and Lady Stickfort may be heard and seen every night at one or the other house.

A petition signed by seventy-two routs, thirty-five drums, fifteen drum-majors, and eleven hurricanes, is prepared against the bill for laying an additional duty on the Ace of Spades. And we hear, that, in consequence of the new style, a bill is to be brought in for altering the diurnal calculation of time. It is proposed, that the morning be put back twelve hours, and is not to commence till twelve at noon; noon and night to be annihilated, and the evening not



to end till day-break. This is agreeable to the practice of all the fashionable world; and the company of stationers will have orders to prepare a new almanac upon the occasion, in order to bind up with future court-kalendars.

By private letters from Bath we are informed, that a vast concourse of people are coming in daily, but they have little or no company. Miss Susan Sly, who lately went thither for the recovery of her health, is safely brought to bed of a son and no heir, to the great grief of that noble family.

We hear that a treaty of marriage is on foot, and will speedily be consummated between Patrick MacLackland, Esq. and Miss Polly Pert, a lady of great merit and beauty—in her pocket.

Last Monday died at her ladyship's house in Grosvenor-Square, Miss Cloe, only lap-dog of the countess of Fiddle Faddle.

On Sunday last a terrible fire broke out at lady Brag's, occasioned by the following accident; Mrs. Overall the housekeeper, having lost three rubbers at whist running, without holding a swabber, (notwithstanding she had changed chairs, furzed the cards, and ordered Jemmy the foot-boy to sit-cross legged for good luck,) grew out of all patience; and taking up the devil's books, as she called them, flung them into the fire, and the flame spread to the steward's room; but by the timely assistance of Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Chambermaid, and Mrs. Lady's-own-woman, they were prevented from doing any considerable damage.

#### A Bill of Marriages, Burials, Diseases, and Casualties for the last week.

Married (in church) . . . . .	2
(at May Fair) . . . . .	11
(at the Fleet) . . . . .	27
Buried (in the country) . . . . .	142

#### DISEASES.

Abortion . . . . .	2
Aged . . . . .	0
Broken heart (by husbands) . . . . .	34
Child-bed (in private) . . . . .	5
Consumption (of the pocket) . . . . .	73
Colds (caught at places of diversion) . . . . .	500
Excessive gaming . . . . .	92
Bad livers . . . . .	1000
Mortification . . . . .	8
Overflowing of the gall . . . . .	52
Rash . . . . .	7
Small-pox (loss of beauty by it) . . . . .	23
Spleen . . . . .	13
Surfeit . . . . .	18
Still-born . . . . .	3
Stifled (after birth) . . . . .	19
Tympanies (alias drums) . . . . .	7
Vapours . . . . .	18

#### CASUALTIES.

Teeth (loss of) . . . . .	34
Stabbed (in the reputation) . . . . .	12
Horn-mad . . . . .	95
Bit by a mad lap-dog . . . . .	1
Turned off a ladder . . . . .	2
Killed (in duels) . . . . .	7
Found dead (drunk) . . . . .	31
Kicked and pulled by the ears . . . . .	1

High Mall at St. James's Park, 25 minutes after two.

Faro bank Stock 360%. 1 half. Hazard ditto 270%. 3-8ths. Ditto Tallies 50%. to 400l. 1-4th. Sinking Fund, no price. Brag circulation, uncertain. Opera Subscription, no price. Assembly ditto, 52l. 10s. Concert ditto, 1st Subscription, no price. ditto 2d Subscription, ditto. Ditto New 1st Subscription, 2l. 12s. 6d. to 3l. 3s. Ditto 2d Subscription, 10s. 6d. to 4l. 4s. Irish Lottery, books shut. Benefit tickets, 2s. to 3s. to 5s. to 50l. Debts of honour transferable at White's, no price.

Thus, Sir, I have explained the method that I intend to follow, and imparted some of the materials of which my paper will consist: and as I doubt not of its universal circulation among persons of quality, I shall, in imitation of other papers, give admittance to all those advertisements which are more immediately connected with my scheme; such as of plays and pantomimes, masquerades, ridottos, assemblies, oratorios, concerts, the animal comedians, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Ruckholt-house, Kendal-house, &c. &c. Auctions of china, knicknacks, and cockle-shells; Pinchbeck's repository; parrots, puppies, and monkies, lost, stolen, or strayed.—Also for wives, husbands, and mistresses; masquerade habits, and masks—tooth-powders, lip-salves, and beautifying lotions—Mrs. Giles's fine compound at a guinea an ounce—the ladies court sticking plaster—and the new invented powder for shaving. Then among the articles of books, Duke's Art of Dancing, for the instruction of Grown Gentlemen—The Lady's Memorandum Book—Historical List of Horse Races—Calculation for laying the Odds at any Game—Hoyle on the Sciences—New Novels, and other fashionable Books of Entertainment.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

A.

J. TATTLE.

No. 36.] SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1753.

## —Aspera

*Nigris æquora ventis**Emirabitur insolens,**Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,**Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem**Sperat, nescius aura**Fallacis!*

HOR.

How often shall th' unpractised youth

Of alter'd gods and injured truth!

With tears, alas! complain?

How soon behold with wondering eyes

The black'ning winds tempestuous rise,

And scowl along the main?

While by his easy faith betray'd,

He now enjoys thee, golden maid,

Thus amiable and kind;

He fondly hopes that you shall prove

Thus ever vacant to his love,

Nor heeds the faithful wind.

FRANCIS.

THE ladies, to whom I lately addressed some thoughts upon the choice of a husband, I shall to-day consider as married; and 'as I am very far from thinking that they may now sit down in negligent security, and remit at once their assiduity and circumspection, I shall warn them of some opinions of which this conduct is the consequence, detect some errors by which the general intention of good nature may be disappointed, and endeavour to put them upon their guard against some propensities by which it may be overborne.

It is now necessary to remind them, that the passion which is supposed to animate the lover, the passion which is represented by flames and darts, which swells the bosom with perpetual rapture, and neither changes its object nor loses its ardour, exists only in poetry and romance.

The real passion which wit and folly have thus concurred to disguise, is subject to disgust and satiety, is excited by novelty, and frequently extinguished by possession.

It is also equally true, that a refined and abstracted friendship between persons of different sexes, a union of souls to which the corporal passion is merely accidental, is only to be found in the writings of those enthusiasts, who have addressed the world from a cave or a college, and perhaps denied the force of desires which they could not subdue; or in the professions of insidious hypocrites, who have endeavoured thus to gain a confidence, which they intend only to abuse. But there is an esteem which is meliorated by love, and a love that is elevated by esteem; a kind of mixed affection, peculiar to mankind as beings compounded of instinct and reason, or, in other words, of body and mind. This is that species of affection, upon which the supreme or peculiar happiness of marriage depends, which can scarce be preserved

without a constant attention and perpetual efforts.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious; esteem without love is languid and cold. I am afraid, that many men, whose wives have possessed their esteem, have yet lavished their fortune and their fondness upon a mistress; and that the love of others, however ardent, has been quickly alienated, because it was not dignified and supported by esteem.

Though good-nature does indeed participate the pains and the pleasures of others, and may, therefore, be considered as a constant and forcible motive to communicate happiness and alleviate misery; yet it is at best but the imperfect excellence of imperfect beings, whose immediate gratifications are often selfish, and such as folly or vice render incompatible with the true happiness of the individual, and of each other.

As there is not, perhaps, upon earth any couple, whose natural dispositions and relish of life are so perfectly similar, as that their wills constantly coincide; so it must sometimes happen, that the immediate pleasure of indulging opposite inclinations, will be greater than a participation of that pleasure, which would arise to the other if this indulgence should be forborne: but as to forbear this indulgence can never fail to conciliate esteem, it should always be considered as a means of happiness, and rather as an advantage than a loss; especially if it be true, that the indulgence itself, in these circumstances, never gives the pleasure that it promises.

Lady Charlotte Sprightly, the wife of a young baronet, was dressing for an assembly a few nights ago, when Sir Harry came in. "My dear Charlotte," says he, "I am sorry that you are going out to-night; for my cousin George is just arrived from the East-Indies: I have invited him to sup; and as he has never seen you, I promised him your company." "Nay, dear Sir Harry," replied the lady, "do not ask me to stay at home to-night: you know I am fond of dancing, and now my fancy is set upon going, I am sure you will not disappoint me." Sir Harry, who was truly good natured, would not urge her to stay; for to stay with apparent reluctance, would not have gratified his wish. She perceived that he was secretly displeased; however, away she went. But as she had not less good nature than Sir Harry, she suffered so much pain by reflecting on the pain she had given him, that she often wished herself at home. Thus she offended the delicacy of his affection, by preferring a dance to the quiet of his mind; and forfeited part of the esteem, which was due to that very good-nature by which she lost the enjoyment of the night.

In this instance, the pain inflicted upon the husband, was accidental to the private gratification proposed by the wife. But there is a pas-

sion very different both from malice and rage, to the gratification of which the pain of another is sometimes essentially necessary. This passion, which, though its effects are often directly opposite to good nature, is yet perhaps predominant in every breast, and indulged at whatever risk, is vanity.

To a gratification of vanity, at the expense of reciprocal esteem, the wife is certainly under much stronger temptations than the husband: and I warn the ladies against it, not only with more zeal, but with greater hope of success; because those only who have superior natural abilities, or have received uncommon advantages from education, have it in their power.

Successfully to rally a wife, confers no honour upon a husband; the attempt is regarded rather as an insult than a contest; it is exulting in a masculine strength to which she makes no pretensions, and brandishing weapons she is not supposed to have skill to wield.

For the same reasons, to confute or to ridicule a husband with an apparent superiority of knowledge or of wit, affords all the parade of triumph to a wife; it is to be strong where weakness is no reproach, and to conquer when it would not have been dishonourable to fly. But these circumstances which increase the force of the temptation, will be found to afford proportionate motives to resist it: whatever adds to the glory of the victor, adds equally to the dishonour of the vanquished; and that which can exalt a wife only by degrading a husband, will appear upon the whole not to be worth the acquisition, even though it could be made without changing fondness to resentment, or provoking to jealousy by an implication of contempt. If the ladies do not perceive the force of this argument, I earnestly request that they would for once trust implicitly to my judgment; a request which, however extraordinary, is not unreasonable; because in this instance the very vanity which hides truth from them, must necessarily discover it to me.

But if good-nature is sufficiently vigorous to secure the esteem of reason, it may yet be too negligent to gratify the delicacy of love; it must therefore, not only be steady, but watchful and assiduous; beauty must suffer no diminution by inelegance, but every charm must contribute to keep the heart which it contributed to win; whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must with yet greater diligence be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum; and there is a delicacy in every mind which is disgusted at the breach of it, though every mind is not sufficiently attentive to avoid giving an offence which it has often received.

I shall conclude this paper, as I did my last on the same subject, with a general remark.

As they who possess less than they expected cannot be happy, to expatiate in chimerical prospects of felicity is to insure the anguish of disappointment, and to lose the power of enjoying whatever may be possessed. Let not youth, therefore, imagine, that with all the advantages of nature and education, marriage will be a constant reciprocation of delight, over which externals will have little influence, and which time will rather change than destroy. There is no perpetual source of delight but hope: so imperfect is the utmost temporal happiness, that to possess it all, is to lose it. We enjoy that which is before us; but when nothing more is possible, all that is attained is insipid. Such is the condition of this life; but let us not, therefore, think it of no value; for to be placed in this life, is to be a candidate for a better.

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No. 37.] TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1753.

*Calumniari si quis autem voluerit,  
Quod arbores loquantur, non tantum seræ;  
Fictis jocari nos meminerit fabulis.* PHÆD.

Let those whom folly prompts to sneer,  
Be told we sport with fable here;  
Be told, that brutes can morals teach,  
And trees like soundest casuists preach.

THOUGH it be generally allowed, that to communicate happiness is the characteristic of virtue, yet this happiness is seldom considered as extending beyond our own species: and no man is thought to become vicious, by sacrificing the life of an animal to the pleasure of hitting a mark. It is, however, certain, that by this act more happiness is destroyed than produced: except it be supposed, that happiness should be estimated, not in proportion to its degree only, but to the rank of the being by whom it is enjoyed: but this is a supposition, which perhaps cannot easily be supported. Reason, from which alone man derives his superiority, should, in the present question, be considered only as sensibility: a blow produces more pain to a man, than to a brute; because to a man it is aggravated by a sense of indignity, and is felt as often as it is remembered; in the brute it produces only corporal pain, which in a short time ceases for ever. But it may be justly asserted, that the same degree of pain in both subjects, is in the same degree an evil; and that it cannot be wantonly inflicted, without equal violation of right. Neither does it follow from the contrary positions, that man should abstain from animal food; for by him that kills merely to eat, life is sacrificed only to life; and if man had lived upon fruits and herbs, the greater part of those animals which die to furnish his



table, never have lived; instead of increasing the breed as a pledge of plenty, he would have been compelled to destroy them to prevent a famine.

There is great difference between killing for food, and for sport. To take pleasure in that by which pain is inflicted, if it is not vicious, is dangerous: and every practice which, if not criminal in itself, yet wears out the sympathizing sensibility of a tender mind, must render human nature proportionably less fit for society. In my pursuit of this train of thought, I considered the inequality with which happiness appears to be distributed among the brute creation, as different animals are in a different degree exposed to the capricious cruelty of mankind; and in the fervour of my imagination, I began to think it possible that they might participate in a future retribution; especially as mere matter and motion approach no nearer to sensibility, than to thought: and he, who will not venture to deny that brutes have sensibility, should not hastily pronounce, that they have only a material existence. While my mind was thus busied, the evening stole imperceptibly away; and at length morning succeeded to midnight: my attention was remitted by degrees, and I fell asleep in my chair.

Though the labours of memory and judgment were now at an end, yet fancy was still busy: by this roving wanton I was conducted through a dark avenue, which, after many windings, terminated in a place which she told me was the elysium of birds and beasts. Here I beheld a great variety of animals, whom I perceived to be endowed with reason and speech: this prodigy, however, did not raise astonishment, but curiosity. I was impatient to learn what were the topics of discourse in such an assembly; and hoped to gain a valuable addition to my remarks upon human life. For this purpose I approached a horse and an ass, who seemed to be engaged in serious conversation; but I approached with great caution and humility: for I now considered them as in a state superior to mortality; and I feared to incur the contempt and indignation, which naturally rise at the sight of a tyrant who is divested of his power. My caution was, however, unnecessary, for they seemed wholly to disregard me, and by degrees I came near enough to overhear them.

"If I had perished," said the ass, "when I was dismissed from the earth, I think I should have been a loser by my existence; for during my whole life, there was scarce an interval of an hour, in which I did not suffer the accumulated misery of blows, hunger, and fatigue. When I was a colt, I was stolen by a gipsy, who placed two children upon my back in a pair of panniers, before I had perfectly acquired the habit of carrying my own weight with steadiness and dexterity. By hard fare and ill treat-

ment, I quickly became blind; and when the family, to which I belonged, went into their winter quarters at Norwood, I was staked as a bet against a couple of geese, which had been found by a fellow who came by, driving before him two of my brethren, whom he had overloaded with bags of sand: a halfpenny was thrown up; and, to the inexpressible increase of my calamity, the dealer in sand was the winner.

"When I came to town I was harnessed with my two wretched associates to a cart, in which my new master had piled up his commodity till it would hold no more. The load was so disproportionate to our strength, that it was with the utmost difficulty and labour dragged very slowly over the rugged pavement of the streets, in which every stone was an almost insuperable obstacle to our progress. One morning very early, as we were toiling up Snowhill with repeated efforts of strength, that was stimulated, even to agony, by the incessant strokes of a whip, which had already laid our loins bare even to the bone; it happened, that being placed in the shafts, and the weight pressing hard upon me, I fell down. Our driver regarded my misfortune, not with pity but rage: and the moment he turned about, he threw a stick with such violence at my head, that it forced out my eye, and passing through the socket into the brain, I was instantly dismissed from that misery, the comparison of which with my present state constitutes great part of its felicity. But you, surely, if I may judge by your stature, and the elegance of your make, was among the favourites of mankind; you was placed in a higher and a happier station; you was not the slave of indigence, but the pride of greatness; your labour was sport, and your reward was triumph, ease, plenty, and attendance."

"It is true," replied the steed, "I was a favourite; but what avails it to be the favourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity? My tyrant was a wretch, who had gained a considerable fortune by play, particularly racing. I had won him many large sums; but being at length excepted out of every match, as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity when it was no longer subservient to his interest. Yet I still lived in ease and plenty; and as he was able to sell even my pleasures, though my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared: I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation; I rushed into the field, panting for the conquest; and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to ten thousand pounds. The proprietor of the mare that I had distanced, notwithstanding this disgrace, declared with great

zeal, that she should run the next day against any gelding in the world for double the sum: my master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him, that he would the next day produce a gelding that would beat her: but what was my astonishment and indignation, when I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify me for this match upon the spot; and to sacrifice my life at the very moment in which every nerve should be strained in his service."

"As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound: the operation was performed, and I was instantly mounted and spurred on to the goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire of revenge: I determined to die as I had lived, without an equal; and having again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an agony, which soon after put an end to my life."

When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion, and blushed that I was a man. But my reflections were interrupted by the notes of a blackbird, who was singing the story of his own fate with a melody that irresistibly compelled my attention. By this gentle and harmonious being, I was not treated with equal contempt; he perceived that I listened with curiosity, and interrupting his song, "Stranger," says he, "though I am, as thou seest, in the fields of elysium, yet my happiness is not complete; my mate is still exposed to the miseries of mortality, and I am still vulnerable in her. O! stranger, to bribe thy friendship, if peradventure it may reach my love, I will gratify the curiosity with which thy looks inquire after me. I fell by the unprovoked enmity of man, in that season when the dictates of nature are love. But let not my censure be universal; for as the elegy which I sing, was written by a human being, every human being is not destitute of compassion, nor deaf to the language in which our joys and fears are expressed." He then, after a sweet though short prelude, made the grove again echo with his song.

The sun had chased the winter's snow,  
And kindly loosed the frost-bound soil;  
The melting streams began to flow,  
And ploughmen urged their annual toil.

'Twas then amid the vernal throng,  
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,  
A blackbird raised his amorous song,  
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

"O! fairest of the feather'd train,  
For whom I sing, for whom I burn;  
Attend with pity to my strain,  
And grant my love a kind return.

"See, see, the winter's storms are flown,  
And Zephyrs gently fan the air!  
Let us the genial influence own,  
Let us the vernal pastime share.

"The raven plumes his jetty wing,  
To please his croaking paramour;  
The larks responsive love-tales sing,  
And tell their passions as they soar.

"But trust me, love, the raven's wing  
Is not to be compared with mine;  
Nor can the lark so sweetly sing  
As I, who strength with sweetness join.

"With thee I'll prove the sweets of love,  
With thee divide the cares of life;  
No fonder husband in the grove,  
Nor none than thee a happier wife.

"I'll lead thee to the clearest rill,  
Whose streams among the pebbles stray;  
There will we sit and sip our fill,  
Or on the flowery border play.

"I'll guide thee to the thickest brake,  
Impervious to the school-boy's eye:  
For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,  
And on thy downy pinions lie.

"To get thee food I'll range the fields,  
And cull the best of every kind;  
Whatever nature's bounty yields,  
Or love's assiduous care can find.

"And when my lovely mate would stray,  
To taste the summer's sweet at large,  
At home I'll wait the live-long day,  
And tend at home our infant charge.

"When prompted by a mother's care  
Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,  
With thee the task I'll fondly share,  
Or cheer thy labours with my song."

He ceased his song. The melting dame  
With tender pity heard his strain;  
She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,  
And hastened to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,  
And nestled closely to her side,  
The happiest bridegroom in that hour,  
And she the most enamour'd bride.

Next morn he waked her with a song—  
"Arise! behold the new-born day!  
The lark his matten peal has rung;  
Arise, my love, and come away!"

Together through the field they stray'd,  
And to the verdant riv'let's side,  
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,  
With honest joy and decent pride.

But O! my muse with pain relates  
The mournful sequel of my tale;  
Sent by an order of the Fates,  
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cried, "My dear,  
Haste, haste away; from danger fly!  
Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!  
O! spare my love, and let me die."

At him the gunner took his aim;  
The aim he took was much too true;  
O! had he chose some other game,  
Or shot as he had used to do!\*

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,  
While I with tears your fate rehearse:  
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,  
And save the lover in my verse.

The emotions which this song produced in my bosom, awak'd me; and I immediately recollected, that, while I slept, my imagination had repeated "an elegy occasioned by shooting a blackbird on Valentine's day," which had a few days before been communicated to me by a gentleman, who is not only eminent for taste, literature, and virtue, but for his zeal in defence of that religion, which most strongly inculcates compassion to inferior natures, by the example of its Divine Author, who gave the most stupendous proof of his compassion for ours.

No. 38.] SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1753.

Εω γὰρ δὴ ὁ ἀποφθιγμένος, πρὶ θεοῖς ὅμοιον ἔχοιμεν, "εὐεργεσίαν, ἀπὸ καὶ ἀληθείαν."

PYTHAG. ap. LONGIN.

Pythagoras being asked in what man could resemble the Divinity, justly answered, "In beneficence and truth."

In the Persian Chronicle of the five hundred and thirteenth year of the Heigyra, it is thus written.

Of the letter of Cosrou the Iman.

It relates our mighty sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of

\* Never having killed any thing before or since.

Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich; Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused: he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city, glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death: all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my soul to meditation: let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives, in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon that throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage: he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

"Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed, as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force: but yet I know not, whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth; my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days and years and ages are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: but by whom then must the faithful be governed? by those only who have no fear of



judgment? by those only, whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the dervise alone the gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may he who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom."

Mirza departed; and on the third day having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right-hand. "My Lord," said he, "I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cosrou the Iman, who now stands before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I lately wished to resign." The king, who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cosrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words:

"To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty lord has honoured with dominion, be everlasting health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the king, when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee I will relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the prophet multiply to thee.

"Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper

objects of bounty, and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I therefore buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country: my dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill, I drank the running water from the spring, and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the prophet, and expecting illuminations from above. One morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed stedfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now descried a fox whose two forelegs appeared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the ground, and blessed the prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: Cosrou, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the business, and the vanities of life; but thou hast as yet only done it in part: thou art still every day busied in the search of food, thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is this trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food; when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity but devotion? I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object: this impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced these words: Cosrou, I am the angel who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let

the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.

"At these words I was not less astonished, than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet; I humbled myself in the dust; I turned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received; as the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is profane, which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of Paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment: here thou canst little more than pile error upon error; there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; and in the meantime emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power; and, therefore much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest: thou canst not produce the principle; but mayest enforce the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation or charity; and the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell. May the smile of Him who resides in the Heaven of Heavens, be upon thee! and against thy name in the volume of His will, may happiness be written!"

The king, whose doubts like those of Mirza were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end, that posterity may know, "that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind!"

No. 39.] TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1753.

—Οδυσσευς φηλοισι καλυψατο: τῷ δ' αἶψ' Ἀθηνῇ  
 Ἔπνοι' ἐπ' ὀμμασι χέυ' ἵνα μιν παύσειν ταχίστα  
 Δυσποτοῖς καμάτοισι.

HOM.

Pallas pour'd sweet slumbers on his soul;  
 And balmy dreams, the gift of soft repose,  
 Calm'd all his pains, and banish'd all his woes.

POPE.

If every day did not produce fresh instances of the ingratitude of mankind, we might, perhaps, be at a loss, why so liberal and impartial a benefactor as sleep, should meet with so few historians or panegyrists. Writers are so totally absorbed by the business of the day, as never to turn their attention to that power, whose officious hand so seasonably suspends the burden of life; and without whose interposition, man would not be able to endure the fatigue of labour however rewarded, or the struggle with opposition however successful.

Night, though she divides to many the longest part of life, and to almost all the most innocent and happy, is yet unthankfully neglected, except by those who pervert her gifts.

The astronomers, indeed, expect her with impatience, and felicitate themselves upon her arrival: Fontenelle has not failed to celebrate her praises; and to chide the sun for hiding from his view, the worlds which he imagines to appear in every constellation. Nor have the poets been always deficient in her praises: Milton has observed of the night, that it is "the pleasant time, the cool, the silent."

These men may, indeed, well be expected to pay particular homage to night; since they are indebted to her, not only for cessation of pain, but increase of pleasure; not only for slumber, but for knowledge. But the greater part of her avowed votaries are the sons of luxury: who appropriate to festivity the hours designed for rest; who consider the reign of pleasure as commencing, when day begins to withdraw her busy multitudes, and ceases to dissipate attention by intrusive and unwelcome variety; who begin to awake to joy, when the rest of the world sinks into insensibility; and revel in the soft effluence of flattering and artificial lights, which "more shadowy set off the face of things."

Without touching upon the fatal consequences of a custom, which, as Ramazzini observes, will be for ever condemned, and for ever retained; it may be observed, that, however sleep may be put off from time to time, yet the demand is of so importunate a nature, as not to remain long unsatisfied: and if, as some have done, we consider it as the tax of life, we cannot but observe it as a tax that must be paid, unless

we could cease to be men; for Alexander declared, that nothing convinced him that he was not a divinity, but his not being able to live without sleep.

To live without sleep in our present fluctuating state, however desirable it might seem to the lady in Clelia, can surely be the wish only of the young or the ignorant; to every one else, a perpetual vigil will appear to be a state of wretchedness, second only to that of the miserable beings, whom Swift has in his travels so elegantly described, as "supremely cursed with immortality."

Sleep is necessary to the happy, to prevent satiety, and to endear life by a short absence; and to the miserable, to relieve them by intervals of quiet. Life is to most, such as could not be endured without frequent intermissions of existence. Homer, therefore, has thought it an office worthy of the goddess of wisdom, to lay Ulysses asleep when landed on Phæacia.

It is related of Barretier, whose early advances in literature scarce any human mind has equalled, that he spent twelve hours of the four and twenty in sleep: yet this appears, from the bad state of his health, and the shortness of his life, to have been too small a respite for a mind so vigorously and intensely employed: it is to be regretted, therefore, that he did not exercise his mind less, and his body more; since by this means it is highly probable, that though he would not then have astonished with the blaze of a comet, he would yet have shone with the permanent radiance of a fixed star.

Nor should it be objected, that there have been many men who daily spent fifteen or sixteen hours in study: for by some of whom this is reported, it has never been done; others have done it for a short time only; and of the rest it appears, that they employed their minds in such operations, as required neither celerity nor strength, in the low drudgery of collating copies, comparing authorities, digesting dictionaries, or accumulating compilations.

Men of study and imagination are frequently upbraided by the industrious and plodding sons of care, with passing too great a part of their life in a state of inaction. But these defiers of sleep seem not to remember, that, though it must be granted them that they are crawling about before the break of day, it can seldom be said that they are perfectly awake; they exhaust no spirits, and require no repairs; but lie torpid as a toad in marble, or at least are known to live only by an inert and sluggish loco-motive faculty, and may be said, like a wounded snake, to "drag their slow length along."

Man has been long known among philosophers, by the appellation of the microcosm, or epitome of the world: the resemblance between the great and little world, might, by a rational observer, be detailed to many particulars; and

to many more by a fanciful speculatist. I know not in which of these two classes I shall be ranged for observing, that as the total quantity of light and darkness allotted in the course of the year to every region of the earth, is the same though distributed at various times and in different portions; so, perhaps, to each individual of the human species, nature has ordained the same quantity of wakefulness and sleep; though divided by some into a total quiescence and vigorous exertion of their faculties, and blended by others in a kind of twilight of existence, in a state between dreaming and reasoning, in which they either think without action, or act without thought.

The poets are generally well affected to sleep: as men who think with vigour, they require respite from thought; and gladly resign themselves to that gentle power, who not only bestows rest, but frequently leads them to happier regions, where patrons are always kind, and audiences are always candid, where they are feasted in the bowers of imagination, and crowned with flowers divested of their prickles, and laurels of unfading verdure.

The more refined and penetrating part of mankind, who take wide surveys of the wilds of life, who see the innumerable terrors and distresses that are perpetually preying on the heart of man, and discern with unhappy perspicuity calamities yet latent in their causes, are glad to close their eyes upon the gloomy prospect, and lose in a short insensibility the remembrance of others' miseries and their own. The hero has no higher hope, than that, after having routed legions after legions, and added kingdom to kingdom, he shall retire to milder happiness, and close his days in social festivity. The wit or the sage can expect no greater happiness, than that after having harassed his reason in deep researches, and fatigued his fancy in boundless excursions, he shall sink at night in the tranquillity of sleep.

The poets, among all those that enjoy the blessings of sleep, have been least ashamed to acknowledge their benefactor. How much Statius considered the evils of life, as assuaged and softened by the balm of slumber, we may discover by that pathetic invocation, which he poured out in his waking nights: and that Cowley, among the other felicities of his darling solitude, did not forget to number the privilege of sleeping without disturbance, we may learn, from the rank that he assigns among the gifts of nature to the poppy; "which is scattered," says he, "over the fields of corn, that all the needs of man may be easily satisfied, and that bread and sleep may be found together."

*Si quis invisum Cereri benigne  
Me putat germen, vehementer errat;  
Illa me in partem recipit libenter  
Fertilis agri.*



*Meque frumentumque simul per omnes  
Consulens mundo Dea spargit oras ;  
Orescite, O ! dixit, duo magna susten-  
tacula vite.*

*Carpe, mortalis, mea dona lætus,  
Carpe, nec plantas alias require,  
Sed satur panis, satur et soporis,  
Cætera sperne.*

He wildly errs who thinks I yield  
Precedence in the well-cloth'd field  
Though mix'd with wheat I grow :  
Indulgent Ceres knew my worth,  
And to adorn the teeming earth,  
She bad the poppy blow.

Nor vainly gay the sight to please,  
But blest with power mankind to ease,  
The goddess saw me rise :  
" Thrive with the life-supporting grain,"  
She cried, " the solace of the swain,  
The cordial of his eyes.

" Seize, happy mortal, seize the good ;  
My hand supplies thy sleep and food,  
And makes thee truly blest :  
With plenteous meals enjoy the day  
In slumbers pass the night away,  
And leave to fate the rest."

C. B.

Sleep, therefore, as the chief of all earthly blessings, is justly appropriated to industry and temperance ; the refreshing rest, and the peaceful night, are the portion only of him who lies down weary with honest labour, and free from the fumes of indigested luxury ; it is the just doom of laziness and gluttony, to be inactive without ease, and drowsy without tranquillity.

Sleep has been often mentioned as the image of death ; " so like it," says Sir Thomas Brown, " that I dare not trust it without my prayers : " their resemblance is, indeed, apparent and striking ; they both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty ; and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be safe and happy only by virtue.

No. 40.] SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1753.

*Solvite tantis animum monstis,  
Solvite, Superi ; rectam in melius  
Vertite mentem.*

SEN.

O ! save, ye gods omnipotent and kind,  
From such abhorr'd chimeras save the mind  
In truth's straight path no hideous monsters roar ;  
To truth's straight path the wandering mind restore.

I WENT a few days ago to visit a friend, whose understanding is so much disordered by an injudicious application to study, that he has been

some time confined in a mad-house. His imagination was always remarkably vigorous, and his judgment far from contemptible : but having resolved to admit no proposition which he could not demonstrate to be true, and to proceed in no inquiry till he had perfectly levelled the path before him ; his progress was presently stopped, and his mind continued fixed upon problems which no human abilities can solve, till its object became confused, and he mistook for realities the illusions of fancy.

The unequal distribution of good and evil, the sufferings of virtue, and the enjoyments of vice, had long busied and perplexed his understanding : he could not discover, why a being, to whom all things are possible, should leave moral agents exposed to accidental happiness and misery ; why a child often languishes under diseases which are derived from a parent, and a parent suffers yet keener anguish by the rebellious ingratitude of a child ; why the tenderest affection is often abused by the neglect of indifference, or the insults of brutality ; and why vice has external advantages put into her power, which virtue is compelled to renounce.

He considered these phenomena as blemishes in the moral system, and could not suppress romantic wishes to see them removed. These wishes he now believes to be in some degree accomplished ; for he conceives himself transported to another planet, peopled with beings like himself, and governed by such laws as human pride has often dictated to Divine Wisdom for the government of the earth ; he fancies too, that he is attended by a being of a superior order, who has been commanded to take charge of him during his excursion ; and he says the name of this being is Azail. But notwithstanding these extravagancies, he will sometimes reason with great subtlety ; and perfectly comprehends the force of any argument that is brought against him, though the next moment he will be wandering in the mazes of phrenzy, or busied to accomplish some trifling or ridiculous purpose.

When I entered his room, he was sitting in a contemplative posture, with his eyes fixed upon the ground : he just glanced them upon me, but as I perceived that his imagination was busy, I was not willing to interrupt it by the intrusion of foreign ideas ; I, therefore, seated myself near him, without speaking a word ; and after he had continued in his reverie near a quarter of an hour, he rose up, and seemed by his gestures to take leave of some invisible guest, whom with great ceremony he attended to the door. When he returned he addressed me with his usual formality ; and without expressing any curiosity to know how I had followed him into a region so remote and difficult of access, he began to acquaint me with all that had passed in his imagination.

"Azail," said he, "has just promised, that he will to-morrow remove me from this solitary retirement, to the metropolis; where the advantages that arise from a perfect coincidence of the natural and the moral world, will be more apparent and striking: he tells me, that you have been abroad with him this morning, and have made some discoveries which you are to communicate to me. Come, I know that you find this world very different from that which you left: there, all is confusion and deformity; good and evil seem to be distributed, not by design, but by chance; and religion is not founded on reason, but faith: here, all is order, harmony, and beauty: vice itself is only a deep shadow that gives strength and elegance to other figures in the moral picture: happiness does, indeed, in some degree depend upon externals; but even external advantages are the appendages of virtue: every man spontaneously believes the rectitude which he sees, and rejoices that a blind assent to propositions which contradict his experience is not exacted."

To this address I was at a loss how to reply; but some time was happily allowed me for recollection by my friend, who having now exhausted his ideas, lighted a pipe of tobacco, and resigned himself again to meditation. In this interval I determined to accommodate myself to his conceptions, and try what could be effected by decorating some arguments with the machinery of his fancy.

"If Azail," said I, "has referred you to me, I will readily gratify your curiosity: but for my own part I am more and more disgusted with this place, and I shall rejoice when I return to our own world. We have, I confess, been abroad this morning; but though the weather as you see is fine, and the country pleasant, yet I have great reason to be dissatisfied with my walk. This, as you have remarked, is a retired part of the country: my discoveries, therefore, with respect to the people, have been few: and till to-day, I have seen no object that has much excited my curiosity, or could much contribute to my information: but just as we had crossed the third field from the house, I discovered a man lying near the path, who seemed to be perishing with disease and want; as we approached, he looked up at us with an aspect that expressed the utmost distress, but no expectation of relief; the silent complaint which yet scarce implied a petition, melted my heart with pity; I ran to him, and gently raising him from the ground, inquired how I could be employed to assist him: the man gazed at me with astonishment; and while he was making an effort to speak, Azail suddenly forced me from him. 'Suppress thy pity, said he, for it is impious; and forbear attempts of relief, for they are vain: hast thou forgot, that happiness and misery are here exactly proportioned to virtue

and vice; and therefore, that to alleviate the misery, or increase the happiness, is to destroy the equipoise of the balance, and to counterwork the designs of Heaven?"

"I felt the force of this reproof; and turning my eyes from an object which I could not behold without anguish, I soon discovered another person standing at some distance, and looking towards us: his features were fixed in the dead calm of indifference, and expressed neither pleasure nor pain: I, therefore, inquired of Azail to what moral class he belonged; what were his virtues, passions, enjoyments, and expectations.

"The man," said Azail, 'who is the subject of thy inquiry, has not deserved, and, therefore, does not suffer positive pain, either of body or mind: he possesses ease and health, and enjoys the temperate gratification of his natural appetites; this temperance is his virtue, and this enjoyment its reward. He is destitute of whatever is distinguished upon earth, by the name of Kind Affections or Social Virtue: the kind affections would render his happiness dependent upon others; and the exercise of social virtue presupposes the happiness of others to be dependent upon him. Every individual is here a kind of separate system; among these there can be neither pity nor relief, neither bounty nor gratitude. To clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, and to comfort the afflicted, can be duties to those only, who are placed where the account of Providence with Vice and Virtue is kept open, and the mite of human benevolence may be accepted for either; as the balance is deferred till hereafter, and will at last be stated with the utmost precision and impartiality. If these beings are intended for a future state, it is not requisite they should know it; the Deity would be justified, if they should lose existence and life together. Hope and fear are not necessary to adjust the scale of distributive justice, or to deter them from obtaining private gratifications at the expense of others; for over the happiness of others they have no power: their expectations, therefore, are bounded by the grave; and any calamity that would afford a probable proof of their existence beyond it, would be regarded as the most fortunate event that could befall them. In that of which others complain, they would rejoice; and adore as bounty, that which upon earth has been censured as injustice.' When Azail had vouchsafed me this information, I earnestly requested that I might no longer continue where my virtues had no object, where there was no happiness worthy my complacency, nor any misery that I was permitted to relieve."

All this while my friend seemed to listen with great attention, and I was encouraged to proceed. "I could not forbear observing to Azail," said I, "as we returned, that he had exhibited, in a



very strong light, the great advantages, which are derived from that very constitution of the natural and moral world, which, being generally considered as defective, some have concealed with a view to justify providence, and others have displayed as an argument that all things were produced by chance.—But, Sir, (said my friend, hastily interrupting me) it is not merely the unequal distribution, but the existence of evil, that the Stoics denied, and the Epicureans admitted, for the purposes which you suppose; and I can discover without the assistance of Azail, that if moral evil had been excluded, the social affections would have been exercised only in the participation of happiness; pity would have been well exchanged for complacency, and the alleviation of evil for the mutual communication of good.” I now conceived hopes, that I had engaged him in a train of thought, which would, by degrees, lead him out of all his difficulties; I applauded myself upon the success of my project, and believed I had nothing to do, but to obviate the objection he had started, and to recapitulate my other arguments of which he had tacitly acknowledged the force. “My dear friend,” said I, “you talk of the exclusion of moral evil; but does not the exclusion of moral evil from a society of human beings placed in a state of probation, appear to be as impossible as to give a circle the properties of a square? and could man, supposing him to have continued impeccable, have lived upon earth, in perpetual security from pain? would he not have been still liable to be crushed by a fall, or wounded by a blow? and is it not easy to show, that these evils, which unavoidably become probable the moment our world and its first inhabitants were produced, are apparently over-ruled by the wise Creator, and that from these he is perpetually educating good?”

“The same act by which man forfeited his original immortality, produced eventually a proof, that it should be restored in a future state; with such circumstances, as more forcibly restrained vice by fear, and encouraged virtue by hope. Man, therefore, was urged by stronger motives to rectitude of life, and a further deviation to ill became more difficult than the first; a new field was opened for the exercise of that virtue, which exercise only can improve. When distress came among us, the relief of distress was exalted into piety: What ye did to the sick, and the prisoner, says the Author of our religion, ye did to me. But the sufferings of virtue do not only exercise virtue in others; they are an earnest of everlasting felicity; and hope, without any temporary enjoyment, is of more worth than all temporary enjoyments without hope. The present system is, indeed, evidently in a state of progression; in this view, it will appear to be a work worthy of infinite wisdom and goodness, for no one can

complain, that an ear of corn rots in the ground, who knows that it cannot otherwise spring up, and produce first the blade, then the ear, and afterwards an increase by which alone it becomes useful.”

I now paused in expectation of his reply, with the utmost confidence of success; but while I was in fancy congratulating him on the recovery of his understanding, and receiving the thanks of his friends, to the utter confusion of my hope he burst into a violent fit of laughter. At first I was not less astonished than disappointed; but I soon discovered, that while I was labouring at my argument, which wholly engrossed my attention, he had found means mischievously to shake the lighted tobacco from his pipe into my coat-pocket, which having set fire to my handkerchief, was now finding its way through the lining.

This was so learned, rational, and ingenious a confutation of all I had said, that I could not but retract my error: and as a friend to truth and free inquiry, I recommend the same method of reply to those ingenious gentlemen, who have discovered, that ridicule is the test of truth; and I am confident, that if they manage it with dexterity, it will always enable them perfectly to disconcert an antagonist who triumphs in the strength of his argument, and would otherwise bring contempt upon those who teach providence to govern the world.

No. 41.] TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1753.

—*Si mutabile pectus*

*Est tibi, consiliis, non curribus, utere nostris,  
Dum potes, et solidis etiamnum sedibus adstas;  
Dumque male optatos nondum premis inscius axes.*

OID.

—Th’ attempt forsake,

And not my chariot but my counsel take;  
While yet securely on the earth you stand;  
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.

ADDISON.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

Fleet, March 24.

I NOW send you the sequel of my story; which had not been so long delayed, if I could have brought myself to imagine, that any real impatience was felt for the fate of Misargyrus; who has travelled no unbeaten track to misery, and consequently can present the reader only with such incidents as occur in daily life.

You have seen me, Sir, in the zenith of my glory; not dispensing the kindly warmth of an all-cheering sun, but like another Phaeton, scorching and blasting every thing round me. I



shall proceed, therefore, to finish my career, and pass as rapidly as possible through the remaining vicissitudes of my life.

When I first began to be in want of money, I made no doubt of an immediate supply. The newspapers were perpetually offering directions to men, who seemed to have no other business than to gather heaps of gold for those who place their supreme felicity in scattering it. I posted away, therefore, to one of these advertisers, who by his proposals seemed to deal in thousands; and was not a little chagrined to find, that this general benefactor would have nothing to do with any larger sum than thirty pounds, nor would venture that without a joint note from myself and a reputable housekeeper, or for a longer time than three months.

It was not yet so bad with me, as that I needed to solicit surety for thirty pounds: yet partly from the greediness that extravagance always produces, and partly from a desire of seeing the humour of a petty usurer, a character of which I had hitherto lived in ignorance, I condescended to listen to his terms. He proceeded to inform me of my great felicity in not falling into the hands of an extortioner; and assured me, that I should find him extremely moderate in his demands: he was not, indeed, certain, that he could furnish me with the whole sum, for people were at this particular time extremely pressing and importunate for money; yet as I had the appearance of a gentleman, he would try what he could do, and give me his answer in three days.

At the expiration of the time, I called upon him again; and was again informed of the great demand for money, and that "money was money now:" he then advised me to be punctual in my payment, as that might induce him to befriend me hereafter; and delivered me the money, deducting at the rate of five and thirty per cent. with another panegyric upon his own moderation.

I will not tire you with the various practices of usurious oppression; but cannot omit my transaction with Squeeze on Tower-hill, who finding me a young man of considerable expectations, employed an agent to persuade me to borrow five hundred pounds, to be refunded by an annual payment of twenty per cent. during the joint lives of his daughter Nancy Squeeze and myself. The negotiator came prepared to enforce his proposal with all his art; but finding that I caught his offer with the eagerness of necessity, he grew cold and languid: "he had mentioned it out of kindness; he would try to serve me: Mr. Squeeze was an honest man, but extremely cautious." In three days he came to tell me, that his endeavours had been ineffectual, Mr. Squeeze having no good opinion of my life: but that there was one expedient remaining; Mrs. Squeeze could influence her

husband, and her good will might be gained by a compliment. I waited that afternoon on Mrs. Squeeze, and poured out before her the flatteries which easily gain access to rank and beauty: I did not then know, that there are places in which the only compliment is a bribe. Having yet credit with a jeweller, I afterwards procured a ring of thirty guineas, which I humbly presented, and was soon admitted to a treaty with Mr. Squeeze. He appeared peevish and backward, and my old friend whispered me, that he would never make a dry bargain: I therefore invited him to a tavern. Nine times we met on the affair; nine times I paid four pounds for the supper and claret; and nine guineas I gave the agent for good offices. I then obtained the money, paying ten per cent. advance; and at the tenth meeting gave another supper, and disbursed fifteen pounds for the writings.

Others, who styled themselves brokers, would only trust their money upon goods: that I might, therefore, try every art of expensive folly, I took a house and furnished it. I amused myself with despoiling my moveables of their glossy appearance, for fear of alarming the lender with suspicions; and in this I succeeded so well, that he favoured me with one hundred and sixty pounds upon that which was rated at seven hundred. I then found that I was to maintain a guardian about me, to prevent the goods from being broken or removed. This was, indeed, an unexpected tax; but it was too late to recede; and I comforted myself, that I might prevent a creditor, of whom I had some apprehensions, from seizing, by having a prior execution always in the house.

By such means I had so embarrassed myself, that my whole attention was engaged in contriving excuses, and raising small sums to quiet such as words would no longer mollify. It cost me eighty pounds in presents to Mr. Leech the attorney, for his forbearance of one hundred, which he solicited me to take when I had no need. I was perpetually harassed with importunate demands, and insulted by wretches, who a few months before would not have dared to raise their eyes from the dust before me. I lived in continual terror, frightened by every noise at the door, and terrified at the approach of every step quicker than common. I never retired to rest, without feeling the justness of the Spanish proverb, "Let him who sleeps too much, borrow the pillow of a debtor;" my solicitude and vexation kept me long waking; and when I had closed my eyes, I was pursued or insulted by visionary bailiffs.

When I reflected upon the meanness of the shifts I had reduced myself to, I could not but curse the folly and extravagance that had overwhelmed me in a sea of troubles, from which it was highly improbable that I should ever

emerge. I had some time lived in hopes of an estate, at the death of my uncle; but he disappointed me by marrying his house-keeper; and catching an opportunity soon after of quarrelling with me, for settling twenty pounds a year upon a girl whom I had seduced, told me that he would take care to prevent his fortune from being squandered upon prostitutes.

Nothing now remained, but the chance of extricating myself by marriage; a scheme which I flattered myself, nothing but my present distress would have made me think on with patience. I determined, therefore, to look out for a tender novice, with a large fortune at her own disposal; and accordingly fixed my eyes upon Miss Biddy Simper. I had now paid her six or seven visits; and so fully convinced her of my being a gentleman and a rake, that I made no doubt that both her person and fortune would be soon mine.

At this critical time, Miss Gripe called upon me, in a chariot bought with my money, and loaded with trinkets that I had in my days of affluence lavished on her. Those days were now over; and there was little hope that they would ever return. She was not able to withstand the temptation of ten pounds that Talon the bailiff offered her, but brought him into my apartment disguised in a livery; and taking my sword to the window, under pretence of admiring the workmanship, beckoned him to seize me.

Delay would have been expensive without use, as the debt was too considerable for payment or bail: I, therefore, suffered myself to be immediately conducted to jail.

*Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci,  
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia curæ:  
Pallentesque habitant morbi, tristisque senectus,  
Et metus, et malesuada fames, et turpis egestas.*

VIRG.

Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,  
Revengeful cares, and sullen sorrows dwell;  
And pale diseases, and repining age;  
Want, fear, and famine's unresisted rage.

DRYDEN.

Confinement of any kind is dreadful; a prison is sometimes able to shock those, who endure it in a good cause: let your imagination, therefore, acquaint you, with what I have not words to express; and conceive, if possible, the horrors of imprisonment attended with reproach and ignominy, of involuntary association with the refuse of mankind, with wretches who were before too abandoned for society, but being now freed from shame or fear, are hourly improving their vices by consorting with each other.

There are, however, a few, whom like myself imprisonment has rather mortified than hardened: with these only I converse; and of these

you may perhaps hereafter receive some account from,

T. Your humble servant,  
MISARGYRUS.

No. 42.] SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1753.

—*Sua cuique Deus sit dira Cupido.* VIRG.

Our lusts are Gods, and what they will is fate.

I HAD the misfortune, some time ago, to be in company where a gentleman, who has the honour to be a principal speaker at a disputing society of the first class, was expected. Till this person came in, the conversation was carried on with the cheerful easy negligence of sensible good humour: but we soon discovered, that his discourse was a perpetual effort to betray the company into attempts to prove self-evident propositions: a practice in which he seems to have followed the example of that deep philosopher, who denied motion, "because," as he said, "a body must either move where it is, or where it is not; and both suppositions are equally absurd."

His attempt, however, was totally unsuccessful; till at last he affirmed, that a man had no more power over his own actions, than a clock; and that the motions of the human machine were determined by irresistible propensities, as a clock is kept going by a weight. This proposition was answered with a loud laugh; every one treated it as an absurdity which it was impossible to believe; and to expose him to the ridicule of the company, he was desired to prove what he had advanced, as a fit punishment of his design to engage others to prove the contrary, which, though for a different reason, was yet equally ridiculous. After a long harangue, in which he retailed all the sophistry that he remembered, and much more than he understood, he had the mortification to find, that he had made no proselyte, nor was yet become of sufficient consequence to provoke an antagonist.

I sat silent; and as I was indulging my speculations on the scene which chance had exhibited before me, I recollected several incidents which convinced me, that most of the persons who were present, had lately professed the opinion which they now opposed; and acted upon that very principle which they derided as absurd, and appeared to detest as impious.

The company consisted of Mr. Traffic, a wealthy merchant; Mr. Courtly, a commissioner of a public office; Mr. Gay, a gentleman in whose conversation there is a higher strain of pleasantry and humour, than in any other person of my acquaintance; and Myrtilla, the wife



of our friend, at whose house we were assembled to dine, and who, during this interval, was engaged by some unexpected business in another room.

Those incidents which I then recollected, I will now relate; nor can any of the persons whom I have thus ventured to name, be justly offended: because that which is declared not to be the effect of choice, cannot be considered as the object of censure.

With Mr. Traffic I had contracted an intimacy in our younger days, which, notwithstanding the disparity of our fortune, has continued till now. We had both been long acquainted with a gentleman, who, though his extensive trade had contributed to enrich his country, was himself by sudden and inevitable losses become poor: his credit, however, was still good; and by the risk of a certain sum, it was still possible to retrieve his fortune. With this gentleman we had spent many a social hour; we had habitually drank his health when he was absent, and always expressed our sentiments of his merit in the highest terms. In this exigency, therefore, he applied to me, and communicated the secret of his distress; a secret, which is always concealed by a generous mind till it is extorted by torture that can no longer be borne: he knew my circumstances too well, to expect the sum that he wanted from my purse; but he requested that I would, to save him from the pain and confusion of such a conversation, communicate his request, and a true state of his affairs, to Mr. Traffic: "for," says he, "though I could raise double the sum upon my own personal security; yet I would no more borrow of a man without acquainting him at what risk he lends, than I would solicit the insurance of a ship at a common premium, when I knew, by private intelligence, that she could swim no longer than every pump was at work."

I undertook this business with the utmost confidence of success. Mr. Traffic heard the account of our friend's misfortunes with great appearance of concern: he warmly commended his integrity, and lamented the precarious situation of a trader, whom economy and diligence cannot secure from calamities, which are brought upon others only by profusion and riot: but as to the money, he said, that I could not expect him to venture it without security; that my friend himself could not wonder that his request was refused, a request with which, indeed, said he, I cannot possibly comply. Whatever may be thought of the free agency of myself and my friend which Mr. Traffic had made no scruple to deny in a very interesting particular; I believe every one will readily admit, that Mr. Traffic was neither free in speculation nor fact: for he can be little better than a machine actuated by avarice, who had not power to spare one thousand pounds from

two hundred times the sum, to prevent the immediate ruin of a man, in whose behalf he had been so often liberal of praise, with whom his social enjoyments had been so long connected, and for whose misfortunes he was sensibly touched.

Soon after this disappointment, my unhappy friend became a bankrupt, and applied to me once more to solicit Mr. Courtly for a place in his office. By Mr. Courtly I was received with great friendship; he was much affected with the distresses of my friend; he generously gave me a bank note, which he requested me to apply to his immediate relief in such a manner as would least wound his delicacy; and promised that the first vacancy he should be provided for: but when the vacancy happened, of which I had the earliest intelligence, he told me with evident compunction and distress, "that he could not possibly fulfil his promise, for that a very great man had recommended one of his domestics, whose solicitation for that reason it was not in his power to refuse." This gentleman, therefore, had also professed himself a machine; and indeed he appears to have been no less the instrument of ambition, than Mr. Traffic of avarice.

Mr. Gay, the wit, besides that he has very much the air of a free agent, is a man of deep penetration, great delicacy, and strong compassion: but in direct opposition to all these great and good qualities, he is continually entangled in difficulties, and precipitated not only into indecency and unkindness, but impiety, by his love of ridicule. I remembered, that I had lately expostulated with him about this strange perversion of his abilities in these terms: "Dear Charles, it amazes me that you should rather affect the character of a merry fellow, than a wise man; that you should mortify a friend, whom you not only love, but esteem; wantonly mangle a character which you reverence, betray a secret, violate truth, and sport with the doctrines and the practice of a religion which you believe, merely for the pleasure of being laughed at." I remember too, that when he heard me out, he shrugged up his shoulders, and greatly extending the longitudinal dimensions of his countenance, "All this," said he "is very true; but if I was to be hanged I could not help it." Here was another declaration in favour of fatality. Poor Gay professes himself a slave rather to vanity than to vice, and patiently submits to the most ridiculous drudgery without one struggle for freedom.

Of the lady I am unwilling to speak with equal plainness; but I hope Myrtila will allow me to plead an irresistible impulse when she reflects, that I have heard her lament that she is herself urged by an irresistible impulse to play. I remembered, that I had, at the request of my friend, taken an opportunity when we were



alone, indirectly to represent the pernicious consequences of indulging so preposterous an inclination. She perceived my design; and immediately asked herself with an honest sensibility that burst into tears; but at the same time told me, "that she was no more able to refrain from cards than to fly:" and a few nights afterwards I observed her chairman waiting at the door of a great lady, who seldom sees company but on a Sunday, and then has always the happiness of engaging a brilliant assembly at cards.

After I had recollected these incidents, I looked with less contempt upon our necessitarian; and to confess a truth, with less esteem upon his present opponents. I took for granted, that this gentleman's opinion proceeded from a consciousness, that he was himself the slave of some or all of these vices and follies; and that he was prompted by something like benevolence, to communicate to others a discovery, by which alone he had been able to quiet his own mind, and to regard himself rather as an object of pity than contempt. And indeed no man, without great incongruity, can affirm that he has powers which he does not exert, when to exert them is evidently his highest interest; nor should he be permitted to arrogate the dignity of a free agent, who has once professed himself to be the mere instrument of necessity.

While I was making these reflections, the husband of Myrtille came in; and to atone for any dishonour, which custom or prejudice may suppose to be reflected upon him by the unhappy fatality of his wife, I shall refer to him as an incontestible proof, that though there are some who have sold themselves to do evil, and become the bondmen of iniquity, yet there are others who preserve the birthright of beings that are placed but a little lower than the angels; and who may, without reproach, deny the doctrine of necessity, by which they are degraded to an equality with brutes that perish. I acknowledge, indeed, that my friend has motives from which he acts; but his motives receive their force from reason illuminated by revelation, and conscience invigorated by hope. I acknowledge too, that he is under subjection to a master; but let it be remembered, that it is to Him only, "whose service is perfect freedom."

No. 43.] TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1753.

*Mobilitate viget* ——— VIRG.

Its life is motion.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, March 12, 1753.

The adulteration of the copper-coin, as it is

highly pernicious to trade in general, so it more immediately affects the itinerate branches of it. Among these, at present, are to be found the only circulators of base metal; and, perhaps, the only dealers, who are obliged to take in payment such counterfeits, as will find a currency no where else: and yet they are not allowed to raise the price of their commodities, though they are abridged of so considerable a portion of their profits.

A Tyburn execution, a duel, a most terrible fire, or a horrid, barbarous, bloody, cruel, and inhuman murder, was wont to bring in vast revenues to the lower class of pamphleteers, who get their livelihood by vending these diurnal records publicly in the streets: but since halfpence have been valued at no more than five pence the pound weight, these occasional pieces will hardly answer the expenses of printing and paper; and the servant-maid, who used to indulge her taste for polite literature, by purchasing fifty new playhouse songs, or a whole poetical sheet of the Yorkshire Garland or Gloucestershire Tragedy, for a halfpenny, can now scarcely procure more than one single slip of "I love Sue, or the Lover's Complaint."

It is also observable, that the Park no longer echoes with the shrill cry of "Toothpicks! take you six, your honour, for a halfpenny," as it did when halfpence were halfpence worth. The vender contents herself with silently presenting her little portable shop; and guards against the rapacity of the buyer, by exhibiting a very small parcel of her wares.

But the greatest sufferers are undoubtedly the numerous fraternity of beggars; for, as things are circumstanced, it would be almost as profitable to work as to beg, were it not that many more are now induced to deal out their charity in what is of no other use to themselves, in the hope of receiving seven-fold in return. Indeed, since the usual donation has been so much lessened in its value, the beggars have been observed to be more vociferous and importunate. One of these orators, who takes his stand at Spring-gardens, now enforces his piteous complaint, with "Good Christians, one good halfpenny to the stone-blind;" and another, who tells you he has lost the use of his precious limbs, addresses your compassion by showing a bad halfpenny, and declaring that he is ready to perish with hunger, having tried it in vain at twenty three places to buy a bit of bread. Farthings, we are told, were formerly called in by the beggars, as they threatened the ruin of their community. I should not wonder, therefore, if this public-spirited people were also to put a stop to the circulation of bad halfpence, by melting them down from time to time as they come into their hands. The experiment is worth making; and I am assured, that, for some end or other, orders will be issued out from

the king of the beggars, to bring all their adulterated copper to their mint in the borough, or their foundry in Moorfields.

I was led to the consideration of this subject by some halpence I had just received in change; among which one in particular attracted my regard, that seemed once to have borne the profile of King William now scarcely visible, as it was very much battered, and besides other marks of ill usage had a hole through the middle. As it happened to be the evening of a day of some fatigue, my reflections did not much interrupt my propensity to sleep, and I insensibly fell into a kind of half-slumber; when to my imagination the halfpenny which then lay before me upon the table, erected itself upon its rim, and from the royal lips stamped on its surface articulately uttered the following narration.

"Sir! I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction; and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported, with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew-pedlar in Duke's Place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We were soon after separately disposed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, chandler-shops, and gin-shops.

"I had not been long in the world, before an ingenious transmutter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quicksilver exalted me into a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas-box of his godmother.

"A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early, that, before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value: I lost, therefore, the very essence of my being, in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly and was kept only to be looked at and admired: but a bigger boy after a while snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

"I now underwent various hardships among his play-fellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed up, and chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me: but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancour, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of those passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent pastimes. At length, I was dismissed from their service,

by a throw with a barrow-woman for an orange.

"From her it is natural to conclude, I posted to the gin-shop; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot-soldier, had not wrested me from her, at the expense of a bloody nose, black eye, scratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James's Park; where—I am ashamed to tell how I parted from him—Let it suffice that I was soon after safely deposited in a night-cellar.

"From hence I got into the coat-pocket of a blood, and remained there with several of my brethren for some days unnoticed. But one evening, as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jirked a whole handful of us through a sash-window into the dining-room of a tradesman, who he remembered had been so unmannerly to him the day before, as to desire payment of his bill. We reposed in soft ease on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning when the maid swept us up; and some of us were allotted to purchase tea, some to buy snuff, and I myself was immediately trucked away at the door for *The Sweetheart's Delight*.

"It is not my design to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumstances, as is the practice of those important egotists, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As useless to the community as my single self may appear to be, I have been the instrument of much good and evil in the intercourse of mankind: I have contributed no small sum to the revenues of the crown, by my share in each newspaper; and in the consumption of tobacco, spirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery, or supported extravagance; I have also rewarded the labours of industry, and relieved the necessities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their constant friend; and the rich, though they affect to slight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to distresses which it is even in my power to relieve.

"The present exact scrutiny into our constitution has, indeed, very much obstructed and embarrassed my travels; though I could not but rejoice in my condition last Tuesday, as I was debarred having any share in maiming, bruising, and destroying the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy in being consigned to the mock-encounters with feathers and stuffed leather; a childish sport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in arts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exercise of inhumanity on helpless animals!

"I shall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A Choice Spirit, a member of the Kill Care Club, broke a link boy's pate with



me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the kennel. The lad wasted half his tar-flambeau in looking for me; but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parish girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's shop to purchase a roll. The master, who was church-warden, examined me with great attention, and then gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and fastened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipt me up again, and sending me away with others in charge to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you."

When I awaked, I found myself so much invigorated by my nap, that I immediately wrote down the strange story which I had just heard; and as it is not totally destitute of use and entertainment, I have sent it to you, that by means of your paper, it may be communicated to the public.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

A.

TIM. TURNPENNY.

No. 44.] SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1753.

*Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam;  
Commissumque teges, et vino tortus, et ira.* HOR.

Strive not

Your patron's bosom to explore;

And let not wine or anger wrest

Th' intrusted secret from your breast. FRANCIS.

I OWE the following paper to an unknown correspondent, who sent it to Mr. Payne a few days ago, directed to the Adventurer. As I have no objection to the general principles upon which it is written, I have taken the first opportunity to communicate it to the public: the subject is unquestionably of great importance; and as I think it is far from being exhausted, it may possibly produce another lucubration.

AMONGST all the beauties and excellences of the ancient writers, of which I profess myself an admirer, there are none which strike me with more veneration, than the precepts they have delivered to us for our conduct in society. The fables of the poets, and the narrations of the historians, amaze and delight us with their respective qualifications; but we feel ourselves particularly concerned, when a moral virtue, or a social obligation is set before us, the practice of which is our indispensable duty: and, perhaps, we are more ready to observe these instructions, or at least acquiesce sooner in the propriety of

them as the authority of the teacher is unquestionable, the address not particularly confined or levelled, and the censure consequently less dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the ancients possessed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendships appear to me as the highest distinctions of their characters. Private persons, and particular affinities amongst them, have been long celebrated and admired: and if we examine their conduct as companions, we shall find, that the rites of their religion were not more sacred, more strongly ratified, or more severely preserved, than their laws of society.

The table of friendship, and the altar of sacrifice, were equally uncontaminated: the mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres; and the profanation of either deity, excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men: the revealer was judged accursed, and impiety was thought to accompany his steps.

Without inveighing against the practice of the present times, or comparing it with that of the past, I shall only remark, that if we cannot meet together upon the honest principles of social beings, there is reason to fear, that we are placed in the most unfortunate and lamentable era since the creation of mankind. It is not the increase of vices inseparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which, by connecting individuals, formed society, and without which society can no longer subsist.

Few men are calculated for that close connection which we distinguish by the appellation of friendship; and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance: the acquaintance is in a post of progression; and after having passed through a course of proper experience, and given sufficient evidence of his merit, takes a new title, and ranks himself higher. He must now be considered as in a place of consequence; in which all the ornaments of our nature are necessary to support him. But the great requisites, those without which all others are useless, are fidelity and taciturnity. He must not only be superior to loquacious imbecility, he must be well able to repress the attacks of curiosity, and to resist those powerful engines that will be employed against him, wine and resentment. Such are the powers that he must constantly exert, after a trust is reposed in him: and that he may not overload himself, let him not add to his charge, by his own inquiries; let it be a devolved, not an acquired commission. Thus accoutred,

—Sub tisdem

*Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum  
Solvat Phaselon.*



—They who mysteries reveal,  
Beneath my roof shall never live,  
Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.

FRANCIS.

There are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wisely imagine, he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth; and we receive his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt. Political exigencies may require a ready reception of such private advices: but though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the wisdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name so odious to us, as that of an Informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

Since these are the consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked, what are the inducements to the treachery. I do not suppose it always proceeds from the badness of the mind; and indeed I think it is impossible that it should: weakness discovers what malignity propagates; till at last, confirmation is required, with all the solemnity of proof, from the first author of the report; who only designed to gratify his own loquacity, or the importunity of his companion. An idle vanity inclines us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship; and we believe our importance is increased, by a recapitulation of the discourse, of which we were such distinguished sharers: and to show that we were esteemed fit to be entrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we notably give in our detail of them.

There is, besides, a very general inclination amongst us to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, known or unknown to us, of whatever import, serious or trifling, so it be but a secret: the delight of telling it, and of hearing it, are nearly proportionate and equal. The possessor of the valuable treasure, appears indeed rather to have the advantage; and he seems to claim his superiority. I have discovered at once in a large company, by an air and deportment that is assumed upon such occasions, who it is that is conscious of this happy charge: he appears restless and full of doubt for a considerable time; has frequent consultations with himself, like a bee undetermined where to settle in a variety of sweets; till at last, one happy ear attracts him more forcibly than the rest, and there he fixes, "stealing and giving odours."

In a little time it becomes a matter of great amazement, that the whole town is as well acquainted with the story, as the two who were so busily engaged: and the consternation is greater, as each reporter is confident, that he only com-

municated it to one person. "A report," says Strada, "thus transmitted from one to one, is like a drop of water at the top of a house; it descends but from tile to tile, yet at last makes its way to the gutter, and then is involved in the general stream." And if I may add to the comparison, the drop of water, after its progress through all the channels of the streets, is not more contaminated with filth and dirt, than a simple story, after it has passed through the mouths of a few modern talebearers.

No. 45.] TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1753.

*Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas  
Impatiens consortis erit.*

LUCAN.

No faith of partnership dominion owns;  
Still discord hovers o'er divided thron

It is well known, that many things appear plausible in speculation, which can never be reduced to practice; and that of the numberless projects that have flattered mankind with theoretical speciousness, few have served any other purpose than to show the ingenuity of their contrivers. A voyage to the moon, however romantic and absurd the scheme may now appear, since the properties of air have been better understood, seemed highly probable to many of the aspiring wits in the last century, who began to doat upon their glossy plumes, and fluttered with impatience for the hour of their departure:

*—Pereant vestigia mille  
Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula cam-  
pum.*

Hills, vales, and floods appear already crost;  
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

POPE.

Among the fallacies which only experience can detect, there are some of which scarcely experience itself can destroy the influence; some which, by a captivating show of indubitable certainty, are perpetually gaining upon the human mind; and which, though every trial ends in disappointment, obtain new credit as the sense of miscarriage wears gradually away, persuade us to try again what we have tried already, and expose us by the same failure to double vexation.

Of this tempting, this delusive kind, is the expectation of great performances by confederated strength. The speculatist, when he has carefully observed how much may be performed by a single hand, calculates by a very easy operation the force of thousands, and goes on accumulating power till resistance vanishes before it; then rejoices in the success of his new scheme,

and wonders at the folly or idleness of former ages, who have lived in want of what might so readily be procured, and suffered themselves to be debarred from happiness by obstacles which one united effort would have so easily surmounted.

But this gigantic phantom of collective power vanishes at once into air and emptiness, at the first attempt to put it into action. The different apprehensions, the discordant passions, the jarring interests of men, will scarcely permit that many should unite in one undertaking.

Of a great and complicated design, some will never be brought to discern the end; and of the several means by which it may be accomplished, the choice will be a perpetual subject of debate, as every man is swayed in his determination by his own knowledge or convenience. In a long series of action, some will languish with fatigue, and some be drawn off by present gratifications; some will loiter because others labour, and some will cease to labour because others loiter: and if once they come within prospect of success and profit, some will be greedy and others envious; some will undertake more than they can perform, to enlarge their claims of advantage; some will perform less than they undertake, lest their labours should chiefly turn to the benefit of others.

The history of mankind informs us, that a single power is very seldom broken by a confederacy. States of different interests, and aspects malevolent to each other, may be united for a time by common distress; and in the ardour of self preservation fall unanimously upon an enemy, by whom they are all equally endangered. But if their first attack can be withstood, time will never fail to dissolve their union: success and miscarriage will be equally destructive: after the conquest of a province, they will quarrel in the division; after the loss of a battle, all will be endeavouring to secure themselves by abandoning the rest.

From the impossibility of confining numbers to the constant and uniform prosecution of a common interest, arises the difficulty of securing subjects against the encroachment of governors. Power is always gradually stealing away from the many to the few, because the few are more vigilant and consistent; it still contracts to a smaller number, till in time it centres in a single person.

Thus all the forms of government instituted among mankind, perpetually tend towards monarchy; and power, however diffused through the whole community, is, by negligence or corruption, commotion or distress, reposed at last in the chief magistrate.

"There never appear (says Swift) more than five or six men of genius in an age: but if they were united, the world could not stand before them." It is happy, therefore, for mankind,

that of this union there is no probability. As men take in a wider compass of intellectual survey, they are more likely to choose different objects of pursuit; as they see more ways to the same end, they will be less easily persuaded to travel together; as each is better qualified to form an independent scheme of private greatness, he will reject with greater obstinacy the project of another; as each is more able to distinguish himself as the head of a party, he will less readily be made a follower or an associate.

The reigning philosophy informs us, that the vast bodies which constitute the universe, are regulated in their progress through the ethereal spaces, by the perpetual agency of contrary forces; by one of which they are restrained from deserting their orbits, and losing themselves in the immensity of heaven; and held off by the other from rushing together, and clustering round their centre with everlasting cohesion.

The same contrariety of impulse may be perhaps discovered in the motions of men: we are formed for society, not for combination; we are equally unqualified to live in a close connection with our fellow-beings, and in total separation from them; we are attracted towards each other by general sympathy, but kept back from contact by private interests.

Some philosophers have been foolish enough to imagine, that improvements might be made in the system of the universe, by a different arrangement of the orbs of heaven; and politicians, equally ignorant and equally presumptuous, may easily be led to suppose, that the happiness of our world would be promoted by a different tendency of the human mind. It appears, indeed, to a slight and superficial observer, that many things, impracticable in our present state, might be easily effected, if mankind were better disposed to union and co-operation: but a little reflection will discover, that if confederacies were easily formed, they would lose their efficacy, since numbers would be opposed to numbers and unanimity to unanimity; and instead of the present petty competitors of individuals or single families, multitudes would be supplanting multitudes, and thousands plotting against thousands.

There is no class of the human species, of which the union seems to have been more expected, than of the learned: the rest of the world have almost always agreed, to shut scholars up together in colleges and cloisters; surely not without hope, that they would look for that happiness in concord, which they were debarred from finding in variety; and that such conjunctions of intellect would recompense the munificence of founders and patrons, by performances above the reach of any single mind.

But Discord who found means to roll her apple into the banquetting chamber of the god-

desses, has had the address to scatter her laurels in the seminaries of learning. The friendship of students and of beauties is for the most part equally sincere, and equally durable: as both depend for happiness on the regard of others, on that of which the value arises merely from comparison, they are both exposed to perpetual jealousies, and both incessantly employed in schemes to intercept the praises of each other.

I am, however, far from intending to inculcate, that this confinement of the studious to studious companions, has been wholly without advantage to the public: neighbourhood, where it does not conciliate friendship, incites competition; and he that would contentedly rest in a lower degree of excellence, where he had no rival to dread, will be urged by his impatience of inferiority to incessant endeavours after great attainments.

These stimulations of honest rivalry, are, perhaps, the chief effects of academies and societies; for whatever be the bulk of their joint labours, every single piece is always the production of an individual, that owes nothing to his colleagues but the contagion of diligence, a resolution to write, because the rest are writing, and the scorn of obscurity while the rest are illustrious.

T.

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No. 46.] SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1753.

*Μίσην προσποιεῖται Συμπόσιον.*

PROV. GR.

Far from my table be the tell-tale guest.

It has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is said even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt and expresses great malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasantry and good-humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices, which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because, by detraction, that is not gained which is taken away: "he who filches from me my good name," says Shakspeare, "enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed:" as nothing, therefore, degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonour upon his company, than the hangman; and he, whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided, than he who is scandalous only by his office.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending, that the report, by which they injured an absent character, was true: this, however, amounts to no more, than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and if this practice was universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship, would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villany by which the law is evaded, than in those by which it is violated and defied. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for prostitution; but the injustice of cowardice is universally abhorred, and like the lewdness of deformity has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution; and while they perpetrate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach: they do not say, that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lysander: but they say that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports, frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case; because no man who spreads detraction, would have scrupled to produce it; and he who should diffuse poison in a brook, would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should allege, that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature, should indeed be excluded from our conversation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourselves, but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the presence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt, and insensible to infamy.

Reverence thyself, is one of the sublime precepts of that amiable philosopher, whose humanity alone was an incontestible proof of the dignity of his mind. Pythagoras, in his idea of virtue, comprehended intellectual purity; and he supposed, that by him who revered himself, those thoughts would be suppressed by which a being capable of virtue is degraded: this divine precept evidently presupposes a reverence of others, by which men are restrained from more gross immoralities; and with which he hoped a reverence of self would also co-operate as an auxiliary motive.

The great duke of Marlborough, who was perhaps the most accomplished gentleman of his age, would never suffer any approaches to obscenity in his presence; and it was said by the late lord Cobham, that he did not reprove it as



an immorality in the speaker, but resented it as an indignity to himself: and it is evident, that to speak evil of the absent, to utter lewdness, blasphemy, or treason, must degrade not only him who speaks, but those who hear; for surely that dignity of character which a man ought always to sustain, is in danger, when he is made the confidant of treachery, detraction, impiety, or lust: for he, who in conversation displays his own vices, imputes them; as he who boasts to another of a robbery, presupposes that he is a thief.

It should be a general rule, never to utter any thing in conversation which would justly dishonour us if it should be reported to the world: if this rule could be always kept, we should be secure in our own innocence against the craft of knaves and parasites, the stratagems of cunning, and the vigilance of envy.

But after all the bounty of nature, and all the labour of virtue, many imperfections will be still discerned in human beings, even by those who do not see with all the perspicacity of human wisdom: and he is guilty of the most aggravated detraction, who reports the weakness of a good mind discovered in an unguarded hour; something which is rather the effect of negligence, than design; rather a folly, than a fault; a sally of vanity, rather than an eruption of malevolence. It has therefore been a maxim inviolably sacred among good men, never to disclose the secrets of private conversation; a maxim, which though it seems to arise from the breach of some other, does yet imply that general rectitude, which is produced by a consciousness of virtuous dignity, and a regard to that reverence which is due to ourselves and others: for to conceal any immoral purpose, which to disclose is to disappoint; any crime, which to hide is to countenance; or any character, which to avoid is to be safe; as it is incompatible with virtue, and injurious to society, can be a law only among those who are enemies to both.

Among such, indeed, it is a law which there is some degree of obligation to fulfil; and the secrets even of their conversation are, perhaps, seldom disclosed, without an aggravation of their guilt: it is the interest of society, that the veil of taciturnity should be drawn over the mysteries of drunkenness and lewdness; and to hide even the machinations of envy, ambition, or revenge, if they happen to mingle in these orgies among the rites of Bacchus, seems to be the duty of the initiated though not of the profane.

If he who has associated with robbers, who has reposed and accepted a trust, and whose guilt is a pledge of his fidelity, should betray his associates for hire; if he is urged to secure himself, by the anxiety of suspicion, or the terrors of cowardice, or to punish others by the impor-

tunity of resentment and revenge; though the public receives benefit from his conduct, and may think it expedient to reward him, yet he has only added to every other species of guilt, that of treachery to his friends: he has demonstrated, that he is so destitute of virtue, as not to possess even those vices which resemble it; and that he ought to be cut off as totally unfit for human society, but that, as poison is an antidote to poison, his crimes are a security against the crimes of others.

It is, however, true, that if such an offender is stung with remorse, if he feels the force of higher obligations than those of an iniquitous compact, and if urged by a desire to atone for the injury which he has done to society, he gives in his information, and delivers up his associates, with whatever reluctance, to the laws; by this sacrifice he ratifies his repentance, he becomes again the friend of his country, and deserves not only protection but esteem: for the same action may be either virtuous or vicious, and may deserve either honour or infamy, as it may be performed upon different principles; and indeed no action can be morally classed or estimated, without some knowledge of the motive by which it is produced.

But as there is seldom any other clue to the motives of particular actions, than the general tenor of his life by whom they are performed; and as the lives of those who serve their country by bringing its enemies to punishment, are commonly flagitious in the highest degree; the ideas of this service, and the most sordid villany are so connected, that they always recur together: if only this part of a character is known, we immediately infer that the whole is infamous; and it is, therefore, no wonder, that the name by which it is expressed, especially when it is used to denominate a profession, should be odious; or that a good man should not always have sufficient fortitude, to strike away the mask of dissimulation, and direct the sword of justice.

But whatever might be thought of those, who discharge their obligations to the public by treachery to their companions; it cannot be pretended, that he, to whom an immoral design is communicated by inadvertence or mistake, is under any private obligation to conceal it: the charge which devolves upon him, he must instantly renounce: for while he hesitates, his virtue is suspended: and he who communicates such design to another, not by inadvertence or mistake, but upon presumption of concurrence, commits an outrage upon his honour, and defies his resentment.

Let none, therefore, be encouraged to profane the rites of conversation, much less of friendship, by supposing there is any law, which ought to restrain the indignation of virtue, or deter repentance from reparation.

No. 47.] TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1753.

## —Multi

*Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato,  
Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.*  
JUV.

## —Every age relates,

That equal crimes unequal fates have found :  
And whilst one villain swings, another's crown'd.  
CREECH.

MAN, though as a rational being he has thought fit to style himself the lord of the creation, is yet frequently the voluntary slave of prejudice and custom ; the most general opinions are often absurd, and the prevailing principles of action ridiculous.

It may, however, be allowed, that if in these instances reason always appeared to be overborne by the importunity of appetite ; if the future was sacrificed to the present, and hope renounced only for possession, there would not be much cause for wonder : but that man should draw absurd conclusions, contrary to his immediate interest ; that he should, even at the risk of life, gratify those vices in some, which in others he punishes with a gibbet or a wheel, is in the highest degree astonishing ; and is such an instance of the weakness of our reason, and the fallibility of our judgment, as should incline us to accept with gratitude of that guidance which is from above.

But if it is strange, that one man has been immortalized as a god, and another put to death as a felon, for actions which have the same motive and the same tendency, merely because they were circumstantially different ; it is yet more strange, that this difference has always been such as increases the absurdity ; and that the action which exposes a man to infamy and death, wants only greater aggravation of guilt, and more extensive and pernicious effects, to render him the object of veneration and applause.

Bagshot, the robber, having lost the booty of a week among his associates at hazard, loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and took the Kentish road, with a resolution not to return till he had recruited his purse. Within a few miles of London, just as he heard a village-clock strike nine, he met two gentlemen in a post-chaise which he stopped. One of the gentlemen immediately presented a pistol, and at the same time a servant rode up armed with a blunderbuss. The robber, perceiving that he should be vigorously opposed, turned off from the chaise, and discharged a pistol at the servant, who instantly fell dead from his horse. The gentlemen had now leaped from the chaise : but the foremost receiving a blow on his head with the stock of the pistol that had been just fired,

reeled back a few paces : the other having fired at the murderer without success, attempted to dismount him, and succeeded ; but while they were grappling with each other, the villain drew a knife, and stabbed his antagonist to the heart. He then, with the calm intrepidity of a hero who is familiar with danger, proceeded to rifle the pockets of the dead ; and the survivor having recovered from the blow, and being imperiously commanded to deliver, was now obliged to comply. When the victor had thus obtained the pecuniary reward of his prowess, he determined to lose no part of the glory, which, as conqueror, was now in his power : turning, therefore, to the unhappy gentleman, whom he had plundered, he condescended to insult him with the applause of conscious superiority ; he told him, that he had never robbed any persons who behaved better ; and as a tribute to the merit of the dead, and as a token of his esteem for the living, he generously threw him back a shilling to prevent his being stopped at the turnpike.

He now remounted his horse, and set off towards London : but at the turnpike, a coach that was paying the toll obstructed his way ; and by the light of the flambeau that was behind it, he discovered that his coat was much stained with blood : this discovery threw him into such confusion, that he attempted to rush by ; he was, however, prevented ; and his appearance giving great reason to suspect his motive, he was seized and detained.

In the coach were two ladies, and a little boy about five years old. The ladies were greatly alarmed, when they heard that a person was taken who was supposed to have just committed a robbery and a murder : they asked many questions with great eagerness ; but their inquiries were little regarded, till a gentleman rode up, who seeing their distress, offered his assistance. The elder of the two ladies acquainted him, that her husband Sir Harry Freeman was upon the road in his return from Gravesend, where he had been to receive an only son upon his arrival from India, after an absence of near six years ; that herself and her daughter-in-law were come out to meet him, but were terrified with the apprehension, that they might have been stopped by the man who had just been taken into custody. Their attention was now suddenly called to the other side of the coach by the child, who cried out in a transport of joy, "There is my grand-papa." This was indeed the survivor of the three who had been attacked by Bagshot : he was mounted on his servant's horse, and rode slowly by the side of the chaise, in which he had just placed the body of his son, whose countenance was disfigured with blood, and whose features were still impressed with the agonies of death. Who can express the grief, horror, and despair, with which a father ex-

bited this spectacle to a mother and a wife, who expected a son and a husband, with all the tenderness and ardour of conjugal and parental affection; who had long regretted his absence, who had anticipated the joy of his return, and were impatient to put into his arms a pledge of his love which he had never seen.

I will not attempt to describe that distress, which tears would not have suffered me to behold: let it suffice, that such was its effect upon those who were present, that the murderer was not without difficulty conducted alive to the prison; and I am confident, that few who read this story, would have heard with regret that he was torn to pieces by the way.

But before they congratulate themselves upon a sense, which always distinguishes right and wrong by spontaneous approbation and censure; let them tell me, with what sentiments they read of a youthful monarch, who at the head of an army in which every man became a hero by his example, passed over mountains and deserts, in search of new territories to invade, and new potentates to conquer; who routed armies which could scarce be numbered, and took cities which were deemed impregnable. Do they not follow him in the path of slaughter with horrid complacency? and when they see him deluge the peaceful fields of industrious simplicity with blood, and leave them desolate to the widow and the orphan of the possessor, do they not grow frantic in his praise, and concur to deify the mortal who could conquer only for glory, and return the kingdoms that he won.

To these questions, I am confident the greater part of mankind must answer in the affirmative; and yet nothing can be more absurd than their ignorant apprehensions of the hero and the thief.

The conduct of Bagshot and Alexander had in general the same motives, and the same tendency; they both sought a private gratification at the expense of others; and every circumstance in which they differ, is greatly in favour of Bagshot.

Bagshot, when he had lost his last shilling, had lost the power of gratifying every appetite whether criminal or innocent; and the recovery of this power, was the object of his expedition.

Alexander, when he set out to conquer the world, possessed all that Bagshot hoped to acquire and more; all his appetites and passions were gratified, as far as the gratification of them was possible; and as the force of temptation is always supposed proportionably to extenuate guilt, Alexander's guilt was evidently greater than Bagshot's, because it cannot be pretended that his temptation was equal.

But though Alexander could not equally increase the means of his own happiness, yet he produced much more dreadful and extensive evil to society in the attempt. Bagshot killed two

men; and I have related the murder and its consequences, with such particulars as usually rouse that sensibility, which often lies torpid during narratives of general calamity. Alexander, perhaps, destroyed a million: and whoever reflects that each individual of this number had some tender attachments which were broken by his death; some parent or wife, with whom he mingled tears in the parting embrace, and who longed with fond solicitude for his return; or, perhaps, some infant whom his labour was to feed, and his vigilance protect; will see that Alexander was more the pest of society than Bagshot, and more deserved a gibbet in the proportion of a million to one.

It may, perhaps, be thought absurd, to inquire into the virtues of Bagshot's character; and yet virtue has never been thought incompatible with that of Alexander. Alexander, we are told, gave proof of his greatness of mind, by his contempt of danger; but as Bagshot's danger was equally voluntary and imminent, there ought to be no doubt but that his mind was equally great. Alexander, indeed, gave back the kingdoms that he won; but after the conquest of a kingdom, what remained for Alexander to give! To a prince, whose country he had invaded with unprovoked hostility, and from whom he had violently wrested the blessings of peace, he gave a dominion over the widows and the orphans of those he had slain, the tinsel of dependent greatness, and the badge of royal subjection. And does not Bagshot deserve equal honour, for throwing back a shilling to the man, whose person he had insulted, and whose son he had stabbed to the heart? Alexander did not ravish or massacre the women whom he found in the tent of Darius; neither did honest Bagshot kill the gentleman whom he had plundered, when he was no longer able to resist.

If Bagshot, then, is justly dragged to prison, amidst the tumult of rage, menaces, and execrations; let Alexander, whom the lords of reason have extolled for ages, be no longer thought worthy of a triumph.

As the acquisition of honour is frequently a motive to the risk of life, it is of great importance to confer it only upon virtue; and as honour is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to strip those vices of their disguise which have been mistaken for virtue. The wretches who compose the army of a tyrant, are associated by folly in the service of rapine and murder; and that men should imagine they were deserving honour by the massacre of each other, merely to flatter ambition with a new title, is, perhaps, as inscrutable a mystery as any that has perplexed reason, and as gross an absurdity as any that has disgraced it. It is not, indeed, so much to punish vice, as to prevent misery, that I wish to see it always branded with infamy: for even the suc-



cesses of vice terminate in the anguish of disappointment. To Alexander, the fruit of all his conquest was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify intemperate wishes, will labour to as little purpose as he who should attempt to fill a sieve with water.

I was accidentally led to pursue my subject in this train, by the sight of an historical chart, in which the rise, the progress, the declension, and duration of empire, are represented by the arrangement of different colours; and in which, not only extent, but duration is rendered a sensible object. The Grecian empire, which is distinguished by a deep red, is a long but narrow line; because though Alexander marked the world with his colour from Macedonia to Egypt, yet the colours peculiar to the hereditary potentates whom he dispossessed, again took place upon his death: and indeed, the question, whose name shall be connected with a particular country as its king; is, to those who hazard life in the decision, as trifling, as whether a small spot in a chart shall be stained with red or yellow. That man should be permitted to decide such questions by means so dreadful, is a reflection under which he only can rejoice, who believes that God only reigns; and can appropriate the promise, that "all things shall work together for good."

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No. 48.] SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1753.

*Ibat triumphans Virgo—  
Sunt qui rogatam rettulerint preces  
Tulisse Christo, redderet ut reo  
Lumen jacenti, tum invenit habitum  
Vite innovatum, visibus integris.* PRUDENT.

As rescued from intended wrong,  
The modest virgin paced along.  
By blasting heaven deprived of day  
Beneath her feet th' accuser lay:  
She mark'd, and soon the prayer arose  
To Him who bade us love our foes;  
By faith enforced the pious call  
Again relumed the sightless ball.

To love an enemy, is the distinguishing characteristic of a religion, which is not of man but of God. It could be delivered as a precept only by Him, who lived and died to establish it by his example.

At the close of that season, in which human frailty has commemorated sufferings which it could not sustain, a season in which the most zealous devotion can only substitute a change of food for a total abstinence of forty days; it cannot, surely, be incongruous to consider, what approaches we can make to that divine love which these sufferings expressed, and how far

man, in imitation of his Saviour, can bless those who curse him, and return good for evil.

We cannot indeed, behold the example but at a distance; nor consider it without being struck with a sense of our own debility: every man who compares his life with this divine rule, instead of exulting in his own excellence, will smite his breast like the publican, and cry out "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Thus to acquaint us with ourselves, may, perhaps, be one use of the precept; but the precept cannot, surely, be considered as having no other.

I know it will be said, that our passions are not in our power; and that, therefore, a precept, to love or to hate, is impossible: for if the gratification of all our wishes was offered us to love a stranger as we love a child, we could not fulfil the condition, however we might desire the reward.

But admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend; it is yet equally certain, that we may perform those actions which are produced by love from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reason instead of indulging a passion. If our enemy hungers we may feed him, and if he thirsts we may give him drink: this, if we could love him, would be our conduct; and this may still be our conduct, though to love him is impossible. The Christian will be prompted to relieve the necessities of his enemy, by his love to God: he will rejoice in an opportunity to express the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the same time that he appropriates the promises and anticipates his reward.

But though he who is beneficent upon these principles, may in the scripture sense be said to love his enemy; yet something more may still be effected: the passion itself in some degree is in our power; we may rise to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveness, we may think as well as act with kindness, and be sanctified as well in heart as in life.

Though love and hatred are necessarily produced in the human breast, when the proper objects of these passions occur, as the colour of material substances is necessarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the passion, and to cause either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the same object in different circumstances; as a changeable silk of blue and yellow may be held so as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or resented with greater acrimony, than the marriage of a child, especially of a daughter, without the consent of a parent: it is frequently considered as a breach of the strongest and tenderest obligations; as folly and ingratitude, treachery and

rebellion. By the imputation of these vices, a child becomes the object of indignation and resentment; indignation and resentment in the breast, therefore, of the parent are necessarily excited; and there can be no doubt but that these are species of hatred. But if the child is considered as still retaining the endearing softness of filial affection, as still longing for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears; as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of passions which none have always resisted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the same object that before excited indignation and resentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a species of love.

Those, indeed, who resent this breach of filial duty with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonstrate that they are without natural affection; and that they would have prostituted their offspring, if not to lust, yet to affections which are equally vile and sordid, the thirst of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be sincerely interested in the felicity of his child, who when some of the means of happiness are lost by indiscretion, suffers his resentment to take away the rest.

Among friends, sallies of quick resentment are extremely frequent. Friendship is a constant reciprocation of benefits, to which the sacrifice of private interest is sometimes necessary: it is common for each, to set too much value upon those which he bestows, and too little upon those which he receives; this mutual mistake in so important an estimation, produces mutual charges of unkindness and ingratitude; each, perhaps, professes himself ready to forgive, but neither will condescend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, still increases the enmity which it began; the friend is considered as selfish, assuming, injurious, and revengeful; he consequently becomes an object of hatred; and while he is thus considered, to love him is impossible. But thus to consider him, is at once a folly and a fault: each ought to reflect, that he is, at least in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a mistake; and that this mistake is the effect of weakness or vanity, which is common to all mankind: the character of both would then assume a very different aspect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgements, and recover the felicity which was so near being lost.

But if, after we have admitted an acquaintance to our bosom as a friend, it should appear that he had mistaken his character; if he should betray our confidence, and use the knowledge of

our affairs, which, perhaps, he obtained by offers of service, to effect our ruin; if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falsehood; if he violates the chastity of a wife, or seduces a daughter to prostitution; we may still consider him in such circumstances as will incline us to fulfil the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred, or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deserve punishment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, should be considered as having ultimately intended not evil to us, but good to himself. It should also be remembered, that he has mistaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendship of Him whose favour is better than life, by the same conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he sacrificed our temporal interest, to that also he sacrificed his own hope of immortality; that he is now seeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring punishment that will last for ever. And how much better than this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity! Surely, if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of cold water?

On the contrary, he whom God has forgiven must necessarily become amiable to man: to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartiality to consider it, is not only our duty, but our interest.

Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature of which Pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a Christian, to treat others with coldness, neglect, and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindness, and the menaces of oppression, should be far from those who profess themselves to be followers of Him, who in his life went about doing good; who instantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his last agony, and treated with mockery and derision, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderers; "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

No. 49.] TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1759.

— *Flumina liban*  
*Summa leves* —

VIRG.

— They lightly skim,  
 And gently sip the dimply river's brim.

THE character of the scholars of the present age will not be much injured or misrepresented by saying, that they seem to be superficially acquainted with a multitude of subjects, but to go to the bottom of very few. This appears in criticism and polite learning, as well as in the abstruser sciences: by the diffusion of knowledge its depth is abated.

Eutyches harangues with wonderful plausibility on the distinct merits of all the Greek and Roman classics, without having thoroughly and attentively perused, or entered into the spirit and scope of one of them. But Eutyches has diligently digested the dissertations of Rapin, Bouhours, Felton, Blackwall, and Rollin; treatises that administer great consolation to the indolent and incurious, to those who can tamely rest satisfied with second-hand knowledge, as they give concise accounts of all the great heroes of ancient literature, and enable them to speak of their several characters, without the tedious drudgery of perusing the originals. But the characters of writers, as of men, are of a very mixed and complicated nature, and are not to be comprehended in so small a compass; such objects do not admit of being drawn in miniature, with accuracy and distinctness.

To the present prevailing passion for French moralists and French critics, may be imputed the superficial show of learning and abilities of which I am complaining. And since these alluring authors are become not only so fashionable an amusement of those who call themselves the polite world, but also engross the attention of academical students, I am tempted to inquire into the merits of the most celebrated among them of both kinds.

That Montagne abounds in native wit, in quick penetration, in a perfect knowledge of the human heart, and the various vanities and vices that lurk in it, cannot justly be denied. But a man who undertakes to transmit his thoughts on life and manners to posterity, with the hopes of entertaining and amending future ages, must be either exceedingly vain or exceedingly careless, if he expects either of these effects can be produced by wanton sallies of the imagination, by useless and impertinent digressions, by never forming or following any regular plan, never classing or confining his thoughts, never changing or rejecting any sentiment that occurs to him. Yet this appears to have been the conduct of our celebrated essayist; and it has produced

many awkward imitators, who, under the notion of writing with the fire and freedom of this lively old Gascon, have fallen into confused rhapsodies and uninteresting egotisms.

But these blemishes of Montagne are trifling and unimportant, compared with his vanity, his indecency, and his scepticism. That man must totally have suppressed the natural love of honest reputation, which is so powerfully felt by the truly wise and good, who can calmly sit down to give a catalogue of his private vices, and publish his most secret infirmities, with the pretence of exhibiting a faithful picture of himself, and of exactly portraying the minutest features of his mind. Surely he deserves the censure Quintilian bestows on Demetrius, a celebrated Grecian statuary, that he was “nimis in veritate, et similitudinis quam pulchritudinis amantior;” more studious of likeness than of beauty.

Though the maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucault, another fashionable philosopher, are written with expressive elegance, and with nervous brevity; yet I must be pardoned for affirming, that he who labours to lessen the dignity of human nature, destroys many efficacious motives for practising worthy actions, and deserves ill of his fellow-creatures, whom he paints in dark and disagreeable colours. As the opinions of men usually contract a tincture from the circumstances and conditions of their lives, it is easy to discern the chagrined courtier, in the satire which this polite misanthrope has composed on his own species. According to his gloomy and uncomfortable system, virtue is merely the result of temper and constitution, of chance or of vanity, of fashion or the fear of losing reputation. Thus humanity is brutalized; and every high and generous principle is represented as imaginary, romantic, and chimerical; reason, which by some is too much aggrandized and almost deified, is here degraded into an abject slave of appetite and passion, and deprived even of her just and indisputable authority. As a christian, and as a man, I despise, I detest such debasing principles.

Roche foucault, to give a smartness and shortness to his sentences, frequently makes use of the antithesis, a mode of speaking the most tiresome and disgusting of any, by the sameness and similarity of the periods. And sometimes, in order to keep up the point, he neglects the propriety and justness of the sentiment, and grossly contradicts himself. “Happiness,” says he, “consists in the taste, and not in the things: and it is by enjoying what a man loves, that he becomes happy; not by having what others think desirable.” The obvious doctrine contained in this reflection, is the great power of imagination with regard to felicity: but adds the reflector, in a following maxim, “We are never so happy or so miserable, as we imagine



ourselves to be ;" which is certainly a plain and palpable contradiction of the foregoing opinion. And of such contradictions many instances might be alledged in this admired writer, which evidently show that he had not digested his thoughts with philosophical exactness and precision.

But the characters of La Bruyere deserve to be spoken of in far different terms. They are drawn with spirit and propriety, without a total departure from nature and resemblance, as sometimes is the case in pretended pictures of life. In a few instances only he has failed, by overcharging his portraits with many ridiculous features that cannot exist together in one subject ; as in the character of Menalcas the absent man, which, though applauded by one of my predecessors, is surely absurd, and false to nature. This author appears to be a warm admirer of virtue, and a steady promoter of her interest : he was neither ashamed of Christianity, nor afraid to defend it : accordingly, few have exposed the folly and absurdity of modish infidels, of infidels made by vanity and not by want of conviction, with so much solidity and pleasantry united : he disdained to sacrifice truth to levity and licentiousness. Many of his characters are personal, and contain allusions which cannot now be understood. It is, indeed, the fate of personal satire to perish with the generation in which it is written : many artful strokes in Theophrastus himself, perhaps, appear coarse or insipid, which the Athenians looked upon with admiration. A different age and different nation render us incapable of relishing several beauties in the Alchymist of Jonson, and in the Don Quixote of Cervantes.

Saint Evremond is a florid and verbose trifler, without novelty or solidity in his reflections. What more can be expected from one who proposed the dissolute and affected Petronius for his model in writing and living ?

As the corruption of our taste is not of equal consequence with the depravation of our virtue, I shall not spend so much time on the critics, as I have done on the moralists of France.

How admirably Rapin, the most popular among them, was qualified to sit in judgment upon Homer and Thucydides, and Demosthenes and Plato, may be gathered from an anecdote preserved by Menage, who affirms upon his own knowledge, that Le Fevre of Saumur furnished this assuming critic with the Greek passages he had occasion to cite, Rapin himself being totally ignorant of that language. The censures and the commendations this writer bestows are general and indiscriminate ; without specifying the reasons of his approbation or dislike, and without alledging the passages that may support his opinion : whereas just criticism demands, not only that every beauty or

blemish be minutely pointed out in its different degree and kind, but also that the reason and foundation of excellences and faults be accurately ascertained.

Bossu is usually and justly placed at the head of the commentators on Aristotle's poetics, which certainly he understood and explained in a more masterly manner than either Beni or Castelvetro : but in one or two instances he has indulged a love of subtilty and groundless refinement. That I may not be accused of affecting a kind of hatred against all the French critics, I would observe, that this learned writer merits the attention and diligent perusal of the true scholar. What I principally admire in Bossu, is the regularity of his plan, and the exactness of his method ; which add utility as well as beauty to his work.

Brumoy has displayed the excellences of the Greek tragedy in a judicious and comprehensive manner. His translations are faithful and elegant ; and the analysis of those plays, which, on account of some circumstances in ancient manners, would shock the readers of this age, and would not therefore bear an entire version, is perspicuous and full. Of all the French critics, he and the judicious Fenelon have had the justice to confess, or perhaps the penetration to perceive, in what instances Corneille and Racine have falsified and modernized the characters, and overloaded with unnecessary intrigues the simple plots of the ancients.

Let no one, however, deceive himself in thinking, that he can gain a competent knowledge either of Aristotle or Sophocles, from Bossu or Brumoy, how excellent soever these two commentators may be. To contemplate these exalted geniuses through such mediums, is like beholding the orb of the sun, during an eclipse, in a vessel of water. But let him eagerly press forward to the great originals : "juvet integros accedere fontes : " "his be the joy to approach the untasted springs." Let him remember, that the Grecian writers alone, both critics and poets, are the best masters to teach, in Milton's emphatical style, "what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric ; what decorum is ; which is the grand masterpiece to observe. This would make them soon perceive, what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-wrights be ; and show them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things."

Z.

No. 50.] SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1753.

*Quicumque turpi fraude semel innotuit,  
Etiam si vera dicit, amittit fidem.* PHAED.

The wretch that often has deceived,  
Though truth he speaks, is ne'er believed.

WHEN Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods; he replied, "Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth."

The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applause and association: the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women: the drunkard may easily unite with beings, devoted like himself to noisy merriments or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowess, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave: even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers, who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned and disowned: he has no domestic consolations, which he can oppose to the censure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend and without apologist. It is the peculiar condition of falsehood to be equally detested by the good and bad: "The devils," says Sir Thomas Brown, "do not tell lies to one another; for truth is necessary to all societies: nor can the society of hell subsist without it."

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally detested should be generally avoided; at least, that none should expose himself to unabated and unpitied infamy, without an adequate temptation; and that to guilt so easily detected, and so severely punished, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

Yet so it is, that in defiance of censure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and scarcely the most vigilant and unremitted circumspection will secure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can scarcely be imagined that they mean any injury to him or profit to themselves; even where the subject of conversation could not have been expected to put the passions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, sufficient to induce any

man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

The casuists have very diligently distinguished lies into their several classes, according to their various degrees of malignity; but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is most common, and, perhaps, not least mischievous; which, since the moralists have not given it a name, I shall distinguish as the lie of vanity.

To vanity may justly be imputed most of the falsehoods, which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and perhaps, most of those that are propagated with success. To the lie of commerce, and the lie of malice, the motive is so apparent, that they are seldom negligently or implicitly received: suspicion is always watchful over the practices of interest; and whatever the hope of gain, or desire of mischief, can prompt one man to assert, another is by reasons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleases herself with such slight gratifications, and looks forward to pleasure so remotely consequential, that her practices raise no alarm, and her stratagems are not easily discovered.

Vanity is, indeed, often suffered to pass unpursued by suspicion; because he that would watch her motions, can never be at rest: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; some opportunity of time and place is necessary to their agency; but scarce any man is abstracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to seek them in falsehoods.

It is remarked by Sir Kenelm Digby, that "every man has a desire to appear superior to others, though it were only in having seen what they have not seen." Such an accidental advantage, since it neither implies merit, nor confers dignity, one would think should not be desired so much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally false; but more or less credible in proportion to the skill or confidence of the relater. How many may a man of diffusive conversation count among his acquaintances, whose lives have been signalized by numberless escapes; who never cross the river but in a storm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than befel the knight-errants of ancient times in pathless forests or enchanted castles! How many must he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is daily working wonders invisible to every other eye, only to supply them with subjects of conversation!

Others there are that amuse themselves with the dissemination of falsehood, at greater hazard of detection and disgrace: men marked out by

some unlucky planet for universal confidence and friendship, who have been consulted in every difficulty, entrusted with every secret, and summoned to every transaction: it is the supreme felicity of those men, to stun all companies with noisy information; to still doubt, and overbear opposition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind, with a strong memory or brisk imagination, is often the oracle of an absurd club, and, till time discovers his impostures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrolled authority; for if a public question be started, he was present at the debate; if a new fashion be mentioned, he was at court the first day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patronized the author, and seen his work in manuscript; if a criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation: and who that lives at a distance from the scene of action, will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all persons and affairs are thus intimately known?

This kind of falsehood is generally successful for a time, because it is practised at first with timidity and caution: but the prosperity of the liar is of short duration; the reception of one story is always an incitement to the forgery of another less probable; and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reason rises up against him, and his companions will no longer endure to see him wiser than themselves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all these fictions intend some exaltation of themselves, and are led off by the pursuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply some consequence in favour of their courage, their sagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the present pleasure of seeing themselves superior to those that surround them, and receiving the homage of silent attention and envious admiration.

But vanity is sometimes excited to fiction by less visible gratifications: the present age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the consciousness of falsehood, and whose pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themselves. Of this tribe it is the supreme pleasure to remark a lady in the play-house or the park, and to publish, under the character of a man suddenly enamoured, an advertisement in the news of the next day, containing a minute description of her person and her dress. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbations which the writer can never see, and conjectures of which he can never be informed; some mis-

chief, however, he hopes he has done; and to have done mischief, is of some importance. He sets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery or a murder, with all the circumstances of time and place accurately adjusted. This is a jest of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his scene at a proper distance, he may for several days keep a wife in terror for her husband, or a mother for her son; and please himself with reflecting, that by his abilities and address some addition is made to the miseries of life.

There is, I think, an ancient law in Scotland, by which leasing making was capitally punished. I am, indeed, far from desiring to increase in this kingdom the number of executions: yet I cannot but think, that they who destroy the confidence of society, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the security of life; harass the delicate with shame, and perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a sense of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping post or pillory: since many are so insensible of right and wrong, that they have no standard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread punishment.

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No. 51.] TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1753.

*Si quid ex Pindari, Flaccive dictis fuerit interjectum, splendet oratio; et sordescit, si quid e sacris Psalmis apte fuerit attextum? An Libri Spiritus celestis afflatu proditi sordent nobis præscriptis Homeri, Euripidis, aut Ennii.* ERASMUS.

Is a discourse beautified by a quotation from Pindar and Horace? And shall we think it blemished by a passage from the sacred Psalms aptly interwoven? Do we despise the books which were dictated by the Spirit of God, in comparison of Homer, Euripides, and Ennius?

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IN the library of the benedictine monks at Lyons, has lately been discovered a most curious manuscript of the celebrated Longinus. As I know you will eagerly embrace every opportunity of contributing to promote, or rather revive, a reverence and love for the Sacred Writings, I send the following extract translated from this extraordinary work.

My dear Terentianus,

You may remember, that in my treatise on the sublime, I quoted a striking example of it from Moses the Jewish lawgiver; "Let there be light, and there was light." I have since met with a large volume translated into Greek by



the order of Ptolemy, containing all the religious opinions, the civil laws and customs, of that singular and unaccountable people. And to confess the truth, I am greatly astonished at the incomparable elevation of its style and the supreme grandeur of its images; many of which excel the utmost efforts of the most exalted genius of Greece.

At the appearance of God, the mountains, and the forests do not only tremble as in Homer, but "are melted down like wax at his presence." He rides not on a swift chariot over the level waves like Neptune, but "comes flying upon the wings of the wind: while the floods clap their hands, and the hills and forests, and earth and heaven, all exult together before their Lord." And how dost thou conceive, my friend, the exalted idea of the universal presence of the infinite mind can be expressed, adequately to the dignity of the subject, but in the following manner?—"Whether shall I go from thy presence? If I climb up into heaven, thou art there! If I go down to hell, lo, thou art there also! If I take wings and fly toward the morning, or remain in the uttermost parts of the western ocean; even there also"—the poet does not say "I shall find thee," but far more forcibly and emphatically—"thy right hand shall hold me." With what majesty and magnificence is the Creator of the world, before whom the whole universe is represented as nothing, nay, less than nothing, and vanity, introduced making the following sublime inquiry? "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand? and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance!" Produce me, Terentianus, any image or description in Plato himself, so truly elevated and divine! Where did these Barbarians learn to speak of God, in terms that alone appear worthy of him? How contemptible and vile are the deities of Homer and Hesiod, in comparison of this Jehovah of the illiterate Jews; before whom, to use this poet's own words, all other gods are "as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance."

Had I been acquainted with this wonderful volume, while I was writing my treatise on the Pathetic, I could have enriched my work with many strokes of eloquence, more irresistibly moving than any I have borrowed from our three great tragedians, or even from the tender Simonides himself. The same Moses I formerly mentioned, relates the history of a youth sold into captivity by his brethren, in a manner so deeply interesting, with so many little strokes of nature and passion, with such penetrating knowledge of the human heart, with such various and unexpected changes of fortune, and with such a striking and important discovery,

as cannot be read without astonishment and tears; and which, I am almost confident, Aristotle would have preferred to the story of his admired Œdipus for the artificial manner in which the recognition, *anagnorisis*, is effected, emerging gradually from the incidents and circumstances of the story itself, and not from things extrinsical and unessential to the fable.

In another part we are presented with the picture of a man most virtuous and upright, who, for the trial and exercise of his fortitude and patience, is hurled down from the summits of felicity, into the lowest depth of distress and despair. Were ever sorrow and misery and compassion expressed more forcibly and feelingly, than by the behaviour of his friends, who when they first discovered him in his altered condition, destitute, afflicted, tormented, "sat down with him upon the ground seven days, and seven nights; and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great." Let us candidly confess, that this noble passage is equal, if not superior to that celebrated description of parental sorrow in Æschylus; where that venerable father of tragedy, whose fire and enthusiasm sometimes force him forwards to the very borders of improbability, has in this instance justly represented Niobe sitting disconsolately three days together upon the tomb of her children, covered with a veil, and observing a profound silence. Such silences are something more affecting, and more strongly expressive of passion, than the most artful speeches. In Sophocles, when the unfortunate Deianira discovers her mistake in having sent a poisoned vestment to her husband Hercules, her surprise and sorrow are unspeakable, and she answers not her son who acquaints her with the disaster, but goes off the stage without uttering a syllable. A writer unacquainted with nature and the heart, would have put into her mouth twenty florid iambics, in which she would bitterly have bewailed her misfortunes, and informed the spectators that she was going to die.

In representing likewise the desolation and destruction of the cities of Babylon and Tyre, these Jewish writers have afforded many instances of true pathos. One of them expresses the extreme distress occasioned by a famine, by this moving circumstance: "The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst; the young children ask bread, and no man breaketh it unto them; the hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children." Which tender and affecting stroke reminds me of the picture of a sacked city by Aristides the Theban, on which we have so often gazed with inexpressible delight: that great artist has expressed the concern of a bleeding and dying mother, lest her infant, who is creeping to her side, should lick the blood that flows from her breast, and mistake it for her milk.

In the ninth book of the Iliad, Homer represents the horrors of a conquered city, by saying, that her heroes should be slain, her palaces overthrown, her matrons ravished, and her whole race enslaved. But one of these Jewish poets, by a single circumstance, has far more emphatically pointed out the utter desolation of Babylon: "I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a single person than the golden wedge of Ophir."

What seems to be particularly excellent in these writers, is their selection of such adjuncts and circumstances upon each subject, as are best calculated to strike the imagination and embellish their descriptions. Thus, they think it not enough to say, "that Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, shall never be more inhabited;" but they add a picturesque stroke, "neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there: the wild beasts of the island shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant places."

You have heard me frequently observe, how much visions, or images by which a writer seems to behold objects that are absent, or even non-existent, contribute to the true sublime. For this reason I have ever admired Minerva's speech in the fifth book of the Iliad, where she tells her favourite Diomedes, "that she will purge his eyes from the mists of mortality, and give him power clearly to discern the gods that were at that time assisting the Trojans, that he might not be guilty of the impiety of wounding any of the celestial beings, Venus excepted." Observe the superior strength and liveliness of the following image: "Jehovah," the tutelar God of the Jews, "opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses, and chariots of fire round about him!"

Do we start, and tremble, and turn pale, when Orestes exclaims that the furies are rushing forward to seize him? and shall we be less affected with the writer, who breaks out into the following question? "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bosra; this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?"—It is the avenging God of the oppressed Jews, whom the poet imagines he beholds, and whose answer follows, "I that am mighty to save." "Wherefore," resumes the poet, "art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine fat?" "I have trodden the wine press alone," answers the God, "and of the people there were none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment." Another writer, full of the idea of that destruction with which his country was threatened, cries out, "How long shall I see the standard, and hear the sound of the trumpet!" And to represent total desolation,

he imagines he sees the universe reduced to its primitive chaos: "I beheld the earth, and lo! it was without form and void; and the heavens, and they had no light."

Above all, I am marvellously struck with the beauty and boldness of the Prosopopœias, and the rich variety of comparisons, with which every page of these extraordinary writings abound. When I shall have pointed out a few of these to your view, I shall think your curiosity will be sufficiently excited to peruse the book itself from which they are drawn. And do not suffer yourself to be prejudiced against it, by the reproaches, raillery and satire, which I know my friend and disciple Porphyry is perpetually pouring upon the Jews. Farewell.

Z.

No. 52.] SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1753.

—— *Hæ nugæ seria ducent  
In mala derisum.*

HOR.

—— Trifles such as these  
To serious mischiefs lead.

FRANCIS.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THOUGH there are many calamities to which all men are equally exposed, yet some species of intellectual distress are thought to be peculiar to the vicious. The various evils of disease and poverty, pain and sorrow, are frequently derived from others; but shame and confusion are supposed to proceed from ourselves, and to be incurred only by the misconduct which they punish. This supposition is indeed specious; but I am convinced by the strongest evidence, that it is not true: I can oppose experience to theory; and as it will appear that I suffer considerable loss by my testimony, it must be allowed to have the most distinguishing characteristic of sincerity.

That every man is happy in proportion as he is virtuous, was once my favourite principle: I advanced and defended it in all companies; and as the last effort of my genius in its behalf, I contrived a series of events by which it was illustrated and established: and that I might substitute action for narrative, and decorate sentiment with the beauties of poetry, I regulated my story by the rules of the drama, and with great application and labour wrought it into a tragedy.

When it was finished, I sat down like Hercules after his labours, exulting in the past, and enjoying the future by anticipation. I read it to every friend who favoured me with a visit, and when I went abroad, I always put it into



my pocket. Thus it became known to a circle that was always increasing; and was at length mentioned with such commendation to a very great lady, that she was pleased to favour me with a message, by which I was invited to breakfast at nine the next morning, and acquainted that a select company would then expect the pleasure of hearing me read my play.

The delight that I received from the contemplation of my performance, the encomium of my friends, and especially this message, was in my opinion an experimental proof of my principles, and a reward of my merit. I reflected with great self-complacency upon the general complaint that genius was without patronage; and concluded, that all who have been neglected were unworthy of notice. I believed that my own elevation was not only certain but near; and that the representation of my play would be secured by a message to the manager, which would render the mortifying drudgery of solicitations and attendance unnecessary.

Elated with these expectations, I rose early in the morning, and being dressed long before it was time to set out, I amused myself by repeating the favourite passages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite answers to the compliments that should be made me, and adjusting the ceremony of my visit.

I observed the time appointed with such punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was striking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwise engaged, it happened that the servant whose place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his stead, and upon hearing my name advanced directly before me into the room; so that no discovery was made of an enormous queue of brown paper, which some mischievous brat had with a crooked pin hung between the two locks of my major periwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment, where, after I had got within a very large Indian screen, I found five ladies and a gentleman.

I was a little disconcerted in my first address, by the respect that was shown me, and the curiosity with which I was regarded: however, I made my general obeisance, and addressing myself in particular to the elder of the ladies whom I considered as my patroness, I expressed my sense of the honour she had done me in a short speech which I had preconceived for the purpose; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whose favour I had acknowledged was not yet come down: this mistake increased my confusion; for as I could not again repeat the same words, I reflected, that I should be at last unprepared for the occasion on which they were to have been used. The company all this while continued standing: I therefore hastily turned about, to reconnoitre my chair; but the mo-

ment I was seated, I perceived every one labouring to stifle a laugh. I instantly suspected that I had committed some ridiculous indecorum, and I attempted to apologize for I knew not what offence; but after some hesitation, my extreme sensibility struck me speechless. The gentleman, however, kindly discovered the cause of their merriment, by exclaiming against the rude licentiousness of the vulgar, and at the same time taking from behind me the pendulous reproach to the honours of my head. This discovery afforded me inexpressible relief; my paper ramellie was thrown into the fire, and I joined in the laugh which it produced: but I was still embarrassed by the consequences of my mistake, and expected the lady by whom I had been invited, with solicitude and apprehension.

When she came in, the deference with which she was treated by persons who were so much my superiors, struck me with awe; my powers of recollection were suspended, and I resolved to express my sentiments only by the lowness of my bow and the distance of my behaviour: I therefore hastily retreated backward; and at the same time bowing with the most profound reverence, unhappily overturned the screen, which in its fall threw down the breakfast table, broke all the china, and crippled the lap-dog. In the midst of this ruin I stood torpid in silence and amazement, stunned with the shrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the dog, and the clattering of the china: and while I considered myself as the author of such complicated mischief, I believe I felt as keen anguish as he, who with a halter about his neck looks up, while the other end of it is fastening to a gibbet.

The screen, however, was soon replaced, and the broken china removed; and though the dog was the principal object of attention, yet the lady sometimes adverted to me: she politely desired that I would consider the accident as of no consequence; the china, she said, was a trifle, and she hoped Pompey was more frightened than hurt. I made some apology, but with great confusion and incoherence: at length, however, we were again seated, and breakfast was brought in.

I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the discourse turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey, and the consequences of his hurt: it was examined with great attention and solicitude, and found to be a rasure of the skin the whole length of one of his fore-legs. After some topical application, his cushion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteously.

I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had just made an attempt to introduce a new subject of conversation, when casting my eye downward I was again thrown into extreme confusion, by seeing something hang from the fore part of my chair, which I imagined to be



a portion of my shirt; though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I sat, and which, during the confusion produced by the fall of the screen, had been left in the chair.

My embarrassment was soon discovered, though the cause was mistaken; and the lady hoping to remove it, by giving me an opportunity to display my abilities without the restraint of ceremony, requested that I would now give her the pleasure which she had impatiently expected, and read my play.

My play therefore, I was obliged to produce, and having found an opportunity hastily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuscript lay open in my lap, I began to read: and though my voice was at first languid, tremulous, and irresolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my situation to my subject: I pronounced with great emphasis and propriety, and I began to watch for the effects which I expected to produce upon my auditors; but I was extremely mortified to find, that whenever I paused to give room for a remark or an encomium, the interval was filled with an ejaculation of pity for the dog, who still continued to whine upon his cushion, and was lamented in these affectionate and pathetic terms—"Ah! poor, dear, pretty, little creature."

It happened, however, that by some incidents in the fourth act the passions were apparently interested, and I was just exulting in my success, when the lady who sat next me unhappily opening her snuff-box, which was not effected without some difficulty, the dust that flew up threw me into a fit of sneezing, which instantly caused my upper-lip to put me again out of countenance: I therefore hastily felt for my handkerchief, and it was not with less emotion than if I had seen a ghost, that I discovered it had been picked out of my pocket. In the mean time the opprobrious effusion descended like an icicle to my chin; and the eyes of the company, which this accident had drawn upon me, were now turned away with looks which showed that their pity was not proof against the ridicule of my distress. What I suffered at this moment, can neither be expressed nor conceived: I turned my head this way and that in the anguish of my mind, without knowing what I sought; and at last holding up my manuscript before my face, I was compelled to make use of the end of my neckcloth, which I again buttoned into my bosom. After many painful efforts I proceeded in my lecture, and again fixed the attention of my hearers. The fourth act was finished, and they expressed great impatience to hear the catastrophe; I therefore began the fifth with fresh confidence and vigour; but before I had read a page, I was interrupted by two gentlemen of great quality, professors of

Bucklism, who came with a design to wait upon the ladies to an auction.

I rose up with the rest of the company when they came in; but what was my astonishment, to perceive the napkin, which I had unfortunately secured by one corner, hang down from my waist to the ground! From this dilemma, however, I was delivered by the noble buck who stood nearest me; who swearing an oath of astonishment, twitched the napkin from me, and throwing it to the servant, told him that he had redeemed it from the rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a place where he would never have looked for it. The young ladies were scarce less confounded at this accident than I; and the noble matron herself was somewhat disconcerted: she saw my extreme confusion; and thought fit to apologize for her cousin's behaviour; "He is a wild boy, Sir," says she, "he plays these tricks with every body; but it is his way, and no body minds it." When we were once more seated, the Bucks, upon the peremptory refusal of the ladies to go out, declared they would stay and hear the last act of my tragedy; I was therefore requested to go on. But my spirits were quite exhausted by the violent agitation of my mind; and I was intimidated by the presence of two persons, who appeared to consider me and my performance as objects only of merriment and sport. I would gladly have renounced all that in the morning had been the object of my hope, to recover the dignity which I had already lost in my own estimation; and had scarce any wish but to return without further disgrace into the quiet shade of obscurity. The ladies, however, would take no denial, and I was at length obliged to comply.

I was much pleased and surprised at the attention with which my new auditors seemed to listen as I went on: the dog was now silent; I increased the pathos of my voice in proportion as I ascended the climax of distress, and flattered myself that poetry and truth would be still victorious: but just at this crisis, the gentleman, who had disengaged me from the napkin, desired me to stop half a moment; something, he said, had just started into his mind, which if he did not communicate he might forget: then turning to his companion, "Jack," says he, "there was sold in Smithfield no longer ago than last Saturday, the largest ox that ever I beheld in my life." The ridicule of this malicious apostrophe was so striking, that pity and decorum gave way, and my patroness herself burst into laughter: upon me, indeed, it produced a very different effect; for if I had been detected in an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, I could not have felt more shame, confusion and anguish. The laughter into which the company had been surprised, was, however, immediately suppressed, and a severe censure

passed upon the person who produced it. To atone for the mortification which I had suffered, the ladies expressed the utmost impatience to hear the conclusion, and I was encouraged by repeated encomiums to proceed; but though I once more attempted to recollect myself, and again began the speech in which I had been interrupted, yet my thoughts were still distracted; my voice faltered, and I had scarce breath to finish the first period.

This was remarked by my tormentor the Buck, who suddenly snatched the manuscript out of my hands, declared that I did not do my play justice, and that he would finish it himself. He then began to read; but the affected gravity of his countenance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and the remembrance of his late anecdote of the ox, excited sensations that were incompatible both with pity and terror, and rendered me extremely wretched by keeping the company perpetually on the brink of laughter.

In the action of my play, virtue had been sustained by her own dignity, and exulted in the enjoyment of intellectual and independent happiness, during a series of external calamities that terminated in death; and vice, by the success of her own projects, had been betrayed into shame, perplexity, and confusion. These events were indeed natural; and therefore I poetically inferred, with all the confidence of demonstration, that "the torments of Tartarus, and the felicity of Elysium, were not necessary to the justification of the gods; since whatever inequality might be pretended in the distribution of externals, peace is still the prerogative of virtue, and intellectual misery can be inflicted only by guilt."

But the intellectual misery which I suffered at the very moment when this favourite sentiment was read, produced an irresistible conviction that it was false; because, except the dread of that punishment which I had indirectly denied, I felt all the torment that could be inflicted by guilt. In the prosecution of an undertaking which I believed to be virtuous, peace had been driven from my heart, by the concurrence of accident with the vices of others; and the misery that I suffered, suddenly propagated itself: for not only enjoyment but hope was now at an end; my play, upon which both had depended, was overturned from its foundation; and I was so much affected that I took my leave with the abrupt haste of distress and perplexity. I had no concern about what should be said of me when I was departed; and, perhaps, at the moment when I went out of the house, there was not in the world any human being more wretched than myself. The next morning, when I reflected coolly upon these events, I would willingly have reconciled my experience with my principles, even at the expense of my morals. I would have supposed that my desire

of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuous indifference about the opinion of others would have prevented all my distress; but I was compelled to acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference was not possible, and that no man becomes vicious by not effecting impossibilities: there may be heights of virtue beyond our reach; but to be vicious, we must either do something from which we have power to abstain, or neglect something which we have power to do: there remained, therefore, no expedient to recover any part of the credit I had lost, but setting a truth, which I had newly discovered by means so extraordinary, in a new light; and with this view I am a candidate for a place in the Adventurer.

I am, Sir,  
Your's, &c.

DRAMATICUS.

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No. 53.] TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1753.

*Quisque suos patimur Manes.*

VIRG.

Each has his lot, and bears the fate he drew.

SIR,

*Fleet, May 6.*

IN consequence of my engagements, I address you once more from the habitations of misery. In this place, from which business and pleasure are equally excluded, and in which our only employment and diversion is to hear the narratives of each other, I might much sooner have gathered materials for a letter, had I not hoped to have been reminded of my promise: but since I find myself placed in the regions of oblivion, where I am no less neglected by you than by the rest of mankind, I resolved no longer to wait for solicitation, but stole early this evening from between gloomy sullenness and riotous merriment, to give you an account of part of my companions.

One of the most eminent members of our club is Mr. Edward Scamper, a man of whose name the Olympic heroes would not have been ashamed. Ned was born to a small estate which he determined to improve; and therefore, as soon as he became of age, mortgaged part of his land to buy a mare and stallion, and bred horses for the course. He was at first very successful, and gained several of the king's plates, as he is now every day boasting, at the expense of very little more than ten times their value. At last, however, he discovered, that victory brought him more honour than profit: resolving, therefore, to be rich as well as illustrious, he replenished his pockets by another mortgage, became on a sudden a daring better, and resolving not to trust a jockey with his fortune, rode his



horse himself, distanced two of his competitors the first heat, and at last won the race by forcing his horse on a descent to full speed at the hazard of his neck. His estate was thus repaired, and some friends that had no souls advised him to give over; but Ned now knew the way to riches, and therefore without caution increased his expenses. From this hour he talked and dreamed of nothing but a horse-race; and rising soon to the summit of equestrian reputation, he was constantly expected on every course, divided all his time between lords and jockies, and, as the unexperienced regulated their bets by his example, gained a great deal of money by laying openly on one horse and secretly on the other. Ned was now so sure of growing rich, that he involved his estate in a third mortgage, borrowed money of all his friends, and risked his whole fortune upon Bay-Lincoln. He mounted with beating heart, started fair and won the first heat; but in the second, as he was pushing against the foremost of his rivals, his girth broke, his shoulder was dislocated, and before he was dismissed by the surgeon, two bailiffs fastened upon him, and he saw New-market no more. His daily amusement for four years has been to blow the signal for starting, to make imaginary matches, to repeat the pedigree of Bay-Lincoln, and to form resolutions against trusting another groom with the choice of his girth.

The next in seniority is Mr. Timothy Snug, a man of deep contrivance and impenetrable secrecy. His father died with the reputation of more wealth than he possessed; Tim, therefore, entered the world with a reputed fortune of ten thousand pounds. Of this he very well knew that eight thousand was imaginary: but being a man of refined policy, and knowing how much honour is annexed to riches, he resolved never to detect his own poverty: but furnished his house with elegance, scattered his money with profusion, encouraged every scheme of costly pleasure, spoke of petty losses with negligence, and on the day before an execution entered his doors, had proclaimed at a public table his resolution to be jolted no longer in a hackney-coach.

Another of my companions is the magnanimous Jack Scatter, the son of a country gentleman, who having no other care than to leave him rich, considered that literature could not be had without expense; masters would not teach for nothing; and when a book was bought and read, it would sell for little. Jack was, therefore, taught to read and write by the butler; and when this acquisition was made, was left to pass his days in the kitchen and the stable, where he heard no crime censured but covetousness and distrust of poor honest servants, and where all the praise was bestowed on good housekeeping and a free heart. At the

death of his father, Jack set himself to retrieve the honour of his family: he abandoned his cellar to the butler, ordered his groom to provide hay and corn at discretion, took his house-keeper's word for the expenses of the kitchen, allowed all his servants to do their work by deputies, permitted his domestics to keep his house open to their relations and acquaintance, and in ten years was conveyed hither, without having purchased by the loss of his patrimony either honour or pleasure, or obtained any other gratification than that of having corrupted the neighbouring villagers by luxury and idleness.

Dick Serge was a draper in Cornhill, and passed eight years in prosperous diligence without any care but to keep his books, or any ambition but to be in time an alderman: but then, by some unaccountable revolution in his understanding, he became enamoured of wit and humour, despised the conversation of pedlars and stockjobbers, and rambled every night to the regions of gayety, in quest of company suited to his taste. The wits at first flocked about him for sport, and afterwards for interest; some found their way into his books, and some into his pockets; the man of adventure was equipped from his shop for the pursuit of a fortune; and he had sometimes the honour to have his security accepted when his friends were in distress. Elated with these associations, he soon learned to neglect his shop; and having drawn his money out of the funds, to avoid the necessity of teizing men of honour for trifling debts, he has been forced at last to retire hither, till his friends can procure him a post at court.

Another that joins in the same mess is Bob Cornice, whose life has been spent in fitting up a house. About ten years ago Bob purchased the country habitation of a bankrupt: the mere shell of a building Bob holds no great matter, the inside is the test of elegance. Of this house he was no sooner master than he summoned twenty workmen to his assistance, tore up the floors and laid them anew, stripped off the wainscot, drew the windows from their frames, altered the disposition of doors and fire-places, and cast the whole fabric into a new form; his next care was to have his ceilings painted, his pannels gilt, and his chimney-pieces carved; every thing was executed by the ablest hands; Bob's business was to follow the workmen with a microscope, and call upon them to retouch their performances, and heighten excellence to perfection. The reputation of his house now brings round him a daily confluence of visitants, and every one tells him of some elegance which he has hitherto overlooked, some convenience not yet procured, or some mode in ornament or furniture. Bob, who had no wish but to be admired, nor any guide but the fashion, thought every thing beautiful in proportion as



It was new, and considered his work as unfinished, while any observer could suggest any addition; some alteration was therefore every day made, without any other motive than the charms of novelty. A traveller at last suggested to him the convenience of a grotto; Bob immediately ordered the mount of his garden to be excavated; and having laid out a large sum in shells and minerals, was busy in regulating the disposition of the colours and lustres, when two gentlemen, who had asked permission to see his gardens, presented him a writ, and led him off to less elegant apartments.

I know not, Sir, whether among this fraternity of sorrow you will think any much to be pitted; nor indeed do many of them appear to solicit compassion, for they generally applaud their own conduct, and despise those whom want of taste or spirit suffers to grow rich. It were happy if the prisons of the kingdom were filled only with characters like these, men whom prosperity could not make useful, and whom ruin cannot make wise: but there are among us many who raise different sensations, many that owe their present misery to the seductions of treachery, the strokes of casualty, or the tenderness of pity; many whose sufferings disgrace society, and whose virtues would adorn it: of these, when familiarity shall have enabled me to recount their stories without horror, you may expect another narrative from,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T.

MISARGYRUS.

No. 54.] SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1753.

—*Sensim labefacta cadebat*

*Religio*—

CLAUDIUS.

—His confidence in heaven

Sunk by degrees.—

If a recluse moralist, who speculates in a cloyster, should suppose every practice to be infamous in proportion as it is allowed to be criminal, no man would wonder; but every man who is acquainted with life, and is able to substitute the discoveries of experience for the deductions of reason, knows that he would be mistaken.

Lying is generally allowed to be less criminal than adultery; and yet it is known to render a man much more infamous and contemptible; for he who would modestly acquiesce in an imputation of adultery as a compliment, would resent that of a lie as an insult for which life only could atone. Thus are men tamely led hoodwinked by custom, the creature of their own folly, and while imaginary light

flashes under the bandage which excludes the reality, they fondly believe that they behold the sun.

Lying, however, does not incur more infamy than it deserves, though other vices incur less. I have before remarked, that there are some practises, which, though they degrade a man to the lowest class of moral characters, do yet imply some natural superiority; but lying is, on the contrary, always an implication of weakness and defect. Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence: lying boasts are the stigma of impotent ambition, of obscurity without merit, and pride totally destitute of intellectual dignity: and even lies of apology imply indiscretion or rusticity, ignorance, folly, or indecorum.

But there is equal turpitude, and yet greater meanness, in those forms of speech which deceive without direct falsehood. The crime is committed with greater deliberation, as it requires more contrivance; and by the offenders the use of language is totally perverted: they conceal a meaning opposite to that which they express; their speech is a kind of riddle propounded for an evil purpose; and as they may therefore, be properly distinguished by the name of Sphinxes, there would not perhaps be much cause for regret, if, like the first monster of the name, they should break their necks upon the solution of their enigmas.

Indirect lies, more effectually than others, destroy that mutual confidence, which is said to be the band of society: they are more frequently repeated, because they are not prevented by the dread of detection: and he who has obtained a virtuous character is not always believed, because we know not but that he may have been persuaded by the sophistry of folly, that to deceive is not to lie, and that there is a certain manner in which truth may be violated without incurring either guilt or shame.

But lying, however practised, does, like every other vice, ultimately disappoint its own purpose: "A lying tongue is but for a moment." Detraction, when it is discovered to be false, confers honour, and dissimulation provokes resentment; the false boast incurs contempt, and the false apology aggravates the offence.

Is it not, therefore, astonishing, that a practice, for whatever reason, so universally infamous and unsuccessful, should not be more generally and scrupulously avoided? To think, is to renounce it: and that I may fix the attention of my readers a little longer upon the subject, I shall relate a story, which, perhaps, by those who have much sensibility, will not soon be forgotten.

Charlotte and Maria were educated together at an eminent boarding school near London: there was little difference in their age, and their

personal accomplishments were equal: but though their families were of the same rank, yet as Charlotte was an only child, she was considerably superior in fortune.

Soon after they were taken home, Charlotte was addressed by Captain Freeman, who, besides his commission in the guards, had a small paternal estate; but as her friends hoped for a more advantageous match, the captain was desired to forbear his visits, and the lady to think of him no more. After some fruitless struggles they acquiesced; but the discontent of both was so apparent, that it was thought expedient to remove Miss into the country. She was sent to her aunt, the Lady Meadows, who, with her daughter, lived retired at the family-seat, more than one hundred miles distant from the metropolis. After she had repined in this dreary solitude from April to August, she was surprised with a visit from her father, who brought with him Sir James Forrest, a young gentleman who had just succeeded to a baronet's title, and a very large estate in the same county. Sir James had good-nature and good-sense, an agreeable person and an easy address: Miss was insensibly pleased with his company; her vanity, if not her love, had a new object; a desire to be delivered from a state of dependence and obscurity, had almost absorbed all the rest; and it is no wonder that this desire was gratified, when scarce any other was felt; or that in compliance with the united solicitations of her friends, and her lover, she suffered herself within a few weeks to become a lady and a wife. They continued in the country till the beginning of October, and then came up to London, having prevailed upon her aunt to accompany them, that Miss Meadows, with whom the bride had contracted an intimate friendship, might be gratified with the diversions of the town during the winter.

Captain Freeman, when he heard that Miss Charlotte was married, immediately made proposals of marriage to Maria, with whom he became acquainted during his visits to her friend, and soon after married her.

The friendship of the two young ladies seemed to be rather increased than diminished by their marriage; they were always of the same party both in the private and public diversions of the season, and visited each other without the formalities of messages and dress.

But neither Sir James nor Mrs. Freeman could reflect without uneasiness upon the frequent interviews which this familiarity and confidence produced between a lover and his mistress, whom force only had divided; and though of these interviews they were themselves witnesses, yet Sir James insensibly became jealous of his lady, and Mrs. Freeman of her husband.

It happened in the May following, that Sir

James went about ten miles out of town to be present at the election of a member of parliament for the county, and was not expected to return till the next day. In the evening his lady took a chair and visited Mrs. Freeman: the rest of the company went away early, the captain was upon guard, Sir James was out of town, and the two ladies after supper sat down to piquet, and continued the game without once reflecting upon the hour till three in the morning. Lady Forrest would then have gone home; but Mrs. Freeman, perhaps chiefly to conceal a contrary desire, importuned her to stay till the captain came in, and at length with some reluctance she consented.

About five the captain came home, and Lady Forrest immediately sent out for a chair; a chair, as it happened, could not be procured; but a hackney coach being brought in its stead, the captain insisted upon waiting on her ladyship home. This she refused with some emotion; it is probable that she still regarded the captain with less indifference than she wished, and was therefore more sensible of the impropriety of his offer: but her reasons for rejecting it, however forcible, being such as she could not alledge, he persisted, and her resolution was overborne. By this importunate complaisance the captain had not only thrown Lady Forrest into confusion, but displeased his wife: she could not, however, without unpoliteness oppose it; and lest her uneasiness should be discovered, she affected a negligence which in some degree revenged it: she desired that when he came back he would not disturb her, for that she should go directly to bed; and added with a kind of drowsy insensibility, "I am more than half asleep already."

Lady Forrest and the captain were to go from the Haymarket to Grosvenor Square. It was about half an hour after five when they got into the coach; the morning was remarkably fine, the late contest had shaken off all disposition to sleep, and Lady Forrest could not help saying, that she had much rather take a walk in the park than go home to bed. The captain zealously expressed the same sentiment, and proposed that the coach should set them down at St. James's Gate. The lady, however, had nearly the same objections against being seen in the Mall without any other company than the captain, that she had against its being known that they were alone together in a hackney coach: she, therefore, to extricate herself from this second difficulty, proposed that they should call at her father's in Bond-street, and take her cousin Meadows, whom she knew to be an early riser, with them. This project was immediately put in execution; but Lady Forrest found her cousin indisposed with a cold. When she had communicated the design of this early visit, Miss Meadows intreated her to give up

her walk in the park, to stay till the family rose, and go home after breakfast; "no," replied Lady Forrest, "I am determined upon a walk; but as I must first get rid of Captain Freeman, I will send down word that I will take your advice." A servant was accordingly despatched to acquaint the captain, who was waiting below, that Miss Meadows was indisposed and had engaged Lady Forrest to breakfast.

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No. 55.] TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1753.

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis  
Cautum est in horas.*

HOR.

While dangers hourly round us rise,  
No caution guards us from surprise. FRANCIS.

THE captain discharged the coach; but being piqued at the behaviour of his wife, and feeling that flow of spirits which usually returns with the morning, even to those who have not slept in the night, he had no desire to go home, and therefore resolved to enjoy the fine morning in the park alone.

Lady Forrest, not doubting but that the captain would immediately return home, congratulated herself upon her deliverance; but at the same time to indulge her desire of a walk, followed him into the park.

The captain had reached the top of the Mall, and turning back met her before she had advanced two hundred yards beyond the palace. The moment she perceived him, the remembrance of her message, the motives that produced it, the detection of its falsehood, and discovery of its design, her disappointment and consciousness of that very situation which she had so much reason to avoid, all concurred to cover her with confusion which it was impossible to hide: pride and good breeding were, however, still predominant over truth and prudence; she was still zealous to remove from the captain's mind any suspicion of a design to shun him, and therefore, with an effort perhaps equal to that of a hero who smiles upon the rack, she affected an air of gayety, said she was glad to see him, and as an excuse for her message and her conduct, prattled something about the fickleness of woman's mind, and concluded with observing, that she changed hers too often ever to be mad. By this conduct a retreat was rendered impossible, and they walked together till between eight and nine: but the clouds having insensibly gathered, and a sudden shower falling just as they reached Spring Gardens, they went out instead of going back; and the captain having put the lady into a chair took his leave.

It happened that Sir James, contrary to his

first purpose, had returned from his journey, at night. He learnt from his servants, that his lady was gone to Captain Freeman's, and was secretly displeased that she had made this visit when he was absent; an incident which, however trifling in itself, was by the magic of jealousy swelled into importance: yet upon recollection he reproved himself for this displeasure, since the presence of the captain's lady would sufficiently secure the honour of his own. While he was struggling with these suspicions, they increased both in number and strength in proportion as the night wore away. At one he went to bed; but he passed the night in agonies of terror and resentment, doubting whether the absence of his lady was the effect of accident or design, listening to every noise, and bewildering himself in a multitude of extravagant suppositions. He rose again at break of day; and after several hours of suspense and irresolution, whether to wait the issue, or go out for intelligence, the restlessness of curiosity prevailed, and about eight he set out for Captain Freeman's; but left word with his servants, that he was gone to a neighbouring coffee-house.

Mrs. Freeman, whose affected indifference and dissimulation of a design to go immediately to bed, contributed to prevent the captain's return, had during his absence suffered inexpressible disquiet: she had, indeed, neither intention to go to bed, nor inclination to sleep; she walked backward and forward in her chamber, distracted with jealousy and suspense, till she was informed that Sir James was below, and desired to see her. When she came down, he discovered that she had been in tears; his fear was now more alarmed than his jealousy, and he concluded that some fatal accident had befallen his wife; but he soon learnt that she and the captain had gone from hence at five in the morning, and that he was not yet returned. Mrs. Freeman, by Sir James's inquiry, knew that his lady had not been at home: her suspicions, therefore, were confirmed; and in her jealousy, which to prevent a duel she laboured to conceal, Sir James found new cause for his own. He determined, however, to wait with as much decency as possible, till the captain came in; and perhaps two persons were never more embarrassed by the presence of each other. While breakfast was getting ready, Dr. Tattle came to pay Mrs. Freeman a morning visit; and to the unspeakable grief both of the lady and her guest was immediately admitted. Doctor Tattle is one of those male gossips, who in the common opinion are the most diverting company in the world. The doctor saw that Mrs. Freeman was low-spirited, and made several efforts to divert her, but without success: at last, he declared with an air of ironical importance, that he could tell her such news as would make her look grave for something: "The captain," says he, "has just huddled a



lady into a chair at the door of a bagnio near Spring Gardens." He soon perceived that this speech was received with emotions very different from those he intended to produce; and therefore, added, that "she need not, however, be jealous; for notwithstanding the manner in which he had related the incident, the lady was certainly a woman of character, as he instantly discovered by her mien and appearance." This particular confirmed the suspicion it was intended to remove; and the doctor finding that he was not so good company as usual, took his leave, but was met at the door by the captain, who brought him back. His presence, however insignificant, imposed some restraint upon the rest of the company; and Sir James, with as good an appearance of jocularly as he could assume, asked the captain, "What he had done with his wife." The captain, with some irresolution, replied, that "he had left her early in the morning at her father's; and that having made a point of waiting on her home, she sent word down that her cousin Meadows was indisposed, and had engaged her to breakfast." The captain, who knew nothing of the anecdote that had been communicated by the doctor, judged by appearances that it was prudent thus indirectly to lie, by concealing the truth both from Sir James and his wife: he supposed, indeed, that Sir James would immediately inquire after his wife at her father's, and learn that she did not stay there to breakfast; but as it would not follow that they had been together, he left her to account for her absence as she thought fit, taking for granted that what he had concealed she also would conceal for the same reasons; or if she did not, as he had affirmed nothing contrary to truth, he might pretend to have concealed it in jest. Sir James, as soon as he had received this intelligence, took his leave with some appearance of satisfaction, and was followed by the doctor.

As soon as Mrs. Freeman and the captain were alone, she questioned him with great earnestness about the lady whom he had been seen to put into a chair. When he had heard that this incident had been related in the presence of Sir James, he was greatly alarmed lest lady Forrest should increase his suspicions, by attempting to conceal that which, by a series of inquiry to which he was now stimulated, he would probably discover: he condemned this conduct in himself, and as the most effectual means at once to quiet the mind of his wife and obtain her assistance, he told her all that had happened, and his apprehension of the consequences: he also urged her to go directly to Miss Meadows, by whom this account would be confirmed, and of whom she might learn farther intelligence of Sir James; and to find some way to acquaint lady Forrest with her danger, and admonish her to conceal nothing

Mrs. Freeman was convinced of the captain's sincerity, not only by the advice which he urged her to give to Lady Forrest, but by the consistency of the story and the manner in which he was affected. Her jealousy was changed into pity for her friend, and apprehension for her husband. She hastened to Miss Meadows, and learnt that Sir James had inquired of the servant for his lady, and was told that she had been there early with Captain Freeman, but went away soon after him; she related to Miss Meadows all that had happened, and thinking it at least possible that Sir James might not go directly home, she wrote the following letter to his lady:

"My dear Lady Forrest,

I AM in the utmost distress for you. Sir James has suspicions which truth only can remove, and of which my indiscretion is the cause. If I had not concealed my desire of the captain's return, your design to disengage yourself from him, which I learn from Miss Meadows, would have been effected. Sir James breakfasted with me in the Haymarket; and has since called at your father's from whence I write: he knows that your stay here was short, and has reason to believe the captain put you into a chair some hours afterwards at Spring-Gardens. I hope, therefore, my dear lady, that this will reach your hands time enough to prevent your concealing any thing. It would have been better if Sir James had known nothing, for then you would not have been suspected; but now he must know all, or you cannot be justified. Forgive the freedom with which I write, and believe me most affectionately

Yours,

MARIA FREEMAN.

"P. S. I have ordered the bearer to say he came from Mrs. Fashion the milliner."

This letter was given to a chairman, and he was ordered to say he brought it from the milliner's; because if it should be known to come from Mrs. Freeman, and should fall by accident into Sir James's hands, his curiosity might prompt him to read it, and his jealousy to question the lady without communicating the contents.

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No. 56.] SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1753.

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—*Multos in summa pericula misit  
Venturi timor ipse mali.*

LUCANUS.

How oft the fear of ill to ill betrays!

SIR James, being convinced that his lady and the captain had passed the morning at a bagnio,

by the answer which he received at her father's, went directly home. His lady was just arrived before him, and had not recovered from the confusion and dread which seized her when she heard that Sir James came to town the night before, and at the same instant anticipated the consequences of her own indiscretion. She was told he was then at the coffee-house, and in a few minutes was thrown into a universal tremor upon hearing him knock at the door. He perceived her distress not with compassion but rage, because he believed it to proceed from the consciousness of guilt: he turned pale, and his lips quivered; but he so far restrained his passion as to ask her without invective, "Where, and how she had passed the night." She replied, "at Captain Freeman's; that the captain was upon guard, that she sat up with his lady till he came in, and that then insisting to see her home she would suffer the coach to go no farther than her father's, where he left her early in the morning:" she had not fortitude to relate the sequel, but stopped with some appearance of irresolution and terror. Sir James then asked, "If she came directly from her father's home." This question, and the manner in which it was asked, increased her confusion: to appear to have stopped short in her narrative, she thought would be an implication of guilt, as it would betray a desire of concealment: but the past could not be recalled, and she was impelled by equivocation to falsehood, from which, however, she would have been kept back by fear, if Sir James had not deceived her into a belief that he had been no farther than the neighbourhood. After these tumultuous reflections which passed in a moment, she ventured to affirm, that "she staid with Miss Meadows till eight, and then came home:" but she uttered this falsehood with such marks of guilt and shame, which she had indeed no otherwise than by this falsehood incurred or deserved, that Sir James no more doubted her infidelity than her existence. As her story was the same with that of the captain's, and as one had concealed the truth and the other denied it, he concluded there was a confederacy between them; and determining first to bring the captain to account, he turned from her abruptly, and immediately left the house.

At the door he met the chairman who had been despatched by Mrs. Freeman to his lady; and fiercely interrogating him what was his business, the man produced the letter, and saying, as he had been ordered, that he brought it from Mrs. Fashion, Sir James snatched it from him, and muttering some expression of contempt and resentment thrust it into his pocket.

It happened that Sir James did not find the captain at home; he, therefore left a billet, in which he requested to see him at a neighbour-

ing tavern, and added that he had put on his sword.

In the meantime, his lady, dreading a discovery of the falsehood which she had asserted, despatched a billet to Captain Freeman; in which she conjured him as a man of honour, for particular reasons not to own to Sir James, or any other person, that he had seen her after he had left her at her father's: she also wrote to her cousin Meadows, intreating, that if she was questioned by Sir James, he might be told that she staid with her till eight o'clock, an hour at which only herself and the servant were up.

The billet to Miss Meadows came soon after the chairman had returned with an account of what had happened to the letter; and Mrs. Freeman was just gone in great haste to relate the accident to the captain, as it was of importance that he should know it before his next interview with Sir James: but the captain had been at home before her, and had received both Sir James's billet and that of his lady. He went immediately to the tavern, and inquiring for Sir James Forrest, was shown into a back room one pair of stairs: Sir James received his salutation without reply, and instantly bolted the door. His jealousy was complicated with that indignation and contempt, which a sense of injury from a person of inferior rank never fails to produce; he, therefore, demanded of the captain in a haughty tone, "whether he had not that morning been in company with his wife, after he had left her at her father's?" The captain, who was incensed at Sir James's manner, and deemed himself engaged in honour to keep the lady's secret, answered, that "after what he had said in the morning, no man had a right to suppose he had seen the lady afterwards; that to insinuate the contrary, was obliquely to charge him with a falsehood: that he was bound to answer no such questions, till they were properly explained; and that as a gentleman he was prepared to vindicate his honour." Sir James justly deemed this reply an equivocation and an insult; and being no longer able to restrain his rage, he cursed the captain as a liar and a scoundrel, and at the same time striking him a violent blow with his fist, drew his sword, and put himself in a posture of defence. Whatever design the captain might have had to bring his friend to temper, and reconcile him to his wife, when he first entered the room, he was now equally enraged, and, indeed, had suffered equal indignity; he, therefore, drew at the same instant, and after a few desperate passes on both sides, he received a wound in his breast, and reeling backward a few paces fell down.

The noise had brought many people to the door of the room, and it was forced open just as the captain received his wound; Sir James

was secured, and a messenger was despatched for a surgeon. In the mean time, the captain perceived himself to be dying; and whatever might before have been his opinion of right and wrong, and honour and shame, he now thought all dissimulation criminal, and that his murderer had a right to that truth which he thought it meritorious to deny him when he was his friend: he, therefore, earnestly desired to speak a few words to him in private. This request was immediately granted; the persons who had rushed in withdrew, contenting themselves to keep guard at the door; and the captain beckoning Sir James to kneel down by him, then told him, that "however his lady might have been surprised or betrayed by pride or fear into dissimulation or falsehood, she was innocent of the crime which he supposed her solicitous to conceal:" He then briefly related all the events as they had happened; and at last, grasping his hand, urged him to escape from the window, that he might be a friend to his widow and to his child, if its birth should not be prevented by the death of its father. Sir James yielded to the force of this motive, and escaped as the captain had directed. In his way to Dover he read the letter which he had taken from the chairman, and the next post enclosed it in the following to his lady:

"My dear Charlotte,

I AM the most wretched of all men; but I do not upbraid you as the cause: would to God that I were not more guilty than you! We are the martyrs of dissimulation. By dissimulation dear Captain Freeman was induced to waste those hours with you, which he would otherwise have enjoyed with the poor unhappy dissembler his wife. Trusting in the success of dissimulation, you was tempted to venture into the park, where you met him whom you wished to shun. By detecting dissimulation in the captain, my suspicions were increased; and by dissimulation and falsehood you confirmed them. But your dissimulation and falsehood were the effects of mine; yours were ineffectual, mine succeeded: for I left word that I was gone no farther than the Coffee-house, that you might not suspect I had learned too much to be deceived. By the success of a lie put into the mouth of a chairman, I was prevented from reading a letter which at last would have undeceived me; and by persisting in dissimulation, the captain has made his friend a fugitive, and his wife a widow. Thus does insincerity terminate in misery and confusion, whether in its immediate purpose it succeeds or is disappointed. O my dear Charlotte! if ever we meet again,—to meet again in peace is impossible—but if ever we meet again, let us resolve to be sincere: to be sincere

is to be wise, innocent, and safe. We venture to commit faults which shame or fear would prevent, if we did not hope to conceal them by a lie. But in the labyrinth of falsehood, men meet those evils which they seek to avoid; and as in the straight path of truth alone they can see before them, in the straight path of truth alone they can pursue felicity with success. Adieu! I am—dreadful!—I can subscribe nothing that does not reproach and torment me—Adieu!"

Within a few weeks after the receipt of this letter, the unhappy lady heard that her husband was cast away in his passage to France.

No. 57.] TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1753.

—Nec vox hominem sonat— VIRG.

—O more than human voice!

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

LONGINUS proceeds to address his friend Terentianus in the following manner:

It is the peculiar privilege of poetry, not only to place material objects in the most amiable attitudes, and to clothe them in the most graceful dress, but also to give life and motion to immaterial beings; and form, and colour, and action, even to abstract ideas; to embody the virtues, the vices, and the passions; and to bring before our eyes, as on a stage, every faculty of the human mind.

Prosopopeia, therefore, or personification, conducted with dignity and propriety, may be justly esteemed one of the greatest efforts of the creative power of a warm and lively imagination. Of this figure many illustrious examples may be produced from the Jewish writers I have been so earnestly recommending to your perusal; among whom, every part and object of nature is animated, and endowed with sense, with passion, and with language.

To say that the lightning obeyed the commands of God, would of itself be sufficiently sublime; but a Hebrew bard expresses this idea with far greater energy and life: "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are!" And again, "God sendeth forth light and it goeth; he calleth it again, and it obeyeth him with fear." How animated, how emphatical, is this unexpected answer, "Here we are!"

Plato, with a divine boldness, introduces in his Crito, the laws of Athens pleading with Socrates and dissuading him from an attempt to escape from the prison in which he was confined;



and the Roman rival of Demosthenes has made his country tenderly expostulate with Catiline, on the dreadful miseries which his rebellion would devolve on her head. But will a candid critic prefer either of these admired personifications, to those passages in the Jewish poets, where Babylon, or Jerusalem, or Tyre, are represented as sitting on the dust, covered with sackcloth, stretching out their hands in vain, and loudly lamenting their desolation? Nay, farther, will he reckon them even equal to the following fictions? Wisdom is introduced, saying of herself; "When God prepared the heavens, I was there; when he set a circle upon the face of the deep, when he gave to the sea his decree that the waters should not pass his commandments, when he appointed the foundations of the earth, then was I by him as one brought up with him; and I was daily his delight, playing always before him." Where, Terentianus, shall we find our Minerva speaking with such dignity and elevation? The goddess of the Hebrew bard, is not only the patroness and inventress of arts and learning, the parent of felicity and fame, the guardian and conductress of human life; but she is painted as immortal and eternal, the constant companion of the great Creator himself, and the partaker of his counsels and designs. Still bolder is the other *prosopopœia*: "Destruction and Death say (of Wisdom) we have heard the fame thereof with our ears." If pretenders to taste and judgment censure such a fiction as extravagant and wild, I despise their frigidity and gross insensibility.

When Jehovah is represented as descending to punish the earth in his just anger, it is added, "Before him went the pestilence." When the Babylonian tyrant is destroyed, "the fir-trees rejoice at his fall, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us." And at the captivity of Jerusalem the very ramparts and the walls lament, "they languish together." Read likewise the following address, and tell me what emotion you feel at the time of perusal: "O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet? put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest and be silent." Art thou not amazed and delighted, my friend, to behold joy and anguish and revenge ascribed to the trees of the forest, to walls, and warlike instruments.

Before I conclude these observations, I cannot forbear taking notice of two remarkable passages in the Hebrew writers, because they bear a close resemblance with two in our own tragedians.

Sophocles, by a noble *prosopopœia*, thus aggravates the misery of the Thebans, visited by a dreadful plague—"Hell is enriched with groans and lamentations." This image is heightened by a Jewish author, who describes Hell or Hades as "an enormous monster, who

hath extended and enlarged himself, and opened his insatiable mouth without measure."

Cassandra, in *Æschylus*, struck with the treachery and barbarity of Clytemnestra, who murdering her husband Agamemnon, suddenly exclaims in a prophetic fury, "Shall I call her the direful mother of hell!" To represent the most terrible species of destruction, the Jewish poet says, "The first-born of death shall devour his strength."

Besides the attribution of person and action to objects immaterial or inanimate, there is still another species of the *prosopopœia* no less lively and beautiful than the former, when a real person is introduced speaking with propriety and decorum. The speeches which the Jewish poets have put into the mouth of their Jehovah are worthy the greatness and incomprehensible Majesty of the All-Perfect Being. Hear him asking one of his creatures, with a lofty kind of irony, "Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measure thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereon are the foundations thereof fastened, or who laid the corner-stone? When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth as it had issued out of the womb? When I brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars, and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall the pride of thy waves be stayed." How can we reply to these sublime inquiries, but in the words that follow? "Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth."

I have in a former treatise observed to you, that Homer has degraded his gods into men; these writers alone have not violated the divine Majesty by inadequate and indecent representations, but have made the great Creator act and speak in a manner suitable to the supreme dignity of his nature, as far as the grossness of mortal conceptions will permit. From the sublimity and spirituality of their notions, so different in degree and kind from those of the most exalted philosophers, one may, perhaps, be inclined to think their claim to a divine inspiration reasonable and just, since God alone can describe himself to man.

I had written thus far, when I received despatches from the empress Zenobia, with orders to attend her instantly at Palmyra; but am resolved, before I set out, to add to this letter a few remarks on the beautiful comparisons of the Hebrew poets.

The use of similes in general consists in the illustration or amplification of any subject, or in presenting pleasing pictures to the mind by the suggestion of new images. Homer and the Hebrew bards disdain minute resemblances,

and seek not an exact correspondence with every feature of the object they introduced. Provided a general likeness appear, they think it sufficient. Not solicitous for exactness, which in every work is the sure criterion of a cold and creeping genius, they introduce many circumstances that perhaps have no direct affinity to the subject, but taken all together contribute to the variety and beauty of the piece.

The pleasures of friendship and benevolence are compared to the perfumes that flow from the ointments usually poured on the priest's head, which run down to his beard and even to the skirts of his clothing. The sun rising and breaking in upon the shades of night, is compared to a bridegroom issuing out of his chamber; in allusion to the Jewish custom, of ushering the bridegroom from his chamber at midnight with great solemnity and splendour, preceded by the light of innumerable lamps and torches. How amiably is the tenderness and solicitude of God for his favourites expressed!

"As the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead them!" On the other hand, how dreadfully is his indignation described; "I will be unto them as a lion, as a leopard by the way will I observe them. I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and I will rend the caul of their heart." A little afterwards the scene suddenly changes, and divine favour is painted by the following similitudes: "I will be as the dew unto Judea; he shall grow as the lily; his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell like Mount Libanus." Menander himself, that just characterizer of human life, has not given us a more apt and lively comparison than the following: "as the climbing a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man." Nor has one of our Grecian poets spoken so feelingly, so eloquently, or so elegantly of beauty, as the Emperor Solomon of his mistress, or bride, in images perfectly original and new: "Thy hair," says he, "is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead; thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which come up from the washing," by which similitude their exact equality, evenness, and whiteness, are justly represented. "Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men:" that is, straight and tall, adorned with golden chains and the richest jewels of the east. "Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies:" the exquisite elegance and propriety of which similitude need not be pointed out, and cannot be excelled.

I have purposely reserved one comparison for a conclusion, not only for the sake of its beauty

and justness, but because it describes a friendship so different from the constancy which I hope will ever be the character of yours and mine. "My brethren," says the writer, "have dealt deceitfully with me. They are like torrents which, when swoln and increased with winter showers and the meltings of the ice, promise great and unfailing plenty of waters; but in the times of violent heats, suddenly are parched up and disappear. The traveller in the deserts of Arabia seeks for them in vain; the troops of Sheba looked, the caravans of Tema waited for them: they came to the accustomed springs for relief; they were confounded, they perished with thirst."

In giving you these short specimens of Jewish poesy, I think I may compare myself to those spies which the above-mentioned Moses despatched, to discover the country he intended to conquer; and who brought from thence, as evidences of its fruitfulness, the most delicious figs and pomegranates, and a branch with one cluster of grapes, "so large and weighty," says the historian, "that they bare it between two upon a staff." Farewell.

Z.

No. 58.] SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1753.

*Damnant quod non intelligunt.*

CIC.

They condemn what they do not understand.

EURIPIDES, having presented Socrates with the writings of Heraclitus, a philosopher famed for involution and obscurity, inquired afterwards his opinion of their merit. "What I understand," said Socrates, "I find to be excellent; and, therefore, believe that to be of equal value which I cannot understand."

The reflection of every man who reads this passage will suggest to him the difference between the practice of Socrates, and that of modern critics: Socrates, who had, by long observation upon himself and others, discovered the weakness of the strongest, and the dimness of the most enlightened intellect, was afraid to decide hastily in his own favour, or to conclude that an author had written without meaning, because he could not immediately catch his ideas; he knew that the faults of books are often more justly imputable to the reader, who sometimes wants attention, and sometimes penetration; whose understanding is often obstructed by prejudice, and often dissipated by remissness; who comes sometimes to a new study, unfurnished with the knowledge previously necessary; and finds difficulties insuperable, for want of ardour sufficient to encounter them.



Obscurity and clearness are relative terms: to some readers scarce any book is easy, to others not many are difficult: and surely they, whom neither any exuberant praise bestowed by others, nor any eminent conquests over stubborn problems, have entitled to exalt themselves above the common orders of mankind, might condescend to imitate the candour of Socrates; and where they find incontestable proofs of superior genius, be content to think that there is justness in the connection which they cannot trace, and cogency in the reasoning which they cannot comprehend.

This diffidence is never more reasonable, than in the perusal of the authors of antiquity; of those whose works have been the delight of ages, and transmitted as the great inheritance of mankind from one generation to another: surely, no man can, without the utmost arrogance, imagine, that he brings any superiority of understanding to the perusal of these books which have been preserved in the devastation of cities, and snatched up from the wreck of nations; which those who fled before barbarians have been careful to carry off in the hurry of migration, and of which barbarians have repented the destruction. If in books thus made venerable by the uniform attestation of successive ages, any passages shall appear unworthy of that praise which they have formerly received; let us not immediately determine, that they owed their reputation to dullness or bigotry; but suspect at least that our ancestors had some reasons for their opinions, and that our ignorance of those reasons makes us differ from them.

It often happens, that an author's reputation is endangered in succeeding times, by that which raised the loudest applause among his contemporaries: nothing is read with greater pleasure than allusions to recent facts, reigning opinions, or present controversies; but when facts are forgotten, and controversies extinguished, these favourite touches lose all their graces; and the author in his descent to posterity must be left to the mercy of chance, without any power of ascertaining the memory of those things to which he owed his luckiest thoughts and his kindest reception.

On such occasions, every reader should remember the diffidence of Socrates, and repair by his candour the injuries of time; he should impute the seeming defects of his author to some chasm of intelligence, and suppose, that the sense which is now weak was once forcible, and the expression which is now dubious formerly determinate.

How much the mutilation of ancient history has taken away from the beauty of poetical performances, may be conjectured from the light which a lucky commentator sometimes effuses, by the recovery of an incident that had been

long forgotten: thus in the third book of *Horace*, Juno's denunciations against those that should presume to raise again the walls of *Troy*, could for many ages please only by splendid images and swelling language, of which no man discovered the use or propriety, till *Le Fevre*, by showing on what occasion the Ode was written, changed wonder to rational delight. Many passages yet undoubtedly remain in the same author, which an exacter knowledge of the incidents of his time would clear from objections. Among these I have always numbered the following lines:

*Aurum per medios ire satellites,  
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius  
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit Auguris  
Argivi domus ob lucrum  
Demersa excidio. Diffidit urbium  
Portas vir Macedo, et subruit æmulus  
Reges muneribus. Munera navium  
Sævos illaqueant duces.*

Stronger than thunder's winged force,  
All-powerful gold can spread its course,  
Through watchful guards its passage make,  
And loves through solid walls to break:  
From gold the overwhelming woes,  
That crush'd the Grecian augur rose:  
Philip with gold through cities broke,  
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;  
Captains of ships to gold are slaves,  
Though fierce as their own winds and waves.

FRANCIS.

The close of this passage, by which every reader is now disappointed and offended, was probably the delight of the Roman court: it cannot be imagined that *Horace*, after having given to gold the force of thunder, and told of its power to storm cities and to conquer kings, would have concluded his account of its efficacy with its influence over naval commanders, had he not alluded to some fact then current in the mouths of men, and therefore more interesting for a time than the conquests of *Philip*. Of the like kind may be reckoned another stanza in the same book:

*—Jura coram non sine conscio  
Surgit marito, seu vocat institor,  
Seu navis Hispanæ magister,  
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.*

The conscious husband bids her rise,  
When some rich factor courts her charms,  
Who calls the wanton to his arms,  
And, prodigal of wealth and fame,  
Profusely buys the costly shame.

FRANCIS.

He has little knowledge of *Horace*, who imagines that the factor or the Spanish merchant are mentioned by chance: there was undoubtedly some popular story of an intrigue, which those names recalled to the memory of his reader.

The flame of his genius in other parts, though



somewhat dimmed by time, is not totally eclipsed; his address and judgment yet appear, though much of the spirit and vigour of his sentiment is lost: this has happened to the twentieth ode of the first book;

*Vile potabis modicis Sabinum  
Cantharis, Græca quod ego ipse testa  
Condunt levi; datus in theatro  
Cum tibi plausus,  
Care Mæcenas eques. Ut paterni  
Fluminis ripa, simul et jocosa  
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticanæ  
Montis imago.*

A poet's beverage humbly cheap,  
(Should great Mæcenas be my guest)  
The vintage of the Sabine grape,  
But yet in sober cups shall crown the feast:  
'Twas rack'd into a Grecian cask,  
Its rougher juice to melt away;  
I seal'd it too—a pleasing task!  
With annual joy to mark the glorious day,  
When in applausive shouts thy name  
Spread from the theatre around,  
Floating on thy own Tiber's stream,  
And Echo, playful nymph, return'd the sound.

FRANCIS.

We here easily remark the intertexture of a happy compliment with an humble invitation; but certainly are less delighted than those, to whom the mention of the applause bestowed upon Mæcenas, gave occasion to recount the actions or words that produced it.

Two lines which have exercised the ingenuity of modern critics, may, I think, be reconciled to the judgment, by an easy supposition: Horace thus addresses Agrippa;

*Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium  
Victor, Mæonii carminis alite.*

Varius, a swan of Homer's wing,  
Shall brave Agrippa's conquests sing. FRANCIS.

That Varius should be called "A bird of Homeric song," appears so harsh to modern ears, that an emendation of the text has been proposed: but surely the learning of the ancients had been long ago obliterated, had every man thought himself at liberty to corrupt the lines which he did not understand. If we imagine that Varius had been by any of his contemporaries celebrated under the appellation of Musarum Ales, the Swan of the Muses, the language of Horace becomes graceful and familiar; and that such a compliment was at least possible, we know from the transformation feigned by Horace of himself.

The most elegant compliment that was paid to Addison, is of this obscure and perishable kind:

When panting Virtue her last efforts made,  
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

These lines must please as long as they are understood; but can be understood only by those that have observed Addison's signatures in the Spectator.

The nicety of these minute allusions I shall exemplify by another instance, which I take this occasion to mention, because, as I am told, the commentators have omitted it. Tibullus addresses Cynthia in this manner:

*Te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,  
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*

Before my closing eyes, dear Cynthia, stand,  
Held weakly by my fainting trembling hand.

To these lines Ovid thus refers in his elegy on the death of Tibullus,

*Cynthia decedens, felicius, inquit, amata  
Sum tibi; vivisti dum tuus ignis eram  
Cui Nemesis, quid, ait, tibi sunt mea damna dolori?  
Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.*

Bless'd was my reign, retiring Cynthia cried:  
Not till he left my breast, Tibullus died.  
Forbear, said Nemesis, my loss to moan,  
The fainting trembling hand was mine alone.

The beauty of this passage, which consists in the appropriation made by Nemesis of the line originally directed to Cynthia, had been wholly imperceptible to succeeding ages, had chance, which has destroyed so many greater volumes, deprived us likewise of the poems of Tibullus.

No. 59.] TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1753.

—*Si Pieria quadrans tibi nullus in arca  
Ostendatur, ames nomen victumque Machææ  
Et vendas potius, commissa quod auctio vendi  
Stantibus, ænophorum, tripodes, armaria, cistas,  
Hælyconem Bacchi, Thebas, et Tereæ Fausti.* JUV.

If not a souse in thy lank purse appear,  
Go mount the rostrum and turn auctioneer;  
With china crack'd the greedy crowd trepan,  
With spurious pictures and with false japan;  
Sell the collected stores of misers dead,  
Or English peers for debts to Gallia fled.

THE indigence of authors, and particularly of poets, has long been the object of lamentation and ridicule, of compassion and contempt.

It has been observed, that not one favourite of the Muses has ever been able to build a house since the days of Amphion, whose art it would be fortunate for them if they possessed; and that the greatest punishment that can possibly be inflicted on them, is to oblige them to sup in their own lodgings.

—*Molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ*

Where pigeons lay their eggs.

Boileau introduces Damon, whose writings entertained and instructed the city and the court, as having past the summer without a shirt, and the winter without a cloak; and resolving at last to forsake Paris,

— *Ou la vertu n'a plus ni feu ni lieu ;*

Where shivering worth no longer finds a home ;

and to find out a retreat in some distant grotto,

*D'ou jamais ni Phuissier, ni le serjent n' approche ;*

Safe, where no critics damn, nor duns molest.

POPE.

"The rich Comedian," says Bruyere, "lolling in his gilt chariot, bespatters the face of Corneille walking afoot;" and Juvenal remarks, that his cotemporary bards generally qualified themselves by their diet, to make excellent bustos; that they were compelled sometimes to hire lodgings at a baker's, in order to warm themselves for nothing; and that it was the common fate of the fraternity.

*Pallere, et vinum toto nescire Decembri.*

— To pine,

Look pale, and all December taste no wine.

DRYDEN.

Virgil himself is strongly suspected to have lain on the streets, or on some Roman bulk, when he speaks so feelingly of a rainy and tempestuous night in his well known epigram.

"There ought to be an hospital founded for decayed wits," said a lively Frenchman, "and it might be called an hospital of incurables."

Few, perhaps, wander among the laurels of Parnassus, but who have reason ardently to wish and to exclaim with Æneas, but without the hero's good fortune,

*Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus  
Ostendat nemore in tanto !*

O! in this ample grove could I behold

The tree that grows with vegetable gold. PITT.

The patronage of Leliüs and Scipio did not enable Terence to rent a house. Tasso, in a humorous sonnet addressed to his favourite cat, earnestly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight studies, not being himself able to purchase a candle to write by. Dante, the Homer of Italy, and Camoens of Portugal, were both banished and imprisoned. Cervantes, perhaps the most original genius the world ever beheld, perished by want in the streets of Madrid, as did our own Spenser at Dublin. And a writer little inferior to the Spaniard in the exquisiteness of his humour and

raillery, I mean Erasmus, after the tedious wanderings of many years, from city to city and from patron to patron, praised, and promised, and deceived by all, obtained no settlement but with his printer. "At last," says he, in one of his epistles, "I should have been advanced to a cardinalship, if there had not been a decree in my way, by which those are secluded from this honour, whose income amounts not to three thousand ducats."

I remember to have read a satire in Latin prose intituled, "A Poet hath bought a house." The poet having purchased a house, the matter was immediately laid before the parliament of poets, assembled on that important occasion, and a thing unheard of, as a very bad precedent, and of most pernicious consequence; and accordingly, a very severe sentence was pronounced against the buyer. When the members came to give their votes, it appeared there was not a single person in the assembly, who through the favour of powerful patrons, or their own happy genius, was worth so much as to be proprietor of a house, either by inheritance or purchase. All of them neglecting their private fortunes, confessed and boasted, that they lived in lodgings. The poet was, therefore, ordered to sell his house immediately, to buy wine with the money for their entertainment, in order to make some expiation for his enormous crime, and to teach him to live unsettled and without care like a true poet.

Such are the ridiculous, and such the pitiable stories related, to expose the poverty of poets in different ages and nations; but which, I am inclined to think, are rather the boundless exaggerations of satire and fancy, than the sober result of experience, and the determination of truth and judgment: for the general position may be contradicted by numerous examples, and it may, perhaps, appear, on reflection and examination, that the art is not chargeable with the faults and failings of its peculiar professors, that it has no peculiar tendency to make men either rakes or spendthrifts, and that those who are indigent poets would have been indigent merchants and mechanics. The neglect of economy, in which great geniuses are supposed to have indulged themselves, has unfortunately given so much authority and justification to carelessness and extravagance, that many a minute rhymester has fallen into dissipation and drunkenness, because Butler and Otway lived and died in an alehouse. As a certain blockhead wore his gown on one shoulder to mimic the negligence of Sir Thomas More, so these servile imitators follow their masters in all that disgraced them; contract immoderate debts, because Dryden died insolvent: and neglect to change their linen, because Smith was a sloven. "If I should happen to look pale," says Horace, "all the hackney-writers in Rome would immediately

drink cummin to gain the same complexion." And I myself am acquainted with a witling, who uses a glass, only because Pope was near-sighted.

I can easily conceive, that a mind occupied and overwhelmed with the weight and immensity of its own conceptions, glancing with astonishing rapidity from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, cannot willingly submit to the dull drudgery of examining the justness and accuracy of a butcher's bill. To descend from the widest and most comprehensive views of nature, and weigh out hops for a brewing, must be invincibly disgusting to a true genius: to be able to build imaginary palaces of the most exquisite architecture, but yet not to pay a carpenter's bill, is a cutting mortification and disgrace: to be ruined by pursuing the precepts of Virgilian agriculture, and by plowing classically, without attending to the wholesome monitions of low British farmers, is a circumstance that aggravates the failure of a crop, to a man who wishes to have lived in the Augustan age, and despises the system of modern husbandry.

Many poets, however, may be found, who have condescended to the cares of economy, and who have conducted their families with all the parsimony and regularity of an alderman of the last century; who have not superciliously disdained to enter into the concerns of common life, and to subscribe to, and study certain necessary dogmas of the vulgar, convinced of their utility and expediency, and well knowing that because they are vulgar, they are, therefore, both important and true.

If we look backwards on antiquity, or survey ages nearer our own, we shall find several of the greatest geniuses so far from being sunk in indigence, that many of them enjoyed splendour and honours, or at least were secured against the anxieties of poverty, by a decent competence and plenty of the conveniences of life.

Indeed, to pursue riches farther than to attain a decent competence, is too low and illiberal an occupation for a real genius to descend to; and Horace wisely ascribes the manifest inferiority of the Roman literature to the Grecian, to an immoderate love of money, which necessarily contracts and rusts the mind, and disqualifies it for noble and generous undertakings.

Æschylus was an officer of no small rank in the Athenian army at the celebrated battle of Marathon; and Sophocles was an accomplished general, who commanded his countrymen in several most important expeditions: Theocritus was caressed and enriched by Ptolemy; and the gayety of Anacreon was the result of ease and plenty: Pindar was better rewarded for many of his odes, than any other bard ancient or modern, except perhaps Boileau for his celebrated piece of flattery on the taking of Namur! Virgil

at last possessed a fine house at Rome, and a villa at Naples: "Horace," says Swift in one of his lectures on economy to Gay, "I am sure kept his coach:" Lucan and Silius Italicus dwelt in marble palaces, and had their gardens adorned with the most exquisite capital statues of Greece: Milton was fond of a domestic life, and lived with exemplary frugality and order; Corneille and Racine were both admirable masters of their families, faithful husbands and prudent economists: Boileau, by the liberalities of Lewis, was enabled to purchase a delightful privacy at Auteuil, was eminently skilled in the management of his finances, and despised that affectation which arrogantly aims to place itself above the necessary decorums and rules of civil life; in all which particulars they were equalled by Addison, Swift, and Pope.

It ought not, therefore, to be concluded, from a few examples to the contrary, that poetry and prudence are incompatible; a conclusion seems to have arisen in this kingdom, from the dissolute behaviour of the despicable debauchees, that disgraced the muses and the court of Charles the Second, by their lives and by their writings. Let those who are blessed with genius recollect, that economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; and the beautiful sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health: and that profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts: that is, fetters them with "irons that enter into their souls."

Z.

No. 60.] SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1753.

*Jus est et ab hoste doceri.*

Our foes may teach, the wise by foes are taught.

To have delayed the publication of the following letter, would have been surely inexcusable; as it is subscribed by the name of a very great personage, who has been long celebrated for his superiority of genius and knowledge; and whose abilities will not appear to have been exaggerated by servility or faction, when his genuine productions shall be better known. He has, indeed, been suspected of some attempts against revealed religion; but the letter which I have the honour to publish, will do justice to his character, and set his principles in a new light.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

As your principal design is to revive the practice of virtue, by establishing the Christian religion:



you will naturally conclude, that your views and mine are directly opposite : and my attempt to show, that it is your interest to admit my correspondence, will, therefore, be considered as a proof of the contrary. You will, however, soon discover, that by promoting your interest, I seek my own ; and when you have read my letter, you will be far from suspecting, that under a specious show of concurrence in your undertaking, I have concealed an attempt to render it ineffectual.

“ Never to give up the present for the future,” is a maxim which I have always taught both by precept and example : I consider the now, as the whole of my existence ; and therefore to improve it, is the whole of my study. And, indeed, happiness, like virtue, consists not in rest, but in action ; it is found rather in the pursuit, than the attainment of an end : for though the death of the stag is the purpose of the chase, yet the moment this purpose is accomplished the sport is at an end. Virtue and religion alone can afford me employment : without them, I must inevitably be idle ; and to be idle is to be wretched. I should, therefore, instead of attempting to destroy the principles upon which I was resisted, have been content to surmount them : for he who should hamstring the game, lest any of them should escape, would be justly disappointed of the pleasure of running them down. Such, indeed, is my present condition : and as it will at once answer your purpose and mine, I shall exhibit an account of my conduct, and show how my disappointment was produced.

My principal business has always been to counterwork the effects of Revealed Religion : I have, therefore, had little to do, except among Jews and Christians. In the early ages of the world, when Revelation was frequently repeated with sensible and miraculous circumstances, I was far from being idle ; and still think it an incontestable proof of my abilities, that even then my labour was not always unsuccessful. I applied not so much to the understanding as to the senses, till after the promulgation of Christianity ; but I soon discovered, that Christianity afforded motives to virtue and piety, which were scarce to be overpowered by temptation ; I was, therefore, obliged now to exert my power, not upon the senses but the understanding. As I could not suspend the force of these motives, I laboured to direct them towards other objects ; and in the eighth century I had so far succeeded, as to produce a prevailing opinion, that “ the worship of images was of more moment than moral rectitude :” it was decreed by a pope and council, that to speak of them with irreverence was a forfeit of salvation, and that the offender should, therefore, be excommunicated : Those who opposed this decree, were persecuted with fire and sword ; and I had the satisfaction not

only of supplanting virtue, but of propagating misery, by a zeal for religion. I must not however, arrogate all the honour of an even which so much exceeded my hopes ; for many arguments in favour of images were drawn from a book, entitled *Pratum Spirituale* : in which it is affirmed, that having long tempted a hermit to incontinence, I offered to desist if he would cease to worship an image of the Virgin ; and that the hermit having consulted an abbot, whether to accept or refuse the condition, was told, that it was more eligible to commit incontinence, than to neglect the worship of images : and I declare, upon my honour that the facts, as far as they relate to me, did never happen, but are wholly invented by this ingenious author. That salvation had very little connection with virtue, was indeed an opinion which I propagated with great diligence and with such success, that Boniface, the apostle of Germany, declared the benefit of Sacrament to depend upon the qualifications of those by whom they were administered ; and that a Bavarian-monk having ignorantly baptized in these words, “ *Baptizo te in nomine patriæ, filii et spiritus sancta,*” all such baptisms were invalid. Against knowledge, however, I never failed to oppose zeal ; and when Virgilius asserted, that the earth being a sphere, there were people upon it the soles of whose feet were directly opposite to each other ; the same father Boniface represented him to the Pope as a corrupter of the Christian faith ; and the pope concurring with Boniface, soon after excommunicated a bishop for adopting so dangerous an opinion, declaring him a heretic, and a blasphemer against God and his own soul. In these instances my success was the more remarkable as I verily believe Boniface himself intended well, because he died a martyr with great constancy.

I found, however, that while the gospel were publicly read, the superstructure which I had built upon them was in perpetual danger. I, therefore, exerted all my influence to discontinue the practice, and at length succeeded though Aristotle's *Ethics* were substituted for them in some northern churches ; but against Aristotle's *Ethics* I had not equal objections.

During this period, therefore, my powers were neither dissipated by unsuccessful labour, nor rendered useless by necessary idleness : I had perplexed and confounded the most simple and salutary doctrines, with absurd subtilties and extravagant conceits : and I had armed with the weapons of superstition, and disguised with the tinsel of ceremony, that religion which comprehended every precept in love to God and to man ; which gave no direction about divine worship, but that it should be performed in spirit and in truth ; or about social virtue, but that love of self should be the measure of bounty

to others. But there was still personal sanctity, though the doctrine and the discipline of the church were become corrupt and ridiculous: zeal was still animated by integrity, though it was no longer directed by knowledge: the service and the honour of God were still intended, though the means were mistaken. Many, indeed, gladly substituted gain for godliness, and committed every species of wickedness, because they hoped to appropriate works of supererogation that were performed by others; but there were some who practised all the severities of erroneous piety, and suffered the mortification which they recommended: so that I had still something to do, and was still encouraged to diligence by success.

But all these advantages depended upon ignorance; for the security of ignorance, therefore, I affirmed, that she was the mother of devotion; a lie so successful, that it passed into a proverb.

The period, however, arrived, when knowledge could be no longer suppressed; and I was under the most dreadful apprehensions that all the absurdities, by which I had diminished the influence and the beauty of Christianity, would now be removed: I could not conceive that those motives which had produced abstinence and solitude, vigils, scourgings, and the mortification of every appetite and every passion, would fail to produce a more reasonable service; or become ineffectual, when the paths of duty appeared to be not only peaceful but pleasant. I did not, however, sit down in despair; but the knowledge which I could not repress, I laboured to pervert. As the human intellect is finite, and can comprehend only finite objects, I knew, that if all was rejected as incredible which was not comprehended, I should have little to fear from a religion founded in infinite perfection, and connected with revelations which an infinite Being had vouchsafed of himself. I, therefore, immediately opposed reason to faith: I threw out subjects of debate which I knew could never be discussed; the assent of many was suspended, in expectation that impossibilities would be effected; and at last refused in the fretfulness of disappointment: thus infidelity gradually succeeded to superstition: the hope and fear, the love, reverence, and gratitude, which had been excited by Christianity, and produced such astonishing effects, were now felt no more; and as the most forcible motives to piety and virtue were again wanting, piety was wholly neglected, and virtue rendered more easy and commodious: the bounds of moral obligation included every day less and less; and crimes were committed without compunction, because they were not supposed to incur punishment.

These evils, Mr. Adventurer, evils both in your estimation and mine, I am afraid, will continue if they cannot increase; disputation

and scepticism flourish without my influence, and have left no principle for me to counteract; the number of my vassals is indeed greatly increased by the unsolicited wickedness of the present time; but this increase is not equivalent to the pleasure of seduction.

If the importance, therefore, of Christianity to mankind, shall appear from its having busied me so to subvert it, and from the misery which I suffer in idleness, now my purpose is unhappily effected; I hope they are not yet so obdurate in ill, as to persist in rejecting it merely in spite to me; and destroy themselves, only that I may not be amused by attempting their destruction. You see, that I have sufficient benevolence to request, that they would regard their own interest, at least as far as it is consistent with mine; and if they refuse me, I am confident you will think they treat me with more severity than I deserve.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient

And very humble servant,  
SATAN.

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No. 61.] TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1753.

*Plorare suis non respondere favorem  
Quæsitum meritis—*

HOR.

Each inly murmuring at th' unequal meed,  
Repines that merit should reward exceed.

PERHAPS there is not any word in the language less understood than honour; and but few that might not have been equally mistaken, without producing equal mischief.

Honour is both a motive and an end: as a principle of action it differs from virtue only in degree, and, therefore, necessarily includes it, as generosity includes justice: and as a reward, it can be deserved only by those actions which no other principle can produce. To say of another that he is a man of honour, is at once to attribute the principle and to confer the reward. But in the common acceptation of the word, honour, as a principle, does not include virtue; and therefore, as a reward, is frequently bestowed upon vice. Such, indeed, is the blindness and vassalage of human reason, that men are discouraged from virtue by the fear of shame, and incited to vice by the hope of honour.

Honour, indeed, is always claimed in specious terms; but the facts upon which the claim is founded, are often flagitiously wicked. Lothario arrogates the character of a man of honour, for having defended a lady who had put herself under his protection from an insult at the risk of life; and Aleator for fulfilling an engagement, to which the law would not have obliged him,

at the expense of liberty. But the champion of the lady had first seduced her to adultery; and to preserve her from the resentment of her husband, had killed him in a duel: and the martyr to his promise had paid a sum, which should have discharged the bill of a necessitous tradesman, to a gamester of quality who had given him credit at cards.

Such, in the common opinion, are men of honour; and he who in certain circumstances should abstain from murder, perfidy, or ingratitude, would be avoided as reflecting infamy upon his company.

In these speculations I exhausted my waking powers a few nights ago; and at length sinking into slumber, I was immediately transported into the regions of fancy.

As I was sitting pensive and alone at the foot of a hill, a man, whose appearance was extremely venerable, advanced towards me with great speed; and beckoning me to follow him, began hastily to climb the hill. My mind suddenly suggested, that this was the genius of instruction: I, therefore, instantly rose up, and obeyed the silent intimation of his will; but not being able to ascend with equal rapidity, he caught hold of my hand, "Linger not," said he, "lest the hour of illumination be at an end." We now ascended together, and when we had gained the summit, he stood still. "Survey the prospect," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "To the right," replied I, "is a long valley, and on the left a boundless plain: at the end of the valley is a mountain that reaches to the clouds; and on the summit a brightness which I cannot yet stedfastly behold." "In that valley," said he, "the disciples of Virtue press forward; and the votaries of Vice wander on the plain. In the path of Virtue are many asperities; the foot is sometimes wounded by thorns, and sometimes bruised against a stone; but the sky over it is always serene; the traveller is refreshed by the breezes of health, and invigorated by the ray of cheerfulness. The plain is adorned with flowers, which gratify the sense with fragrance and beauty; but the beauty is transient, and the fragrance hurtful: the ground is soft and level; and the paths are so various, that the turf is nowhere worn away: but above is perpetual gloom; the sun is not seen, nor the breeze felt; the air stagnates, and pestilential vapours diffuse drowsiness, lassitude and anxiety. At the foot of the mountain are the bowers of Peace, and on the summit is the temple of Honour.

"But all the disciples of Virtue do not ascend the mountain: her path, indeed, is continued beyond the bowers; and the last stage is the ascent of the precipice: to climb, is the voluntary labour of the vigorous and the bold; to desist, is the irreproachable repose of the timid and the weary. To those, however, who have surmounted the difficulties of the way, the gates

of the temple have not always been opened; nor against those by whom it has never been trodden, have they always been shut: the declivity of the mountain on the other side, is gradual and easy; and by the appointment of fate, the entrance of the temple of Honour has been always kept by Opinion. Opinion, indeed, ought to have acted under the influence of Truth; but was soon perverted by Prejudice and Custom: she admitted many who ascended the mountain without labour from the plain, and rejected some who had toiled up the precipice in the path of Virtue. These, however, were not clamorous for admittance; but either repined in silence, or exulting with honest pride in the consciousness of their own dignity, turned from Opinion with contempt and disdain; and smiled upon the world which they had left beneath them, the witness of that labour of which they had been refused the reward.

"But the crowd within the temple became discontented and tumultuous: the disciples of Virtue, jealous of an eminence which they had obtained by the utmost efforts of human power, made some attempts to expel those who had strolled negligently up the slope, and been admitted by Opinion to pollute the temple and disgrace the assembly: those whose right was disputed, were, however, all ready to decide the controversy by the sword; and as they dreaded scarce any imputation but cowardice, they treated those with great insolence who declined this decision, and yet would not admit their claim.

"This confusion and uproar was beheld by the goddess with indignation and regret: she flew to the throne of Jupiter, and casting herself at his feet, 'Great ruler of the world,' said she, 'If I have erected a temple to fulfil the purposes of thy wisdom and thy love, to allure mortals up the steep of Virtue, and animate them to communicate happiness at the expense of life; let it not be perverted to render Vice presumptuous, nor possessed by those who dare to perish in the violation of thy laws, and the diffusion of calamity.' Jupiter graciously touched the goddess with his sceptre, and replied, 'that the appointment of fate he could not reverse; that admission to her temple must still depend upon Opinion; but that he would depute Reason to examine her conduct, and if possible, put her again under the influence of truth.'

"Reason, therefore, in obedience to the command of Jupiter, descended upon the mountain of Honour, and entered the temple. At the first appearance of Reason contention was suspended, and the whole assembly became silent with expectation: but the moment she revealed her commission, the tumult was renewed with yet greater violence. All were equally confident, that Reason would establish the determination



of Opinion in their favour; and he that spoke loudest, hoped to be first heard. Reason knew, that those only had a right to enter the temple, who ascended by the path of Virtue; to determine, therefore, who should be expelled or received, nothing more seemed necessary, than to discover by which avenue they had access: but Reason herself found this discovery, however easy in speculation, very difficult in effect.

"The most flagitious affirmed, that if they had not walked the whole length of the valley, they came into it at the foot of the mountain; and that at least the path by which they had ascended it, was the path of Virtue. This was eagerly contradicted by others; and to prevent the tedious labour of deducing truth from a great variety of circumstances, Opinion was called to decide the question.

"But it soon appeared, that Opinion scarce knew one path from the other; and that she neither determined to admit or refuse upon certain principles, or with discriminating knowledge. Reason, however, still continued to examine her; and that she might judge of the credibility of her evidence by the account she would give of a known character, asked her, which side of the mountain was ascended by the Macedonian who deluged the world with blood: she answered without hesitation, 'The side of Virtue; that she knew she was not mistaken, because she saw him in the path at a great distance, and remarked that no man had ever ascended with such impetuous speed.' As Reason knew this account to be false, she ordered Opinion to be dismissed, and proceeded to a more particular examination of the parties themselves.

"Reason found the accounts of many to be in the highest degree extravagant and absurd: some, as a proof of their having climbed the path of Virtue, described prospects that appeared from the opposite side of the mountain; and others affirmed, that the path was smooth and level, and that many had walked it without stumbling when they were scarce awake, and others when they were intoxicated with wine.

"Upon the foreheads of all these, Reason impressed a mark of reprobation: and as she could not expel them without the concurrence of Opinion, she delivered them over to Time, to whom she knew Opinion had always paid great deference, and who had generally been a friend to Truth.

"Time was commanded to use his influence to procure their expulsion, and to persuade Opinion to regulate her determinations by the judgment of Truth. Justice also decreed, that if she persisted to execute her office with negligence and caprice, under the influence of Prejudice, and in concurrence with the absurdities of Custom, she should be given up to Ridicule, a remorseless being who rejoices in the anguish

which he inflicts: and by him alone Opinion can be punished; at the sound of his scourge she trembles with apprehension; and whenever it has been applied by the direction of Justice, Opinion has always become obedient to Truth.

"Time," continued my instructor, "still labours to fulfil the command of Reason: but though he has procured many to be expelled who had been admitted, yet he has gained admission for but few who had been rejected; and Opinion still continues negligent and perverse; for as she has often felt the scourge of Ridicule when it has not been deserved, the dread of it has no otherwise influenced her conduct, than by throwing her into such confusion, that the purposes of Reason are sometimes involuntarily defeated."

"How then," said I, "shall Honour distinguish those whom she wishes to reward?" "They shall be distinguished," replied the visionary sage, "in the regions of Immortality; to which they will at length be conducted by Time, who will not suffer them to be finally disappointed."

While I was listening to this reply, with my eyes fixed stedfastly upon the temple, it suddenly disappeared: the black clouds that hovered over the plain of Vice burst in thunder; the hill on which I stood began to sink under me; and the start of sudden terror as I descended awakened me.

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No. 62.] SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1753.

*O fortuna viris invida fortibus  
Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis.* SENECA.

Capricious Fortune ever joys,  
With partial hand to deal the prize,  
To crush the brave and cheat the wise.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

Sir,

Fleet, June 6.

To the account of such of my companions as are imprisoned without being miserable, or are miserable without any claim to compassion; I promised to add the histories of those, whose virtue has made them unhappy, or whose misfortunes are at least without a crime. That this catalogue should be very numerous, neither you nor your readers ought to expect; "rari quippe boni;" "The good are few." Virtue is uncommon in all the classes of humanity; and I suppose it will scarcely be imagined more frequent in a prison than in other places.

Yet in these gloomy regions is to be found the tenderness, the generosity, the philanthropy of Serenus, who might have lived in competence

and ease, if he could have looked without emotion on the miseries of another. Serenus was one of those exalted minds, whom knowledge and sagacity could not make suspicious; who poured out his soul in boundless intimacy, and thought community of possessions the law of friendship. The friend of Serenus was arrested for debt, and after many endeavours to soften his creditor, sent his wife to solicit that assistance which never was refused. The tears and importunity of female distress were more than was necessary to move the heart of Serenus; he hasted immediately away, and conferring a long time with his friend, found him confident, that if the present pressure was taken off, he should soon be able to re-establish his affairs. Serenus, accustomed to believe, and afraid to aggravate distress, did not attempt to detect the fallacies of hope, nor reflect that every man overwhelmed with calamity believes, that if that was removed he shall immediately be happy: he, therefore, with little hesitation offered himself as surety.

In the first raptures of escape all was joy, gratitude and confidence; the friend of Serenus displayed his prospects, and counted over the sums of which he should infallibly be master before the day of payment. Serenus in a short time began to find his danger, but could not prevail with himself to repent of beneficence: and therefore suffered himself still to be amused with projects which he durst not consider, for fear of finding them impracticable. The debtor, after he had tried every method of raising money which art or indigence could prompt, wanted either fidelity or resolution to surrender himself to prison, and left Serenus to take his place.

Serenus has often proposed to the creditor, to pay him whatever he shall appear to have lost by the flight of his friend; but however reasonable this proposal may be thought, avarice and brutality have been hitherto inexorable, and Serenus still continues to languish in prison.

In this place, however, where want makes almost every man selfish, or desperation gloomy, it is the good fortune of Serenus not to live without a friend: he passes most of his hours in the conversation of Candidus, a man whom the same virtuous ductility has with some difference of circumstances made equally unhappy. Candidus, when he was young, helpless, and ignorant found a patron that educated, protected, and supported him: his patron being more vigilant for others than himself, left at his death an only son, destitute and friendless. Candidus was eager to repay the benefits he had received; and having maintained the youth for a few years at his own house, afterwards placed him with a merchant of eminence, and gave bonds to a great value as a security for his conduct.

The young man, removed too early from the only eye of which he dreaded the observation,

and deprived of the only instruction which he heard with reverence, soon learned to consider virtue as restraint, and restraint as oppression; and to look with a longing eye at every expense to which he could not reach, and every pleasure which he could not partake: by degrees he deviated from his first regularity, and unhappily mingling among young men busy in dissipating the gains of their fathers' industry, he forgot the precepts of Candidus, spent the evening in parties of pleasure, and the mornings in expedients to support his riots. He was, however, dexterous and active in business; and his master, being secured against any consequences of dishonesty, was very little solicitous to inspect his manners, or to inquire how he passed those hours, which were not immediately devoted to the business of his profession: when he was informed of the young man's extravagance or debauchery, "Let his bondsman look to that," said he, "I have taken care of myself."

Thus the unhappy spendthrift proceeded from folly to folly, and from vice to vice, with the connivance if not the encouragement of his master; till in the heat of a nocturnal revel he committed such violences in the street as drew upon him a criminal prosecution. Guilty and unexperienced, he knew not what course to take; to confess his crime to Candidus, and solicit his interposition, was little less dreadful than to stand before the frown of a court of justice. Having, therefore, passed the day with anguish in his heart and distraction in his looks, he seized at night a very large sum of money in the counting-house, and setting out he knew not whether, was heard of no more.

The consequence of his flight was the ruin of Candidus; ruin surely undeserved and irreproachable, and such as the laws of a just government ought either to prevent or repair: nothing is more inequitable than that one man should suffer for the crimes of another, for crimes which he neither prompted nor permitted, which he could neither foresee nor prevent. When we consider the weakness of human resolutions, and the inconsistency of human conduct, it must appear absurd that one man shall engage for another, that he will not change his opinions, or alter his conduct.

It is, I think, worthy of consideration, whether, since no wager is binding without a possibility of loss on each side, it is not equally reasonable, that no contract should be valid without reciprocal stipulations: but in this case, and others of the same kind, what is stipulated on his side to whom the bond is given? he takes advantage of the security, neglects his affairs, omits his duty, suffers timorous wickedness to grow daring by degrees, permits appetite to call for new gratifications, and, perhaps, secretly longs for the time in which he shall have power to seize the forfeiture: and if vir-

true or gratitude should prove too strong for temptation, and a young man persist in honesty, however instigated by his passions, what can secure him at last against a false accusation? I for my part always shall suspect, that he who can by such methods secure his property, will go one step farther to increase it: nor can I think that man safely trusted with the means of mischief, who, by his desire to have them in his hands, gives an evident proof how much less he values his neighbour's happiness than his own.

Another of our companions is Lentulus, a man whose dignity of birth was very ill supported by his fortune. As some of the first offices in the kingdom were filled by his relations, he was early invited to court, and encouraged by caresses and promises to attendance and solicitation: a constant appearance in splendid company necessarily required magnificence of dress; and a frequent participation of fashionable amusements forced him into expense: but these measures were requisite to his success; since every body knows, that to be lost to sight is to be lost to remembrance, and that he who desires to fill a vacancy, must be always at hand, least some man of greater vigilance should step in before him.

By this course of life his little fortune was every day made less; but he received so many distinctions in public, and was known to resort so familiarly to the houses of the great, that every man looked on his preferment as certain, and believed that its value would compensate for its slowness: he, therefore, found no difficulty in obtaining credit for all that his rank or his vanity made necessary; and as ready payment was not expected, the bills were proportionably enlarged, and the value of the hazard or delay were adjusted solely by the equity of the creditor. At length death deprived Lentulus of one of his patrons, and a revolution in the ministry of another; so that all his prospects vanished at once, and those that had before encouraged his expenses, began to perceive that their money was in danger: there was now no other contention but who should first seize upon his person, and, by forcing immediate payment, deliver him up naked to the vengeance of the rest. In pursuance of this scheme, one of them invited him to a tavern, and procured him to be arrested at the door; but Lentulus, instead of endeavouring secretly to pacify him by payment, gave notice to the rest, and offered to divide amongst them the remnant of his fortune; they feasted six hours at his expense, to deliberate on his proposal; and at last determined, that, as he could not offer more than five shillings in the pound, it would be more prudent to keep him in prison, till he could procure from his relations the payment of his debts.

Lentulus is not the only man confined within

these walls, on the same account: the like procedure, upon the like motives, is common among men whom yet the law allows to partake the use of fire and water with the compassionate and the just; who frequent the assemblies of commerce in open day, and talk with detestation and contempt of highwaymen, or housebreakers: but, surely, that man must be confessedly robbed, who is compelled, by whatever means, to pay the debts which he does not owe; nor can I look with equal hatred upon him, who, at the hazard of his life, holds out his pistol and demands my purse, as on him who plunders under shelter of the law, and, by detaining my son or my friend in prison, extorts from me the price of their liberty. No man can be more an enemy to society than he, by whose machinations our virtues are turned to our disadvantage; he is less destructive to mankind that plunders cowardice, than he that preys upon compassion.

I believe, Mr. Adventurer, you will readily confess, that though not one of these, if tried before a commercial judicature, can be wholly acquitted from imprudence or temerity; yet that, in the eye of all who can consider virtue as distinct from wealth, the fault of two of them, at least, is outweighed by the merit; and that of the third is so much extenuated by the circumstances of his life, as not to deserve a perpetual prison: yet must these, with multitudes equally blameless, languish in confinement, till malevolence shall relent, or the law be changed.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

T.

MISARGYUS.

No. 63.] TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1753.

*Pereant, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!*

DONATUS apud JEROM.

Perish those who have said our good things before us!

THE number of original writers, of writers who discover any traces of native thought, or veins of new expression, is found to be extremely small in every branch of literature. Few possess ability or courage to think for themselves, to trust to their own powers, to rely on their own stock; and, therefore, the generality creep tamely and cautiously in the track of their predecessors. The quintessence of the largest libraries might be reduced to the compass of a few volumes, if all useless repetitions and acknowledged truths were to be omitted in this process of critical chemistry. A learned Frenchman informs us, that he intended to compile a treatise



tise, *περί των αρεῶν βιβλίον*, "concerning things that had been said but once," which certainly would have been contained in a very small pamphlet.

It happens unfortunately in poetry, which principally claims the merit of novelty and invention, that this want of originality arises frequently, not from a barrenness and timidity of genius, but from invincible necessity and the nature of things. The works of those who profess an art whose essence is imitation, must needs be stamped with a close resemblance to each other; since the objects material or animate, extraneous or internal, which they all imitate, lie equally open to the observation of all, and are perfectly similiar. Descriptions, therefore, that are faithful and just, must be uniform and alike; the first copier must be, perhaps, entitled to the praise of priority; but a succeeding one ought not certainly to be condemned for plagiarism.

I am inclined to think, that notwithstanding the manifold alterations diffused in modern times over the face of nature, by the invention of arts and manufactures, by the extent of commerce, by the improvements of philosophy and mathematics, by the manner of fortifying and fighting, by the important discovery of both the Indies, and above all by the total change of religion; yet an epic or dramatic writer, though surrounded with such a multitude of novelties, would find it difficult or impossible to be totally original, and essentially different from Homer and Sophocles. The causes that excite, and the operations that exemplify the greater passions, will always have an exact coincidence, though perhaps a little diversified by climate or custom: every exasperated hero must rage like Achilles, and every afflicted widow mourn like Andromache: an abandoned Armida will make use of Dido's execrations; and a Jew will nearly resemble a Grecian, when almost placed in the same situation; that is, the Ióas of Racine in his incomparable *Athalie*, will be very like the Ion of Euripides.

Boileau observes, that a new and extraordinary thought is by no means a thought which no person ever conceived before, or could possibly conceive; on the contrary, it is such a thought as must have occurred to every man in the like case, and have been one of the first in any person's mind upon the same occasion: and it is a maxim of Pope, that whatever is very good sense must have been common sense at all times.

But if from the foregoing reflections it may appear difficult, to distinguish imitation and plagiarism from necessary resemblance and unavoidable analogy, yet the following passages of Pope, which, because they have never been taken notice of, may possibly entertain curious and critical readers, seem evidently to be borrowed, though they are improved.

The dying Christian addresses his soul with a fine spirit of poetical enthusiasm:

Vital spark of heavenly flame  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O! the pain, the bliss of dying!—  
Hark; they whisper—Angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away!

I was surprised to find this animated passage closely copied from one of the vile Pindaric writers in the time of Charles the second:

When on my sick bed I languish,  
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,  
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,  
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying!—  
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,  
Be not fearful, come away! FLATMAN.

Palingenius and Charron furnished him with the two following thoughts in the *Essay on Man*:

Superior beings, when of late they saw  
A mortal man unfold all nature's law;  
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
And showed a Newton, as we show an ape. POPE.

*Utque movet nobis imitatrix simia risum,  
Sic nos caliculis, quoties cervice superba  
Ventosi gradimur—*

And again,

*Simia calicolum, risisque jocusque deorum est  
Tunc homo, quum temere ingenio confidit, et audet  
Abdita naturæ scrutari, arcanaque divinum.*

PALINGENIUS.

While man exclaims, "see all things for my use!"  
"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose. POPE.

"Man scruplès not to say, that he enjoyeth the heavens and the elements; as if all had been made, and still move, only for him. In this sense a gosling may say as much, and perhaps with more truth and justness." CHARRON.

That he hath borrowed not only sentiments but even expressions from Wollaston and Pascal cannot be doubted, if we consider two more passages:

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,  
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?  
Or some old temple nodding to its fall  
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? POPE.

"If a good man be passing by an infirm building, just in the article of falling; can it be expected that God should suspend the force of gravitation till he is gone by, in order to his deliverance?"

WOLLASTON.

Chaos of thought and passion all confused  
Still by himself abused, or disabused;

Created half to rise, and half to fall;  
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;  
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurld,  
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world. POPE.

What a chimera then is man! what a confused chaos! what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory and scandal of the universe!" PASCAL.

The witty allusion to the punishment of avarice, in the Epistle on Riches,

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides  
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides;

is plainly taken from, "The causes of the decay of Christian Piety," where that excellent and neglected writer says, "it has always been held the severest treatment of slaves and malefactors," *damnare ad metalla*, "to force them to dig in the mines: now this is the covetous man's lot, from which he is never to expect a release." Cowley has also used the same allusion. The celebrated reflection with which Chartres's epitaph, in the same epistle, concludes, is the property of Bruyere.

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

is a tender and elegant image of filial piety, for which Pope is indebted to Montagne, who wishes, in one of his essays, to find a son-in-law that may "kindly cherish his old age, and rock it asleep." And the character of Helluo the glutton, introduced to exemplify the force and continuance of the ruling passion, who in the agonies of death exclaimed,

—Then bring the Jowl!

is taken from that tale in Fontaine, which ends,

—*Puis qu'il faut que je meure  
Sans faire tant de façon,  
Qu'on m'apporte tout à l'heure  
Le reste de mon poison.*

The conclusion of the epitaph on Gay, where he observes that his honour consists not in being entombed among kings and heroes.

But that the worthy and the good may say,  
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay,

is adopted from an old Latin elegy on the death of Prince Henry.

In several parts of his writings, Pope seems to have formed himself on the model of Boileau; as might appear from a large deduction of particular passages, almost literally translated from that nervous and sensible satirist.

—Happily to steer  
From grave to gay, from lively to severe. POPE.

—*D'une voix legere*

*Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au severe*  
BOILEAU.

Pride, madness, folly, against Dryden rose,  
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux.

POPE.

*L'ignorance, et l'erreur a ses naissantes pieces,  
En habits de marquis, en robes de comtesses,  
Venoient pour diffamer son chef-d'œuvre nouveau.*  
BOILEAU.

While I am transcribing these similarities, I feel great uneasiness, lest I should be accused of vainly and impotently endeavouring to cast clouds over the reputation of this exalted and truly originally genius, "whose memory," to use an expression of Ben Johnson, "I do honour, on this side idolatry, as much as any;" and lest the reader should be cloyed and disgusted with a cluster of quotations: it happens, however, fortunately, that each passage I have produced, contains some important moral truth, or conveys some pleasing image to the mind.

Critics seem agreed in giving greater latitude to the imitation of the ancients, than of later writers. To enrich a composition with the sentiments and images of Greece and Rome, is ever esteemed, not only lawful, but meritorious. We adorn our writings with their ideas, with as little scruple, as our houses with their statues. And Poussin is not accused of plagiarism, for having painted Agrippina covering her face with both her hands at the death of Germanicus; though Timanthes had represented Agamemnon closely veiled at the sacrifice of his daughter, judiciously leaving the spectator to guess at a sorrow inexpressible, and that mocked the power of the pencil.

No. 64.] SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1753.

*Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit;  
Tempora crevit amor.*

OVID.

Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve  
To friendship, friendship ripen'd into love.

EUSDEN.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOUR paper of last Tuesday se'ennight, which I did not read till to-day, determined me to send you an account of my friend Eugenio, by whose distress my mind has been long kept in perpetual agitation: and, perhaps, my narrative may not only illustrate your allegory, but contribute to recover Opinion from her defection.

As Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but those of a man of honour, he

avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are incompatible with that character: religion he supposed to be a contrivance of priests and politicians, to keep the vulgar in awe; and used by those in the rank of gentlemen who pretend to acknowledge its obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of spirit. By a conduct regulated upon these principles he gradually reduced a paternal estate of two thousand pounds per annum to five hundred. Besides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter: his wife died while they were infants. His younger brother, who had acquired a very considerable fortune in trade, retired unmarried into the country: he knew that the paternal estate was greatly reduced: and therefore, took the expense of his nephew's education upon himself; after some years had been spent at Westminster school, he sent him to the university, and supported him by a very genteel annuity.

Eugenio, though his temper was remarkably warm and sprightly, had yet a high relish of literature, and insensibly acquired a strong attachment to a college life. His apartment adjoined to mine, and our acquaintance was soon improved into friendship. I found in him great ardour of benevolence, and a sense of generosity and honour which I had conceived to consist only in romance. With respect to Christianity, indeed, he was as yet a sceptic: but I found it easy to obviate general objections; and, as he had great penetration and sagacity, was superior to prejudice, and habituated to no vice which he wished to countenance by infidelity, he began to believe as soon as he began to inquire: the evidence for Revelation at length appeared incontestible; and without busying himself with the cavils of subtilty against particular doctrines, he determined to adhere inviolably to the precepts as a rule of life, and to trust in the promises as the foundation of hope. The same ardour and firmness, the same generosity and honour, were now exercised with more exalted views, and upon a more perfect plan. He considered me as his preceptor, and I considered him as my example: our friendship increased every day; and I believe he had conceived a design to follow me into orders. But when he had continued at college about two years, he received a command from his father to come immediately to town; for that his earnest desire to place him in the army was now accomplished, and he had procured him a captain's commission. By the same post he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was strongly urged to continue at college, with promises of succeeding to his whole estate; his father's project was zealously condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence resented. Eugenio, though it was greatly his desire to continue at college, and his interest to oblige

his uncle, yet obeyed his father without the least hesitation.

When he came to town, he discovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father upon this subject: his uncle, not being able to produce any effect upon the father, as a last effort, had written to the son; and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been equally ineffectual, he reproached him with folly and ingratitude, and dying soon after by a fall from his horse, it appeared, that in the height of his resentment he had left his whole fortune to a distant relation in Ireland whom he had never seen.

Under this misfortune Eugenio comforted himself by reflecting, that he had incurred it by obedience to his father; and though it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expressed his displeasure either by invective or complaint.

Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agrestis, a gentleman whose character and principles were very different from his own. Agrestis had very just notions of right and wrong, by which he regulated his conduct without any regard to the opinion of others: his integrity was universal and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open; he abhorred whatever had the appearance of dissimulation, he was extremely jealous of his authority, and there was a rough simplicity in his manner which many circumstances of his life had contributed to produce. His father left him a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds; but as the parsimony which enabled him to amass it, extended to the education of his son, by whom it was to be possessed, he had been taught neither politeness nor literature. He married a lady, whose influence would have polished the rough diamond by degrees; but she died within the first year of her marriage, leaving him a daughter to whom he gave her name Amelia, and transferred all his affection: he therefore continued to live in great privacy, and being used to have only servants and dependents about him, he indulged the peculiarities of his humour without that complaisance which becomes insensibly habitual to those, who mix in the company of persons whom it is their apparent interest to please, and whose presence is a perpetual restraint upon such irregular starts of temper as would incur contempt by arrogating a superiority which none would acknowledge. To this disposition his daughter accommodated herself as she grew up, from motives both of affection and duty: as he knew and regretted the defect of his own education, he spared no cost to complete hers; and she is indeed the most accomplished character I ever knew; her obedience is cheerful and implicit, her affection tender and without parade; her looks express the utmost sweetness and sensi-



bility, and yet there is a dignity in her manner which commands respect.

The intimacy between the father of Eugenio and Agrestis produced a tender friendship between his sister and Amelia, which began in their infancy, and increased with their years.

Such characters as Amelia and Eugenio could not be long familiarly known to each other, without exciting mutual esteem: the transition from esteem to love, between persons of different sexes, is often imperceptible even to themselves; and, perhaps, was not discovered till long after it had happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the university, she was about eighteen: as her stature and her beauty were greatly increased during this interval, their first effect upon Eugenio was proportionably greater; and he perceived, from whatever cause, a more sensible emotion in her. He had too much discernment not to discover that she loved him; and too much generosity not to conceal his love of her, because he was so much her inferior in fortune: sometimes he reflected upon her partiality with pleasure, and sometimes with regret: but while they were thus mutually conscious to desires which they mutually suppressed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he distinguished himself equally by his courage and humanity: and though he had not much money, and therefore could but seldom display his bounty; yet his concern for the real interest of his men was so apparent, as well in such acts of kindness as were in his power, as in the strict discipline which he maintained among them, that his personal influence was very powerful and extensive. During this absence, though he felt his passion for Amelia increase, notwithstanding all his attempts to suppress it; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himself with mentioning her in general terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends, when he wrote to his father and his sister.

When he returned, as his sister's intimacy with Amelia still continued, his opportunities to see her were equally frequent: but the pleasure of those interviews were become yet more tumultuous and confused; and the lovers were both conscious, that their sentiments were every moment involuntarily discovered to each other.

Amelia had dismissed many suitors, who were not less distinguished by their merit than their rank, because she still hoped to enrich Eugenio with her fortune; and Eugenio persisted in a conduct by which this hope was disappointed, because he would not degrade Amelia by an alliance with dependence and poverty. The objections of duty might, indeed, have been removed by obtaining the consent of Agrestis; but those of honour would still have remained: he was not, however, absolutely without hope;

for though he had lost his uncle's fortune by obedience to his father, yet as he had greatly recommended himself to his commanding officer, who was of the highest rank, he believed it possible that he might be advanced to a post in the army, which would justify his pretensions to Amelia, and remove all his difficulties at once.

Agrestis wondered at the conduct of his daughter, but neither asked nor suspected her motives: for he had always declared, that as he believed she would never marry against his consent, he would never urge her to marry against her own inclination.

Amelia, therefore, continued to decline every offer, and Eugenio to see her almost every day, without the least intimation of his love, till the beginning of the last winter, when he lost his sister by the small-pox. His interviews with Amelia were now less frequent, and, therefore, more interesting: he feared, that as he would be seldom in her sight, the assiduities of some fortunate rival might at length exclude him from her remembrance: he did not, however, falter in his resolution, nor did Amelia change her conduct.

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No. 65.] TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1753.

*El furis agitatus amor—*

VIRG.

Love, which the furies irritate to rage.

It happened, that about this time she was addressed by Ventusus, the eldest son of a noble family; who, besides a large estate, had great expectations from his father's influence at court. Ventusus, though he was stongly recommended by Agrestis, and was remarkable for personal accomplishments, was yet received with great coldness by Amelia: he was surprised, mortified and disappointed; yet he continued his visits, and was very diligent to discover what had prevented his success. One evening, just as he was about to take his leave, after much ineffectual intreaty and complaint, Eugenio unexpectedly entered the room. Ventusus instantly remarked the embarrassment both of his mistress and the stranger, whom he, therefore, supposed to be a rival, and no longer wondered at his own disappointment: these suspicions were every moment confirmed and increased: for his presence produced emotions which could neither be concealed nor mistaken; though by a less penetrating eye than that of jealousy, they might have been overlooked.

He was now fired with resentment and indignation; and having left the room somewhat abruptly, he was met upon the stairs by Agrestis, with whom he desired to speak a few words

in private. Agrestis turned back into another apartment, and Ventosus told him with some warmth, that he did not expect to have found his daughter pre-engaged; and that he could not help thinking himself ill treated. Agrestis, with equal warmth, required him to explain his meaning; and after some time had been spent in eager altercation, they parted in better temper; Agrestis persuaded that a clandestine love had been carried on between his daughter and Eugenio, and Ventosus convinced that Agrestis had never encouraged the pretensions of his rival.

Agrestis immediately sent for Amelia, and sternly urged her with many questions, which she could only answer with blushes and tears: her silence and confusion convinced him that Ventosus was not mistaken; and, therefore, desisting from inquiry, he severely reprehended her for the past, and enjoined her never to converse with Eugenio again; to whom he also signified his displeasure, and requested that to prevent further uneasiness he would come no more to his house till Amelia should be married.

Eugenio, though his love was almost hopeless before, was yet greatly afflicted by this message; because he feared that Amelia had fallen under her father's displeasure, and that, now he was become jealous of his authority, he might be tempted to abuse it. As to secure her peace was the principal object of his wish, he concealed what had happened from his father, lest a quarrel should be produced between him and Agrestis, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderness would be yet more deeply wounded. When a visit was intended to Agrestis, he always took care to have some engagement at another place: Agrestis, however, as he had no conception of the principles upon which Eugenio acted, did not doubt but that he had communicated the reason of his absence to his father, and that his father was secretly offended; but as he expressed no resentment, he believed that his ambition had for once restrained the petulance of his pride, that he dissembled to prevent an open rupture, and had still hopes of effecting the purpose which he had concerted with his son.

A suspicion of ill-will always produces it; but besides this cause of alienation, Agrestis had unjustly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and aversion; he, therefore, treated him with coldness and reserve, supposing that he well knew the cause, and neglected to return his visits without thinking it necessary to assign any reason. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio, who considered it as the caprice of a character which he always despised; he, therefore, retorted the neglect without expostulation: and thus all intercourse between the families was at an end.

Eugenio in the mean time was inflexible in his purpose; and Amelia, in her next interview with Ventosus, acquainted him that she would see him no more. Ventosus again appealed to her father: but the old gentleman was steady in his principles, notwithstanding his resentment; and told him that he had exerted all the authority which God and nature had given him in his favour; and that, however provoked, he would never prostitute his child, by compelling her to marry a person who was not the object of her choice.

Ventosus, who was extremely mortified at this disappointment, was very inquisitive about Eugenio, for whom he still supposed he had been rejected: he soon learned his situation and circumstances, and his long intimacy with Amelia; he reflected upon the confusion which both had expressed in the accidental interview at which he was present; and was willing to believe, that his rival, however contemptible, had been too successful to be supplanted with honour by a husband: this, however, if he did not believe, he was very diligent to propagate; and to remove the disgrace of a refusal, hinted that for this reason he had abruptly discontinued his addresses, and congratulated himself upon his escape.

It happened that about six weeks ago, Ventosus, as he was walking in the Mall, with a young officer of distinction, met Amelia in company of several ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit to bow to Amelia with a supercilious respect, which had greatly the air of an insult: of this compliment Amelia, though she looked him in the face, took no notice: by this calm disdain he was at once disappointed and confounded; he was stung by an effort of his own malignity, and his breast swelled with passion which he could not vent. In this agitation of mind he hastily turned back, and determined, for whatever reason, to follow her. After he had advanced about fifty paces he saw Eugenio coming forward, who, the moment he perceived Amelia, turned into another walk. This was observed by Ventosus, whose contempt and indignation had now another object, upon which they might, without violence to the laws of honour, be gratified: he communicated his purpose to his companion, and hastily followed Eugenio. When they had overtaken him, they burst into a horse-laugh, and pushed so rudely by him, that he could scarce recover his step: they did not, however, go on; but stopping suddenly, turned about as if to apologize for the accident, and affected great surprise at discovering to whom it had happened. Ventosus bowed very low, and with much contemptuous ceremony begged his pardon; telling him at the same time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company. To this insult Eugenio answered, "That he was not willing

to suppose that an affront was intended, and that if the lady he meant was a woman of honour, she ought always to be mentioned with respect." Ventosus replied, "That whether the lady he meant was a woman of honour, he would not determine; but he believed she had been very kind; and was pleased to see that her favours were not forgotten, though they were no longer accepted." Eugenio was not now master of his temper, but turning suddenly upon Ventosus, struck him with such violence that he fell at his feet: he rose, however, in an instant, and laid his hand upon his sword, but was prevented from drawing it by his companion; and the crowd beginning to gather about them, they parted with mutual expressions of contempt and rage.

In the morning the officer, who had been in company with Ventosus at the quarrel, delivered a challenge to Eugenio, which he answered by the following billet:

"SIR,

Your behaviour last night has convinced me that you are a scoundrel; and your letter this morning that you are a fool. If I should accept your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a duty to God and to my country, which I deem it infamous to violate: and I am intrusted with a life, which I think cannot without folly be staked against yours. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this letter, secretly exult in your own safety; but remember, that to prevent assassination I have a sword, and to chastise insolence a cane."

With this letter the captain returned to Ventosus, who read it with all the extravagances of rage and disdain: the captain, however, endeavoured to sooth and encourage him; he represented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, whom he ought no otherwise to punish, than by removing him from the rank into which he had intruded; and this, he said, would be very easily accomplished. Ventosus at length acquiesced in the sentiments of his friend; and it was soon industriously reported, that Eugenio had struck a person of high rank, and refused him the satisfaction of a gentleman which he had condescended to ask. For not accepting a challenge, Eugenio could not be legally punished, because it was made his duty as a soldier by the articles of war; but it drew upon him the contempt of his superior officers, and made them very solicitous to find some pretence to dismiss him. The friends of Ventosus immediately intimated, that the act of violence to which Eugenio had been provoked, was committed within the verge of the court, and was, therefore, a sufficient cause to break him; as for that offence he was liable to be punished with the loss of

his hand, by a law which though disused was still in force. This expedient was eagerly adopted, and Eugenio was accordingly deprived of his commission.

No. 66.] SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1753.

*Nolo virum, facili redimit qui sanguine famam:  
Hunc volo, laudari cui sine morte potest.*

MART

Not him I prize, who poorly gains  
From death the palm which blood distains;  
But him, who wins with nobler strife  
An unpolluted wreath from life.

He had concealed this quarrel with Ventosus from his father, who was then at the family-seat about twenty miles from London, because he was not willing to acquaint him with the cause: but the effect was such as could not be hidden; and it was now become necessary that he should anticipate the report of others. He, therefore, set out immediately for the country; but his father about the same time arrived in London: some imperfect account had been sent him of the proceedings against Eugenio; and though he concluded from his silence that he had been guilty of some indiscretion, yet he did not suspect an imputation of cowardice; and hoped by his interest to support him against private resentment. When he found that he had missed Eugenio in some of the avenues to town, he went immediately to the gentleman who had procured his commission, from whom he learned all the circumstances of the affair. The moment he heard that his son had refused a challenge, he was seized with rage so violent, that it had the appearance of distraction: he uttered innumerable oaths and execrations in a voice that was scarce human, declared his son to be unworthy of his name, and solemnly renounced him for ever.

Eugenio returned to London the same day, but it was late before he arrived: the servant that opened the door told him with tears in his eyes, that his father was gone to bed much disordered, and had commanded that he should no more be admitted into that house. He stood motionless a few moments; and then departing without reply, came directly to me; his looks were wild, his countenance pale, and his eyes swimming in tears: the moment he saw me, he threw himself into a chair; and putting a copy of his answer to Ventosus's challenge into my hand, anticipated my inquiries by relating all that had happened.

After having administered such consolation as I could, I prevailed upon him with much difficulty to go to bed. I sat up the rest of the



night, devising various arguments to convince Orgilio, that his son had added new dignity to his character. In the morning I went to his house; and after much solicitation was admitted to his chamber. I found him in bed, where he had lain awake all the night; and it was easy to see that his mind was in great agitation. I hoped that this tumult was produced by the struggles of parental tenderness: but the moment I mentioned his son, he fell into an agony of rage that rendered him speechless; and I came away, convinced that the eloquence of an angel upon the same subject would have been without effect. I did not, however, relate these discouraging circumstances to Eugenio: I told him that it would be proper to wait a few days before any farther application was made; not only because his father's resentment would probably subside, but because he was now indisposed.

Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burst into tears. He went every evening, and knocking softly at the servant's window, inquired how he did; and when he found that his fever was become dangerous, he entreated me to go yet once more and intercede for him, that he might at least be permitted to see his father, if he might not hope to be forgiven. I went; but when Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a fresh transport of rage, which ended in a delirium. The effect which this incident produced upon Eugenio, who waited at the end of the street for my return, cannot be described: I prevailed upon him to go back to my house, where he sometimes hastily traversed the room, and sometimes sat fixed in a kind of stupid insensibility upon the floor. While he was in one of these fits news was brought that his father was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill disinherited him, declaring that by the infamy of his conduct he had broke his heart.

Eugenio heard this account without any apparent surprise or emotion, but could not be persuaded to change his posture or receive any food; till his spirits being quite exhausted, sleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himself up in a horseman's coat that belonged to my servant, and followed the procession at a distance on foot. When the ceremony was over, and the company departed, he threw himself on the grave, and hiding his face in the dust, wept over it in silence that was interrupted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude upon the solemnity of his sorrow, till the morning dawned; he was surprised, and I thought somewhat confounded to see me; he suffered me, however, to lead him away, but neither of us uttered a word.

He told me the next day, that he would trouble me a few nights longer for a lodging, and in the mean time think of some means by which he might obtain a subsistence: he was, indeed, totally destitute, without money and without a profession; but he made no complaint, and obstinately refused all pecuniary assistance.

In less than a week afterwards, having converted his watch, his sword, a snuff box, and ring into money, he engaged as a common sailor in a private undertaking to discover the north-west passage to India.

When he communicated this desperate enterprise, he appeared perfectly composed; "My dear friend," said he, "it has been always my point of honour to obey the commands of God, the prime author of my being and the ultimate object of my hope, at whatever risk; and I do not repent that I have steadily adhered to this principle at the expense of all that is valuable upon earth: I have suffered the loss of fortune, of love, and of fame; but I have preserved my integrity, and I know that I shall not lose my reward. To these I would, indeed, add the esteem, though not the love of Amelia. She will hear of me as degraded and disinherited, a coward, a vagabond, and a fugitive; and her esteem, I think, I have sufficient reason to give up: grief will wound her deeper than contempt; it is, therefore, best that she should despise me. Some of those, by whom she is addressed, deserve her; and I ought not to withhold a felicity which I cannot enjoy. I shall embark to-morrow; and your friendly embrace is all the good that I expect to receive from this country, when I depart in search of others which are unknown."

To this address I was not in a condition to reply; and perceiving that I was overwhelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, lest his purpose should be shaken, and my weakness should prove contagious.

On the morrow I attended him to the ship. He talked to me of indifferent things; and when we parted wrung my hand, and turned from me abruptly without speaking. I hasted into the boat which waited to bring me on shore, and would not again feel the pangs of yesterday for all the kingdoms of the world.

Such is the friend I have lost! such is the man, whom the world has disgraced for refusing a challenge! But none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes, wish that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is surely to be a monster rather than a man.

It may, perhaps, be questioned, whether I ought thus to have exhibited his story under feigned names; or have a right to attempt that which he forebore. My love to him, is, indeed, my motive: but I think my conduct is just,

when I consider, that though it is possible that Amelia may, by the perusal of these papers, suffer the most tender, and, therefore, the most exquisite distress, by the re-establishment of her esteem for him who most deserves it; yet the world may derive new virtue, from the dignity which the character of Eugenio reflects upon his conduct: his example is truly illustrious; and as it can scarce fail to excite emulation, it ought not to be concealed.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,  
BENEVOLUS.

No. 67.] TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1753.

*Inventas—vitam excoluere per artes.* VIRG.

They polish life by useful arts.

THAT familiarity produces neglect, has been long observed. The effect of all external objects, however great or splendid, ceases with the novelty; the courtier stands without emotion in the royal presence; the rustic tramples under his foot the beauties of the spring, with little attention to their colour or their fragrance; and the inhabitant of the coast darts his eye upon the immense diffusion of waters, without awe, wonder, or terror.

Those who have passed much of their lives in this great city, look upon its opulence and its multitudes, its extent and variety, with cold indifference; but an inhabitant of the remoter parts of the kingdom is immediately distinguished by a kind of dissipated curiosity, a busy endeavour to divide his attention amongst a thousand objects, and a wild confusion of astonishment and alarm.

The attention of a new comer is generally first struck by the multiplicity of cries that stun him in the streets, and the variety of merchandise and manufactures which the shopkeepers expose on every hand; and he is apt, by unwary bursts of admiration, to excite the merriment and contempt of those, who mistake the use of their eyes for effects of their understanding, and confound accidental knowledge with just reasoning.

But, surely, these are subjects on which any man may without reproach employ his meditations: the innumerable occupations, among which the thousands that swarm in the streets of London are distributed, may furnish employment to minds of every cast, and capacities of every degree. He that contemplates the extent of this wonderful city, finds it difficult to conceive, by what method plenty is maintained in our markets, and how the inhabitants are regularly supplied with the necessaries of life; but

when he examines the shops and warehouses, sees the immense stores of every kind of merchandise piled up for sale, and runs over all the manufactures of art and products of nature, which are every where attracting his eye and soliciting his purse, he will be inclined to conclude, that such quantities cannot easily be exhausted, and that part of mankind must soon stand still for want of employment, till the wares already provided shall be worn out and destroyed.

As Socrates was passing through the fair at Athens, and casting his eyes over the shops and customers, "How many things are here," says he, "that I do not want!" The same sentiment is every moment rising in the mind of him that walks the streets of London, however inferior in philosophy to Socrates: he beholds a thousand shops crowded with goods, of which he can scarcely tell the use, and which, therefore, he is apt to consider as of no value; and, indeed, many of the arts by which families are supported, and wealth is heaped together, are of that minute and superfluous kind, which nothing but experience could evince possible to be prosecuted with advantage, and which, as the world might easily want, it could scarcely be expected to encourage.

But so it is, that custom, curiosity, or wantonness, supplies every art with patrons, and finds purchasers for every manufacture; the world is so adjusted, that not only bread, but riches may be obtained without great abilities, or arduous performances; the most unskilful hand and unenlightened mind have sufficient incitements to industry; for he that is resolutely busy, can scarcely be in want. There is, indeed, no employment, however despicable, from which a man may not promise himself more than competence, when he sees thousands and myriads raised to dignity, by no other merit than that of contributing to supply their neighbours with the means of sucking smoke through a tube of clay; and others raising contributions upon those, whose elegance disdains the grossness of smoky luxury, by grinding the same materials into a powder that may at once gratify and impair the smell.

Not only by these popular and modish trifles, but by a thousand unheeded and evanescent kinds of business, are the multitudes of this city preserved from idleness, and consequently from want. In the endless variety of tastes and circumstances that diversify mankind, nothing is so superfluous but that some one desires it: or so common, but that some one is compelled to buy it. As nothing is useless but because it is in improper hands, what is thrown away by one is gathered up by another; and the refuse of part of mankind furnishes a subordinate class with the materials necessary to their support.

When I look round upon those who are thus variously exerting their qualifications, I cannot but admire the secret concatenation of society, that links together the great and the mean, the illustrious and the obscure; and consider, with benevolent satisfaction, that no man, unless his body or mind be totally disabled, has need to suffer the mortification of seeing himself useless or burdensome to the community: he that will diligently labour, in whatever occupation, will deserve the sustenance which he obtains, and the protection which he enjoys; and may lie down every night with the pleasing consciousness, of having contributed something to the happiness of life.

Contempt and admiration are equally incident to narrow minds: he whose comprehension can take in the whole subordination of mankind, and whose perspicacity can pierce to the real state of things through the thin veils of fortune or of fashion, will discover meanness in the highest stations, and dignity in the meanest; and find that no man can become venerable but by virtue, or contemptible but by wickedness.

In the midst of this universal hurry, no man ought to be so little influenced by example, or so void of honest emulation, as to stand a lazy spectator of incessant labour; or please himself with the mean happiness of a drone, while the active swarms are buzzing about him: no man is without some quality, by the due application of which he might deserve well of the world; and whoever he be that has but little in his power, should be in haste to do that little lest he be confounded with him that can do nothing.

By this general concurrence of endeavours, arts of every kind have been so long cultivated, that all the wants of man may be immediately supplied; idleness can scarcely form a wish which she may not gratify by the toil of others, or curiosity dream of a toy, which the shops are not ready to afford her.

Happiness is enjoyed only in proportion as it is known; and such is the state or folly of man, that it is known only by experience of its contrary: we who have long lived amidst the conveniences of a town immensely populous, have scarce an idea of a place where desire cannot be gratified by money. In order to have a just sense of this artificial plenty, it is necessary to have passed some time in a distant colony, or those parts of our island which are thinly inhabited: he that has once known how many trades every man in such situations is compelled to exercise, with how much labour the products of nature must be accommodated to human use, how long the loss or defect of any common utensil must be endured, or by what awkward expedients it must be supplied, how far men may wander with money in their hands before

any can sell them what they wish to buy, will know how to rate at its proper value the plenty and ease of a great city.

But that the happiness of man may still remain imperfect, as wants in this place are easily supplied, new wants likewise are easily created: every man, in surveying the shops of London, sees numberless instruments and conveniences, of which, while he did not know them, he never felt the need; and yet, when use has made them familiar, wonders how life could be supported without them. Thus it comes to pass, that our desires always increase with our possessions: the knowledge that something remains yet unenjoyed, impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.

They who have been accustomed to the refinement of science, and multiplications of contrivance, soon lose their confidence in the unassisted powers of nature, forget the paucity of our real necessities, and overlook the easy methods by which they may be supplied. It were a speculation worthy of a philosophical mind, to examine how much is taken away from our native abilities, as well as added to them by artificial expedients. We are so accustomed to give and receive assistance, that each of us singly can do little for himself; and there is scarce any one among us, however contracted may be his form of life, who does not enjoy the labour of a thousand artists.

But a survey of the various nations that inhabit the earth will inform us, that life may be supported with less assistance; and that the dexterity, which practice enforced by necessity produces, is able to effect much by very scanty means. The nations of Mexico and Peru erected cities and temples without the use of iron; and at this day the rude Indian supplies himself with all the necessities of life: sent like the rest of mankind naked into the world, as soon as his parents have nursed him up to strength, he is to provide by his own labour for his own support. His first care is to find a sharp flint among the rocks; with this he undertakes to fell the trees of the forest; he shapes his bow, heads his arrows, builds his cottage, and hollows his canoe, and from that time lives in a state of plenty and prosperity; he is sheltered from the storms, he is fortified against beasts of prey, he is enabled to pursue the fish of the sea, and the deer of the mountains; and as he does not know, does not envy the happiness of polished nations, where gold can supply the want of fortitude and skill, and he whose laborious ancestors have made him rich, may lie stretched upon a couch, and see all the treasures of all the elements poured down before him.

This picture of a savage life, if it shows how much individuals may perform, shows likewise how much society is to be desired. Though the perseverance and address of the Indian excite



our admiration, they nevertheless cannot procure him the conveniences which are enjoyed by the vagrant beggar of a civilized country: he hunts like a wild beast to satisfy his hunger; and when he lies down to rest after a successful chase, cannot pronounce himself secure against the danger of perishing in a few days; he is, perhaps, content with his condition, because he knows not that a better is attainable by man; as he that is born blind does not long for the perception of light, because he cannot conceive the advantages which light would afford him; but hunger, wounds, and weariness are real evils, though he believes them equally incident to all his fellow-creatures; and when a tempest compels him to lie starving in his hut, he cannot justly be concluded equally happy with those whom art has exempted from the power of chance, and who make the foregoing year provide for the following.

To receive and to communicate assistance, constitutes the happiness of human life: man may indeed preserve his existence in solitude, but can enjoy it only in society; the greatest understanding of an individual, doomed to procure food and clothing for himself, will barely supply him with expedients to keep off death from day to day; but as one of a larger community performing only his share to the common business, he gains leisure for intellectual pleasures, and enjoys the happiness of reason and reflection. T.

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No. 68.] SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1753.

*Nocet empty dolore voluptas.* OVID.

How vain the joy for which our pain must pay.

It has been remarked, that the play of brutes is always a mock fight; and, perhaps, this is equally true of all the sports that have been invented by reason for the amusement of mankind. The celebrated games of antiquity were something more; the conflict was often fatal, and the pleasure of the spectators seems to have been proportioned to the danger of the combatants: nor does it appear, that any sport has been since contrived, which can gratify pure benevolence, or entertain without producing an opposition of interest. There are, indeed, many external advantages which it has never been thought immoral to acquire, though an opposition of interest is necessarily implied; advantages, which, like a stake at cards, one party can only gain by the loss of the other; for wealth and poverty, obscurity and distinction, command and servitude, are mutually relative, and the existence of each is by each reciprocally derived and given.

Play, therefore, is not unlawful, merely as a contest; nor can the pleasure of them that win, be imputed to a criminal want of benevolence in this state of imperfection, merely because it is enjoyed at the expense of those who lose. But as in business, it has never been held lawful to circumvent those whom we desire to excel; so in play, the chance of loss and gain ought to be always equal; at least, each party should be apprized of the force employed against him; and if then he plays against odds, no man has a right to inquire his motive, though a good man would decline to engage him.

There is, however, one species of diversion which has not been generally condemned, though it is produced by an attack upon those who have not voluntarily entered the lists, who find themselves buffeted in the dark, and have neither means of defence nor possibility of advantage.

These feats are achieved by the knights errant of mirth, and known by the name of Frolics: under this name, indeed, many species of wanton cruelty have been practised, without incurring the infamy, or raising the indignation which they deserve; and it is extremely difficult to fix upon any certain criterion, by which frolics may be distinguished into criminal and innocent. If we could discern effects while they are involved in their causes, and ascertain every remote consequence of our own actions, perhaps these sallies might be allowed under the same restrictions as raillery: the false alarms and ridiculous distress into which others are betrayed to make us sport, should be such only as will be subjects of merriment even to the sufferer when they are past, and remembered neither with resentment nor regret: but as every action may produce effects over which human power has no influence, and which human sagacity cannot foresee; we should not lightly venture to the verge of evil, nor strike at others though with a reed, lest, like the rod of Moses, it become a serpent in our hands.

During the hard frost in the year 1740, four young gentlemen of considerable rank rode into an inn, near one of the principal avenues to this city, at eleven o'clock at night, without any attendant; and having expressed uncommon concern about their horses, and overlooked the provision that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that as they were to set out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket pistol on the table, which, when he entered, they appeared to be very solicitous to conceal, and showed some confusion at the surprise. They perceived with great satisfaction, that the fellow was alarmed at his discovery; and having upon various pretences, called him often into the room, one of

them contrived to pull out a mask with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horseman's coat. They discoursed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a busy and anxious circumspection, urged the man often to drink, and seemed desirous to render him subservient to some purpose which they were unwilling to discover. They endeavoured to conciliate his good-will, by extravagant commendations of his dexterity and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity, by asking him many questions: he was, however, still cautious and reserved; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and soon after took an opportunity to ask him at what hour a stage-coach, the passengers of which they intended to humbug, set out in the morning, whether it was full, and if it was attended with a guard.

The man was now confirmed in his suspicions: and though he had accepted the bribe resolved to discover the secret. Having evaded the questions with as much art as he could, he went to his master, Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had observed.

Mr. Spiggot immediately got up, and held a consultation with his wife what was to be done. She advised him immediately to send for the constable with proper assistants, and secure them: but he considered, that as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a very considerable sum, which he would become entitled to upon their conviction, if he could apprehend them after the fact; he, therefore, very prudently called up four or five of the ostlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his suspicions and design, engaged them to enlist under his command as an escort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen as he should direct. But mine host also wisely considering, that this expedition would be attended with certain expense, and that the profit which he hoped was contingent, acquainted the passengers with their danger, and proposed that a guard should be hired by a voluntary contribution; a proposal, to which, upon a sight of the robbers through the window, they readily agreed. Spiggot was now secured against pecuniary loss at all events, and about three o'clock the knights of the frolic with infinite satisfaction beheld five passengers, among whom there was but one gentleman, step into the coach with the aspect of criminals going to execution; and enjoyed the significant signs which passed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As soon as the coach was gone, the supposed highwaymen paid their reckoning in great haste, and called for their horses: care had already been taken to saddle them; for it was not Mr.

Spiggot's desire that the adventurers should go far before they executed their purpose; and as soon as they departed he prepared to follow them with his posse. He was, indeed, greatly surprised to see, that they turned the contrary way when they went out of the inn yard; but he supposed they might choose to take a small circuit to prevent suspicion, as they might easily overtake the coach whenever they would; he determined, however, to keep behind them; and, therefore, instead of going after the coach, followed them at a distance, till to his utter disappointment he saw them persist in a different rout, and at length turn into an inn in Piccadilly, where several servants in livery appeared to have been waiting for them, and where his curiosity was soon gratified with their characters and their names.

In the meantime the coach proceeded in its journey. The panic of the passengers increased upon perceiving that the guard which they had hired did not come up; and they began to accuse Spiggot, of having betrayed them to the robbers for a share of the booty: they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was so dark that a waggon could not have been seen at the distance of twenty yards: every tree was mistaken for a man and horse, the noise of the vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the trampling of pursuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to stop, and to see a pistol thrust in among them with the dreadful injunction, "Deliver your money."

Thus far the distress, however great and unmerited, will be deemed ridiculous; the sufferers will appear to have ingeniously tormented themselves, by the sagacity with which they reasoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their solicitude to prevent mischiefs which none would attempt.

But it happened that when the coach had got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horseman who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerness to the driver to stop: this incident among persons who had suffered perpetual apprehension and alarm from the moment they set out, produced a proportionate effect. The wife of the gentleman was so terrified, that she sunk down from her seat; and he was so much convinced of his danger, so touched at her distress, and so incensed against the ruffian who had produced it, that without uttering a word he drew a pistol from his pocket, and seeing the man parley with the coachman, who had now stopped his horses, he shot him dead upon the spot.

The man, however, who had thus fallen the victim of a frolic, was soon known to be the servant of a lady who had paid earnest for the vacant place in the stage; and, having by some accident been delayed till it was set out, ha-

followed it in a hackney coach, and sent him before her to detain it till she came up.

Here the ridicule is at an end; and we are surprised that we did not sooner reflect, that the company had sufficient cause for their fear and their precaution, and that the frolic was nothing more than a lie, which it would have been folly not to believe, and presumption to disregard.

The next day while the Bucks were entertaining a polite circle at White's with an account of the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the catastrophe. A sudden confusion covered every countenance; and they remained some time silent, looking upon each other, mutually accused, reproached, and condemned.

This favourable moment was improved by a gentleman, who, though sometimes seen in that assembly, is yet eminent for his humanity and his wisdom. "A man," said he, "who found himself bewildered in the intricacies of a labyrinth, when the sun was going down, would think himself happy, if a clue should be put into his hand by which he might be led out in safety: he would not, surely, quit it for a moment, because it might possibly be recovered; and, if he did, would be in perpetual danger of stumbling upon some other wanderer, and bringing a common calamity upon both. In the maze of life we are often bewildered, and darkness and danger surround us: but every one may at least secure conscience against the power of accident, by adhering inviolably to that rule, by which we are enjoined to abstain even from the appearances of evil."

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No. 69.] TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1753.

*Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt.*

CÆSAR.

Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.

TULLY has long ago observed, that no man, however weakened by long life, is so conscious of his own decrepitude, as not to imagine that he may yet hold his station in the world for another year.

Of the truth of this remark every day furnishes new confirmation: there is no time of life, in which men for the most part seem less to expect the stroke of death, than when every other eye sees it impending; or are more busy in providing for another year, than when it is plain to all but themselves, that at another year they cannot arrive. Though every funeral that passes before their eyes evinces the deceitfulness of such expectations, since every man who is

borne to the grave thought himself equally certain of living at least to the next year; the survivor still continues to flatter himself, and is never at a loss for some reason why his life should be protracted, and the voracity of death continue to be pacified with some other prey.

But this is only one of the innumerable artifices practised in the universal conspiracy of mankind against themselves; every age and every condition indulges some darling fallacy; every man amuses himself with projects which he knows to be improbable, and which, therefore, he resolves to pursue without daring to examine them. Whatever any man ardently desires he very readily believes that he shall some time attain: he whose intemperance has overwhelmed him with diseases, while he languishes in the spring, expects vigour and recovery from the summer sun; and while he melts away in the summer, transfers his hopes to the frosts of winter: he that gazes upon elegance or pleasure, which want of money hinders him from imitating or partaking, comforts himself that the time of distress will soon be at an end, and that every day brings him nearer to a state of happiness; though he knows it has passed not only without acquisition of advantage, but perhaps without endeavours after it, in the formation of schemes that cannot be executed, and in the contemplation of prospects, which cannot be approached.

Such is the general dream in which we all slumber out our time: every man thinks the day coming, in which he shall be gratified with all his wishes, in which he shall leave all those competitors behind, who are now rejoicing like himself in the expectation of victory; the day is always coming to the servile in which they shall be powerful, to the obscure in which they shall be eminent, and to the deformed in which they shall be beautiful.

If any of my readers has looked with so little attention on the world about him, as to imagine this representation exaggerated beyond probability, let him reflect a little upon his own life; let him consider what were his hopes and prospects ten years ago, and what additions he then expected to be made by ten years to his happiness: those years are now elapsed; have they made good the promise that was extorted from them, have they advanced his fortune, enlarged his knowledge, or reformed his conduct, to the degree that was once expected? I am afraid, every man that recollects his hopes must confess his disappointment; and own that day has glided unprofitably after day, and that he is still at the same distance from the point of happiness.

With what consolations can those, who have thus miscarried in their chief design, elude the memory of their ill success? with what amusements can they pacify their discontent, after the



loss of so large a portion of life? they can give themselves up again to the same delusions, they can form new schemes of airy gratifications, and fix another period of felicity; they can again resolve to trust the promise which they know will be broken, they can walk in a circle with their eyes shut, and persuade themselves to think that they go forward.

Of every great and complicated event, part depends upon causes out of our power, and part must be effected by vigour and perseverance; with regard to that which is styled in common language the work of chance, men will always find reasons for confidence or distrust according to their different tempers or inclinations; and he that has been long accustomed to please himself with possibilities of fortuitous happiness, will not easily or willingly be reclaimed from his mistake. But the effects of human industry and skill are more easily subjected to calculation: whatever can be completed in a year is divisible into parts, of which each may be performed in the compass of a day; he, therefore, that has passed the day without attention to the task assigned him, may be certain that the lapse of life has brought him no nearer to his object; for whatever idleness may expect from time, its produce will be only in proportion to the diligence with which it has been used. He that floats lazily down the stream, in pursuit of something borne along by the same current, will find himself indeed move forward; but unless he lays his hand to the oar, and increases his speed by his own labour, must be always at the same distance from that which he is following.

There have happened in every age some contingencies of unexpected and undeserved success, by which those who are determined to believe whatever favours their inclinations, have been encouraged to delight themselves with future advantages; they support confidence by considerations, of which the only proper use is to chase away despair: it is equally absurd to sit down in idleness because some have been enriched without labour, as to leap a precipice because some have fallen and escaped with life, or to put to sea in a storm because some have been driven from a wreck upon the coast to which they were bound.

We are all ready to confess, that belief ought to be proportioned to evidence or probability: let any man, therefore, compare the number of those who have been thus favoured by fortune, and of those who have failed of their expectations, and he will easily determine, with what justness he has registered himself in the lucky catalogue.

But there is no need on these occasions for deep inquiries or laborious calculations; there is a far easier method of distinguishing the hopes of folly from those of reason, of finding

the difference between prospects that exist before the eyes, and those that are only painted on a fond imagination. Tom Drowsy had accustomed himself to compute the profit of a darling project, till he had no longer any doubt of its success; it was at last matured by close consideration, all the measures were accurately adjusted, and he wanted only five hundred pounds to become master of a fortune that might be envied by a director of a trading company. Tom was generous and grateful, and was resolved to recompense this small assistance with an ample fortune: he therefore, deliberated for a time, to whom amongst his friends he should declare his necessities; not that he suspected a refusal, but because he could not suddenly determine which of them would make the best use of riches, and was, therefore, most worthy of his favour. At last his choice was settled; and knowing that in order to borrow he must show the probability of repayment, he prepared for a minute and copious explanation of his project. But here the golden dream was at an end: he soon discovered the impossibility of imposing upon others, the notions by which he had so long imposed upon himself; which way soever he turned his thoughts, impossibility and absurdity arose in opposition on every side; even credulity and prejudice were at last forced to give way, and he grew ashamed of crediting himself what shame would not suffer him to communicate to another.

To this test let every man bring his imaginations, before they have been too long predominant in his mind. Whatever is true will bear to be related, whatever is rational will endure to be explained: but when we delight to brood in secret over future happiness, and silently to employ our meditations upon schemes of which we are conscious that the bare mention would expose us to derision and contempt; we should then remember, that we are cheating ourselves by voluntary delusions; and giving up to th unreal mockeries of fancy, those hours in which solid advantages might be attained by sober thought and rational assiduity.

There is, indeed, so little certainty in human affairs, that the most cautious and severe examiner may be allowed to indulge some hopes, which he cannot prove to be much favoured by probability: since after his utmost endeavours to ascertain events, he must often leave the issue in the hands of chance. And so scanty is our present allowance of happiness, that in many situations life could scarcely be supported, if hope were not allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasures borrowed from futurity; and reanimate the languor of dejection to new efforts, by pointing to distant regions of felicity, which yet no resolution or perseverance shall ever reach.

But these, like all other cordials, though they

may invigorate in a small quantity, intoxicate in a greater; these pleasures, like the rest, are lawful only in certain circumstances, and to certain degrees; they may be useful in a due subserviency to nobler purposes, but become dangerous and destructive, when once they gain the ascendant in the heart: to soothe the mind to tranquillity by hope, even when that hope is likely to deceive us, may be sometimes useful; but to lull our faculties in a lethargy, is poor and despicable.

Vices and errors are differently modified, according to the state of the minds to which they are incident: to indulge hope beyond the warrant of reason, is the failure alike of mean and elevated understandings; but its foundation and its effects are totally different: the man of high courage and great abilities, is apt to place too much confidence in himself, and to expect from a vigorous exertion of his powers more than spirit or diligence can attain; between him and his wish he sees obstacles indeed, but he expects to overleap or break them; his mistaken ardour hurries him forward; and though perhaps he misses his end, he nevertheless obtains some collateral good, and performs something useful to mankind and honourable to himself.

The drone of timidity presumes likewise to hope, but without ground and without consequence; the bliss with which he solaces his hours, he always expects from others, though very often he knows not from whom; he folds his arms about him, and sits in expectation of some revolution in the state that shall raise him to greatness, or some golden shower that shall load him with wealth; he dozes away the day in musing upon the morrow; and at the end of life is roused from his dream, only to discover that the time of action is past, and that he can now show his wisdom only by repentance.

T.

No. 70.] SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1753.

*Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,  
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,  
Nec sumit aut ponit secures,  
Arbitrio popularis auræ.*

HOR.

Stranger to folly and to fear,  
With pure untainted honour bright,  
Virtue disdains to lend an ear  
To the mad people's sense of right.

MR. ADVENTURER,

AM the person whom your correspondent Benevolus has thought fit to mention by the name of Agrestis. There are some particulars in my character, which, perhaps, he has mistaken: but I love plain dealing; and as he did

not intend to flatter me, I forgive him: perhaps my heart is as warm as another's, and I am no stranger to any principles that would lead a man to a handsome thing. But to the point. I approve your publishing the story of Eugenio; and I am determined the world shall not lose the sequel of it, in which you are more concerned than perhaps you may imagine.

You must know, Sir, that I had observed my girl to go moping about of late more than common: though in truth she has been somewhat grave ever since she dismissed Ventosus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and so watching her pretty closely, I caught her last Saturday was se'night almost drowned in tears with your paper in her hand. I laid hold of it in an instant, and putting on my spectacles began to read, with a shrewd suspicion that I should find out a secret. Her passion of crying still increased: and when I had looked here and there in the paper, I was convinced that she was by some means deeply interested in the story, which, indeed, appeared to me to be full of misfortune. In short, I pressed her so home upon the subject, that she put the other two papers into my hand, and telling me who were meant by the names, I began to read with great eagerness; though to confess a truth, I could scarce see the three last pages. Odds my life thinks I, what an honest fellow this Eugenio is! and leering up at my girl, I thought I never saw her look so like her mother before. I took her about the neck and kissed her; but I did not tell her what I had in my head: however, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and instantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I inquired the ship's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when she sailed. The doctor, whether he guessed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his skin, and told me, with a kind of wild eagerness, that the vessel having met with an accident in going out was put back, and then lay in the river near Gravesend.

With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. "Emmy," says I, "the captain was always in my opinion a worthy man; and when I had reason to believe you liked him, I did not resolve to part you because he was without a title or an estate, but because I could not be reconciled to his profession. I was determined you should never marry a cockade, and carry a knapsack; and if he had been a general officer, I would have preferred an honest citizen, who encourages trade and navigation, before him. Besides, I was angry that you should hold a private correspondence, and think to carry your point without me; but you were greatly misrepresented; so was the captain: he has gallantly removed all my objections at once, he is not now in the

army, nor has he ever attempted to subvert my authority; he is a true heart, and I feel that I love him as my son. He is still within reach, and you shall this moment write to him with your own hand, and tell him, that I say he shall be your husband. I have money enough for ye both; and if I please, I can make him a lord." The poor child sat with her handkerchief up to her eyes while I was speaking, and I did not immediately perceive, that, upon hearing the Captain was not gone, she had fainted. We could scarce keep life in her for above two hours; but at last she a little recovered her spirits, and brought me the following billet:

TO EUGENIO.

"SIR,

"My dear papa commands me to intreat, that you would immediately come on shore, and from this hour consider his house as your own. He is greatly affected with the story of your generosity and distress, which he has just learned by an accident which I cannot now communicate; and he is determined to make you his heir, without prejudice to,

"SIR,

"Your humble servant,  
"AMELIA."

When I had perused this epistle, "Pshaw," says I, "put affectionate at the end of it, or else he wont come now." This made her smile. I was glad to see her look cheerful; and having with some difficulty procured the proper addition, I despatched the letter instantly by my own servant on horseback, and ordered a light chariot and four to follow him, and take up Eugenio's friend the doctor by the way. I will not tell you, Sir, how Eugenio, as he is called, behaved upon the receipt of this letter: it is enough, that in about eight hours he arrived with his friend at my house; neither will I tell you how the lovers behaved when they met; it is enough, that they are to be married next Thursday. I add some particulars for your private inspection in the postscript, that you may give us your company at the wedding. I dare say you will share the happiness of which you have been the instrument; and I assure you that you will be extremely welcome to the company, but to none more than to,

Yours, heartily,

AGRESTIS.

I am extremely obliged to Agrestis for his postscript, but yet more for his letter; which, if I may be allowed to judge by its effect, is the most eloquent performance I ever read; its excellence, I am persuaded, will be universally acknowledged, because it will be felt. I shall, however, add some remarks, which, perhaps,

may not occur to every mind, as every mind has not acquired a habit of speculation.

Eugenio's heroic perseverance in virtue, though it appeared to preclude all his hopes of temporal advantage, yet eventually fulfilled them. If he had with less generosity engaged in a clandestine love, either he would have forfeited the esteem of Amelia, or she would have incurred the resentment of her father; if he had succeeded to the remains of his paternal estate, he might still have been suspected by Agrestis: and if he had continued in the army, however preferred, he would still have been disappointed.

Thus, perhaps, if remote consequences could be discovered by human foresight, we should see the wisdom and the kindness of Divine prescription; we should see, that the precepts which we are now urged to neglect by our desire of happiness, were given to prevent our being precipitated by error into misery; at least, it would appear, that if some immediate advantage is gained by the individual, an equivalent loss is sustained by society; and as society is only an aggregation of individuals, he who seeks his own advantage at the expense of society, cannot long be exempted from the general calamity which he contributes to produce.

Such is the necessary imperfection of human laws, that many private injuries are perpetrated of which they take no cognizance: but if these were allowed to be punished by the individual against whom they are committed, every man would be judge and executioner in his own cause, and universal anarchy would immediately follow. The laws, therefore, by which this practice is prohibited, ought to be held more sacred than any other: and the violation of them is so far from being necessary to prevent an imputation of cowardice, that they are enforced, even among those in whom cowardice is punished with death, by the following clause in the nineteenth Article of War;

"Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid another for refusing a challenge; since, according to these our orders, they do but the duty of soldiers, who ought to subject themselves to discipline: and we do acquit and discharge all men who have quarrels offered, or challenges sent to them, of all disgrace or opinion of disadvantage in their obedience hereunto; and whoever shall upbraid them, or offend in this case, shall be punished as a challenger."

It is to be presumed, that of this clause no gentleman in the army is ignorant; and those, who by the arrogance of their folly labour to render it ineffectual, should, as enemies to their country, be driven out of it with detestation and contempt.



No. 71.] TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1753.

—*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

MART.

We strive to paint the manners and the mind.

LETTERS written from the heart and on real occasions, though not always decorated with the flowers of eloquence, must be far more useful and interesting than the studied paragraphs of Pliny, or the pompous declamations of Balsac; as they contain just pictures of life and manners, and are the general emanations of nature. Of this kind I shall select a few from the heap I have received from my correspondents, each of which exhibits a different character, not exaggerated and heightened by circumstances that pass the bounds of reality.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

*Sombre-Hall, June 18.*

I AM arrived with Sir Nicholas at this melancholy moated mansion. Would I could be annihilated during the insupportable tediousness of summer! We are to sup this evening, after having fished the whole afternoon, by day-light, think of that, in the new arbour. My uncle, poor man, imagines he has a finer and richer prospect from thence, than the illuminated vistas at Vauxhall afford, only because he sees a parcel of woods and meadows, and blue hills, and corn-fields. We have been visited by our only neighbour, Mrs. Thrifty, who entertained us with a dull history of the children she has educated at a little school of her own founding, and who values herself for not having been in town these ten years, and for not knowing what a drum means. My sister and I have laid a scheme to plague her, for we have sent her a card, entreating her to make one at Brag next Sunday. For heaven's sake send us your paper weekly, but do not give us so many grave ones; for we want to be diverted after studying Hoyle, which we do for three hours every afternoon with great attention, that the time may not pass away totally useless, and that we may be a match for Lady Shuffle next winter. Let us know what is done at the next jubilee masquerade. How shall I have patience to support my absence from it! And if Madam de Pompadour comes over, as was reported when I left town, impart to us a minute account of the complexion she now wears, and of every article of her dress: any milliner will explain the terms to you. I don't see that you have yet published the little novel I sent you. I assure you it was written by a Right Honourable; but you, I suppose, think the style colloquial as you call it, and the moral trite or trifling. Colonel Caper's Pindaric ode on the EO table, must absolutely be inserted in

your very next paper, or else never expect to hear again from

LETITIA.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I APPLY to you, as a person of prudence and knowledge of the world, for directions how to extricate myself out of a great and uncommon difficulty. To enable myself to breed up a numerous family on a small preferment, I have been advised to indulge my natural propensity for poetry, and to write a tragedy: my design is to apprentice my eldest son to a reputable tradesman, with the profits I shall acquire by the representation of my play, being deterred by the inordinate expenses of a University education from making him a scholar. An old gentlewoman in my parish, a great reader of religious controversy, whom celibacy and the reduction of interest have made morosely devout, accidentally hearing of my performance, undertook to censure me in all companies with acrimony and zeal, as acting inconsistently with the dignity of my public character, and as a promoter of debauchery and lewdness. She has informed my church-wardens, that the playhouse is the temple of Satan, and that the first Christians were strictly forbidden to enter the theatres, as places impure and contagious. My congregations grow thin; my clerk shakes his head, and fears his master is not so sound as he ought to be. I was lately discoursing on the beautiful parable of the prodigal son; and most unfortunately quoted Erasmus's observation on it; "*ex quo quidem argumento posset non inelegans texi comedia*,"—on which subject a most elegant comedy might be composed;" which has ruined me for ever, and destroyed all the little respect remaining for me in the minds of my parishioners. What! cried they, would the parson put the Bible into verse? would he make stage-plays out of the Scriptures? How, Sir, am I to act? Assist me with your advice. Am I for ever to bear unreasonable obloquy, and undeserved reproach? or must I, to regain the good opinion of my people, relinquish all hopes of the five hundred pounds I was to gain by my piece, and generously burn my tragedy in my churchyard, in the face of my whole congregation?

Yours, &amp;c.

JACOB THOMASON.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I HAD almost finished a view of the inside of St. Peter's at Rome in butterfly-work, when my cruel parrot accidentally trod upon the purple emperor, of which the high altar was to have

been made. This is the first letter I have written after my dreadful loss; and it is to desire you to put an advertisement at the end of your next paper, signifying, that whoever has any "purple emperors or swallow tails" to dispose of, may hear of a purchaser at Lady Whim's in New Bond-street.

Yours, &c.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

If you will pay off my milk-score and lodgings, stop my tailor from arresting me, and put twenty pieces in my pocket, I will immediately set out for Lyons on foot, and stay there till I have translated into English the manuscript of Longinus which you talk of in your fifty-first paper. Favour me with a speedy answer, directed to Mr. Quillet, at the cork-cutter's in Wych-street, Drury-lane.

P. S. Seven booksellers have already applied to me, and offer to pay me very generously for my translation, especially as there is no French one for me to consult.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

You affect great tenderness and sensibility whenever you speak of the ladies. I have always despised them as trifling and expensive animals; and have therefore enjoyed the delicious liberty of what they idly and opprobriously call an old bachelor. I consider love in no other light than as the parent of misery and folly, and the son of idleness and ease. I am, therefore, inexpressibly delighted with a passage of uncommon sense and penetration, which I lately met with in the works of the celebrated Huet; and which, because no English writer has taken notice of it, I beg you would publish for the use of my countrymen, as it will impart to them a method of escaping the despicable lot of living under female tyranny.

"Love," says this judicious prelate, "is not only a passion of the soul like hatred and envy, but is also a malady of the body like a fever. It is situated in the blood and the animal spirits, which are extraordinarily inflamed and agitated; and it ought to be treated methodically by the rules of medicine, in order to effect a cure. I am of opinion, that this disorder may easily be subdued by plentiful sweats and copious bleedings, which would carry off the peccant humours and these violent inflammations, would purge the blood, calm its emotion, and re-establish it in its former natural state. This is not merely groundless conjecture, it is an opinion founded on experience. A great prince, with whom I was intimately acquainted, having conceived a violent passion for a young lady of exalted merit,

was obliged to leave her, and to take the field with the army. During this absence, his love was cherished and kept alive by a very frequent and regular intercourse of letters to the end of the campaign, when a dangerous sickness reduced him to extremity. By applying to the most powerful and efficacious drugs physic could boast of, he recovered his health, but lost his passion, which the great evacuations he had used had entirely carried off unknown to him. For imagining that he was as much in love as ever, he found himself unexpectedly cold and indifferent, the first time he beheld again the lady of whom he had been so passionately fond. The like accident befel one of my most intimate friends, who recovering from a long and stubborn fever by falling into copious sweats, perceived at the same time that he was cured of a passion, that for some time before had continually teased and grievously tormented him. He had no longer any taste for the object he formerly adored, attempted in vain to renew his gallantries, and found that insensibility and dislike had banished tenderness and respect."

I am yours,

AKALOS.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

In one of your late sermons I am informed, for I never read myself, that you have presumed to speak with ridicule and contempt of the noble order of Bucks. Seven of us agreed last night at the King's Arms, that if you dared to be guilty of the like impudence a second time, we would come in a body and untile your garret, burn your pocket-book of hints, throw your papers ready-written for the press into a jakes, and drive you out into the Strand in your tattered night-gown and slippers: and you may guess what a fine spectacle the mob will think an animal that so seldom sees the sun as you do. I assure you, that next to a day at Broughton's, or the damnation of a new play, the truest joy of our fraternity is, "to hunt an author."

Yours,

Z.

BOB WHIPCLEAN.

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No. 72.] SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1753.

Πολλα μεταξυ σιλι καλυκος και χειλος απρου.

PROV. GR.

Many things happen between the cup and the lip.

THE following narrative is by an eastern tradition attributed to one Heli ben Hamet, a moralist of Arabia, who is said to have delivered

his precepts in public and periodical orations. This tradition corresponds with the manner in which the narrative is introduced; and, indeed, it may possibly have no other foundation: but the tradition itself, however founded, is sufficient authority to consider Heli as the literary Adventurer of a remote age and nation; and as only one number of his work is extant, I shall not scruple to incorporate it with my own.

Dost thou ask a torch to discover the brightness of the morning? dost thou appeal to argument for proofs of Divine perfection? look down to the earth on which thou standest, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee. Thou beholdest splendour, abundance, and beauty; is not He who produced them mighty? Thou considerest; is not He who formed thy understanding, wise? Thou enjoyest; is not He who gratifies thy senses, good? Can ought have limited his bounty but his wisdom? or can defects in his sagacity be discovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and resignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whose heart has rebelled in secret, and whose wish has silently accused thy Maker.

I rose early in the morning to meditate, that I might without presumption hope to be heard. I left my habitation, and, turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I passed, till the extreme heat of the sun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention. The weariness which I had insensibly contracted by the length of my walk, became in a moment insupportable; and looking round for shelter, I suddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood, in which Rhedi the hermit investigates the secrets of nature, and ascribes glory to God. The hope of improving my meditation by his wisdom, gave me new vigour; I soon reached the wood, I was refreshed by the shade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was absent. I had not, however, waited long, before I discovered him through the trees at some distance, advancing towards me with a person whose appearance was, if possible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never seen.

When they came near I rose up, and laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myself with reverence before them. Rhedi saluted me by my name, and presented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the ground. Having looked stedfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and blessed me: "Heli," said he, "those who desire knowledge that they may teach virtue, shall not be disappointed: sit down, I will relate events which yet thou knowest but in part, and disclose secrets of providence from which thou mayest derive instruction." We sat down, and I listen-

ed as to the counsel of an angel, or the music of Paradise.

Amana, the daughter of Sanbad the shepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had passed the desert arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink; those which came first to the wells, belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandise of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with her veil, which the servant of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the presence of others, struck him with the staff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himself with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately hastened to the well. The veil of Amana had fallen off in the struggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty: the lovely confusion of offended modesty that glowed upon her cheek, the disdain that swelled her bosom, and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her beauty: they were graces which Nouraddin had never seen, and produced a tumult in his breast which he had never felt; for Nouraddin, though he had now great possessions, was yet a youth, and a stranger to woman: the merchandise which he was transporting, had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey; and the sudden accession of independence and wealth did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of desire: he, therefore, demanded Amana of her parents; his message was received with gratitude and joy; and Nouraddin, after a short time, carried her back to Egypt, having first punished the servant, by whom she had been insulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the solemnities of marriage, till the time of mourning for his father should expire; and the gratification of a passion which he could not suppress, was without much difficulty suspended, now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happiness which he believed to be secured; and supposed that it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed, as possession is longer delayed.

During this interval Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation; her ambition was at an end, and she became susceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obscurity of her birth only because it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured incessantly to supply the defect: she received his instruction not only with gratitude, but delight; while he spoke she gazed upon him with esteem and reverence, and had no wish but to return



the happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

At this time Osmin the Caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Osmin, thou knowest, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the desert: to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpose of his mind; but his wish was still unsatisfied, and his life was wretched. His seraglio was filled with beauty; but the power of beauty he had exhausted: he became outrageous to revive desire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only set over his women but his kingdom, with menaces and execrations. Nardic, therefore, caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful virgin within two days, should stand in the presence of the Caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled, the servant who had been beaten by Nouraddin, returned with him to Egypt: the sullen ferocity of his temper was increased by the desire of revenge, and the gloom of discontent was deepened by despair: but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aspect like lightning in the darkness of a storm; the offence which he had committed against Amana, enabled him to revenge the punishment which it produced. He knew that she was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near: he, therefore, hastened to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who in the midst of magnificence and servility, the flattery of dependant ambition and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

When Caled was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him; "By the smile of my Lord," said he, "let another be distinguished from the slaves who mingle in obscurity; and let his favour elevate another from the dust; but let my service be accepted, and let the desire of Osmin be satisfied with beauty. Amana will shortly be espoused by Nouraddin; but of Amana the sovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haste, therefore, to demand her; she is now with him in the house, to which I will conduct the messenger of thy will."

Nardic received this intelligence with transports of joy; a mandate was instantly written to Nouraddin; it was sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force sufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired: he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his person; his features were brightened with the gladness of his heart; he had invited his friends to the festival of his marriage, and the evening was to accomplish his wishes: the evening also was expected by Amana, with a joy which she did not labour to suppress; and

she was hiding her blushes in the breast of Nouraddin when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domestics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin being instantly acquainted with the event, rushed out of the apartment of Amana with disorder and trepidation. When he saw Caled, he was moved with anger and disdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and, with looks of insolence and triumph, presented the mandate. Nouraddin seeing the royal signet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an agony of suspense and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguish which he suffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents: at the name of Amana he started, as if he had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commission without remorse: he was not to be moved by swooning, expostulation, entreaty, or tears; but having conducted Amana to the seraglio, presented her to Nardic, with exultation and hope. Nardic, whose wish was flattered by stature and her shape, lifted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and solicitude: but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end: he prostrated himself before her, as a person on whose pleasure his life would from that moment depend. She was conducted to the chamber of the women, and Caled was the same hour invested with his new dignity; an apartment was assigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his sensibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the seraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and stupidity: he passed the night in agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhausted, and in the morning he locked himself into the chamber of Amana, and threw himself on a sofa, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no sustenance.

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NO. 73.] TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1753.

—Numinibus vota exaudita malignis— JUV.

Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour.

DRYDEN.

WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to despair, Nardic's description of Amana had roused Osmin from his apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon

after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and satiated with enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion: he perceived, indeed, that she was in tears, and that his presence covered her with confusion; yet he believed that her terrors would be easily removed, that by kindness she might be soothed to familiarity, and by caresses excited to dalliance; but the moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and entreated to be heard, with an importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist; he, therefore, raised her from the ground, and supporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed. "Let my lord," said she, "dismiss a wretch who is not worthy of his presence, and compassionate the distress which is not susceptible of delight. I am the daughter of a shepherd, betrothed to the merchant Nouraddin, from whom my body has been forced by the perfidy of a slave, and to whom my soul is united by indissoluble bonds. O! let not the terrors of thy frown be upon me! Shall the sovereign of Egypt stoop to a reptile of the dust? shall the judge of nations retain the worthless theft of treachery and revenge? or shall he, for whom ten thousand languish with desire, rejoice in the sufferance of one alienated mind?" Osmin, whose breast had by turns been enflamed with desire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of Amana and listened to her voice, now suddenly threw her from him, and departed without reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few moments in suspense; but the passions which eloquence had repressed, soon became again predominant; and he commanded Amana to be told, that if within three hours she did not come prepared to gratify his wishes, he would cast the head of the slave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this message was delivered, and the women who had returned to Amana when the Caliph retired, were touched with pity at her distress, and trembled at her danger: the evils which they could scarce hope to prevent, they were yet solicitous to delay; and, therefore, advised her to request three days of preparation, that she might sufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind, to make a just estimate of her own happiness; and with this request to send, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of sherbet, in which a pearl had been dissolved, and of which she had first drank herself.

To this advice, after some throbs of desperation, she at length consented, and prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this resolution was taken, Nouraddin suddenly started from a restless slumber; he was again stung by an instantaneous reflection upon his own misery, and in-

dulged the discontent of his mind in this exclamation: "If wisdom and goodness do indeed preside over the works of Omnipotence, whence is oppression, injustice, and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone has a right to Amana, why is Amana in the power of Osmin? O that now the justice of Heaven would appear in my behalf! O that from this hour I was Osmin, and Osmin Nouraddin!" The moment he had uttered this wish, his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length dissipated by a burst of thunder; and a being, whose appearance was more than human, stood before him. "Nouraddin," said the vision, "I am of the region above thee: but my business is with the children of the earth. Thou hast wished to be Osmin; and as far as this wish is possible it shall be accomplished; thou shalt be enabled to assume his appearance, and to exercise his power. I know not yet whether I am permitted to congeal Osmin under the appearance of Nouraddin, but till to-morrow he shall not interrupt thee."

Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by astonishment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the presence of a friend; and was about to express his gratitude and joy, when the Genius bound a talisman on his left arm, and acquainted him with its power: "As often as this bracelet," said he, "shall be applied to the region of thy heart, thou shalt be alternately changed in appearance from Nouraddin to Osmin, and from Osmin to Nouraddin." The Genius then suddenly disappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the possession of Amana, instantly applied the stud of the bracelet to his breast, and the next moment found himself alone in an apartment of the seraglio.

During this interval, the Caliph, who was expecting the issue of his message to Amana, became restless and impatient: he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace; and at length stood still, frowning and pensive, with his eyes fixed on the clear surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this soliloquy: "What is my felicity, and what is my power? I am wretched, by the want of that which the caprice of woman has bestowed upon my slave. I can gratify revenge, but not desire; I can withhold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to myself. Why have I not power to assume the form in which I might enjoy my wishes? I will at least enjoy them in thought. If I was Nouraddin, I should be clasped with transport to the bosom of Amana." He then resigned himself to the power of imagination, and was again silent: but the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the Genius who had just transported Nouraddin to his



palace. This wish, therefore, was instantly fulfilled; and his eyes being still fixed upon the water, he perceived, with sudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed by the ideal caresses of Amana; the tumult of his mind was increased by the prodigy; and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he hastened instantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door, to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard that was now commanded by Caled: a tumult ensued, and Caled being hastily called, believed that Nouraddin, in the phrenzy of desperation, had scaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, instantly stabbed him with his poinard, but at the same time received that of the Caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to support him in oppression, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the mean time the man who was believed to be slain, reposed in security upon a sofa; and Amana, by the direction of her women, had prepared the message and the bowl. They were now despatched to the Caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He understood by the message, that Amana was yet inviolate; in the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied, he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that Amana should be brought into his presence.

In obedience to this command, she was conducted by her women to the door, but she entered alone, pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a smile, the characters which grief, dread, and aversion, had written in her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and springing forward, threw his arms about her in an ecstasy of tenderness and joy; which was still heightened when he perceived, that in the character of Osmin those embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardour: he, therefore, retreating backward a few paces, applied the talisman again to his breast, and having recovered his own form, would have rushed again into her arms; but she started from him in confusion and terror. He smiled at the effect of the prodigy; and sustaining her on his bosom, repeated some tender incidents which were known to no other; told her by what means he had intercepted her message; and urged her immediately to escape, that they might possess all their desires in each other, and

leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whose likeness he had been enabled to assume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her suspicion and doubts were removed; then suddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven, imprecated curses upon her head, till her voice faltered, and she burst into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable distress, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cause. "In the bowl," said she, "which thou hast intercepted, there was death. I wished, when I took it from my lips, that the draught which remained might be poison: a powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible hand, and a voice whispered me, that him who drank the potion it would inevitably destroy."

Nouraddin, to whose heart the fatal malignity had now spread, perceived that his dissolution would be sudden; his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim: he stretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was distorted by an ineffectual effort to speak; impenetrable darkness came upon him, he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the talisman again smote his breast; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impressed upon the features of Osmin. Amana, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last transformation, rushed out of the apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The seraglio was alarmed in a moment; the body, which was mistaken for that of Osmin, was examined by the physicians; the effects of poison were evident; Amana was immediately suspected; and by the command of Shomar, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

"Such," said the companion of Rhedi, "was the end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Osmin and Caled, from whose destiny I have withdrawn the veil: let the world consider it, and be wise. Be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge clothe thee with humility."

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary sage, who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he rose like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit; chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment; but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulness of superior virtue; and I perceived that the sanctity of his life has acquainted him with divine intelligence. "Hamel," said he, "the voice which thou hast heard, is the voice of Zachis the genius; by whose power the wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province of Zachis to punish



impatience and presumption; by fulfilling the desires of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and presume to direct the hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast heard, to provide others from his power."

Now, therefore, let Virtue suffer adversity with patience, and Vice dread to incur the misery she would inflict: for by him who repines at the scale of Heaven, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point upon his own bosom.

No. 74.] SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1753.

*Insanientis dum sapientia.  
Consultus, erro.*

HOR.

I miss'd my end, and lost my way,  
By crack-brain'd wisdom led astray.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT has long been charged by one part of mankind upon the other, that they will not take advice; that counsel and instruction are generally thrown away; and that, in defiance both of admonition and example, all claim the right to choose their own measures, and to regulate their own lives.

That there is something in advice very useful and salutary, seems to be equally confessed on all hands; since even those that reject it, allow for the most part that rejection to be wrong, but charge the fault upon the unskilful manner in which it is given; they admit the efficacy of the medicine, but abhor the nauseousness of the vehicle.

Thus mankind have gone on from century to century: some have been advising others how to act, and some have been teaching the advisers how to advise; yet very little alteration has been made in the world. As we must all by the law of nature enter life in ignorance, we must all make our way through it by the light of our own experience; and, for any security that advice has been yet able to afford, must endeavour after success at the hazard of miscarriage, and learn to do right by venturing to do wrong.

By advice I would not be understood to mean, the everlasting and invariable principles of moral and religious truth, from which no change of external circumstances can justify any deviation; but such directions as respect merely the prudential part of conduct, and which may be followed or neglected without any violation of essential duties.

It is, indeed, not so frequently to make us

good as to make us wise, that our friends employ the officiousness of counsel; and among the rejectors of advice, who are mentioned by the grave and sententious with so much acrimony, you will not so often find the vicious and abandoned, as the pert and the petulant, the vivacious and the giddy.

As the great end of female education is to get a husband, this likewise is the general subject of female advice; and the dreadful denunciation against those volatile girls, who will not listen patiently to the lectures of wrinkled wisdom, is, that they will die unmarried, or throw themselves away upon some worthless fellow, who will never be able to keep them a coach.

I being naturally of a ductile and easy temper, without strong desires or quick resentments, was always a favourite amongst the elderly ladies, because I never rebelled against seniority, nor could be charged with thinking myself wise before my time; but heard every opinion with submissive silence, professed myself ready to learn from all who seemed inclined to teach me, paid the same grateful acknowledgments for precepts contradictory to each other, and if any controversy arose, was careful to side with her who presided in the company.

Of this compliance I very early found the advantage; for my aunt Matilda left me a very large addition to my fortune, for this reason chiefly, as she herself declared, because I was not above hearing good counsel, but would sit from morning till night to be instructed, while my sister Sukey, who was a year younger than myself, and was, therefore, in greater want of information, was so much conceited of her own knowledge, that whenever the good lady in the ardour of benevolence reproved or instructed her, she would pout or titter, interrupt her with questions, or embarrass her with objections.

I had no design to supplant my sister by this complaisant attention; nor, when the consequences of my obsequiousness came to be known, did Sukey so much envy as despise me; I was, however, very well pleased with my success; and having received, from the concurrent opinion of all mankind, a notion, that to be rich was to be great and happy, I thought I had obtained my advantages at an easy rate, and resolved to continue the same passive attention, since I found myself so powerfully recommended by it to kindness and esteem.

The desire of advising has a very extensive prevalence; and since advice cannot be given but to those that will hear it, a patient listener is necessary to the accommodation of all those who desire to be confirmed in the opinion of their own wisdom: a patient listener, however, is not always to be had; the present age, whatever age is present, is so vitiated and disordered, that young people are readier to talk than to attend, and good counsel is only thrown away

upon those who are full of their own perfections.

I was, therefore, in this scarcity of good sense, a general favourite; and seldom saw a day in which some sober matron did not invite me to her house, or take me out in her chariot, for the sake of instructing me how to keep my character in this censorious age, how to conduct myself in the time of courtship, how to stipulate for a settlement, how to manage a husband of every character, regulate my family, and educate my children.

We are naturally credulous in our own favour. Having been so often caressed and applauded for my docility, I was willing to believe myself really enlightened by instruction, and completely qualified for the task of life. I did not doubt but I was entering the world with a mind furnished against all exigencies, with expedients to extricate myself from every difficulty, and sagacity to provide against every danger; I was, therefore, in haste to give some specimen of my prudence, and to show that this liberality of instruction had not been idly lavished upon a mind incapable of improvement.

My purpose, for why should I deny it? was like that of other women, to obtain a husband of rank and fortune superior to my own; and in this I had the concurrence of all those that had assumed the province of directing me. That the woman was undone who married below herself, was universally agreed; and though some ventured to assert, that the richer man ought invariably to be preferred, and that money was a sufficient compensation for a defective ancestry; yet the majority declared warmly for a gentleman, and were of opinion that upstarts should not be encouraged.

With regard to other qualifications I had an irreconcilable variety of instructions. I was sometimes told, that deformity was no defect in a man; and that he who was not encouraged to intrigue by an opinion of his person, was more likely to value the tenderness of his wife; but a grave widow directed me to choose a man who might imagine himself to be agreeable to me, for that the deformed were always insupportably vigilant, and apt to sink into sullenness, or burst into rage, if they found their wife's eye wandering for a moment to a good face or a handsome shape.

They were, however, all unanimous in warning me, with repeated cautions, against all thoughts of union with a wit, as a being with whom no happiness could possibly be enjoyed: men of every other kind I was taught to govern, but a wit was an animal for whom no arts of taming had been yet discovered: the woman whom he could once get within his power, was considered as lost to all hope of

dominion or of quiet: for he would detect artifice and defeat allurements, and if once he discovered any failure of conduct, would believe his own eyes, in defiance of tears, caresses, and protestations.

In pursuance of these sage principles, I proceeded to form my schemes: and while I was yet in the first bloom of youth, was taken out at an assembly by Mr. Frisk. I am afraid my cheeks glowed, and my eyes sparkled; for I observed the looks of all my superintendants fixed anxiously upon me; and I was next day cautioned against him from all hands, as a man of the most dangerous and formidable kind, who had writ verses to one lady, and then forsaken her only because she could not read them, and lampooned another for no other fault than defaming his sister.

Having been hitherto accustomed to obey, I ventured to dismiss Mr. Frisk, who happily did not think me worth the labour of a lampoon. I was then addressed by Mr. Sturdy, and congratulated by all my friends on the manners of which I was shortly to be lady: but Sturdy's conversation was so gross, that after the third visit I could endure him no longer; and incurred, by dismissing him, the censure of all my friends, who declared that my nicety was greater than my prudence, and that they feared it would be my fate at last to be wretched with a wit.

By a wit, however, I was never afterwards attacked, but lovers of every other class, or pretended lovers, I have often had; and, notwithstanding the advice constantly given me, to have no regard in my choice to my own inclinations, I could not forbear to discard some for vice, and some for rudeness. I was once loudly censured for refusing an old gentleman who offered an enormous jointure, and died of the phthisic a year after; and was so baited with incessant importunities, that I should have given my hand to Drone the stock-jobber, had not the reduction of interest made him afraid of the expenses of matrimony.

Some, indeed, I was permitted to encourage; but miscarried of the main end, by treating them according to the rules of art which had been prescribed me. Altis, an old maid, infused into me so much haughtiness and reserve, that some of my lovers withdrew themselves from my frown, and returned no more; others were driven away, by the demands of settlement which the widow Trapland directed me to make; and I have learned, by many experiments, that to ask advice is to lose opportunity.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PERDITA.

T.

No. 75.] TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1753.

—*Quid virtus et quid sapientia possit,  
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssem.* HOR.

To show what pious wisdom's power can do,  
The poet sets Ulysses in our view. FRANCIS.

I HAVE frequently wondered at the common practice of our instructors of youth, in making their pupils far more intimately acquainted with the Iliad than with the Odyssey of Homer. This absurd custom, which seems to arise from the supposed superiority of the former poem, has inclined me to make some reflections on the excellence of the latter; a task I am the more readily induced to undertake, as so little is performed in the dissertation prefixed by Broome to Pope's translation of this work, which one may venture to pronounce is confused, defective, and dull. Those who receive all their opinions in criteism from custom and authority, and never dare to consult the decisions of reason and the voice of nature and truth, must not accuse me of being affectedly paradoxical, if I endeavour to maintain that the Odyssey excels the Iliad in many respects; and that for several reasons young scholars should peruse it early and attentively.

The moral of this poem is more extensively useful than that of the Iliad; which, indeed, by displaying the dire effects of discord among rulers, may rectify the conduct of princes, and may be called the Manual of Monarchs: whereas the patience, the prudence, the wisdom, the temperance, and fortitude of Ulysses, afford a pattern, the utility of which is not confined within the compass of courts and palaces, but descends and diffuses its influence over common life and daily practice. If the fairest examples ought to be placed before us in an age prone to imitation, if patriotism be preferable to implacability, if an eager desire to return to one's country and family be more manly and noble than an eager desire to be revenged of an enemy, then should our eyes rather be fixed on Ulysses than Achilles. Unexperienced minds, too easily captivated with the fire and fury of a gallant general, are apt to prefer courage to constancy, and firmness to humanity. We do not behold the destroyers of peace and the murderers of mankind, with the detestation due to their crimes; because we have been inured almost from our infancy to listen to the praises that have been wantonly lavished on them by the most exquisite poetry: "The Muses," to apply the words of an ancient Lyric, "have concealed and decorated the bloody sword with wreaths of myrtle." Let the Iliad be ever ranked at the head of human compositions for

its spirit and sublimity; but let not the milder, and, perhaps, more insinuating and attractive beauties of the Odyssey be despised and overlooked. In the one we are placed amidst the rage of storms and tempests:

Ὦς δ' ὅτο λαίλαπι πασα κίλην βιβριδε χθον  
Ἡμας' οταρινῶ, ὅτι λαβροτατον χει ἰδυε  
Ζεως, ὅτε δη ε' ἀνδρεσι ποτισσάμενος χαλεπήνη.  
Iliad XVI. 384.

And when in autumn Jove his fury pours,  
And earth is loaden with incessant showers:  
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,  
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies.

POPE.

In the other, all is tranquil and sedate, and calmly delightful:

—Ουτε ποτ' ομβρος,  
Αλλ' αἰεὶ Ζεφυροιο ληνυνηιοντας αἰτας  
Ωκεανος ἀνησιν ἀναφυκειν ἀνθοποιος.  
Odys. IV. 566.

Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;  
The fields are florid with unfading prime:  
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,  
Mold the round hail, or shake the fleecy snow:  
But from the breezy deep, the Blest inhale  
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.

POPE.

Accordingly, to distinguish the very different natures of these poems, it was anciently the practice of those who publicly recited them, to represent the Iliad, in allusion to the bloodshed it described, in a robe of scarlet; and the Odyssey, on account of the voyages it relates, in an azure vestment.

The predominant passion of Ulysses being the love of his country, for the sake of which he even refuses immortality, the poet has taken every occasion to display it in the liveliest and most striking colours. The first time we behold the hero, we find him disconsolately sitting on the solitary shore, sighing to return to Ithaca, Νοστον οδυρομενον, weeping incessantly, and still casting his eyes upon the sea,

Ποντον εσ' αστεργετον δεκτικετο, δακρυα λειβαν,

"While a goddess," says Minerva at the very beginning of the poem, "by her power and her allurements detains him from Ithaca, he is dying with desire to see even so much as the smoke arise from his much-loved island:" tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora! While the luxurious Phæacians were enjoying a delicious banquet, he attended not to their mirth and music, for the time approached when he was to return to Ithaca: they had prepared a ship for him to set sail in the very next morning; and the



thoughts of his approaching happiness having engrossed all his soul,

He sate and eyed the sun, and wished the night—

——— Δὴ γὰρ μνηστῆρας νηέσθαι.

To represent his impatience more strongly, the poet adds a most expressive simile, suited to the simplicity of ancient times: "The setting of the sun," says he, "was as welcome and grateful to Ulysses, as it is to a well-laboured ploughman, who earnestly waits for its decline, that he may return to his supper, *δορπὸν ἐπαίχεσθαι*, while his weary knees are painful to him as he walks along."

——— Βλαβέσται δὲ τὲ γούνατ' ἰόντι.

"Notwithstanding all the pleasures and endearments I received from Calypso, yet," says our hero, "I perpetually bedewed with my tears the garments which this immortal beauty gave to me."

——— Εἴματα δ' αἰε

Δακρυσι δυνεσκοντα μοι ἀμβροτοτα δοκε Καλυψώ.

We are presented in every page with fresh instances of this love of his country; and his whole behaviour convinces us,

\*Ὡς οὐδὲν γλυκίον ἢς πατρίδος οἶδος πορνῶν.

This generous sentiment runs like a golden vein throughout the whole poem.

If this animating example were duly and deeply inculcated, how strong an impression would it necessarily make upon the yielding minds of youth, when melted and mollified by the warmth of such exalted poetry!

Nor is the Odyssey less excellent and useful, in the amiable pictures it affords of private affections and domestic tendernesses,

——— and all the charities

Of father, son, and brother———

MILTON.

When Ulysses descends into the infernal regions, it is finely contrived that he should meet his aged mother Anticlea. After his first sorrow and surprise, he eagerly inquires into the causes of her death, and adds, "Doth my father yet live? does my son possess my dominions, or does he groan under the tyranny of some usurper who thinks I shall never return? Is my wife still constant to my bed? or hath some noble Grecian married her?"—These questions are the very voice of nature and affection. Anticlea answers that "she herself died with grief for the loss of Ulysses; that Laertes languishes away life in solitude and sorrow for him; and that Penelope perpetually and inconsolably bewails his absence, and sighs for his return."

When the hero, disguised like a stranger, has the first interview with his father, whom he finds diverting his cares with rural amusements

in his little garden, he informs him that he has seen his son in his travels, but now despairs of beholding him again. Upon this the sorrow of Laertes is inexpressible; Ulysses can counterfeign no longer, but exclaims ardently,

I, I am he! O father rise! behold  
Thy son!———

And the discovery of himself to Telemachus, in the sixteenth book, in a speech of short and broken exclamations, is equally tender and pathetic.

The duties of universal benevolence, of charity, and of hospitality, that unknown and unpractised virtue, are perpetually inculcated with more emphasis and elegance than in any ancient philosopher, and I wish I could not add than in any modern. Ulysses meets with a friendly reception in all the various nations to which he is driven; who declare their inviolable obligations to protect and cherish the stranger and the wanderer. Above all, how amiable is the behaviour of Eumæus to his unknown master, who asks for his charity. "It is not lawful for me," says the *διὸς ὑφῆρες*. "I dare not despise any stranger or indigent man, even if he were much meaner than thou appearest to be; for the poor and strangers are sent to us by Jupiter!" "Keep," says Epictetus, "continually in thy memory, what Eumæus speaks in Homer to the disguised Ulysses." I am sensible, that many superficial French critics have endeavoured to ridicule all that passes at the lodge of Eumæus, as coarse and indelicate, and below the dignity of Epic poetry; but let them attend to the following observation of the greatest genius of their nation: "Since it is delightful," says Fenelon, "to see in one of Titian's landscapes the goats climbing up a hanging rock, or to behold in one of Tenier's pieces a country feast and rustic dances; it is no wonder, that we are pleased with such natural descriptions as we find in the Odyssey. This simplicity of manners seems to recal the golden age. I am more pleased with honest Eumæus, than with the polite heroes of Clelia or Cleopatra."

The moral precepts with which every page of the Odyssey is pregnant, are equally noble. Plato's wish is here accomplished; for we behold Virtue personally appearing to the sons of men, in her most awful and most alluring charms.

The remaining reasons why the Odyssey is equal, if not superior to the Iliad, and why it is a poem most peculiarly proper for the perusal of youth, are, because the great variety of events and scenes it contains, interest and engage the attention more than the Iliad; because characters and images drawn from familiar life, are more useful to the generality of readers, and are also more difficult to be drawn; and because the conduct of this poem, considered as the most perfect of Epopees, is more artful and judicious than that of the other. The discussion of these

beauties will make the subject of some ensuing paper.

Z.

No. 76.] SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1753.

*Duc me, Parens, celsique dominator poli,  
Quocunque placuit; nulla parendi mora est;  
Adsum impiger. Fac nolle; comitabor gemens,  
Malusque patiar, quod bono licuit pati.*

SENECA EX CLEANTHE.

Conduct me, thou of beings cause divine,  
Where'er I'm destined in thy great design!  
Active, I follow on; for should my will  
Resist, I'm impious; but must follow still.

HARRIS.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence, but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flirt through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent," he cried, "who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imams, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of Hope; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined, and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and wo.—I will continue in it no longer!"

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly

thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said, with a majestic smile, "Follow me to the top of this mountain."

"Look from hence," said the awful conductor; "I am Caloc, the angel of Peace; Look from hence into the valley."

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of Heaven against the tygers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

"Inhabitant of heaven," cried Bozaldab, suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts." "Peace," said the Angel, "and observe."

He looked again, and beheld a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practised," exclaimed Bozaldab?—"Look again," said the Angel, "and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor; he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless;

he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious; he has now learned, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene."

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much-lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Houri.

"Gracious Alla!—it is my son," cried the Caliph—"O let me hold him to my heart!" "Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision," replied the Angel: "I am now showing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on the earth." "And why," returned Bozaldab, "was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?" "Consider the sequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

"Happy," said Caloc, "is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others."

"It is enough," cried Bozaldab; "I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience!—From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued by a death, which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!"

"Cast away the dagger," replied the heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to

plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Cast a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

The Angel, while he was speaking thus stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Emphyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

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No. 77.] TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1753.

—Peccare docentes

Fallax historias monet.

Hon.

To tint th' attentive mind she tries  
With tales of exemplary vice.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am about to give you, since I am sure the motive that induce me to give it, will have as much weight with you as they have with me: I shall therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however insignificant and unentertaining, affords a lesson, of the highest importance; a lesson, the value of which I have experienced, and may, therefore recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchased with the portion that was allotted him a genteel post under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old, and my father, who was excessively fond of me, determined to be himself my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, should not want the improvements of liberal education.

He was a man of sense, with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a free-liver, and perhaps for that reason too, some pains to become what is called a free thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary



his daughter should be restrained from those liberties, which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition, for so he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to choose virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connection with immortality, I was not led to consider a future state either with hope or fear: my father indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or false, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; because the virtue which secured happiness in the present state, would also secure it in a future: a future state, therefore, I wholly disregarded, and, to confess a truth, disbelieved: for I thought I could plainly discover that it was disbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his sentiments. As I had no very turbulent passions, a ductile and good disposition, and the highest reverence for his understanding, as well as the tenderest affection for him, he found it an easy task to make me adopt every sentiment and opinion which he proposed to me as his own; especially, as he took care to support his principles by the authority and arguments of the best writers against Christianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make use of all the philosophy I had been taught, by his death; which not only deprived me of a parent I most ardently loved, but with him of all the ease and affluence to which I had been accustomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; consequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helplessness of genteel life, a taste for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and sensibility that has doubled all my sufferings. In this distress a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his house, and declared he would take the same care of me as if I had been his own child. When the first transports of my grief were abated, I found myself in an easy situation, and from the natural cheerfulness of my temper, I was beginning once more to taste of happiness. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow understanding and illiberal education, was a little disgusted with me for employing so much of my time in reading; but still more so, when, happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that some of them were what he called blasphemy, and tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheist. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of

virtue to disguise or disavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a Deist and an Atheist, my arguments only served to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phrase, believed neither in God nor Devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the established faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reason, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmost concern; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good nature for that protection which I had flattered myself I should owe to his love. I comforted myself, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride in suffering this persecution from ignorance and folly, only because I was superior to vulgar errors and popular superstition; and that Christianity deserved these appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to "adorn the doctrine which he professed to believe."

I had lived a few months under the painful sensibility of receiving continual benefits from a person whose esteem and affection I had lost, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for some unexpected good fortune, told me, he had just had a proposal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not possibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himself sufficiently authorised to pronounce as he did, that I could not possibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me insuperable; it was, that the person whom he proposed to me as the companion, the guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: his understanding was low, his sentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and displeasing.—"What stuff is all this," interrupted my uncle, "sentiments indelicate! unpolite! his understanding, forsooth, not equal to your own! Ah, child, if you had less romance, conceit and arrogance, and more true discretion and prudence, it would do you more good than all the fine books you have confounded your poor head with, and what is worse, perhaps, ruined your poor soul. I own, it went a little against my conscience to accept my honest friend's kind offer, and give him such a pagan for his wife. But how know I whether the believing husband may not convert the unbelieving wife?—As to your flighty

objections, they are such nonsense, that I wonder you can suppose me fool enough to be deceived by them. No, child; wise as you are, you cannot impose upon a man who has lived as many years in the world as I have. I see your motive; you have some infidel libertine rake in your eye, with whom you would go headlong to perdition. But I shall take care not to have your soul to answer for as well as your person. Either I shall dispose of you to an honest man that may convert you, or you shall dispose of yourself how you please for me; for I disclaim all further care or trouble about you: so I leave you to consider, whether or no the kindness I have shown you, entitles me to some little influence over you, and whether you choose to seek protection where you can find it, or accept of the happy lot providence has cut out for you."

He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and I seriously set myself to consider as he bade me, which of the two states he had set before me I ought to choose; to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conscience, or to expose myself to all the distresses of friendless poverty and unprotected youth. After some hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have suffered extremely in accepting a husband, at least indifferent to me; yet as my heart was perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it: but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would not have been philosophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness; and that those things which are generally esteemed evils, could have no power to disturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risks, rather than depart from this glorious principle: I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of showing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all accidental circumstances of distress.

I communicated my resolution to my uncle, assuring him at the same time of my everlasting gratitude and respect, and that nothing should have induced me to offend or disobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reason and conscience disapproved; that supposing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet still those of virtue were greater, and I could not resolve to purchase the one by a violation of the other; that a false vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing

an act of the highest injustice, to enter into so solemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man should possess my person, who could not obtain the first place in my heart.

I was surprised that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent. At length the gathering storm burst over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were condemned as romantic absurdities, which I could not myself believe; I was accused of designing to deceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such design, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could sooner have believed the grossest contradiction, than that a young woman could so strenuously refuse one man without being prepossessed in favour of another. As I thought myself injured by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the justice of his resentment, and against my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he said would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low courtesy left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: however, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of a man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him. I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: "And what, in the devil's name, my dear cousin, could make a woman of your sense behave so like an idiot: What! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle, refuse an excellent match, and reduce

yourself to beggary, because truly you were not in love? Surely, one might have expected better from you even at fifteen. Who is it, pray, that marries the person of their choice? For my own part, who have rather a better title to please myself with a good fifteen hundred a-year, than you who have not a shilling, I found it would not do, and that there was something more to be sought after in a wife than a pretty face or a genius? Do you think I cared three farthings for the woman I married? No, faith. But her thirty thousand pounds were worth having; with that I can purchase a seraglio of beauties, and indulge my taste in every kind of pleasure. And pray what is it to me whether my wife has beauty, or wit, or elegance, when her money will supply me with all that in others? You, cousin, had an opportunity of being as happy as I am: the men, believe me, would not like you a bit the worse for being married; on the contrary, you will find, that for one who took notice of you as a single woman, twenty would be your admirers and humble servants when there was no danger of being taken-in. Thus you might have gratified all your passions, made an elegant figure in life, and have chosen out some gentle swain, as romantic and poetical as you pleased for your Cecisbee. The good John Trot husband would have been easily managed, and——” Here my indignation could be contained no longer, and I was leaving the room in disdain, when he caught me by the hand—“Nay, prithee, my dear cousin, none of these violent airs. I thought you and I had known one another better. Let the poor souls, who are taught by the priests and their nurses to be afraid of hell-fire, and to think they shall go to the devil for following nature and making life agreeable, be as outrageously virtuous as they please; you have too much sense to be frightened at bugbears; you know that the term of your existence is but short; and it is highly reasonable to make it as pleasant as possible.”—I was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but, bursting from his hold, told him I would take care not to give him a second opportunity of insulting my distress, and affronting my understanding: and so left his house with a resolution never to enter it again.

No. 78.] SATURDAY, AUG. 4, 1753.

—*Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.* JUV.

Nor quit for life what gives to life its worth.

I WENT home mortified and disappointed. My spirits sunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to stir out of my lodging, or to see a human face. At length

I resolved to try, whether indigence and friendship were really incompatible, and whether I should meet with the same treatment from a female friend, whose affection had been the principle pleasure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle Amanda, whose heart seems capable of every tender and generous sentiment, will do justice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tenderness will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude, her praises and endearments will compensate all my hardships. Amanda was a single woman of a moderate fortune, which I heard she was going to bestow on a young officer, who had little or nothing besides his commission. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refusing a mercenary match, since she herself had chosen from motives so opposite to those which are called prudent. She had been in the country some months, so that my misfortunes had not reached her ear till I myself related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and answered me with politeness enough, but with a coldness that chilled my very heart. “You are sensible, my dear Fidelia,” said she, “that I never pretended to set my understanding in competition with yours. I knew my own inferiority; and though many of your motions and opinions appeared to me very strange and particular, I never attempted to dispute them with you. To be sure, you know best; but it seems to me a very odd conduct for one in your situation to give offence to so good an uncle; first by maintaining doctrines which may be very true, for ought I know, but which are very contrary to the received opinions we are brought up in, and therefore are apt to shock a common understanding; and secondly, to renounce his protection, and throw yourself into the wide world, rather than marry the man he chose for you; to whom, after all, I do not find you had any real objection, nor any antipathy for his person.”—Antipathy, my dear! said I; are there not many degrees between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and beholding him with abhorrence and aversion? The first is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife, a duty voluntarily taken upon herself, and engaged in under the most solemn contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my friendless, unprovided state, since they are the consequences of a virtuous action, they cannot really be evils, nor can they disturb that happiness which is the gift of virtue. “I am heartily glad,” answered she, “that you have found the art of making yourself happy by the force of imagination! I wish your enthusiasm may continue; and that you may still be further convinced, by your own experience, of the folly of mankind, in supposing poverty and disgrace to be evils.”

I was cut to the soul by the unkind manner which accompanied this sarcasm, and was going



to remonstrate against her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who, in spite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the stings of unkindness. The beauty and gracefulness of his person caught my eye, and the politeness of his address and the elegance of his compliments soon prejudiced me in favour of his understanding. He was introduced by the captain to Amanda as his most intimate friend, and seemed desirous to give credit to his friend's judgment, by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded so well, that Amanda was wholly engrossed by the pleasure of his conversation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new guest; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I rose to leave her, she pressed me so earnestly to stay dinner, that I could not, without discovering how much I resented her behaviour, refuse. This, however, I should probably have done, as I was naturally disposed to show every sentiment of my heart, had not a secret wish arose there to know a little more of this agreeable stranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my resentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The conversation grew more and more pleasing; I took my share in it, and had more than my share of the charming stranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreserved, Amanda dropped hints in the course of the conversation relating to my story, my sentiments, and unhappy situation. Sir George Freelove, for that was the young gentleman's name, listened greedily to all that was said of me, and seemed to eye me with earnest curiosity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George insisted on attending me to my lodgings; I strongly refused it, not without a sensation which more properly belonged to the female than the philosopher, and which I condemned in myself as arising from dishonest pride. I could not without pride suffer the polite Sir George, upon so short an acquaintance, to discover the meanness of my abode. To avoid this, I sent for a chair; but was confused to find, that Sir George and his servants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to dispute; he himself walked before, and his servants followed it. I was covered with blushes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little shop door, and took leave with as profound respect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thousand different thoughts kept me from closing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the soul: I found that I must look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one person whom I could call my friend. My heart felt desolate and forlorn; I knew not what course to take for my future subsistence; the pain

which my pride had just given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the passions of humanity, and that I should feel too sensibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to subdue this pride, and called to my assistance the examples of ancient sages and philosophers, who despised riches and honours, and felt no inconveniences from the malice of fortune. I had almost reasoned myself into a contempt for the world, and fancied myself superior to its smiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found that, however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being despised by him was insupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and respect of mankind: at least, the philosopher's schemes and wishes were very different from those which at that time were taking possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice. I scorned the thought of imposing on him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

In the midst of these reflections I was surprised the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learned from my friend, that the unkindness and tyranny of an uncle had cast me into uneasy circumstances; and that he could not know, that so much beauty and merit were so unworthily treated by fortune, without earnestly wishing to be the instrument of doing me more justice. He intreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happiness of mine; and was going on with the most fervent offers of service, when I interrupted him by saying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that respect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented such offers of service from a stranger, as could only be justified by a long experienced friendship; that I was not in a situation to receive visits, and must decline his acquaintance, which nevertheless in a happier part of my life would have given me pleasure.

He now had recourse to all the arts of his

sex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his passion, protesting the most inviolable respect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears, that I would not punish him so severely as to deny him the liberty of seeing me, and making himself more and more worthy of my esteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only just fortitude enough to persevere in refusing his visits, and to insist on his leaving me, which at last he did; but it was after such a profusion of tenderness, prayers, and protestations, that it was some time before I could recall my reason enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own situation, which compared, left me but little doubt of his dishonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my presence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reason applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected that that consciousness would make me happy, but I found it otherwise; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I discovered that my heart was entangled in a passion which must for ever be combated, or indulged at the expense of virtue. I now considered riches as truly desirable, since they would have placed me above disgraceful attempts, and given me reasonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Free love. I was discontented and unhappy, but surprised and disappointed to find myself so, since hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myself with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I resolved, however, to try still farther the power of virtue to confer happiness, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had stronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practised in the arts of seduction, to be discouraged by a first repulse: every day produced either some new attempt to see me, or a letter full of the most passionate protestations and intreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters should be taken in from him; he had so many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands so unlike, that I was surprised into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I stirred out he was sure to be in my way, and to employ the most artful tongue that ever ensnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reason and awakening my passions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly destroyed. Whenever I was with him, I summoned all

my fortitude, and constantly repeated my commands that he should avoid me. His disobedience called for my resentment, and in spite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much disdain as I thought his unworthy designs deserved. But the moment he left me, all my resolution forsook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured against the Sovereign Ruler of all things, for making me subject to passions which I could not subdue, yet must not indulge: I compared my own situation with that of my libertine cousin, whose pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and detestation, who gave the reins to every desire, whose house was the seat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whose face was ever covered with smiles, and whose heart seemed free from sorrow and care. Is not this man, said I, happier than I am? And if so, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not sacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily sacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compensation she offers me? What are my prospects in this world but poverty, mortification, disappointment, and grief? Every wish of my heart denied, every passion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are these the blessings with which Heaven distinguishes its favourites? Can the King of Heaven want power or will to distinguish them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the sport of chance, the prey of wickedness and malice? Surely no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miserable than that of the vicious? I myself have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and see no likelihood of my being otherwise in this world—and all beyond the grave is eternal darkness. Yet why do I say, that I have no prospect of happiness? Does not the most engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can bestow? Will not he protect me from every insult of the proud world that scoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth the means of every pleasure, even of that highest and truest of all pleasures, the power of relieving the sufferings of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of distress into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happiness to all around me? Is not this a state far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happiness the laudable pursuit of reason? Is it not then laudable to pursue it by the most probable means? Have I not been accusing Providence of unkindness, whilst I myself only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have mistaken the path of virtue: it must be that which leads to happiness. The path which I am in, is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable

darkness; but I see another that is strowed with flowers, and bright with the sunshine of prosperity: this, surely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happiness. Hither then let me turn my weary steps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is surely impossible that I should offend God, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to resist: He has allotted me a short and precarious existence, and has placed before me good and evil.—What is good but pleasure? What is evil but pain? Reason and nature direct me to choose the first, and avoid the last. I sought for happiness in what is called virtue, but I found it not; shall I not try the other experiment, since I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderness of error, and thus had I almost reasoned myself out of every principle of morality, by pursuing through all their consequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and prescriptions for felicity, the talismans of Truth, by which I should be secured in the storms of adversity, and listen without danger to the syrens of temptation; when in the fatal hour of my presumption, sitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the side of passion, almost distracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falsehood, I saw Sir George Freelove at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not necessary to describe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciously implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by false reasoning, and which now tottered from the foundation: suffice it that I submitted to the humiliation I have so well deserved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reason, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakness and prejudice, the still voice of conscience which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the sacrifice to passion and sophistry; that my boasted philosophy, and too much flattered understanding, preserved me not from the lowest depth of infamy, which the weakest of my sex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedness. My vile seducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the shameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and lavishing his fortune in procuring me pleasures which I could not taste, and pomp which seemed an insult on my disgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulness of accepting offered pleasures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my understanding was darkened, but the sense of guilt was not lost. My pride

and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it so, suffered the most intolerable mortification and disgust, every time I reflected on my infamous situation. Every eye seemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant seducer. O depth of misery! to be conscious of deserving the contempt of him I loved, and for whose sake I was become contemptible to myself.

Y.

No. 79.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1753.

*Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens: sibi qui imperiosus;*

*Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:*

*Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores  
Fortis, et in seipso totus: teres atque rotundus  
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari. HOR.*

Who then is free?—The wise, who well maintains  
An empire o'er himself: whom neither chains,  
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire;  
Who boldly answers to his warm desire;  
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise;  
Firm in himself who on himself relies;  
Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,  
And breaks misfortune with superior force.

FRANCIS.

This was the state of my mind during a year which I passed in Sir George's house. His fondness was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no other object to share my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderness, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The first dawnings of unkindness were but too visible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealousy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learned at length, that my false lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately resolved to leave him; but could not do it without first venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me insolence, which though I had deserved, I had not learned to bear. I returned with scorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my sin; and the trappings of my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of resentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings: but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a post-chaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far



from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to choose the road.

My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have stopt at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paltry inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time; they were all confused and distracted. A short frenzy must have filled up those hours, of which my memory retains such imperfect traces. I remember only, that, without having pulled off my clothes, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where after having walked some time, the freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened my reason. My reason, my memory, my anguish and despair, returned together! Every circumstance of my past life was present to my mind; but most the idea of my faithless lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in spite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tenderness and most ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguish of resentment, and completed my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful: poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppression and the taunts of insolence, was before my eyes. I, who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, respected, and admired, was now the outcast of human nature, despised and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had most loved! hateful to myself, belonging to no one, exposed to wrongs and insults from all!

I tried to find out the cause of this dismal change, and how far I was myself the occasion of it. My conduct with respect to Sir George, though I spontaneously condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would justify. But as my principles could not preserve me from vice, neither could they sustain me in adversity: conscience was not to be perverted by the sophistry which had beclouded my reason. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, should acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermost distress, I was neither sustained by

the consciousness of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward: whether I looked backward or forward, all was confusion and anguish, distraction and despair. I accused the supreme Being of cruelty and injustice, who, though he gave me not sufficient encouragement to resist desire, yet punished me with the consequences of indulgence. If there is a God, cried I, he must be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardless of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeservedly miserable either from chance or design, but fly to that annihilation in which all my prospects terminate. Take back, said I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, the hateful gift of existence, and let my dust no more be animated to suffering, and exalted to misery.

So saying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of some person very near me made me turn my eyes to see whence it came. I was accosted by an elderly clergyman, who, with looks of terror, pity, and benevolence, asked me what I was about to do? At first I was sullen, and refused to answer him, but by degrees the compassion he showed, and the tenderness with which he treated me, softened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

"O Madam," said he, "these are gracious signs, and unlike those which first drew my attention, and made me watch you unobserved, fearing some fatal purpose in your mind. What must be the thoughts which could make a face like yours appear the picture of horror! I was taking my morning walk, and have seen you a considerable time; sometimes stopping and wringing your hands, sometimes quickening your pace, and sometimes walking slow with your eyes fixed on the ground, till you raised them to heaven, with looks not of supplication and piety, but rather of accusation and defiance. For pity tell me how is it that you have quarrelled with yourself, with life, nay even with Heaven? Recal your reason, and your hope, and let this seasonable prevention of your fatal purpose be an earnest to you of good things to come, of God's mercy not yet alienated from you, and stooping from his throne to save your soul from perdition."

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me so much relief that I found myself able to speak, and desirous to express my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprising pleasure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story, and every thought of my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence: and stopping me short, told me, he would lead me to one who should preach

patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

As we talked he led me to his own house, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a cheerful placid countenance, who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. She saw I was distressed, and her compassion was beforehand with her complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine: her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to take some refreshment, her husband gave her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he had found me. "This poor lady," said he, "from the fault of her education and principles, sees every thing through a gloomy medium: she accuses Providence, and hates her existence for those evils, which are the common lot of mankind in this short state of trial. You, my dear, who are one of the greatest sufferers I have known, are best qualified to cure her of her faulty impatience; and to convince her, by your own example, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find its reward. She thinks no one so unhappy as herself; but if she knew all that you have gone through, she would surely be sensible, that if you are happier than she, it is only because your principles are better."

"Indeed, my dear Madam," said she, "that is the only advantage I have over you: but that, indeed, outweighs every thing else. It is now but ten days since I followed to the grave my only son, the survivor of eight children, who were all equally the objects of my fondest love. My heart is no less tender than your own, nor my affections less warm. For a whole year before the death of my last darling, I watched the fatal progress of his disease, and saw him suffer the most amazing pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil to which you could not submit, wanting to my trials. Though my husband is by his profession a gentleman, his income is so small, that I and my children have often wanted necessaries; and though I had always a weakly constitution, I have helped to support my family by the labour of my own hands. At this time I am consuming, by daily tortures, with a cancer which must shortly be my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper assistance, though nothing could preserve my life; but I have not the means to obtain that assistance."—"O hold," interrupted I, "my soul is shocked at the enumeration of such intolerable sufferings. How is it that you support them? Why do not I see you in despair like mine, renounce your existence, and put yourself out of the reach of torment? But, above all, tell me how it is possible

for you to preserve, amidst such complicated misery, that appearance of cheerfulness and serene complacency which shines so remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?"

"That cheerfulness and complacency," answered the good woman, "I feel in my heart. My mind is not only serene, but often experiences the highest emotions of joy and exultation, that the brightest hopes can give." "And whence," said I, "do you derive this astonishing art of extracting joy from misery, and of smiling amidst all the terrors of pain, sorrow, poverty, and death?" She was silent a moment; then stepping to her closet, reached a Bible, which she put into my hands. "See there," said she, "the volume in which I learn this art. Here I am taught that everlasting glory is in store for all who will accept it upon the terms which Infinite Perfection has prescribed; here I am promised consolation, assistance, and support from the Lord of Life, and here I am assured that my transient afflictions are only meant to fit me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. This happiness is at hand. The short remainder of my life seems but a point, beyond which opens the glorious prospect of immortality. Thus encouraged, how should I be dejected? Thus supported, how should I sink? With such prospects, such assured hopes, how can I be otherwise than happy?"

While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner, as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion, which was capable of producing such effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple pressed me with so much unaffected kindness, to make their little parsonage my asylum till I could better dispose of myself, that I accepted their offer. Here, with the assistance of the clergyman, who is a plain, sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied the Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinsic arguments of their truth superfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propose, together with the striking example I had before my eyes of their salutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in a female character, she showed more dauntless intrepidity than the sternest philosopher or the proudest hero. No torment could



shake the constancy of her soul, or length of pain wear out the strength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smile of ecstasy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the sacred writings, "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a service, to which he has recommended me in a neighbouring family. A state of servitude, to which once I could not resolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me: that pride, which would have made it galling, Christianity has subdued, though philosophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a Christian, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me to the dust: but the full assurances that are given me by the Saviour of the world, of the Divine pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleased with my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for an endless glory and happiness.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into those truths which most concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt for the Sacred Oracles of God; tell them these amazing effects of the power of Christianity: tell them this truth which experience has taught me, that, "though Vice is constantly attended by misery, Virtue itself cannot confer happiness in this world, except it is animated with the hopes of eternal bliss in the world to come."

I am, &c.

Y.

FIDELIA.

No. 80.] SATURDAY, AUG. 11, 1753.

*Non desunt crassi quidam, qui studiosos ab hujusmodi libris deterreant, ceu poeticis, ut vocant, et ad morum integritatem efficientibus. Ego vero dignos censeo quos et omnibus in ludis prælegant adolescentes litteratores, et sibi legant relegantque senos.*

ERASMUS.

There are not wanting persons so dull and insensible, as to deter students from reading books of this kind, which, they say, are poetical, and pernicious

to the purity of morals; but I am of opinion, that they are not only worthy to be read, by the instructors of youth in their schools, but that the old and experienced should again and again peruse them.

GREATNESS, novelty, and beauty, are usually and justly reckoned the three principal sources of the pleasures that strike the imagination. If the Iliad be allowed to abound in objects that may be referred to the first species, yet the Odyssey may boast a greater number of images that are beautiful and uncommon. The vast variety of scenes perpetually shifting before us, the train of unexpected events, and the many sudden turns of fortune in this diversified poem, must more deeply engage the reader, and keep his attention more alive and active, than the martial uniformity of the Iliad. The continual glare of a singular colour that unchangeably predominates throughout a whole piece, is apt to dazzle and disgust the eye of the beholder. I will not, indeed, presume to say with Voltaire, that among the greatest admirers of antiquity, there is scarce one to be found, who could ever read the Iliad with that eagerness and rapture, which a woman feels when she peruses the novel of Zayde; but will, however, venture to affirm that the Speciosa Miracula of the Odyssey are better calculated to excite our curiosity and wonder, and to allure us forward with unextinguished impatience to the catastrophe, than the perpetual tumult and terror that reign through the Iliad.

The boundless exuberance of his imagination, his unwearied spirit and fire, *ακαμάτος πύρ*, has enabled Homer to diversify the descriptions of his battles with many circumstances of great variety: sometimes, by specifying the different characters, ages, professions, or nations, of his dying heroes; sometimes by describing different kinds of wounds and deaths; and sometimes by tender and pathetic strokes, which remind the reader of the aged parent who is fondly expecting the return of his son just murdered, of the desolate condition of the widows who will now be enslaved, and of the children that will be dashed against the stones. But notwithstanding this delicate art and address in the poet, the subject remains the same: and from this sameness, it will, I fear, grow tedious and insipid to impartial readers: these small modifications and adjuncts are not sufficiently efficacious to give the grace of novelty to repetition, and to make tautology delightful: the battles are, indeed, nobly and variously painted, yet still they are only battles. But when we accompany Ulysses through the manifold perils he underwent by sea and land, and visit with him the strange nations to which the anger of Neptune has driven him, all whose manners and customs are described in the most lively and picturesque terms; when we survey the wondrous monsters he encountered and escaped,



*Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdin ;*

Antiphates his hideous feast devour,  
Charybdis bark and Polyphemus roar ;   FRAN.

when we see him refuse the charms of Calypso, and the cup of Circe ; when we descend with him into hell, and hear him converse with all the glorious heroes that assisted at the Trojan war ; when, after struggling with ten thousand difficulties unforeseen and almost unsurmountable, he is at last restored to the peaceable possession of his kingdom and his queen ; when such objects as these are displayed, so new and so interesting ; when all the descriptions, incidents, scenes, and persons, differ so widely from each other ; then it is that poetry becomes “ a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,” and a feast of such an exalted nature, as to produce neither satiety or disgust.

But besides its variety, the *Odyssey* is the most amusing and entertaining of all other poems, on account of the pictures it preserves to us of ancient manners, customs, laws, and politics, and of the domestic life of the heroic ages. The more any nation becomes polished, the more the genuine feelings of nature are disguised, and their manners are consequently less adapted to bear a faithful description. Good-breeding is founded on the dissimulation or suppression of such sentiments, as may probably provoke or offend those with whom we converse. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by the moderns, are not suited to the dignity and simplicity of the Epic Muse. The coronation feast of a European monarch would not shine half so much in poetry, as the simple supper prepared for Ulysses at the Phæacian court ; the gardens of Alcinoüs are much fitter for description than those of Versailles ; and Nausicaa, descending to the river to wash her garments, and dancing afterwards upon the banks with her fellow-virgins, like Diana amidst her nymphs,

‘Ραι δ’ ἀειρῶντι πέλειται, καλαὶ δὲ τι πασαι,

Though all are fair, she shines above the rest,

is a far more graceful figure, than the most glittering lady in the drawing-room, with a complexion plastered to repair the vigils of cards, and a shape violated by a stiff brocade and an immeasurable hoop. The compliment also which Ulysses pays to this innocent undorned beauty, especially when he compares her to a young palm-tree of Delos, contains more gallantry and elegance, than the most applauded sonnet of the politest French marquis that ever rhymed. However indelicate I may be esteemed, I freely confess I had rather sit in the grotto of Calypso, than in the most pompous saloon of Louis XV. The tea and the card-tables can be introduced with propriety and success only in the

mock-heroic, as they have been very happily in the Rape of the Lock : but the present modes of life must be forgotten when we attempt any thing in the serious or sublime poetry ; for heroism disdains the luxurious refinements, the false delicacy and state of modern ages. The primeval, I was about to say, patriarchal simplicity of manners displayed in the *Odyssey*, is a perpetual source of true poetry, is inexpressibly pleasing to all who are uncorrupted by the business and the vanities of life, and may therefore prove equally instructive and captivating to younger readers.

It seems to be a tenet universally received among common critics, as certain and indisputable, that images and characters, of peaceful and domestic life are not so difficult to be drawn, as pictures of war and fury. I own myself of a quite contrary opinion ; and think the description of Andromache parting with Hector in the *Iliad*, and the tender circumstance of the child Astyanax starting back from his father’s helmet, and clinging to the bosom of his nurse, are as great efforts of the imagination of Homer, as the dreadful picture of Achilles fighting with the rivers, or dragging the carcass of Hector at his chariot-wheels : the behaviour of Hecuba, when she points to the breast that had suckled her dear Hector, is as finely conceived as the most gallant exploits of Diomedes and Ajax : the natural is as strong an evidence of true genius as the sublime. It is in such images the *Odyssey* abounds ; the superior utility of which, as they more nearly concern and more strongly affect us, need not be pointed out. Let Longinus admire the majesty of Neptune whirling his chariot over the deep, surrounded by sea-monsters that gambled before their king ; the description of the dog Argus, creeping to the feet of his master, whom he alone knew in his disguise, and expiring with joy for his return, is so inexpressibly pathetic, that it equals, if not exceeds any of the magnificent and bolder images which that excellent critic hath produced in his treatise on the sublime. He justly commends the prayer of Ajax, who, when he was surrounded with a thick darkness that prevented the display of his prowess, begs of Jupiter only to remove the clouds that involved him ; “ and then,” says he, “ destroy me if thou wilt in the daylight ;” ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ θάσσω. But surely the reflections which Ulysses makes to Amphinomus, the most virtuous of the suitors, concerning the misery and vanity of man, will be found to deserve equal commendations, if we consider their propriety, solemnity, and truth. Our hero, in the disguise of a beggar, had just been spurned at and ridiculed by the rest of the riotous lovers, but is kindly relieved by Amphinomus, whose behaviour is finely contrasted to the brutality of his brethren. Upon which Ulysses says, “ Hear me, O Amphinomus !

and ponder the words I shall speak unto thee. Of all creatures that breathe or creep upon the earth, the most weak and impotent is man. For he never thinks that evil shall befall him at another season, while the gods bestow on him strength and happiness. But when the immortal gods afflict him with adversity, he bears it with unwillingness and repining. Such is the mind of the inhabitants of earth, that it changes as Jupiter sends happiness or misery. I once numbered myself among the happy, and elated with prosperity and pride, and relying on my family and friends, committed many acts of injustice. But let no man be proud or unjust, but receive whatever gifts the gods bestow on him with humility and silence." I chose to translate this sententious passage as literally as possible, to preserve the air of its venerable simplicity and striking solemnity. If we recollect the speaker, and the occasion of the speech, we cannot fail of being deeply affected. Can we, therefore, forbear giving our assent to the truth of the title which Alcidas, according to Aristotle in his rhetoric, bestows on the *Odyssey*; who calls it "a beautiful mirror of human life," καλὸν ἀνθρώπου βίου κατοπτρὸν.

Homer, in the *Iliad*, resembles the river Nile, when it descends in a cataract that deafens and astonishes the neighbouring inhabitants. In the *Odyssey*, he is still like the same Nile, when its genial inundations gently diffuse fertility and fatness over the peaceful plains of Egypt.

Z.

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No. 81.] TUESDAY, AUG. 14, 1753.

*Nil desperandum.*

HOR.

Avaunt Despair.

I HAVE sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable, that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself; it is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly: but since a fallible being will always make some deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly useless to inquire towards which side it is safer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind seem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers; he is considered as a modest and harmless member of society, nor likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after such splendour of reputation as may dim the lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves; he is no man's rival, and, therefore, may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of him-

self ought to be distinguished, in order to an accurate discussion of this question, as it relates to persons or to things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot with equal justice provoke censure.

It must be confessed, that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favour: but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: if he should not fully complete his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success, will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man should therefore endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are perhaps, in every man, greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able, at the instigation of necessity, to do what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalized themselves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preserve by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits; there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those, whose extensive abilities have dignified humanity. An honest emulation may be alike excited; and the philosopher's curiosity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themistocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contraries of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago



by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton; of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

"Virtue," says Virgil, "is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form;" the person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university to dispute with him on a certain day: offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him: and one of his antagonists confesses, that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours, he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the pope and cardinals the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expense of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music, he danced with uncommon gracefulness, and on the day after his disputation at Paris exhibited his skill in

horsemanship before the court of France; where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who, travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The Duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke, with some reluctance, consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared; their weapon seems to have been single rapier, which was then newly introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will inquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.

The duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincentio di Gonzago, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for as he was one



night in the time of Carnival rambling about the streets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor skill in this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince; who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the Admirable Crichton brought into that state, in which he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory; the court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback, with a lance in one hand and a book in the other. T.

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No. 82.] SATURDAY, AUG. 18, 1753.

*Nunc scio quid sit amor.*

VIRG.

Now know I what is love.

THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended but secured; "The art of being Pretty."

But though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who have long since determined, that beauty ought rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness or the distinction of merit.

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities, which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wished at least, that beauty was in some degree dependent upon sentiment and manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer: and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they

must surely approve an attempt to show that it merits their regard.

I shall, however, principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief, but though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike: and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency: so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin: he tells you, that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or

malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, affectation; it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health: it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax: so that the expression remains when the passion is suspended: thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor; "It is," to use an eastern metaphor, "like the towers of a city, not only an ornament, but a defence:" if it excites desire, it at once controls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity:

every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the most sordid infidelity and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the factitious beauty has laid by her smiles; when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of Virtue; and that those who wish to be lovely, must learn early to be good.

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No. 83.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1753.

*Illic enim debet toto animo a poeta in dissolutionem nodi, agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars est quæ requirit plurimum diligentia.* CICERO.

The poet ought to exert his whole strength and spirit in the solution of his plot; which is the principal part of the fable, and requires the utmost diligence and care.

Of the three only perfect Epopæes, which, in the compass of so many ages, human wit has been able to produce, the conduct and constitution of the *Odyssey* seem to be the most artificial and judicious.

Aristotle observes, that there are two kinds of fables, the simple and the complex. A fable in tragic or epic poetry, is denominated simple, when the events it contains follow each other in a continued and unbroken tenour, without a recognition or discovery, and without a peripetie or unexpected change of fortune. A fable is called complex, when it contains both a discovery and a peripetie. And this great critic, whose knowledge of human nature was con-



summate, determines, that fables of the latter species far excel those of the former, because they more deeply interest and more irresistibly move the reader, by adding surprise and astonishment to every other passion which they excite.

The philosopher, agreeably to this observation, prefers the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, and the *Iphigenia* in Tauris and *Alcestes* of Euripides, to the *Ajax*, *Philoctetes*, and *Media* of the same writers, and to the *Prometheus* of *Eschylus*: because these last are all uncomplicated fables; that is, the evils and misfortunes that befall the personages represented in these dramas, are unchangeably continued from the beginning to the end of each piece. For the same reasons, the *Athaliah* of Racine, and the *Merope*'s of Maffei and Voltaire, are beyond comparison the most affecting stories that have been handled by any modern tragic writer: the discoveries, that Joas is the king of Israel, and that Egistus is the son of Merope, who had just ordered him to be murdered, are so unexpected, but yet so probable, that they may justly be esteemed very great efforts of judgment and genius, and contribute to place these two poems at the head of dramatic compositions.

The fable of the *Odyssey* being complex, and containing a discovery and a change in the fortune of its hero, is upon this single consideration, exclusive of its other beauties, if we follow the principles of Aristotle, much superior to the fables, of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, which are both simple, and unadorned with a peripetie or recognition. The naked story of this poem, stript of all its ornaments, and of the very names of the characters, is exhibited by Aristotle in the following passage, which is almost literally translated.

“A man is for several years absent from his home; Neptune continually watches and persecutes him; his retinue being destroyed, he remains alone; but while his estate is wasting by the suitors of his wife, and his son's life is plotted against, he himself suddenly arrives after many storms at sea, discovers himself to some of his friends, falls on the suitors, establishes himself in safety, and destroys his enemies. This is what is essential to the fable; the episodes make up the rest.”

From these observations on the nature of the fable of the *Odyssey* in general, we may proceed to consider it more minutely. The two chief parts of every epic fable are its Intrigue or Plot, and its Solution or Unravelling. The intrigue is formed by a complication of different interests, which keep the mind of the reader in a pleasing suspense, and fill him with anxious wishes to see the obstacles that oppose the designs of the hero happily removed. The solution consists in removing these difficulties, in satisfying the curiosity of the reader by the completion of the

intended action, and in leaving his mind in perfect repose, without expectation of any farther event. Both of these should arise naturally and easily out of the very essence and subject of the poem itself, should not be deduced from circumstances foreign and extrinsic, should be at the same time probable yet wonderful.

The anger of Neptune, who resented the punishment which Ulysses had inflicted on his son Polypheme, induces him to prevent the return of the hero to Ithaca, by driving him from country to country by violent tempests; and from this indignation of Neptune is formed the intrigue of the *Odyssey* in the first part of the poem; that is, in plain prose, “what more natural and usual obstacle do they encounter who take long voyages, than the violence of winds and storms?” The plot of the second part of the poem is founded on circumstances equally probable and natural; on the unavoidable effects of the long absence of a master, whose return was despaired of, the insolence of his servants, the dangers to which his wife and his son were exposed, the ruin of his estate, and the disorder of his kingdom.

The address and art of Homer in the gradual solution of this plot, by the most probable and easy expedients, are equally worthy our admiration and applause. Ulysses is driven by a tempest to the island of the Phæacians, where he is generously and hospitably received. During a banquet which Alcinous the king has prepared for him, the poet most artfully contrives that the bard Demodocus should sing the destruction of Troy. At the recital of his past labours, and at hearing the names of his old companions, from whom he was now separated, our hero could no longer contain himself, but burst into tears and weeps bitterly. The curiosity of Alcinous being excited by this unaccountable sorrow, he entreats Ulysses to discover who he is, and what he has suffered; which request furnishes a most proper and probable occasion to the hero to relate a long series of adventures in the four following books, an occasion much more natural than that which induces Æneas to communicate his history to Dido. By this judicious conduct, Homer taught his successors the artful manner of entering abruptly into the midst of the action; and of making the reader acquainted with the previous circumstances by a narrative from the hero. The Phæacians, a people fond of strange and amusing tales, resolve to fit out a ship for the distressed hero, as a reward for the entertainment he has given them. When he arrives in Ithaca, his absence, his age, and his travels, render him totally unknown to all but his faithful dog Argus: he then puts on a disguise, that he may be the better enabled to surprise and to punish, the riotous suitors, and to re-establish the tranquillity of his kingdom. The reader



thinks that Ulysses is frequently on the point of being discovered, particularly when he engages in the shooting-match with the suitors, and when he enters into conversation with Penelope in the nineteenth book, and personates a fictitious character; but he is still judicially disappointed, and the suspense is kept up as long as possible. And at last, when his nurse Euriclea discovers him by the scar in his thigh, it is a circumstance so simple and so natural, that notwithstanding Aristotle places these recognitions, by signs and tokens, below those that are effected by reasoning, as in the *Œdipus* and *Iphigenia*; yet ought it ever to be remembered, that Homer was the original from whom this striking method of unravelling a fable, by a discovery and a peripetie, was manifestly borrowed. The doubts and fears of Penelope lest Ulysses was not in reality her husband, and the tenderness and endearments that ensue upon her conviction that he is, render the surprize and satisfaction of the reader complete.

Upon the whole, the *Odyssey* is a poem that exhibits the finest lessons of morality, the most entertaining variety of scenes and events, the most lively and natural pictures of civil and domestic life; the truest representation of the manners and customs of antiquity, and the justest pattern of a legitimate *Epos*: and is, therefore, peculiarly useful to those, who are animated by the noble ambition of adorning humanity by living or by writing well.

Z.

No. 84.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1753.

—Tolle periculum,  
Jam vaga prosiliet frænis natura remotis.

HOR.

But take the danger and the shame away,  
And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey.

FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

It has been observed, I think, by Sir William Temple, and after him by almost every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the rest of the world. This is ascribed to the liberty prevailing amongst us, which gives every man the privilege of being wise or foolish his own way, and preserves him from the necessity of hypocrisy or the servility of imitation.

That the position itself is true, I am not completely satisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries can happen to very few; and in life, as in every thing

else beheld at a distance, there appears an even uniformity: the petty discriminations which diversify the natural character, are not discoverable but by a close inspection; we, therefore, find them most at home, because there we have most opportunities of remarking them. Much less am I convinced, that this peculiar diversification, if it be real, is the consequence of peculiar liberty; for where is the government to be found that superintends individuals with so much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without restraint? Can it enter into a reasonable mind to imagine, that men of every other nation are not equally masters of their own time or houses with ourselves, and equally at liberty to be parsimonious or profuse, frolic or sullen, abstinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly necessary to the full play of predominant humours; but such liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How readily the predominant passion snatches an interval of liberty, and how fast it expands itself when the weight of restraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to discover, as I took a journey into the country in a stage-coach; which, as every journey is a kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can display no such extraordinary assembly, as Cervantes has collected at Don Quixote's inn.

In a stage-coach the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one should therefore imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume that character of which they are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered, and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the first ceremony was despatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.

It is always observable, that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended, the more difficult it is to find any thing to say. We began now to wish for conversation: but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity, or first to propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman,

who had equipped himself for this expedition with a scarlet surtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in silence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I suppose, understood by all the company as an invitation to ask the time of the day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture; and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was past five, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

His condescension was thrown away; we continued all obdurate; the ladies held up their heads; I amused myself with watching their behaviour; and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to show that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune, and beat time upon his snuff-box.

Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for our repast; and all began at once to recompense themselves for the constraint of silence, by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last, what every one had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we were persuaded to sit round the same table; when the gentleman in the red surtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see so little merriment among us; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himself one of the company. "I remember," says he, "it was on just such a morning as this, that I and my Lord Mumble and the Duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble: we called at a little house as it might be this; and my landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so jocular and facetious, and made so many merry answers to our questions, that we were all ready to burst with laughter. At last the good woman happening to overhear me whisper the duke, and call him by his title, was so surprised and confounded, that we could scarcely get a word from her; and the duke never met me from that day to this, but he talks of the little house, and quarrels with me for terrifying the landlady."

He had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this narrative must have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a distant part of the table, began to remark "the inconveniences of travelling, and the difficulty which they who never sat at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themselves such offices as the road

required; but that people of quality often travelled in disguise, and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condescension to poor innkeepers, and the allowance which they made for any defect in their entertainment; that for her part, while people were civil and mean, well, it was never her custom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own house."

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last newspaper; and having perused it a while with deep pensiveness, "It is impossible," says he, "for any man to guess how to act with regard to the stocks: last week it was the general opinion that they would fall; and I sold out twenty thousand pounds in order to a purchase: they have now risen unexpectedly; and I make no doubt but at my return to London I shall risk thirty thousand pounds amongst them again."

A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us, that "he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks; that, for his part, he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles upon which they were established, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land-security, till he could light upon an estate in his own country."

It might be expected, that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have begun to look round us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved, and they discover the dignity of each other: yet it happened, that none of these hints made much impression on the company; every one was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest; all continued their haughtiness, in hopes to enforce their claims; and all grew every hour more sullen, because they found their representations of themselves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in superciliousness and neglect; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the sauciness of the rest.

At length the journey was at an end, and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered, that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop

with the money he has saved; the man who deals so largely in the funds, is a clerk of a broker in 'Change-alley; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange; and the young man who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the temple. Of one of the women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her, without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practising a fraud, which, as the event showed, had been already practised too often to succeed, and by the success of which no advantage could have been obtained; of assuming a character, which was to end with the day; and of claiming upon false pretences honours which must perish with the breath that paid them.

But, Mr. Adventurer, let not those who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a stage-coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the same advantage of the ignorance of his fellow-travellers, disguises himself in counterfeited merit, and hears those praises with complacency which his conscience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himself, while he thinks he is deceiving others; and forgets that the time is at hand when every illusion shall cease, when fictitious excellence shall be torn away, and all must be shown to all in their real state.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

T.

VIATOR.

No. 85.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1753.

*Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,  
Multa tulit fecitque puer.* HOR.

The youth, who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,  
All arts must try, and every toil sustain.

FRANCIS.

It is observed by Bacon, that "reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man."

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practised it with undisputed success.

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall therefore venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understand-

ings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibе prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expense of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of undigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavouring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those, who venture to condemn that which they do not know.

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely, they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his own performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of those whom Providence has qualified to make any addition to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than



equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Persius has justly observed, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which are concealed from it; with respect to others it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to consider, how he shall most widely diffuse and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts "besprent," as Pope expresses it, "with learned dust," and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present; but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *Opacum* and *Pellucidum*, told us, after some hesitation, that *Opacum* was, as one might say, *Opake*, and that *Pellucidum* signified *Pellucid*. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it, that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him, are useless to the greater part of students, because they presuppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse, as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries; and expect that short hints and obscure allusions will produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a recluse life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long

without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestable truths: but when he comes into the world among men, who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations, view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who, having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies, his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practised, to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frightened by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived, how frequently in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the acute absurd; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself in its own gloom; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible; a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force; thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangement or distinction; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocinations as silence others; and seldom recalcitrate to a close examination, that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used, lest

copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against the fallacies which it practises on others: in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in due proportions, is, therefore, the business of a man of letters. For all these there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men: and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed; it is, however, reasonable, to have perfection in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

T.

No. 86.] SATURDAY, SEP. 1, 1753.

*Concubitu prohibere vago.*—

HOR.

The wandering wish of lawless love suppress.

FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

To indulge that restless impatience, which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which without farther apology or introduction may, perhaps, be favourably received in an Adventurer.

My mother died when I was very young: and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar school, and afterwards removed me to the university. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the university even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices: I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained by a general sense of right and wrong;

but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry: and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with Queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the university and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expenses with the economy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of incumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage: but it was generally the marriage of a rake who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an illegitimate offspring; when a girl about eighteen, just arrived from the country, was hired as a chambermaid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged; the native beauty of health and simplicity in this young creature, had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and, therefore, made no proposal of removing her into lodgings; but after a few months she found herself with child, a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion: however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance; for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myself at lib-



erty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had still some degree of inclination; though I should have been heartily content never to have seen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any further trouble about her; but as something was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at least till she could be subservient to my pleasure no longer: the child, however, I would have sent away; but she intreated me to let her suckle it, with an importunity which I could not resist. After much thinking, I placed her in a little shop in the suburbs, which I furnished, at the expense of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware, commodities of which she had some knowledge, as her father was a petty shopkeeper in the country: she reported that her husband had been killed in an engagement at sea, and that his pay, which she had been empowered to receive by his will, had purchased her stock. I now thought I had discharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to subsist, at least as well as she could have done by her labour in the station in which I found her; and as often as I had an inclination to see her, I sent for her to a bagnio.

But these interviews did not produce the pleasure which I expected: her affection for me was too tender and delicate; she often wept in spite of all her efforts against it; and could not forbear telling me stories of her little girl with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wished to regard her only as a mistress. These incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify; my visits, therefore, became less frequent: but she never sent after me when I was absent, nor reproached me, otherwise than by tears of tenderness when she saw me again.

After the first year I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to spend the summer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curiosity than desire to make some inquiry after her; and soon learned that she had died some months before of the small pox, that the goods had been seized for rent, and the child taken by the parish. At this account, so sudden and unexpected, I was sensibly touched; and at first conceived a design to rescue the child from the hands of a parish nurse, and make some little provision for it when it should be grown up: but this was delayed from day to day, such was the supineness of my disposition, till the event was remembered with less and less sensibility; and at length I congratulated myself upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always considered as resembling in some degree the shackles of matrimony. I resolved to incur the same embarrassment no more, and contented myself with strolling from one prostitute to another, of

whom I had seen many generations perish; and the new faces which I once sought among the masks in the pit, I found with less trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the last twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago I celebrated my sixtieth birth-day with some friends at a tavern; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I saw a hackney coach stop at the door of a house which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the first class. Just as I came up, a girl stepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpse I caught of her as she passed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's: she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented: she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conversation than her person: I observed that she had a softness and modesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when, to my unspeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child: for I remembered, that the poor girl, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and, therefore, felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my disorder with surprise and concern; she inquired with an officious solicitude, what sudden illness had seized me; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained some time torpid: but was soon roused by the reflection, that I was receiving the caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up; first held her at a distance; then catching her in my arms, strove to speak, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified; and as soon as I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret.

It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her: she stood motionless a few minutes; then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have seen is not to



conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes; she recollected herself, called me father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I may, perhaps, hereafter communicate; and the next day I took lodgings for her about six miles from town. I visit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I propose to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future: but alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the past not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those, upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have rescued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution, had been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye; had been caught to the bosom with transport, in the prattling simplicity of infancy; had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monster is he, by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived! And yet, so dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the restraint which is come upon me; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been roused, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment bursting for utterance: but I want words. Farewell.

AGAMUS.

No. 87.] TUESDAY, SEPT. 4, 1753.

*Iracundior est paulo; minus aptus acutis  
Naribus horum hominum; rideri possit, eo quod  
Rusticius tonso toga defluit, et male laxus  
In pede calceus hæret:—at ingenium ingens  
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore—* HOR.

Your friend is passionate: perhaps unfit  
For the brisk petulance of modern wit;  
His hair ill cut, his robe that awkward flows,  
Or his large shoes, to raillery expose  
The man.—  
But underneath this rough uncouth disguise,  
A genius of extensive knowledge lies.

FRANCIS.

THERE are many accomplishments, which

though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by small abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourse with men. Of this kind is that general courtesy which is called good breeding; a name by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characterised and recommended.

Good breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a passion almost universally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he who wants it, though he may be preserved from contempt by incontestible superiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In some instances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of those, with whom neither virtue nor wisdom can desire to associate: and good-breeding may generally be practised upon more easy and more honourable terms, than acquiescence in the destruction of malice or the adulation of servility, the obscenity of a lecher or the blasphemy of an infidel. Disagreeable truths may be suppressed; and when they can be suppressed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boast of vanity may be suffered without severe reprehension, and the prattle of absurdity may be heard without expressions of contempt.

It happens, indeed, somewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good-breeding, however necessary, is obstructed by the possession of more valuable talents: and that great integrity, delicacy, sensibility, and spirit, exalted genius, and extensive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and contemporary, Dante Aligheri, one of the most exalted and original geniuses that ever appeared, being banished his country, and having retired to the court of a prince which was then the sanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at first in great esteem; but became daily less acceptable to his patron, by the severity of his manners, and the freedom of his speech. There were at the same court many players and buffoons, gamesters and debauchees, one of whom, distinguished by his impudence, ribaldry, and obscenity, was greatly caressed by the rest; which the prince suspecting Dante not to be pleased with, ordered the man to be brought before him, and having highly extolled him, turned to Dante, and said, "I wonder that this person, who is by some deemed a fool, and by others a madman, should yet be so generally pleasing, and so generally beloved; when you, who are celebrated for wisdom, are yet heard without pleasure, and commended without friendship." "You would cease to wonder," replied Dante, "if you considered, that a con-

formity of character is the source of friendship." This sarcasm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenness of wit, was intolerable; and Dante was immediately disgraced and banished.

But by this answer, though the indignation which produced it was founded on virtue, Dante probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others: it was the petulant reproach of resentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the still voice of reason, which is heard with complacency and reverence: if Dante intended reformation, his answer was not wise; if he did not intend reformation, his answer was not good.

Great delicacy, sensibility, and penetration, do not less obstruct the practice of good-breeding than integrity. Persons thus qualified, not only discover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more disgusted with the faults and failings which they discover; the common topics of conversation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at whist, the history of a ball at Tunbridge, or Bath, a description of Lady Fanny's jewels and Lady Kitty's vapours, the journals of a horse-race or a cock-match, and disquisitions on the game-act or the scarcity of partridges, are subjects upon which men of delicate taste do not always choose to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they should remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reason and the prevalence of vanity; that if they sit silent and reserved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be despised and hated by those whom they hate and despise; and with better reason, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to answer with civility, seems to comprehend all the good-breeding of conversation; and in proportion as this is easy, silence and inattention are without excuse.

He, who does not practice good breeding, will not find himself considered as the object of good-breeding by others. There is, however, a species of rusticity, which it is not less absurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this species of ill-breeding is become almost proverbially the characteristic of a scholar; nor should it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an abstruse science, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the soul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the close pursuit of their several objects, should have studied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to shine at a route and in the schools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an astronomer, should be

improper or uncouth, cannot be thought strange to those, who duly consider the narrowness of our faculties, and the impossibility of attaining universal excellence.

Equally excusable, for the same reasons, are that absence of mind, and that forgetfulness of place and person, to which scholars are so frequently subject. When Lewis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled, "Yes," replied Boileau, in the presence of Madam Maintenon, "he performed tolerably well in the despicable pieces of Scarron, which are now deservedly forgotten even in the provinces."

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has some peculiar temptation and propensity to evil, let not the man of uprightness and honesty be morose and surly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whose delicacy and penetration discern with disgust those imperfections in others from which he himself is not free, indulge perpetual peevishness and discontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuse for not condescending to the common offices and duties of civil life; for as no man should be well-bred, at the expense of his virtue; no man should practice virtue, so as to deter others from imitation.

No. 88.] SATURDAY, SEPT. 8, 1753.

——— *Semperque relinquit*

*Sola sibi, semper longam incommutata videtur  
Ire viam.*———

VIRG.

——— She seems alone,

To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,  
Guileless and dark.

DRYDEN.

NEWTON, whose power of investigating nature few will deny to have been superior to their own, confesses, that he cannot account for gravity, the first principle of his system, as a property communicable to matter; or conceive the phenomena supposed to be the effects of such a principle, to be otherwise produced, than by the immediate and perpetual influence of the Almighty: and, perhaps, those who most attentively consider the phenomena of the moral and natural world, will be most inclined to admit the agency of invisible beings.

In dreams, the mind appears to be wholly passive; for dreams are so far from being the effect of a voluntary effort, that we neither know of what we shall dream, nor whether we shall dream at all.

The human mind does not, indeed, appear to have any power equal to such an effect; for the ideas conceived in dreams without the intervention of sensible objects, are much more perfect

and strong than can be formed at other times by the utmost effort of the most lively imagination : and it can scarce be supposed, that the mind is more vigorous when we sleep, than when we are awake ; especially if it be true, as I have before remarked, that " in sleep the power of memory is wholly suspended, and the understanding is employed only about such objects as present themselves, without comparing the past with the present ;" except we judge of the soul by a maxim which some deep philosophers have held concerning horses, that, when the tail is cut off, the rest of the members become more strong.

In lunacy, as in dreams, ideas are conceived which material objects do not excite ; and which the force of imagination, exerted by a voluntary effort, cannot form ; but the mind of the lunatic, besides being impressed by the images of things that do not fall under the cognizance of his senses, is prevented from receiving corresponding images from those that do. When the visionary monarch looks round upon his clothes which he has decorated with the spoils of his bed, his mind does not conceive the ideas of rags and straw, but of velvet, embroidery, and gold ; and when he gazes at the bounds of his cell, the image impressed upon his mind is not that of a naked wall which incloses an area of ten feet square ; but of vainscot, and painting, and tapestry, the bounds of a spacious apartment adorned with magnificent furniture, and crowded with splendid dependents.

Of the lunatic it is also universally true, that his understanding is perverted to evils, which a mere perversion of the understanding does not necessarily imply ; he either sits torpid in despair, or is busied in the contrivance or the execution of mischief. But if lunacy is ultimately produced by mere material causes, it is difficult to show, why misery or malevolence should always be complicated with absurdity ; why madness should not sometimes produce instances of frantic and extravagant kindness, of a benevolent purpose formed upon erroneous principles and pursued by ridiculous means, and of an honest and harmless cheerfulness arising from the fancied felicity of others.

A lunatic is indeed sometimes merry, but the merry lunatic is never kind : his sport is always mischief ; and mischief is rather aggravated than atoned by wantonness ; his disposition is always evil in proportion to the height of his phrenzy ; and upon this occasion it may be remarked, that if every approach to madness is a deviation to ill, every deviation to ill may be considered as an approach to madness.

Among other unaccountable phenomena in lunacy, is the invincible absurdity of opinion with respect to some single object, while the mind operates with its full vigour upon every other : it sometimes happens, that when this

object is presented to the mind, reason is thrown quite out of her seat, and the perversion of the understanding for a time becomes general ;—but sometimes it still continues to be perverted but in part, and the absurdity itself is defended with all the force of regular argumentation.

A most extraordinary instance of this kind may now be communicated to the public without injury to a good man, or a good cause which he successfully maintained.

Mr. Simon Browne, a dissenting teacher of exemplary life and eminent intellectual abilities, after having been some time seized with melancholy, desisted from the duties of his function, and could not be persuaded to join in any act of worship either public or private." His friends often urged him to account for this change in his conduct, at which they expressed the utmost grief and astonishment ; and after much importunity he told them, " that he had fallen under the sensible displeasure of God, who had caused his rational soul gradually to perish, and left him only an animal life in common with brutes, that it was therefore profane for him to pray, and incongruous to be present at the prayers of others."

In this opinion, however absurd, he was inflexible, at a time when all the powers of his mind subsisted in their full vigour, when his conceptions were clear, and his reasoning strong.

Being once importuned to say grace at the table of a friend, he excused himself many times ; but the request being still repeated, and the company kept standing, he discovered evident tokens of distress, and after some irresolute gestures and hesitation, expressed with great fervour this ejaculation, " Most merciful and almighty God, let thy Spirit, which moved upon the face of the waters when there was no light, descend upon me ; that from this darkness there may rise up a man to praise thee !"

But the most astonishing proof both of his intellectual excellence and defect, is, " A Defence of the Religion of Nature and the Christian Revelation, in answer to Tindal's Christianity as old as the Creation," and his dedication of it to the late queen. The book is universally allowed to be the best which that controversy produced, and the dedication is as follows ;

"MADAM,

"Of all the extraordinary things that have been tendered to your royal hand since your first happy arrival in Britain, it may be boldly said, what now bespeaks your Majesty's acceptance is the chief.

"Not in itself indeed ; it is a trifle unworthy your exalted rank, and what will hardly prove an entertaining amusement to one of your Majesty's deep penetration, exact judgment, and fine taste.



"But on account of the author, who is the first being of the kind, and yet without a name.

"He was once a man; and of some little name; but of no worth, as his present unparalleled case makes but too manifest; for by the immediate hand of an avenging God, his very thinking substance has for more than seven years been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing. None, no not the least remembrance of its very ruins, remains, not the shadow of an idea is left, nor any sense that, so much as one single one, perfect or imperfect, whole or diminished, ever did appear to a mind within him, or was perceived by it.

"Such a present from such a thing, however worthless in itself, may not be wholly unacceptable to your majesty, the author being such as history cannot parallel: and if the fact, which is real and no fiction, nor wrong conceit, obtains credit, it must be recorded as the most memorable, and indeed astonishing event in the reign of George the Second, that a tract composed by such a thing was presented to the illustrious Caroline; his royal consort need not be added; fame, if I am not misinformed, will tell that with pleasure to all succeeding times.

"He has been informed, that your majesty's piety is as genuine and eminent, as your excellent qualities are great and conspicuous. This can, indeed, be truly known to the great searcher of hearts only; He alone, who can look into them, can discern if they are sincere, and the main intention corresponds with the appearance; and your majesty cannot take it amiss, if such an author hints, that His secret approbation is of infinitely greater value than the commendation of men, who may be easily mistaken, and are too apt to flatter their superiors.

"But if he has been told the truth, such a case as his will certainly strike your majesty with astonishment, and may raise that commiseration in your royal breast which he has in vain endeavoured to excite in those of his friends; who, by the most unreasonable and ill-founded conceit in the world, have imagined that a thinking being could for seven years together live a stranger to its own powers, exercises, operations, and state, and to what the great God has been doing in it and to it.

"If your majesty, in your most retired address to the King of kings, should think of so singular a case, you may, perhaps, make it your devout request, that the reign of your beloved sovereign and consort may be renowned to all posterity by the recovery of a soul now in the utmost ruin, the restoration of one utterly lost at present amongst men.

"And should this case affect your royal breast, you will recommend it to the piety and

prayers of all the truly devout, who have the honour to be known to your majesty; many such doubtless there are; though courts are not usually the places where the devout resort, or where devotion reigns. And it is not improbable, that multitudes of the pious throughout the land may take a case to heart, that under your majesty's patronage comes thus recommended.

"Could such a favour as this restoration be obtained from Heaven by the prayers of your majesty, with what a transport of gratitude would the recovered being throw himself at your majesty's feet, and adoring the Divine power and grace, profess himself,

Madam,

Your Majesty's most obliged  
And dutiful Servant."

This dedication, which is no where feeble or absurd, but in the places where the object of his phrenzy was immediately before him, his friends found means to suppress; wisely considering, that a book, to which it should be prefixed, would certainly be condemned without examination; for few would have required stronger evidence of its inutility, than that the author, by his dedication, appeared to be mad. The copy, however, was preserved, and has been transcribed into the blank leaves before one of the books which is now in the library of a friend to this undertaking, who is not less distinguished by his merit than his rank, and who recommended it as a literary curiosity, which was in danger of being lost for want of a repository in which it might be preserved.

No. 89.] TUESDAY, SEPT. 11, 1753.

*Præcipua tamen ejus in commovenda miseratione virtus, ut quidam in hac eum parte omnibus ejusdem operis autoribus præferant.* QUINT.

His great excellence was in moving compassion, with respect to which many give him the first place of all the writers of that kind.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

It is usual for scholars to lament, with indiscriminating regret, the devastations committed on ancient libraries, by accident and time, by superstition, ignorance, and gothicism: but the loss is very far from being in all cases equally irreparable, as the want of some kinds of books may be much more easily supplied than that of others. By the interruption that sometimes happens in the succession of philosophical opinions the mind is emancipated from all tradi-

tionary systems, recovers its native elasticity which had been benumbed by custom, begins to examine with freedom and fresh vigour, and to follow truth instead of authority. The loss of writings, therefore, in which reasoning is concerned, is not, perhaps, so great an evil to mankind, as of those which describe characters and facts.

To be deprived of the last books of Livy, of the satires of Archilochus, and the comedies of Menander, is a greater misfortune to the republic of literature, than if the logic and the physics of Aristotle had never descended to posterity.

Two of your predecessors, Mr. Adventurer, of great judgment and genius, very justly thought that they should adorn their lucubrations by publishing, one of them a fragment of Sappho, and the other an old Grecian hymn to the goddess Health: and, indeed, I conceive it to be a very important use of your paper, to bring into common light those beautiful remains of ancient art, which by their present situation are deprived of that universal admiration they so justly deserve, and are only the secret enjoyment of a few curious readers. In imitation, therefore, of the examples I have just mentioned, I shall send you, for the instruction and entertainment of your readers, a fragment of Simonides and of Menander.

Simonides was celebrated by the ancients for the sweetness, correctness and purity of his style, and his irresistible skill in moving the passions. It is a sufficient panegyric that Plato often mentions him with approbation. Dionysius places him among those polished writers, who excel "in a smooth volubility, and flow on, like plenteous and perennial rivers, in the course of even and uninterrupted harmony."

It is to this excellent critic that we are indebted for the preservation of the following passage, the tenderness and elegance of which scarcely need be pointed out to those who have taste and sensibility. Danae, being by her merciless father inclosed in a chest, and thrown into the sea with her child, the poet proceeds thus to relate her distress:

Ὅτε λαρυάκι ἐν δαυδαλίᾳ ἀνέμοις  
Βεῖμη πνέων, κινήθησα δὲ λίμνα  
Διμᾶτι ἐριπνὲν οὐτ' ἀδιανταίσι  
Παρθέναις, ἀμφὶ τὴν Περσὶ βαλλὲ  
Φίλαν χεῖρα, ὑπὲρ τε——Ω τι κύνον,  
Οἷον ἔχω πόνον. ἐν δ' αὖτε γαλαθῶν  
Ἡτορὶ πνεύσας ἐν ἀέτρῃ θυμῶναι,  
Χαλκιστοχομφὶ δὲ, νυκτὶ λαμπῇ,  
Κωπῶν τε θνῶν. σὺ δ', ἀναλαῖαν  
Ἵπτιβι πᾶν κομᾶν βαθυῖαν  
Παριόντος κυματός οὐκ αἰέτης  
Οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθογγῶν, πορφυρῶν  
Κιμένον ἐν χλαμυδί, προσώπων καλῶν,  
Εἰ δὲ τοὶ δύνον τοι γινῶν πν,  
Καὶ πέν ἔμῳν ἐρημάτων λῆττον

Ἵπτιβι οὐαί. Κιλομαι, εὐδὲ βεβόησας,  
Εὐδῶν δὲ πόντος, εὐδῶν ἀμύτρων κακῶν.

"When the raging wind began to roar, and the waves to beat so violently on the chest as to threaten to overset it, she threw her arm fondly round Perseus, and said, the tears trickling down her cheeks, 'O my son, what sorrows do I undergo! But thou art wrapped in a deep slumber; thou sleepest soundly like a sucking child, in this joyless habitation, in this dark and dreadful night, lighted only by the glimmerings of the moon! Covered with thy purple mantle, thou regardest not the waves that dash around thee, nor the whistling of the winds. O thou beauteous babe! If thou wert sensible of this calamity, thou wouldest bend thy tender ears to my complaints. Sleep on, I beseech thee, O my child! Sleep with him, O ye billows! and sleep likewise my distress!'"

Those who would form a full idea of the delicacy of the Greeks, should attentively consider the following happy imitation of it, which, I have reason to believe, is not so extensively known or so warmly admired as it ought to be; and which, indeed, far excels the original.

The poet, having pathetically painted a great princess taking leave of an affectionate husband on his death-bed, and endeavouring afterwards to comfort her inconsolable family, adds the following particular:

*His conatibus occupata, ocellis  
Guttis lucidulis adhuc madentes  
Convertit, puerum sopore vinctum  
Qua nutrix placido sinu fovebat:  
"Dormis," inquit, "O miselle, nec te  
Vultus exanimis; silentiumque  
Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo  
Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore;  
Nec sentis patre destitutus illo  
Qui gestans genibusve brachiove,  
Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam,  
Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.  
Tu dormis, volitantque qui solebant  
Risus, in roseis tuis labellis.—  
Dormi, parvule! nec mali dolores  
Qui matrem cruciant tue quietis  
Rumpant somnia.—Quando, quando, tales  
Redibunt oculis meis sopores!"*

The contrast betwixt the insensibility of the infant and the agony of the mother; her observing that the child is unmoved with what was most likely to affect him, the sorrows of his little brothers, the many mournful countenances, and the dismal silence that reigned throughout the court; the circumstances of the father playing with the child on his knees or in his arms, and teaching him to speak: are such delicate master-strokes of nature and parental tenderness, as show the author is intimately acquainted with the human heart, and with those little touches of passion that are best calculated

to move it. The affectionate wish of "dormi parvule!" is plainly imitated from the fragment of Simonides; but the sudden exclamation that follows,—“when, O when, shall I sleep like this infant!” is entirely the property of the author, and worthy of, though not excelled by any of the ancients. It is making the most artful and the most striking use of the slumber of the child, to aggravate and heighten by comparison the restlessness of the mother’s sorrow; it is the finest and strongest way of saying, “my grief will never cease,” that has ever been used. I think it not exaggeration to affirm, that in this little poem are united the pathetic of Euripides and the elegance of Catullus. It affords a judicious example of the manner in which the ancients ought to be imitated; not by using their expressions and epithets, which is the common method, but by catching a portion of their spirit, and adapting their images and ways of thinking to new subjects. The generality of those who have proposed Catullus for their pattern, even the best of the modern Latin poets of Italy, seem to think they have accomplished their design, by introducing many florid diminutives, such as, “tenellula, and columbula:” but there is a purity and severity of stile, a temperate and austere manner in Catullus, which nearly resembles that of his cotemporary Lucretius, and is happily copied by the author of the poem which has produced these reflections. Whenever, therefore, we sit down to compose, we should ask ourselves in the words of Longinus a little altered; “How would Homer or Plato, Demosthenes or Thucydides, have expressed themselves on this occasion; allowing for the alteration of our customs, and the different idioms of our respective languages?” This would be following the ancients, without tamely treading in their footsteps; this would be making the same glorious use of them that Racine has done of Euripides in his Phædra and Iphigenia, and that Milton has done of the Prometheus of Eschylus in the character of Satan.

If you should happen not to lay aside this paper among the refuse of your correspondence, as the offspring of pedantry and a blind fondness for antiquity; or rather, if your readers can endure the sight of so much Greek, though ever so attic; I may, perhaps, trouble you again with a few reflections on the character of Menander.

I am,

Mr. Adventurer,

Yours,

Z.

PALÆOPHILUS.

No. 90.] SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1753.

*Concretam exemit labem, purumque relquit  
Ætherium sensum, atque aurai simplicis ignem.*

VIRGIL.

——By length of time,

The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;  
No speck is left of their habitual stains,  
But the pure æther of the soul remains.

DRYDEN.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

NOTHING sooner quells the ridiculous triumph of human vanity, than reading those passages of the greatest writers, in which they seem deprived of that noble spirit that inspires them in other parts; and where, instead of invention and grandeur, we meet with nothing but flatness and insipidity.

The pain I have felt in observing a lofty genius thus sink beneath itself, has often made me wish, that these unworthy stains could be blotted from their works, and leave them perfect and immaculate.

I went to bed a few nights ago, full of these thoughts, and closed the evening, as I frequently do, with reading a few lines in Virgil. I accidentally opened that part of the sixth book, where Anchises recounts to his son the various methods of purgation which the soul undergoes in the next world, to cleanse it from the filth it has contracted by its connection with the body, and to deliver the pure ætherial essence from the vicious tincture of mortality. This was so much like my evening’s speculation, that it insensibly mixed and incorporated with it, and as soon as I fell asleep, formed itself into the following dream.

I found myself in an instant in the midst of a temple which was built with all that magnificent simplicity that distinguishes the productions of the ancients. At the east end was raised an altar, on each side of which stood a priest, who seemed preparing to sacrifice. On the altar was kindled a fire, from which arose the brightest flame I had ever beheld. The light which it dispensed, though remarkably strong and clear, was not quivering and dazling, but steady and uniform, and diffused a purple radiance through the whole edifice, not unlike the first appearance of the morning.

While I stood fixed in admiration, my attention was awakened by the blast of a trumpet that shook the whole temple; but it carried a certain sweetness in its sound, which mellowed and tempered the natural shrillness of that instrument. After it had sounded thrice, the



being who blew it, habited according to the description of Fame by the ancients, issued a proclamation to the following purpose: "By command of Apollo and the Muses, all who have ever made any pretensions to fame by their writings, are enjoined to sacrifice upon the altar in this temple, those parts of their works, which have hitherto been preserved to their infamy, that their names may descend spotless and unsullied to posterity. For this purpose Aristotle and Longinus are appointed chief priests, who are to see that no improper oblations are made, and no proper ones concealed; and for the more easy performance of this office, they are allowed to choose as their assistants whomsoever they shall think worthy of the function."

As soon as this proclamation was made, I turned my eyes with inexpressible delight towards the two priests; but was soon robbed of the pleasure of looking at them by a crowd of people running up to offer their service. These I found to be a groupe of French critics; but their offers were rejected by both priests with the utmost indignation, and their whole works were thrown on the altar, and reduced to ashes in an instant. The two priests then looked round, and chose, with a few others, Horace and Quintilian from among the Romans, and Addison from the English, as their principal assistants.

The first who came forward with his offering, by the loftiness of his demeanour was soon discovered to be Homer. He approached the altar with great majesty, and delivered to Longinus those parts of his *Odyssey*, which have been censured as improbable fictions, and the ridiculous narratives of old age. Longinus was preparing for the sacrifice, but observing that Aristotle did not seem willing to assist him in the office, he returned them to the venerable old bard with great deference, saying, that "they were indeed the tales of old age, but it was the old age of Homer."

Virgil appeared next, and approached the altar with a modest dignity in his gait and countenance peculiar to himself; and to the surprise of all committed his whole *Æneid* to the flames. But it was immediately rescued by two Romans, whom I found to be *Tucca* and *Varius*, who ran with precipitation to the altar, delivered the poem from destruction, and carried off the author between them, repeating that glorious boast of about forty lines at the beginning of the third *Georgic*:

—*Tentanda via est; qua me quoque possim  
Tollere humo, victorque virum voltare per ora,  
Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c.*

After him most of the Greek and Roman authors proceeded to the altar, and surrendered with great modesty and humility the most fault-

ty part of their works. One circumstance was observable, that the sacrifice always increased in proportion as the author had ventured to deviate from a judicious imitation of Homer. The latter Roman authors, who seemed almost to have lost sight of him, made so large offerings, that some of their works, which were before very voluminous, shrunk into the compass of a primer.

It gave me the highest satisfaction to see Philosophy thus cleared from erroneous principles, History purged of falsehood, Poetry of fustian, and nothing left in each but Genius, Sense, and Truth.

I marked with particular attention the several offerings of the most eminent English writers. Chaucer gave up his obscenity, and then delivered his works to Dryden, to clear them from the rubbish that encumbered them. Dryden executed his task with great address, "and," as Addison says of Virgil in his *Georgics*, "tossed about his dung with an air of gracefulness:" he not only repaired the injuries of time, but threw in a thousand new graces. He then advanced towards the altar himself, and delivered up a large paquet, which contained many plays, and some poems. The paquet had a label affixed to it, which bore this inscription, "To Poverty."

Shakspeare carried to the altar a long string of puns, marked "The Taste of the Age," a small parcel of bombast, and a pretty large bundle of incorrectness. Notwithstanding the ingenuous air with which he made this offering, some officiates at the altar accused him of concealing certain pieces, and mentioned the London Prodigal, Sir Thomas Cromwell, The Yorkshire Tragedy, &c. The poet replied, "that as those pieces were unworthy to be preserved, he should see them consumed to ashes with great pleasure: but that he was wholly innocent of their original." The two chief priests interposed in this dispute, and dismissed the poet with many compliments; Longinus observing, that the pieces in question could not possibly be his, for that the failings of Shakspeare were like those of Homer, "whose genius, whenever it subsided, might be compared to the ebbing of the ocean, which left a mark upon its shores, to show to what a height it was sometimes carried." Aristotle concurred in this opinion, and added, "that although Shakspeare was quite ignorant of that exact economy of the stage, which is so remarkable in the Greek writers, yet the mere strength of his genius had in many points carried him infinitely beyond them."

Milton gave up a few errors in his *Paradise Lost*, and the sacrifice was attended with great decency by Addison. Otway and Rowe threw their comedies upon the altar, and Beaumont and Fletcher the two last acts of many of their

pieces. They were followed by Tom Durfey, Etheridge, Wycherley, and several other dramatic writers, who made such large contributions, that they set the altar in a blaze.

Among these I was surprised to see an author with much politeness in his behaviour, and spirit in his countenance, tottering under an unwieldy burden. As he approached I discovered him to be Sir John Vanbrugh, and could not but smile, when, on his committing his heavy load to the flames, it proved to be "His skill in Architecture."

Pope advanced towards Addison, and delivered with great humility those lines written expressly against him, so remarkable for their excellence and their cruelty, repeating this couplet;

"Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe."

The ingenious critic insisted on his taking them again: "for," said he, "my associates at the altar, particularly Horace, would never permit a line of so excellent a satirist to be consumed. The many compliments paid me in other parts of your works, amply compensate for this slight indignity. And be assured, that no little pique or misunderstanding shall ever make me a foe to genius." Pope bowed in some confusion, and promised to substitute a fictitious name at least, which was all that was left in his power. He then retired, after having made a sacrifice of a little packet of Antitheses, and some parts of his translation of Homer.

During the course of these oblations, I was charmed with the candour, decency, and judgment, with which all the priests discharged their different functions. They behaved with such dignity, that it reminded me of those ages, when the offices of king and priest centred in the same person. Whenever any of the assistants were at a loss in any particular circumstances, they applied to Aristotle, who settled the whole business in an instant.

But the reflections which this pleasing scene produced, were soon interrupted by a tumultuous noise at a gate of the temple; when suddenly a rude illiterate multitude rushed in, led by Tindal, Morgan, Chubb, and Bolingbroke. The chiefs, whose countenances were impressed with rage which art could not conceal, forced their way to the altar, and amidst the joyful acclamations of their followers threw a large volume into the fire. But the triumph was short, and joy and acclamation gave way to silence and astonishment; the volume lay unhurt in the midst of the fire, and, as the flames played innocently about it, I could discover written in letters of gold, the words, THE BIBLE. At that instant my ears were ravished with the sound of more than

mortal music accompanying a hymn sung by invisible beings, of which I well remember the following verses.

"The words of the Lord are pure words: even as the silver, which in the earth is tried, and purified seven times in the fire.

"More to be desired are they than fine gold; yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb."

The united melody of instruments and voices, which formed a concert so exquisite, that, as Milton says, "it might create a soul under the ribs of death," threw me into such ecstasies, that I was awakened by their violence.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

&

CRITO.

No. 91.] TUESDAY, SEP. 18, 1753.

—*Facto pius et sceleratus eodem.*

OVID.

Thus was the father pious to a crime: ADDISON.

It is contended by those who reject Christianity, that if revelation had been necessary as a rule of life to mankind, it would have been universal; and they are, upon this principle, compelled to affirm that only to be a rule of life, which is universally known.

But no rule of life is universally known, except the dictates of conscience. With respect to particular actions, opinion determines whether they are good or ill; and conscience approves or disapproves, in consequence of this determination, whether it be in favour of truth or falsehood. Nor can the errors of conscience be always imputed to a criminal neglect of inquiry: those, by whom a system of moral truths was discovered through the gloom of paganism, have been considered as prodigies, and regarded by successive ages with astonishment and admiration; and that which immortalized one among many millions, can scarce be thought possible to all. Men do not usually shut their eyes against their immediate interest, however they might be thought to wink against their duty; and so little does either appear to be discoverable by the light of nature, that where the Divine Prescription has either been withheld or corrupted, superstition has rendered piety cruel, and error has armed virtue against herself; misery has been cultivated by those who have not incurred guilt; and though all men had been innocent, they might still have been wretched.

In the reign of Yamodin the Magnificent, the kingdom of Golconda was depopulated by a pestilence; and after every other attempt to

propitiate the gods had failed, it was believed, according to the superstition of the country, that they required the sacrifice of a virgin of royal blood.

It happened that at this time there was no virgin of the royal blood, but Tamira the daughter of Yamodin, whom he had betrothed to one of the princes of his court, intending that he should succeed to the throne; for Yamodin had no son, and he was not willing that his empire should descend to a woman.

Yamodin considered himself not less the father of his people than of Tamira; and, therefore, with whatever reluctance, determined to redeem the life of the public with that of the individual. He prostrated himself in the temple, and invoked his principal idol as the fountain of life: "From thee," said he, "I have derived my being, and the life which I have propagated is thine: when I am about to restore it, let me remember with gratitude, that I possessed it by thy bounty; and let thy mercy accept it as a ransom for my people."

Orders were given for the sacrifice on the next day, and Tamira was permitted to dispose of the interval as she pleased. She received the intimation of her father's pleasure without much surprise; because, as she knew the custom of her country, she scarce hoped that the demand of her life would have been delayed so long: she fortified herself against the terrors of death, by anticipating the honours that would be paid to her memory; and had just triumphed over the desire of life, when, upon perceiving her lover enter the apartment, she lost her fortitude in a moment and burst into tears.

When they were alone, after his eyes had like hers overflowed with silent sorrow, he took her hand, and with a look of inexpressible anxiety and tenderness, told her, that one expedient was yet left, by which her life might be preserved; that he had bribed a priest to his interest, by whom the ceremonies of marriage might be immediately performed; that on the morrow, as she would be no longer a virgin, the propitiation of the gods could not be effected by her death; and that her father, though for political purposes he might appear to be displeased, would yet secretly rejoice at an event, which, without his concurrence, had delivered him from the dreadful obligation of sacrificing an only child, through whom he hoped to transmit dominion to his posterity.

To this proposal Tamira, whose attachment to life was now strengthened by love, and in whose bosom the regret of precluded pleasure had succeeded to the hope of glory, at length consented; but she consented with all the timidity, reluctance, and confusion, which are produced by a consciousness of guilt; and the prince himself introduced the man who was to accomplish the purpose both of his ambition and

his love, with apparent tremour and hesitation.

On the morrow, when the priest stood ready at the altar to receive the victim, and the king commanded his daughter to be brought forth, the prince produced her as his wife. Yamodin stood some moments in suspense; and then dismissing the assembly, retired to his palace. After having remained about two hours in private, he sent for the prince. "The gods," said he, "though they continue the pestilence, have yet in mercy rescued my people from the oppression of a tyrant, who appears to consider the life of millions as nothing in competition with the indulgence of his lust, his avarice, or his ambition." Yamodin then commanded him to be put to death, and the sentence was executed the same hour.

Tamira now repented in unutterable distress of a crime, by which the pleasures not only of possession but hope were precluded; her attachment to life was broken, by the very means which she had taken to preserve it; and as an atonement for the forfeit of her virginity, she determined to submit to that law of marriage, from which as a princess only she was exempted, and to throw herself on the pile by which the body of her husband was to be consumed. To this her father consented: their ashes were scattered to the winds, and their names were forbidden to be repeated.

If by these events it is evident, that Yamodin discerned no law which would have justified the preservation of his daughter; and if it is absurd to suppose his integrity to be vicious, because he had less power and opportunity to obtain knowledge than Plato; it will follow, that, by whatever rule the oblation of human sacrifice may be condemned, the conduct of Yamodin which would have produced such sacrifice was morally right, and that of the prince which prevented it was morally wrong; that the consent of Tamira to the marriage was vicious, and that her suicide was heroic virtue, though in her marriage she concurred with a general law of nature, and by her death opposed it: for moral right and wrong are terms that are wholly relative to the agent by whom the action is performed, and not to the action itself considered abstractedly; for abstractedly it can be right or wrong only in a natural sense. It appears, therefore, that revelation is necessary to the establishment even of natural religion, and that it is more rational to suppose it has been vouchsafed in part than not at all.

It may, perhaps, be asked, of what use then is conscience as a guide of life, since in these instances it appears not to coincide with the Divine law, but to oppose it; to condemn that which is enjoined, and approve that which is forbidden: but to this question the answer is easy.



The end which conscience approves is always good, though she sometimes mistakes the means: the end which Yamodin proposed, was deliverance from a pestilence; but he did not nor could know, that this end was not to be obtained by human sacrifice: and the end which conscience condemns is always ill; for the end proposed by the prince was private gain by public loss. By conscience, then, all men are restrained from intentional ill, and directed in their choice of the end though not of the means: it infallibly directs us to avoid guilt, but is not intended to secure us from error; it is not, therefore, either useless as a law to ourselves, nor yet sufficient to regulate our conduct with respect to others; it may sting with remorse, but it cannot cheer us with hope. It is by revelation alone that virtue and happiness are connected: by Revelation, "we are led into all truth;" conscience is directed to effect its purpose, and repentance is encouraged by the hope of pardon. If this sun is risen upon our hemisphere, let us not consider it only as the object of speculation and inquiry; let us rejoice in its influence, and walk by its light; regarding rather with contempt than indignation, those who are only solicitous to discover, why its radiance is not farther diffused; and wilfully shut their eyes against it, because they see others stumble to whom it has been denied.

It is not necessary to inquire, what would be determined at the great tribunal, concerning a heathen who had in every instance obeyed the dictates of conscience, however erroneous; because it will be readily granted, that no such moral perfection was ever found among men: but it is easy to ascertain the fate of those, "who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;" who violate the law that has been written upon the heart, and reject that which has been offered them from above; who though their sins are as scarlet, cavil at the terms on which they might be white as snow; and though their iniquities have been multiplied without number, revile the hand that would blot them from the register of Heaven.

to the public, I have remarked a spirit of candour and love of truth, equally remote from bigotry and captiousness; a just distribution of praise among the ancients and the moderns; a sober deference to reputation long established, without a blind adoration of antiquity; and a willingness to favour later performances, without a light or puerile fondness for novelty.

I shall, therefore, venture to lay before you, such observations as have risen to my mind in the consideration of Virgil's pastorals, without any inquiry how far my sentiments deviate from established rules or common opinions.

If we survey the ten pastorals in a general view, it will be found that Virgil can derive from them very little claim to the praise of an inventor. To search into the antiquity of this kind of poetry, is not my present purpose; that it has long subsisted in the east, the Sacred Writings sufficiently inform us; and we may conjecture, with great probability, that it was sometimes the devotion, and sometimes the entertainment of the generations of mankind. Theocritus united elegance with simplicity; and taught his shepherds to sing with so much ease and harmony, that his countrymen, despairing to excel, forbore to imitate him; and the Greeks, however vain or ambitious, left him in quiet possession of the garlands which the wood-nymphs had bestowed upon him.

Virgil, however, taking advantage of another language, ventured to copy or to rival the Sicilian Bard: he has written with greater splendour of diction, and elevation of sentiment: but as the magnificence of his performances was more, the simplicity was less; and, perhaps, where he excels Theocritus, he sometimes obtains his superiority by deviating from the pastoral character, and performing what Theocritus never attempted.

Yet, though I would willingly pay to Theocritus the honour which is always due to an original author, I am far from intending to depreciate Virgil; of whom Horace justly declares, that the rural muses have appropriated to him their elegance and sweetness, and who, as he copies Theocritus in his design, has resembled him likewise in his success; for, if we except Calphurnius, an obscure author of the lower ages, I know not that a single pastoral was written after him by any poet, till the revival of literature.

But though his general merit has been universally acknowledged, I am far from thinking all the productions of his rural Thalia equally excellent: there is, indeed, in all his pastorals a strain of versification which it is vain to seek in any other poet; but if we except the first and the tenth, they seem liable either wholly or in part to considerable objections.

The second, though we should forget the great charge against it, which I am afraid can

*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*

HOR.

Bold be the critic, zealous to his trust,  
Like the firm judge inexorably just.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR

In the papers of criticism which you have given

never be refuted, might, I think, have perished, without any diminution of the praise of its author; for I know not that it contains one affecting sentiment or pleasing description, or one passage that strikes the imagination or awakens the passions.

The third contains a contest between two shepherds, begun with a quarrel of which some particulars might well be spared, carried on with sprightliness and elegance, and terminated at last in a reconciliation: but, surely, whether the invectives with which they attack each other be true or false, they are too much degraded from the dignity of pastoral innocence; and instead of rejoicing that they are both victorious, I should not have grieved could they have been both defeated.

The poem to Pollio is, indeed, of another kind: it is filled with images at once splendid and pleasing, and is elevated with grandeur of language worthy of the first of Roman poets; but I am not able to reconcile myself to the disproportion between the performance, and the occasion that produced it: that the golden age should return because Pollio had a son, appears so wild a fiction, that I am ready to suspect the poet of having written, for some other purpose, what he took this opportunity of producing to the public.

The fifth contains a celebration of Daphnis, which has stood to all succeeding ages as the model of pastoral elegies. To deny praise to a performance which so many thousands have laboured to imitate, would be to judge with too little deference for the opinion of mankind: yet whoever shall read it with impartiality, will find that most of the images are of the mythological kind, and, therefore, easily invented; and that there are few sentiments of rational praise or natural lamentation.

In the Silenus he again rises to the dignity of philosophic sentiment and heroic poetry. The address to Varus is eminently beautiful: but since the compliment paid to Gallus fixes the transaction to his own time, the fiction of Silenus seems injudicious: nor has any sufficient reason yet been found, to justify his choice of those fables that make the subject of the song.

The seventh exhibits another contest of the tuneful shepherds: and, surely, it is not without some reproach to his inventive power, that of ten pastorals Virgil has written two upon the same plan. One of the shepherds now gains an acknowledged victory, but without any apparent superiority: and the reader, when he sees the prize adjudged, is not able to discover how it was deserved.

Of the eighth pastoral, so little is properly the work of Virgil, that he has no claim to other praise or blame than that of a translator.

Of the ninth, it is scarce possible to discover the design or tendency: it is said, I know not upon what authority, to have been composed from fragments of other poems: and except a few lines in which the author touches upon his own misfortunes, there is nothing that seems appropriated to any time or place, or of which any other use can be discovered than to fill up the poem.

The first and the tenth pastorals, whatever be determined of the rest, are sufficient to place their author above the reach of rivalry. The complaint of Gallus disappointed in his love, is full of such sentiments as disappointed love naturally produces; his wishes are wild, his resentment is tender, and his purposes are inconstant. In the genuine language of despair, he soothes himself awhile with the pity that shall be paid him after his death:

—*Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,  
Montibus hæc vestris: soli cantare periti  
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,  
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!*

—Yet, O Arcadian swains,  
Yet best artificers of soothing strains!  
Tune your soft reeds, and teach your rocks my woes  
So shall my shade in sweeter rest repose.  
O, that your birth and business had been mine;  
To feed the flock, and prune the spreading vine!

WARTON.

Discontented with his present condition, and desirous to be any thing but what he is, he wishes himself one of the shepherds. He then catches the idea of rural tranquillity; but soon discovers how much happier he should be in these happy regions, with Lycoris at his side.

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori:  
Hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.  
Nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis;  
Tela inter media, atque adversos detinet hostes.  
Tu procul a patria (nec sit mihi credere) tantum  
Alpinas, ah dura nives, et frigore Rheni  
Me sine sola vides. Ah te ne frigora lædant!  
Ah tibi ne tencras glacies secat aspera plantas!*

Here cooling fountains roll through flowery meads,  
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads;  
Here could I wear my careless life away,  
And in thy arms insensibly decay.  
Instead of that, me frantic love detains  
Mid foes, and dreadful darts, and bloody plains  
While you—and can my soul the tale believe,  
Far from your country, lonely wandering leave  
Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive!  
Seek the rough Alps where snows eternal shine,  
And joyless borders of the frozen Rhine.  
Ah! may no cold e'er blast my dearest maid,  
Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade!

WARTON.

He then turns his thoughts on every side, in quest of something that may solace or amuse him : he proposes happiness to himself, first in one scene and then in another ; and at last finds that nothing will satisfy :

*Jam neque Hamadryades rursum, nec carmina nobis  
Ipsa placent : ipsa rursum concedite sylva:  
Non illum nostri possunt mutare labores ;  
Nec si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,  
Sithoniasque nives hyemis subeamus aquosæ ;  
Nec si, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,  
Æthiopum versemus oves sub sidere Cancræ.  
Omnia vincit amor ; et nos cedamus amori.*

But now again no more the woodland maids,  
Nor pastoral songs delight—Farewell, ye shades—  
No toils of ours the cruel god can change,  
Though lost in frozen deserts we should range,  
Though we should drink where chilling Hebrus flows,  
Endure bleak winter's blasts, and Thracian snows ;  
Or on hot India's plains our flocks should feed,  
Where the perch'd elm declines his sickening head ;  
Beneath fierce-glowing Cancer's fiery beams,  
Far from cool breezes and refreshing streams,  
Love over all maintains resistless sway,  
And let us Love's all-conquering power obey.

WARTON.

But notwithstanding the excellence of the tenth pastoral, I cannot forbear to give the preference to the first, which is equally natural and more diversified. The complaint of the shepherd, who saw his old companion at ease in the shade, while himself was driving his little flock he knew not whither, is such as, with variation of circumstances, misery always utters at the sight of prosperity :

*Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva ;  
Nos patriam fugimus : tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,  
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.*

We leave our country's bounds, our much lov'd plains ;  
We from our country fly, unhappy swains !  
You, Tit'rus, in the groves at leisure laid,  
Teach Amaryllis' name to every shade.

WARTON.

His account of the difficulties of his journey gives a very tender image of pastoral distress :

—*En ipse capellas  
Protenus æger ago : hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco :  
Hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos,  
Spem gregis, ah ! silice in nuda connixa reliquit.*

And lo ! sad partner of the general care,  
Weary and faint I drive my goats afar !  
While scarcely this my leading hand sustains,  
Tir'd with the way, and recent from her pains ;  
For 'mid yon tangled hazels as we past,  
On the bare flints her hapless twin she cast,  
The hopes and promise of my ruin'd fold !

WARTON.

The description of Virgil's happiness in his

little farm, combines almost all the images of rural pleasure ; and he, therefore, that can read it with indifference, has no sense of pastoral poetry :

*Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt,  
Et tibi magna satis ; quamvis lapis omnia nudus,  
Limosoque palus obducatur pascua junco.  
Non insueta graves tentabant pabula factas,  
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia ledent.  
Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota,  
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum.  
Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite sepes,  
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,  
Sæpi levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.  
Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras ;  
Nec tamen interea raucæ, tua cura, palumbes,  
Nec gemere æria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.*

Happy old man ! then still thy farms restor'd,  
Enough for thee, shall bless thy frugal board.  
What though rough stones the naked soil o'erspread,  
Or masy bull-rush rear its wat'ry head  
No foreign food thy teeming ewes shall fear,  
No touch contagious spread its influence here.  
Happy old man ! here 'mid th' accustom'd streams  
And sacred springs, you'll shun the scorching beams ;  
While from yon willow-fence, thy pasture's bound,  
The bees that suck their flow'ry stores around,  
Shall sweetly mingle, with the whispering boughs,  
Their lulling murmurs, and invite repose :  
While from steep rocks the pruner's song is heard ;  
Nor the soft-cooing dove, thy fav'rite bird,  
Meanwhile shall cease to breathe her melting strain,  
Nor turtles from th' aerial elm to plain.

WARTON.

It may be observed, that these two poems were produced by events that really happened ; and may therefore be of use to prove, that we can always feel more than we can imagine, and that the most artful fiction must give way to truth.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

T.

DUBIUS.

No. 93.] TUESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1753.

*Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet  
Ut Magnus ; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*  
HOR.

'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns ;  
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art :  
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart ;  
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,  
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

POPE.

WRITERS of a mixed character, that abound in transcendent beauties and in gross imperfections, are the most proper and pregnant subjects

B b



for criticism. The regularity and correctness of a Virgil or a Horace, almost confine their commentators to perpetual panegyric, and afford them few opportunities of diversifying their remarks by the detection of latent blemishes. For this reason, I am inclined to think, that a few observations on the writings of Shakspeare will not be deemed useless or unentertaining, because he exhibits more numerous examples of excellences and faults, of every kind, than are, perhaps, to be discovered in any other author. I shall, therefore, from time to time, examine his merit as a poet, without blind admiration, or wanton invective.

As Shakspeare is sometimes blameable for the conduct of his fables, which have no unity; and sometimes for his diction, which is obscure and turgid; so his characteristical excellences may possibly be reduced to these three general heads: "his lively creative imagination; his strokes of nature and passion; and his preservation of the consistency of his characters." These excellences, particularly the last, are of so much importance in the drama, that they amply compensate for his transgressions against the rules of time and place, which being of a more mechanical nature, are often strictly observed by a genius of the lowest order; but to portray characters naturally, and to preserve them uniformly, requires such an intimate knowledge of the heart of man, and is so rare a portion of felicity, as to have been enjoyed, perhaps, only by two writers, Homer and Shakspeare.

Of all the plays of Shakspeare, the *Tempest* is the most striking instance of his creative power. He has there given the reins to his boundless imagination, and has carried the romantic, the wonderful, and the wild, to the most pleasing extravagance. The scene is a desolate island; and the characters the most new and singular that can well be conceived; a prince who practises magic, an attendant spirit, a monster the son of a witch, and a young lady who had been brought to this solitude in her infancy, and had never beheld a man except her father.

As I have affirmed that Shakspeare's chief excellence is the consistency of his characters, I will exemplify the truth of this remark, by pointing out some master-strokes of this nature in the drama before us.

The poet artfully acquaints us that Prospero is a magician, by the very first words which his daughter Miranda speaks to him:

If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:

which intimate, that the tempest described in the preceding scene, was the effect of Prospero's power. The manner in which he was driven from his dukedom of Milan, and landed afterwards on this solitary island, accompanied only

by his daughter, is immediately introduced in a short and natural narration.

The offices of his attendant spirit, Ariel, are enumerated with amazing wildness of fancy, and yet with equal propriety: his employment is said to be,

—To tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep;  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;  
To do—business in the veins o' th' earth,  
When it is baked with frost;  
—to dive into the fire; to ride  
On the curl'd clouds.

In describing the place in which he has concealed the Neapolitan ship, Ariel expresses the secrecy of its situation by the following circumstance, which artfully glances at another of his services;

—In the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'd me up at midnight, to fetch dew  
From the still-veit Bermudas.

Ariel, being one of those elves or spirits, "whose pastime is to make midnight mushrooms, and who rejoice to listen to the solemn curfew; by whose assistance Prospero has bedimmed the sun at noon-tide,"

And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault,  
Set roaring war;

has a set of ideas and images peculiar to his station and office; a beauty of the same kind with that which is so justly admired in the Adam of Milton, whose manners and sentiments are all paradisaical. How delightfully and how suitably to his character are the habitations and pastimes of this invisible being pointed out in the following exquisite song!

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly,  
After sun set, merrily.  
Merrily merrily shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Mr. Pope, whose imagination has been thought by some the least of his excellences, has, doubtless, conceived and carried on the machinery in his "*Rapè of the Lock*," with vast exuberance of fancy. The images, customs, and employment of Sylphs, are exactly adapted to their natures, are peculiar and appropriated, are all, if I may be allowed the expression, Sylphish. The enumeration of the punishments they were to undergo, if they neglected their charge, would, on account of its poetry and propriety, and especially the mixture of oblique satire, be superior to any circumstances in Shakspeare's Ariel, if we could suppose Pope

to have been unacquainted with the Tempest, when he wrote this part of his accomplished poem.

—She did confine thee  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she died,  
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. [groans,

If thou more murmur'st, I will read an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up: urchins  
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made them.

If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;  
Fill all thy bones with aches: make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din. SHAKESPEARE.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
Forsakes his post or leaves the Fair at large,  
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,  
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;  
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,  
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:  
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,  
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;  
Or allum styptics with contracting pow'r  
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r:  
Or as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel  
The giddy motion of the whirling wheel;  
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,  
And tremble at the sea that frothes below! POPE.

The method which is taken to induce Ferdinand to believe that his father was drowned in the late tempest, is exceedingly solemn and striking. He is sitting upon a solitary rock, and weeping over against the place where he imagined his father was wrecked, when he suddenly hears with astonishment aerial music creep by him upon the waters, and the Spirit gives him the following information in words not proper for any but a Spirit to utter:

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made:  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change,  
Into something rich and strange.

And then follows a most lively circumstance;

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.  
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong-bell!

This is so truly poetical, that one can scarce forbear exclaiming with Ferdinand,

This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owns!

The happy versatility of Shakspeare's genius enables him to excel in lyric as well as in dramatic poesy.

But the poet rises still higher in his management of this character of Ariel, by making a moral use of it, that is, I think, incomparable, and the greatest effort of his art. Ariel informs Prospero, that he has fulfilled his orders, and punished his brother and companions so severely, that if he himself was now to behold their sufferings, he would greatly compassionate them. To which Prospero answers,

—Dost thou think so, Spirit?  
*Ariel.* Mine would, Sir, were I human.  
*Prospero.* And mine shall.

He then takes occasion, with wonderful dexterity and humanity, to draw an argument from the incorporeality of Ariel, for the justice and necessity of pity and forgiveness:

Hast thou which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions; and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

The poet is a more powerful magician than his own Prospero: we are transported into fairy land; we are rapt in a delicious dream, from which it is misery to be disturbed; all around is enchantment!

—The isle is full of noises, [not.  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt  
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices;  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then in dreaming,  
The clouds, methought, would open and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me:—when I wak'd,  
I cried to dream again!

Z.

No. 94.] SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1753.

*Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare.* JUV.

—What I show,  
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow.  
DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

You have somewhere discouraged the hope of idleness by showing, that whoever compares the number of those who have possessed fortuitous advantages and of those who have been disappointed in their expectations, will have little reason to register himself in the lucky catalogue.

But as we have seen thousands subscribe to a

affle, of which one only could obtain the prize ; so idleness will still presume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within the bounds of possibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if by the error of fortune he obtains the stores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity ; that the honey which is not gathered by industry, will be eaten without relish, if it is not wasted in riot ; and that all who become possessed of the immediate object of their hope, without any efforts of their own, will be disappointed of enjoyment.

No life can be happy, but that which is spent in the prosecution of some purpose to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, prosecute with success : for this reason it is absurd to dread business, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleasure. Business is that by which industry pursues its purpose, and the purpose of industry is seldom disappointed : he who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himself perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happiness which nature has allotted to those hours, that are not spent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our own wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to supply the wants of others. The end proposed by the busy, is various as their temper, constitution, habits, and circumstances : but in the labour itself is the enjoyment, whether it be pursued to supply the necessaries or the conveniences of life, whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a palace ; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleasure is at an end, till the object of desire is again placed at a distance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent success. Nor is the value of life less, than if our enjoyment did not thus consist in anticipation ; for by anticipation, the pleasure which would otherwise be contracted within an hour, is diffused through a week ; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil, is confessed to be an increase of misery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an accession of happiness.

The most numerous class of those who presume to hope for miraculous advantages, is that of gamblers. But by gamblers, I do not mean the gentlemen who stake an estate, against the cunning of those who have none ; for I leave the cure of lunatics to the professors of physic : I mean the dissolute and indigent, who in the common phrase put themselves in fortune's way, and expect from her bounty that which they eagerly desire, and yet believe to be too dearly purchased by diligence and industry ; tradesmen who neglect their business, to squander in fashionable follies more than it can produce ; and swaggerers who rank themselves with gentlemen, merely because they have no business to pursue.

The gambler of this class will appear to be equally wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or disappointed ; the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence ; he pursues no purpose with gradual and perceptible success, and, therefore, cannot enjoy the pleasure which arises from the anticipation of its accomplishment ; his mind is perpetually on the rack ; he is anxious in proportion to the eagerness of his desire, and his inability to effect it ; to the pangs of suspense, succeed those of disappointment ; and a momentary gain only embitters the loss that follows. Such is the life of him who shuns business because he would secure leisure for enjoyment ; except it happens, against the odds of a million to one, that a run of success puts him into the possession of a sum sufficient to subsist him in idleness the remainder of his life : and in this case, the idleness which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will necessarily keep him wretched after it is bestowed ; he will find, that in the gratification of his appetites he can fill but a small portion of his time, and that these appetites themselves are weakened by every attempt to increase the enjoyment which they were intended to supply ; he will, therefore, either doze away life in a kind of listless indolence, which he despairs to exalt into felicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by an increase of his wealth, by a larger house, a more splendid equipage, and a more numerous retinue. If with this notion he has again recourse to the altar of fortune, he will either be undeceived by a new series of success, or he will be reduced to his original indigence by the loss of that which he knew not how to enjoy : if this happens, of which there is the highest degree of probability, he will instantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich ; though, while he was rich, he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor. Whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinsic value ; whatever is lost, is heightened by imagination to more. Wealth is no sooner dissipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happiness which it was not found to afford. The gambler, therefore, of whatever class, plays against manifest odds ; since that which he wins he discovers to be brass, and that which he loses he values as gold. And it should also be remarked, that in this estimate of his life, I have not supposed him to lose a single stake which he had not first won.

But though gaming in general is wisely prohibited by the legislature, as productive not only of private but of public evil ; yet there is one species to which all are sometimes invited, which equally encourages the hope of idleness, and relaxes the vigour of industry.

Ned Froth, who had been several years



butler in a family of distinction, having saved about four hundred pounds, took a little house in the suburbs, and laid in a stock of liquors for which he paid ready money, and which were, therefore, the best of the kind. Ned perceived his trade increase; he pursued it with fresh alacrity, he exulted in his success, and the joy of his heart sparkled in his countenance; but it happened that Ned, in the midst of his happiness and prosperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which industry could not obtain, he determined to be industrious no longer: to draw drink for a dirty and boisterous rabble, was a slavery to which he now submitted with reluctance, and he longed for the moment in which he should be free: instead of telling his story, and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his customers, he received them with indifference, was observed to be silent and sullen, and amused himself by going three or four times a day to search the register of fortune for the success of his ticket.

In this disposition Ned was sitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fireside, wholly abstracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere possibility, and the next shuddering with the dread of losing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the possession of ten thousand pounds. A man well dressed entered hastily, and inquired for him of his guests, who many times called him aloud by his name, and cursed him for his deafness and stupidity, before Ned started up as from a dream, and asked with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocular-ity in the stranger, gave Ned some offence; but the next moment he caught him in his arms in a transport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the first class.

It was not, however, long, before Ned discovered that ten thousand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a discovery which generally produces the dissipation of sudden affluence by prodigality. Ned drank, and whored, and hired fiddlers, and bought fine clothes; he bred riots at Vauxhall, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But something was still wanting; and he resolved to strike a bold stroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage: but in the execution of this project, he lost the whole produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in bank notes, which when he would have staked he could not find. This sum was more than that which had established him in the trade he had left: and yet, with the power of

returning to a station that was once the utmost of his ambition, and of renewing that pursuit which alone had made him happy, such was the pungency of his regret, that in the despair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, disease, and vexation, he threw himself from the bridge into the Thames.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

CAUTUS.

No. 95.] TUESDAY, OCT. 2, 1753.

—*Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.*

OVIO

And with sweet novelty your soul detain.

It is often charged upon writers, that with all their pretensions to genius and discoveries, they do little more than copy one another: and that compositions obtruded upon the world with the pomp of novelty, contain only tedious repetitions of common sentiments, or at best exhibit a transposition of known images, and give a new appearance to truth only by some slight difference of dress and decoration.

The allegation of resemblance between authors, is indisputably true; but the charge of plagiarism, which is raised upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readiness. A coincidence of sentiment may easily happen without any communication, since there are many occasions in which all reasonable men will nearly think alike. Writers of all ages have had the same sentiments, because they have in all ages had the same objects of speculation; the interests and passions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diversified in different times, only by unessential and casual varieties; and we must, therefore, expect in the works of all those who attempt to describe them, such a likeness as we find in the pictures of the same person drawn in different periods of his life.

It is necessary, therefore, that before an author be charged with plagiarism, one of the most reproachful, though, perhaps, not the most atrocious of literary crimes, the subject on which he treats should be carefully considered. We do not wonder, that historians, relating the same facts, agree in their narration; or that authors, delivering the elements of science, advance the same theorems, and lay down the same definitions: yet it is not wholly without use to mankind, that books are multiplied, and that different authors lay out their labours on the same subject; for there will always be some reason why one should on particular occasions, or to particular persons, be preferable to another; some will be clear where others are obscure,

some will please by their style and others by their method, some by their embellishments and others by their simplicity, some by closeness and others by diffusion.

The same indulgence is to be shown to the writers of morality: right and wrong are immutable; and those, therefore, who teach us to distinguish them, if they all teach us right, must agree with another. The relations of social life, and the duties resulting from them, must be the same at all times and in all nations: some petty differences may be, indeed, produced, by forms of government or arbitrary customs; but the general doctrine can receive no alteration.

Yet it is not to be desired, that morality should be considered as interdicted to all future writers: men will always be tempted to deviate from their duty, and will, therefore, always want a monitor to recall them; and a new book often seizes the attention of the public, without any other claim than that it is new. There is likewise in composition, as in other things, a perpetual vicissitude of fashion; and truth is recommended at one time to regard, by appearances which at another would expose it to neglect; the author, therefore, who has judgment to discern the taste of his contemporaries, and skill to gratify it, will have always an opportunity to deserve well of mankind, by conveying instruction to them in a grateful vehicle.

There are likewise many modes of composition, by which a moralist may deserve the name of an original writer; he may familiarise his system by dialogues after the manner of the ancients, or subtilize it into a series of syllogistic arguments: he may enforce his doctrine by seriousness and solemnity, or enliven it by sprightliness and gayety; he may deliver his sentiments in naked precepts, or illustrate them by historical examples; he may detain the studious by the artful concatenation of a continued discourse, or relieve the busy by short strictures, and unconnected essays.

To excel in any of these forms of writing, will require a particular cultivation of the genius; whoever can attain to excellence, will be certain to engage a set of readers, whom no other method would have equally allured; and he that communicates truth with success, must be numbered among the first benefactors to mankind.

The same observation may be extended likewise to the passions: their influence is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in every human breast: a man loves and hates, desires and avoids, exactly like his neighbour; resentment and ambition, avarice and indolence, discover themselves by the same symptoms, in minds distant a thousand years from one another.

Nothing, therefore, can be more unjust, than

to charge an author with plagiarism, merely because he assigns to every cause its natural effect; and makes his personages act, as others in like circumstances have always done. There are conceptions in which all men will agree, though each derives them from his own observation: whoever has been in love, will represent a lover impatient of every idea that interrupts his meditations on his mistress, retiring to shades and solitude, that he may muse without disturbance on his approaching happiness, or associating himself with some friend that flatters his passion, and talking away the hours of absence upon his darling subject. Whoever has been so unhappy as to have felt the miseries of long continued hatred, will, without any assistance from ancient volumes, be able to relate how the passions are kept in perpetual agitation, by the recollection of injury and meditations of revenge; how the blood boils at the name of the enemy, and life is worn away in contrivances of mischief.

Every other passion is alike simple and limited, if it be considered only with regard to the breast which it inhabits; the anatomy of the mind, as that of the body, must perpetually exhibit the same appearances; and though by the continued industry of successive inquirers, new movements will be from time to time discovered, they can affect only the minuter parts, and are commonly of more curiosity than importance.

It will now be natural to inquire, by what arts are the writers of the present and future ages to attract the notice and favour of mankind. They are to observe the alterations which time is always making in the modes of life, that they may gratify every generation with a picture of themselves. Thus love is uniform, but courtship is perpetually varying: the different arts of gallantry, which beauty has inspired, would of themselves be sufficient to fill a volume; sometimes balls and serenades, sometimes tournaments and adventures have been employed to melt the hearts of ladies, who in another century have been sensible of scarce any other merit than that of riches, and listened only to jointures and pin-money. Thus the ambitious man has at all times been eager of wealth and power; but these hopes have been gratified in some countries by supplicating the people, and in others by flattering the prince: honour in some states has been only the reward of military achievements, in others it has been gained by noisy turbulence and popular clamours. Avarice has worn a different form, as she actuated the usurer of Rome, and the stock-jobber of England; and idleness itself, how little soever inclined to the trouble of invention, has been forced from time to time to change its amusements, and contrive different methods of wearing out the day.

Here then is the fund, from which those who study mankind may fill their compositions with an inexhaustible variety of images and allusions: and he must be confessed to look with little attention upon scenes thus perpetually changing, who cannot catch some of the figures before they are made vulgar by reiterated descriptions.

It has been discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, that the distinct and primogenial colours are only seven; but every eye can witness, that from various mixtures, in various proportions, infinite diversifications of tints may be produced. In like manner, the passions of the mind, which put the world in motion, and produce all the bustle and eagerness of the busy crowds that swarm upon the earth; the passions, from whence arise all the pleasures and pains that we see and hear of, if we analyze the mind of man, are very few; but those few agitated and combined, as external causes shall happen to operate, and modified by prevailing opinions and accidental caprices, make such frequent alterations on the surface of life, that the show, while we are busied in delineating it, vanishes from the view, and a new set of objects succeeds, doomed to the same shortness of duration with the former: thus curiosity may always find employment, and the busy part of mankind will furnish the contemplative with the materials of speculation to the end of time.

The complaint, therefore, that all topics are pre-occupied, is nothing more than the murmur of ignorance or idleness, by which some discourage others and some themselves: the mutability of mankind will always furnish writers with new images, and the luxuriance of fancy may always embellish them with new decorations.

T.

No. 96.] SATURDAY, OCT. 6, 1753.

—*Fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint.*

VIRG.

O happy, if ye knew your happy state!

DRYDEN.

IN proportion as the enjoyment and infelicity of life depend upon imagination, it is of importance that this power of the mind should be directed in its operations by reason; and, perhaps, imagination is more frequently busy when it can only embitter disappointment and heighten calamity; and more frequently slumbers when it might increase the triumph of success, or animate insensibility to happiness, than is generally perceived.

An ecclesiastical living of considerable value

became vacant, and Evander obtained a recommendation to the patron. His friend had too much modesty to speak with confidence of the success of an application supported chiefly by his interest, and Evander knew that others had solicited before him; as he was not therefore much elevated by hope, he believed he should not be greatly depressed by a disappointment. The gentleman to whom he was recommended, received him with great courtesy; but upon reading the letter, he changed countenance, and discovered indubitable tokens of vexation and regret; then taking Evander by the hand, "Sir," said he, "I think it scarce less a misfortune to myself than you, that you were not five minutes sooner in your application. The gentleman whose recommendation you bring, I wish more than any other to oblige; but I have just presented the living to the person whom you saw take his leave when you entered the room."

This declaration was a stroke, which Evander had neither skill to elude nor force to resist. The strength of his interest, though it was not known time enough to increase his hope, and his being too late only a few minutes, though he had reason to believe his application had been precluded by as many days, were circumstances which imagination immediately improved to aggravate his disappointment: over these he mused perpetually with inexpressible anguish, he related them to every friend, and lamented them with the most passionate exclamations. And yet, what happened to Evander more than he expected? nothing that he possessed was diminished, nor was any possibility of advantage cut off: with respect to these and every other reality, he was in the same state, as if he had never heard of the vacancy, which he had some chance to fill: but Evander groaned under the tyranny of imagination; and in a fit of causeless fretfulness cast away peace, because time was not stopped in its career, and a miracle did not interpose to secure him a living.

Agenor, on whom the living which Evander solicited was bestowed, never conceived a single doubt that he should fail in his attempt: his character was unexceptionable, and his recommendation such as it was believed no other could counterbalance; he therefore received the bounty of his patron without much emotion; he regarded his success as an event produced, like rain and sun-shine, by the common and regular operation of natural causes; and took possession of his rectory with the same temper that he would have reaped a field he had sown, or received the interest of a sum which he had placed in the funds. But having, by accident, heard the report which had been circulated by the friends of Evander, he was at once struck with a sense of his good fortune; and was so affected by a retrospect of his danger, that he



could scarce believe it to be past. "How providential," said he, "was it, that I did not stay to drink another dish of tea at breakfast, that I found a hackney-coach at the end of the street, and that I met with no stop by the way!" What an alteration was produced in Agenor's conception of the advantage of his situation, and the means by which it was obtained! and yet at last he had gained nothing more than he expected; his danger was not known time enough to alarm his fear; the value of his acquisition was not increased; nor had providence interposed farther than to exclude chance from the government of the world. But Agenor did not before reflect that any gratitude was due to providence but for a miracle; he did not enjoy his preferment as a gift, nor estimate his gain but by the probability of loss.

As success and disappointment are under the influence of imagination, so are ease and health; each of which may be considered as a kind of negative good, that may either degenerate into wearisomeness and discontent, or be improved into complacency and enjoyment.

About three weeks ago I paid an afternoon visit to Curio. Curio is the proprietor of an estate which produces three thousand pounds a-year, and the husband of a lady remarkable for her beauty and her wit; his age is that in which manhood is said to be complete, his constitution is vigorous, his person graceful, and his understanding strong. I found him in full health, lolling in an easy chair; his countenance was florid, he was gaily dressed, and surrounded with all the means of happiness which wealth well used could bestow. After the first ceremonies had passed, he threw himself again back in his chair upon my having refused it, looked wistfully at his fingers ends, crossed his legs, inquired the news of the day, and, in the midst of all possible advantages, seemed to possess life with a listless indifference, which if he could have preserved in contrary circumstances, would have invested him with the dignity of a stoic.

It happened that yesterday I paid Curio another visit. I found him in his chamber; his head was swathed in flannel, and his countenance was pale. I was alarmed at these appearances of disease; and inquired with an honest solicitude how he did. The moment he heard my question, he started from his seat, sprang towards me, caught me by the hand, and told me, in an extasy, that he was in Heaven.

What difference in Curio's circumstances produced this difference in his sensations and behaviour? What prodigious advantage had now accrued to the man, who before had ease and health, youth, affluence, and beauty? Curio, during ten days that preceded my last visit, had been tormented with the toothach; and

had, within the last hour, been restored to ease, by having the tooth drawn.

And is human reason so impotent, and imagination so perverse, that ease cannot be enjoyed till it has been taken away? Is it not possible to improve negative into positive happiness, by reflection? Can he, who possesses ease and health, whose food is tasteful, and whose sleep is sweet, remember, without exultation and delight, the seasons in which he has pined in the languor of inappetence, and counted the watches of the night with restless anxiety?

Is an acquiescence in the dispensations of unerring wisdom, by which some advantage appears to be denied, without recalling trivial and accidental circumstances that can only aggravate disappointment, impossible to reasonable beings? And is a sense of Divine bounty necessarily languid, in proportion as that bounty appears to be less doubtful and interrupted?

Every man, surely, would blush to admit these suppositions; let every man, therefore, deny them by his life. He, who brings imagination under the dominion of reason, will be able to diminish the evil of life, and to increase the good; he will learn to resign with complacency, to receive with gratitude, and possess with cheerfulness: and as in this conduct there is not only wisdom but virtue, he will under every calamity be able to rejoice in hope, and to anticipate the felicity of that state, in which, "the spirits of the just shall be made perfect."

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No. 97.] TUESDAY, OCT. 9, 1753.

Χρη δε και εν τοις ηθισιν ὡς τε και εν τη των πραγμάτων  
αυστασι, αλλ ζητειν, η το αναγκαιον, η το εικος.

ARIST. POET.

As well in the conduct of the manners as in the constitution of the fable, we must always endeavour to produce either what is necessary or what is probable.

"WHOEVER ventures," says Horace, "to form a character totally original, let him endeavour to preserve it with uniformity and consistency; but the formation of an original character is a work of great difficulty and hazard." In this arduous and uncommon task, however, Shakspeare has wonderfully succeeded in his Tempest: the monster Caliban is the creature of his own imagination, in the formation of which he could derive no assistance from observation or experience.

Caliban is the son of a witch, begotten by a demon: the sorceries of his mother were so terrible, that her countrymen banished her into this desert island as unfit for human society:

in conformity, therefore, to this diabolical propagation, he is represented as a prodigy of cruelty, malice, pride, ignorance, idleness, gluttony, and lust. He is introduced with great propriety, cursing Prospero and Miranda whom he had endeavoured to defile; and his execrations are artfully contrived to have reference to the occupation of his mother:

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both! —————

—————All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

His kindness is afterwards expressed as much in character as his hatred, by an enumeration of offices, that could be of value only in a desolate island, and in the estimation of a savage.

I pry thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;  
Show thee a jay's nest; and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmazet. I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberds; and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young sea-malls from the rock ————  
I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee  
berries;  
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

Which last is, indeed, a circumstance of great use in a place, where to be defended from the cold was neither easy nor usual; and it has a further peculiar beauty, because the gathering wood was the occupation to which Caliban was subjected by Prospero, who therefore deemed it a service of high importance.

The gross ignorance of this monster is represented with delicate judgment; he knew not the names of the sun and moon; which he calls the bigger light and the less; and he believes that Stephano was the man in the moon, whom his mistress had often shown him; and when Prospero reminds him that he first taught him to pronounce articulately, his answer is full of malevolence and rage;

You taught me language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse: ————

the properest return for such a fiend to make for such a favour. The spirits whom he supposes to be employed by Prospero perpetually to torment him, and the many forms and different methods they take for this purpose, are described with the utmost liveliness and force of fancy:

Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,  
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which  
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometimes am I  
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

It is scarce possible for any speech to be more

expressive of the manners and sentiments, than that in which our poet has painted the brutal barbarity and unfeeling savageness of this son of Sycorax, by making him enumerate, with a kind of horrible delight, the various ways in which it was possible for the drunken sailors to surprise and kill his master:

—————There thou may'st brain him,  
Having first seized his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull; or paunch him with a stake:  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife ————

He adds, in allusion to his own abominable attempt, "above all be sure to secure the daughter;" whose beauty, he tells them, is incomparable." The charms of Miranda could not be more exalted, than by extorting this testimony from so insensible a monster.

Shakspeare seems to be the only poet who possesses the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character; of which I know not an instance more striking, than the image Caliban makes use of to express silence, which is at once highly poetical and exactly suited to the wildness of the speaker:

Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot-fall! ————

I always lament that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban, to the end of the play; instead of which, he has, I think, injudiciously put into his mouth, words that imply repentance and understanding:

—————I'll be wise hereafter  
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool?

It must not be forgotten, that Shakspeare has artfully taken occasion from this extraordinary character, which is finely contrasted to the mildness and obedience of Ariel, obliquely to satirize the prevailing passion for new and wonderful sights, which has rendered the English so ridiculous. "Were I in England now," says Trinculo, on his first discovering Caliban, "and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver,—When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

Such is the inexhaustible plenty of our poet's invention, that he has exhibited another character in this play, entirely his own; that of the lovely and innocent Miranda.

When Prospero first gives her a sight of Prince Ferdinand, she eagerly exclaims,

—————What is't? a spirit?  
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,  
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Her imagining that as he was so beautiful he must necessarily be one of her father's aerial agents, is a stroke of nature worthy admiration : as are likewise her entreaties to her father not to use him harshly, by the power of his art ;

Why speaks my father so ungently ? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw ; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for !—

Here we perceive the beginning of that passion, which Prospero was desirous she should feel for the prince ; and which she afterwards more fully expresses upon an occasion which displays at once the tenderness, the innocence, and the simplicity of her character. She discovers her lover employed in the laborious task of carrying wood, which Prospero had enjoined him to perform. " Would," says she, " the lightning had burnt up those logs, that you are enjoined to pile !"

——If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,  
I'll carry it to the pile.——  
——You look wearily.

It is by selecting such little and almost imperceptible circumstances that Shakspeare has more truly painted the passions than any other writer : affection is more powerfully expressed by this simple wish and offer of assistance than by the unnatural eloquence and witticisms of Dryden, or the declamations of Rowe.

The resentment of Prospero for the matchless cruelty and wicked usurpation of his brother ; his parental affection and solicitude for the welfare of his daughter, the heiress of his dukedom : and the awful solemnity of his character, as a skilful magician ; are all along preserved with equal consistency, dignity, and decorum. One part of his behaviour deserves to be particularly pointed out : during the exhibition of a mask with which he had ordered Ariel to entertain Ferdinand and Miranda, he starts suddenly, from the recollection of the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates against his life, and dismisses his attendant spirits, who instantly vanish to a hollow and confused noise. He appears to be greatly moved ; and suitably to this agitation of mind, which his danger has excited, he takes occasion, from the sudden disappearance of the visionary scene, to moralize on the dissolution of all things :

——These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits ; and  
Are melted into air, into thin air.  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;  
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.——

To these noble images he adds a short but comprehensive observation on human life, not excelled by any passage of the moral and sententious Euripides :

——We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on ; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep !

Thus admirably is an uniformity of character, that leading beauty in dramatic poesy, preserved through the *Tempest*. And it may be further remarked, that the unities of action, of place, and of time, are in this play, though almost constantly violated by Shakspeare, exactly observed. The action is one, great, and entire, the restoration of Prospero to his dukedom ; this business is transacted in the compass of a small island, and in or near the cave of Prospero : though indeed, it had been more artful and regular to have confined it to this single spot ; and the time which the action takes up, is only equal to that of the representation ; an excellence which ought always to be aimed at in every well-conducted fable, and for the want of which a variety of the most entertaining incidents can scarcely atone.

Z.

No. 98.] SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1753.

*Aude aliquā brevibus Gyris, et carcere dignum,  
Si vis esse aliquis.* JUV.

Would'st thou to honours and preferments climb ?  
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,  
Which dungeons, death or banishment deserves. DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE thirst of glory is I think allowed, even by the dull dogs who can sit still long enough to write books, to be a noble appetite.

My ambition is to be thought a man of life and spirit, who could conquer the world if he was to set about it, but who has too much vivacity to give the necessary attention to any scheme of length.

I am, in short, one of those heroic Adventurers, who have thought proper to distinguish themselves by the titles of Buck, Blood, and Nerve. When I am in the country, I am always on horse-back, and I leap or break every hedge and gate that stands in my way : when I am in town, I am constantly to be seen at some of the public places, at the proper times for making my appearance ; as at Vauxhall, or Marybone, about ten, very drunk ; for though



I don't love wine, I am obliged to be consumedly drunk five or six nights in the week: nay sometimes five or six days together, for the sake of my character. Wherever I come, I am sure to make all the confusion, and do all the mischief I can; not for the sake of doing mischief, but only out of frolic you know to show my vivacity. If there are women near me, I swear like a devil to show my courage, and talk bawdy to show my wit. Under the rose, I am a cursed favourite amongst them; and have had "bonne fortune," let me tell you. I do love the little rogues hellishly: but faith I make love for the good of the public; and the town is obliged to me for a dozen or two of the finest wenches that were ever brought into its seraglios. One, indeed, I lost: and, poor fond soul! I pitied her! but it could not be helped—self-preservation obliged me to leave her—I could not tell her what was the matter with her, rot me if I could; and so it got such a head, that the devil himself could not have saved her.

There's one thing vexes me; I have much ado to avoid having that insignificant character, a good-natured fellow, fixed upon me; so that I am obliged in my own defence to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down stairs every time I enter a night-house: I pick quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never saw, demolish lamps, bilk hackney-coachmen, overturn wheelbarrows, and storm night-cellars: I beat the watchman, though he bids me good morrow, abuse the constable, and insult the justice: for these feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, prosecuted and imprisoned; but Tim is no flincher; and if he does not get fame, blood! he will deserve it.

I am now writing at a coffee-house, where I am just arrived, after a journey of fifty miles, which I have rode in four hours. I knocked up my blockhead's horse two hours ago. The dog, whipped and spurred at such a rate, that I dare say you may track him half the way by the blood; but all would not do. The devil take the hindmost, is always my way of travelling. The moment I dismounted, down dropt Dido, by Jove: and here am I all alive and merry, my old boy!

I'll tell thee what; I was a hellish ass t'other day. I shot a damn'd clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid running over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a cursed slice on the cheek against a flint, which put me in a passion; who could help it, you know? Rot me! I would not have lost her for five hundred old women, with all their brats, and the brats of their brats to the third generation.—She was a sweet creature! I would have run her five-and-twenty miles in an hour, for five hundred pounds. But she's gone!—Poor jade! I did love thee, that I did.

Now what you shall do for me old boy is this. Help to raise my name a little, d'y'e mind; write something in praise of us sprightly pretty fellows. I assure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and it is hard we should be bilkt. I would not trouble you, my dear; but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own business; for between you and I, both my constitution and estate are damnably out at elbows. I intend to make them spin out together as even as possible; but if my purse should happen to leak fastest, I propose to go with my last half-crown to Ranelagh gardens, and there, if you approve the scheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and repeat with a heroic air,

"I'll boldly venture on the world unknown;  
It cannot use me worse than this has done."

I'll then shoot myself through the head; and so good by'tye.

Yours, as you serve me,

TIM. WILDGOOSE.

I should little deserve the notice of a person so illustrious as the hero who honours me with the name of brother, if I should cavil at his principles or refuse his request. According to the moral philosophy which is now in fashion, and adopted by many of "the dull dogs who write books," the gratification of appetite is virtue; and appetite therefore, I shall allow to be noble, notwithstanding the objections of those who pretend, that whatever be its object, it can be good or ill in no other sense than stature or complexion; and that the voluntary effort only is moral by which appetite is directed or restrained, by which it is brought under the government of reason and rendered subservient to moral purposes.

But with whatever efforts of heroic virtue my correspondent may have laboured to gratify his "thirst of glory," I am afraid he will be disappointed. It is, indeed, true, that like the heroes of antiquity, whom successive generations have honoured with statues and panegyric, he has spent his life in doing mischief to others without procuring any real good to himself; but he has not done mischief enough; he has not sacked a city or fired a temple; he acts only against individuals in a contracted sphere, and is lost among a crowd of competitors, whose merit can only contribute to their mutual obscurity, as the feats which are perpetually performed by innumerable adventurers must soon become too common to confer distinction.

In behalf of some among these candidates for fame, the legislator has, indeed, thought fit to interpose; and their achievements are with great solemnity rehearsed and recorded in a temple, of which I know not the celestial appellation, but on earth it is called justice hall in the Old Bailey.

As the rest are utterly neglected, I cannot think of any expedient to gratify the noble thirst of my correspondent and his compeers, but that of procuring them admission into this class; an attempt in which I do not despair of success, for I think I can demonstrate their right, and I will not suppose it possible that when this is done they will be excluded.

Upon the most diligent examination of ancient history and modern panegyric, I find that no action has ever been held honourable in so high a degree, as killing men: this, indeed, is one of the feats which our legislature has thought fit to rescue from oblivion, and reward in Justice Hall: it has also removed an absurd distinction, and, contrary to the practice of pagan antiquity, has comprehended the killers of women, among those who deserve the rewards that have been decreed to homicide. Now he may fairly be considered as a killer, who seduces a young beauty from the fondness of a parent, with whom she enjoys health and peace, the protection of the laws, and the smile of society, to the tyranny of a bawd, and the excesses of a brothel, to disease and distraction, stripes, infamy and imprisonment; calamities which cannot fail to render her days not only evil but few. It may, perhaps, be alleged, that the woman was not wholly passive, but that in some sense she may be considered as *felo de se*. This, however, is mere cavil; for the same may be said of him who fights when he can run away; and yet it has always been deemed more honourable to kill the combatant than the fugitive.

If this claim then of the Blood be admitted, and I do not see how it can be set aside, I propose that after his remains shall have been rescued from dust and worms, and consecrated in the temple of Hygeia, called Surgeon's Hall, his bones shall be purified by proper lustrations, and erected into a statue: that this statue shall be placed in a niche, with the name of the hero of which it is at once the remains and the monument written over it, among many others of the same rank, in the gallery of a spacious building, to be erected by lottery for that purpose: I purpose that this gallery be called the Blood's Gallery; and, to prevent the labour and expense of emblazoning the achievements of every individual, which would be little more than repeating the same words, that an inscription be placed over the door to this effect: "This gallery is sacred to the memory and the remains of the Bloods; heroes who lived in perpetual hostility against themselves and others: who contracted diseases by excess that precluded enjoyment, and who continually perpetrated mischief not in anger but sport; who purchased this distinction at the expense of life; and whose glory would have been equal to Alexander's, if their power had not been less."

No. 99.] TUESDAY, OCT. 16, 1753.

—*Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

OVID.

But in the glorious enterprise he died. ADDISON.

It has always been the practice of mankind, to judge of actions by the event. The same attempts, conducted in the same manner, but terminated by different success, produce different judgments: they who attain their wishes, never want celebrators of their wisdom and their virtue; and they that miscarry, are quickly discovered to have been defective not only in mental but in moral qualities. The world will never be long without some good reason to hate the unhappy: their real faults are immediately detected; and if those are not sufficient to sink them into infamy, an additional weight of calumny will be superadded: he that fails in his endeavours after wealth or power, will not long retain either honesty or courage.

This species of injustice has so long prevailed in universal practice, that it seems likewise to have infected speculation: so few minds are able to separate the ideas of greatness and prosperity, that even Sir William Temple has determined, "that he who can deserve the name of a hero, must not only be virtuous but fortunate."

By this unreasonable distribution of praise and blame, none have suffered oftener than projectors, whose rapidity of imagination and vastness of design raise such envy in their fellow mortals, that every eye watches for their fall, and every heart exults at their distresses: yet even a projector may gain favour by success; and the tongue that was prepared to hiss, then endeavours to excel others in loudness of applause.

When Coriolanus, in Shakspeare, deserted to Aufidius, the Volscian servants at first insulted him, even while he stood under the protection of the household gods; but when they saw that the project took effect, and the stranger was seated at the head of the table, one of them very judiciously observes, "that he always thought there was more in him than he could think."

Machiavel has justly animadverted on the different notice taken by all succeeding times, of the two great projectors Catiline and Cæsar. Both formed the same project, and intended to raise themselves to power, by subverting the commonwealth: they pursued their design, perhaps, with equal abilities, and with equal virtue; but Catiline perished in the field, and Cæsar returned from Pharsalia with unlimited authority: and from that time, every monarch of the earth has thought himself honoured by a comparison with Cæsar; and Catiline has been never mentioned, but that his name might be applied to traitors and incendiaries.

In an age more remote, Xerxes projected the conquest of Greece, and brought down the power of Asia against it: but after the world had been filled with expectation and terror, his army was beaten, his fleet was destroyed, and Xerxes has never been mentioned without contempt.

A few years afterwards, Greece likewise had her turn of giving birth to a projector; who invading Asia with a small army, went forward in search of adventures, and by his escape from one danger, gained only more rashness to rush into another: he stormed city after city, overran kingdom after kingdom, fought battles only for barren victory, and invaded nations only that he might make his way through them to new invasions: but having been fortunate in the execution of his projects, he died with the name of Alexander the Great.

These are, indeed, events of ancient time; but human nature is always the same, and every age will afford us instances of public censures influenced by events. The great business of the middle centuries, was the holy war; which undoubtedly was a noble project, and was for a long time prosecuted with a spirit equal to that with which it had been contrived: but the ardour of the European heroes only hurried them to destruction; for a long time they could not gain the territories for which they fought, and, when at last gained, they could not keep them: their expeditions, therefore, have been the scoff of idleness and ignorance, their understanding and their virtue have been equally vilified, their conduct has been ridiculed, and their cause has been defamed.

When Columbus had engaged king Ferdinand in the discovery of the other hemisphere, the sailors, with whom he embarked in the expedition, had so little confidence in their commander, that after having been long at sea looking for coasts which they expected never to find, they raised a general mutiny, and demanded to return. He found means to sooth them into a permission to continue the same course three days longer, and on the evening of the third day descried land. Had the impatience of his crew denied him a few hours of the time requested, what had been his fate but to have come back with the infamy of a vain projector, who had betrayed the king's credulity to useless expenses, and risked his life in seeking countries that had no existence? how would those that had rejected his proposals, have triumphed in their acuteness? and when would his name have been mentioned, but with the makers of potable gold and malleable glass?

The last royal projectors with whom the world has been troubled, were Charles of Sweden and the Czar of Muscovy. Charles, if any judgment may be formed of his designs by his measures and his inquiries, had purposed first to

dethrone the Czar, then to lead his army through pathless deserts into China, thence to make his way by the sword through the whole circuit of Asia, and by the conquest of Turkey to unite Sweden with his new dominions: but this mighty project was crushed at Pultowa; and Charles has since been considered as a madman by those powers, who sent their ambassadors to solicit his friendship, and their generals "to learn under him the art of war."

The Czar found employment sufficient in his own dominions, and amused himself in digging canals, and building cities; murdering his subjects with insufferable fatigue, and transplanting nations from one corner of his dominions to another, without regretting the thousands that perished on the way: but he attained his end, he made his people formidable, and is numbered by fame among the demi-gods.

I am far from intending to vindicate the sanguinary projects of heroes and conquerors, and would wish rather to diminish the reputation of their success, than the infamy of their miscarriages: for I cannot conceive, why he that has burnt cities, wasted nations, and filled the world with horror and desolation, should be more kindly regarded by mankind, than he that died in the rudiments of wickedness; why he that accomplished mischief should be glorious, and he that only endeavoured it should be criminal. I would wish Cæsar and Catiline, Xerxes and Alexander, Charles and Peter, huddled together in obscurity or detestation.

But there is another species of projectors, to whom I would willingly conciliate mankind; whose ends are generally laudable, and whose labours are innocent; who are searching out new powers of nature, or contriving new works of art; but who are yet persecuted with incessant obloquy, and whom the universal contempt with which they are treated, often debars from that success which their industry would obtain, if it were permitted to act without opposition.

They who find themselves inclined to censure new undertakings, only because they are new, should consider, that the folly of projection is very seldom the folly of a fool; it is commonly the ebullition of a capacious mind, crowded with variety of knowledge, and heated with intenseness of thought; it proceeds often from the consciousness of uncommon powers, from the confidence of those, who having already done much, are easily persuaded that they can do more. When Rowley had completed the orrery, he attempted the perpetual motion; when Boyle had exhausted the secrets of vulgar chemistry, he turned his thoughts to the work of transmutation.

A projector generally unites those qualities which have the fairest claim to veneration, extent of knowledge and greatness of design: it



was said of Catiline, "*immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta semper cupiebat.*" Projectors of all kinds agree in their intellects, though they differ in their morals; they all fail by attempting things beyond their power, by despising vulgar attainments, and aspiring to performances, to which, perhaps, nature has not proportioned the force of man: when they fail, therefore, they fail not by idleness or timidity, but by rash adventure and fruitless diligence.

That the attempts of such men will often miscarry, we may reasonably expect; yet from such men, and such only, are we to hope for the cultivation of those parts of nature which lie yet waste, and the invention of those arts which are yet wanting to the felicity of life. If they are, therefore, universally discouraged, art and discovery can make no advances. Whatever is attempted without previous certainty of success, may be considered as a project, and amongst narrow minds may, therefore, expose its author to censure and contempt; and if the liberty of laughing be once indulged, every man will laugh at what he does not understand, every project will be considered as madness, and every great or new design will be censured as a project. Men, unaccustomed to reason and researches, think every enterprize impracticable, which is extended beyond common effects, or comprises many intermediate operations. Many that presume to laugh at projectors, would consider a flight through the air in a winged chariot, and the movement of a mighty engine by the steam of water, as equally the dreams of mechanic lunacy; and would hear, with equal negligence, of the union of the Thames and Severn by a canal, and the scheme of Albuquerque, the viceroy of the Indies, who in the rage of hostility had contrived to make Egypt a barren desert, by turning the Nile into the Red Sea.

Those who have attempted much, have seldom failed to perform more than those who never deviate from the common roads of action; many valuable preparations of chemistry are supposed to have risen from unsuccessful inquiries after the grand elixir: it is, therefore, just to encourage those who endeavour to enlarge the power of art, since they often succeed beyond expectation; and when they fail, may sometimes benefit the whole world even by their miscarriages.

T.

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NO. 100.] SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1753.

*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*—

JUV.

No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at first.

TATE.

SIR,

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps,

been essentially the same in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been distinguished by different names, as new modes of expression have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evanescent life, and shows the deformity of follies which in a few years will be so changed as not to be known, should be careful to express the character when he describes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called. You have frequently used the terms Buck and Blood, and have given some account of the characters which are thus denominated; but you have not considered them as the last stages of a regular progression, nor taken any notice of those which precede them. Their dependance upon each other is, indeed, so little known, that many suppose them to be distinct and collateral classes, formed by persons of opposite interests, tastes, capacities, and dispositions: the scale, however, consists of eight degrees; Greenhorn, Jemmy, Jessamy, Smart, Honest Fellow, Joyous Spirit, Buck, and Blood. As I have myself passed through the whole series, I shall explain each station by a short account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed its denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

My father was a wealthy farmer in Yorkshire, and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me up to London, and put me apprentice to a considerable shopkeeper in the city. There was an awkward modest simplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion and virtue in my conversation. The novelty of the scene that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exist, rendered me attentive and credulous; peculiarities, which, without a provincial accent, a slouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, an unfashionable suit of drab-coloured cloth, would have denominated me a Greenhorn, or, in other words, a country put very green.

Green, then, I continued even in externals, near two years; and in this state I was the object of universal contempt and derision: but being at length wearied with merriment and insult I was very sedulous to assume the manners and appearance of those, who in the same station were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my speech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket money, the greater part of which I had saved, I bespoke a suit of clothes of an eminent city tailor, with several waistcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change: I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob periwig of Wilding, of the same colour, with a single row of curls just round the bottom, which I wore very

nically combed, and without powder: my hat, which had been cocked with great exactness in an equilateral triangle, I discarded, and purchased one of a more fashionable size, the fore-corner of which projected near two inches further than those on each side, and was moulded into the shape of a spout: I also furnished myself with a change of white thread stockings, took care that my pumps were varnished every morning with the new German blacking-ball; and when I went out, carried in my hand a little switch, which, as it has been long appendant to the character that I had just assumed, has taken the same name, and is called a Jemmy.

I soon perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dress; I was still modest and diffident, temperate and sober, and consequently still subject to ridicule; but I was now admitted into company, from which I had before been excluded by the rusticity of my appearance; I was rallied and encouraged by turns; and I was instructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a house of private entertainment, which then I absolutely refused; but I soon found the way into the play-house, to see the two last acts and the farce: here I learned, that by breaches of chastity no man was thought to incur either guilt or shame; but that, on the contrary, they were essentially necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. I soon copied the original, which I found to be universally admired, in my morals, and made some farther approaches to it in my dress: I suffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the fore-top of my wig, which when I sallied forth to my evening amusement, I changed to a queue; I tied the collar of my shirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neck-cloth; the fore-corner of my hat was considerably elevated and shortened, so that it no longer resembled a spout, but the corner of a minced pie; my waistcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my stockings were silk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My address from its native masculine plainness, was converted to an excess of softness and civility, especially when I spoke to the ladies. I had before made some progress in learning to swear; I had proceeded by fags, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my soul, rat it, and zookers, to zauns, and the devil. I now advanced to by Jove, 'fore ged, geds curse it, and demme: but I still uttered these interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was sensible of my defects, and therefore applied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practised alone, but it was a long time before I could swear so much to my own satisfaction in company as by myself. My

labour, however, was not without its reward; it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of Jessamy.

I now learned among other grown gentlemen to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance; I entered into a subscription for country-dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring a partner: at the same time I made considerable advances in swearing; I could pronounce damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel its full sound, and look with confidence in the face of the person to whom I spoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an estate of near five hundred pounds *per annum*. I now bought out the remainder of my time; and this sudden accession of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in clothes, though I was obliged to go into mourning: I employed a court-tailor to make them up: I exchanged my queue for a bag; I put on a sword, which, in appearance at least, was a Toledo; and in proportion as I knew my dress to be elegant, I was less solicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now increased every hour; I was attended, flattered, and caressed; was often invited to entertainments, supped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken notice of in public places, and was universally confessed to be improved into a Smart.

There were some intervals in which I found it necessary to abstain from wenching; and in these, at whatever risk, I applied myself to the bottle; a habit of drinking came insensibly upon me, and I was soon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a sufficient number of fashionable toasts, and got by heart several toping and several bawdy songs, some of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we scoured the street after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable industry to increase these acquisitions: I enlarged my stock of healths; made great progress in singing, joking, and story-telling; swore well; could make a company of staunch toppers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the last man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dress, and more blunt in my manner; I professed myself a foe to starters and milksops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and a friend, and soon gained the appellation of an Honest Fellow.

By this distinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned several feats of mimicry of the under-players, could take off known characters, tell a staring story, and humbug with so much skill as sometimes to

take-in a knowing one. I was so successful in the practice of these arts, to which, indeed, I applied myself with unwearied diligence and assiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applause, till their voices sunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, because they were no longer able either to hear or to see. I had now ascended another scale in the climax; and was acknowledged by all who knew me, to be a Joyous Spirit.

After all these topics of merriment were exhausted, and I had repeated my tricks, my stories, my jokes, and my songs, till they grew insipid, I became mischievous: and was continually devising and executing frolics, to the unspeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was prosecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages; but I bore all these losses with an air of jovial indifference, I pushed on in my career, I was more desperate in proportion as I had less to lose; and being deterred from no mischief by the dread of its consequences, I was said to run at all, and complimented with the name of Buck.

My estate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myself and of others; I made a desperate effort at the gaming-table, and lost the last sum that I could raise; my estate was seized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die; became a bully to whores; passed my nights in a brothel, the street, or the watch-house; was utterly insensible of shame, and lived upon the town as a beast of prey in a forest. Thus I reached the summit of modern glory, and had just acquired the distinction of a Blood, when I was arrested for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench prison.

These characters, Sir, though they are distinct, yet do not all differ, otherwise than as shades of the same colour. And though they are stages of a regular progression, yet the whole progress is not made by every individual; some are so soon initiated in the mysteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their *greenhorn* state; others fix long in their *jennyhood*, others are *jessamies* at fourscore, and some stagnate in each of the higher stages for life. But I request that they may never hereafter be confounded either by you or your correspondents. Of the Blood, your brother Adventurer, Mr. Wildgoose, though he assumes the character, does not seem to have a just and precise idea, as distinct from the Buck, in which class he should be placed, and will probably die; for he seems determined to shoot himself, just at the time when his circumstances will enable him to assume the higher distinction.

But the retrospect upon life, which this letter has made necessary, covers me with con-

fusion, and aggravates despair. I cannot but reflect, that among all these characters, I have never assumed that of a man. Man is a reasonable being, which he ceases to be, who disguises his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by detestable brutality. These thoughts would have been of great use to me, if they had occurred seven years ago. If they are of use to you, I hope you will send me a small gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the misery of hunger and nakedness: but, dear Sir, let your bounty be speedy, lest I perish before it arrives.

I am your humble servant,

NOMENTANUS.

Common-side, King's Bench,

OCT. 18. 1753.

No. 101.] TUESDAY, OCT. 23, 1753.

———*Est ubi peccat.*

HOR.

———Yet sometimes he mistakes.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

If we consider the high rank which Milton has deservedly obtained among our few English classics, we cannot wonder at the multitude of commentaries and criticisms of which he has been the subject. To these I have added some miscellaneous remarks: and if you should at first be inclined to reject them as trifling, you may, perhaps, determine to admit them, when you reflect that they are new.

The description of Eden in the fourth book of the *Paradise Lost*, and the battle of the angels in the sixth, are usually selected as the most striking examples of a florid and vigorous imagination; but it requires much greater strength of mind to form an assemblage of natural objects, and range them with propriety and beauty, than to bring together the greatest variety of the most splendid images, without any regard to their use or congruity: as in painting, he who, by the force of his imagination, can delineate a landscape, is deemed a greater master than he, who, by heaping rocks of coral upon tessellated pavements, can only make absurdity splendid, and dispose gaudy colours so as best to set off each other.

"Sapphire fountains that rolling over orient pearl run nectar, roses without thorns, trees that bear fruit of vegetable gold, and that weep odorous gums and balms," are easily feigned; but having no relative beauty as pictures of nature, nor any absolute excellence as derived from truth, they can only please those who, when they read, exercise no faculty but fancy,



and admire because they do not think.—If I shall not be thought to digress wholly from my subject, I would illustrate this remark, by comparing two passages, written by Milton and Fletcher, on nearly the same subject. The spirit in Comus thus pays his address of thanks to the water-nymph Sabrina :

May thy brimmed waves, for this,  
Their full tribute never miss  
From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills :  
Summer drought, or singed air,  
Never scorch thy tresses fair ;  
Nor wet October's torrent flood :  
Thy molten crystal fill with mud :

Thus far the wishes are most proper for the welfare of a river goddess ; the circumstance of summer not scorching her tresses, is highly poetical and elegant : but what follows, though it is pompous and majestic, is unnatural and far-fetched ;

May thy billows roll ashore  
The beryl, and the golden ore ;  
May thy lofty head be crown'd  
With many a tow'r and terras round ;  
And here and there, thy banks upon,  
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon !

The circumstance in the third and fourth lines is happily fancied ; but what idea can the reader have of an English River rolling Gold and the Beryl ashore, or of groves of Cinnamon growing on its banks ? The images in the following passage of Fletcher are all simple and real, all appropriated and strictly natural :

For thy kindness to me shown,  
Never from thy banks be blown  
Any tree, with windy force,  
Cross thy stream to stop thy course ;  
May no beast that comes to drink,  
With his horns cast down thy brink ;  
May none that for thy fish do look,  
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook ;  
Barefoot may no neighbour wade  
In thy cool streams, wife or maid  
When the spawn on stones do lie,  
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry

The glaring picture of Paradise is not, in my opinion, so strong an evidence of Milton's force of imagination, as his representation of Adam and Eve when they left it, and of the passions with which they were agitated on that event.

Against his battle of the angels I have the same objections as against his garden of Eden. He has endeavoured to elevate his combatants, by giving them the enormous stature of giants in romances, books of which he was known to be fond ; and the provess and behaviour of Michael as much resemble the feats of Ariosto's Knight, as his two-handed sword does the wea-

pons of chivalry : I think the sublimity of his genius much more visible in the first appearance of the fallen angels ; the debates of the infernal peers ; the passage of Satan through the dominions of Chaos, and his adventure with Sin and Death ; the mission of Raphael to Adam ; the conversations between Adam and his wife ; the creation ; the account which Adam gives of his first sensations, and of the approach of Eve from the hand of her Creator ; the whole behaviour of Adam and Eve after the first transgression ; and the prospect of the various states of the world, and history of man exhibited in vision to Adam.

In this vision, Milton judiciously represents Adam, as ignorant of what disaster had befallen Abel, when he was murdered by his brother : but during his conversation with Raphael, the poet seems to have forgotten this necessary and natural ignorance of the first man. How was it possible for Adam to discern what the Angel meant, by cubic phalanxes, by planets of aspect malign, by encamping on the foughten field, by van and rear, by standards and gonfalons and glittering tissues, by the girding sword, by embattled squadrons, chariots, and flaming arms and fiery steeds ? And although Adam possessed a superior degree of knowledge, yet doubtless he had not skill enough in chemistry to understand Raphael, who informed him, that

————Sulphurous and nitrous foam  
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art  
Concocted and adusted, they reduced  
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd.

And, surely, the nature of cannon was not much explained to Adam, who neither knew or wanted the use of iron tools, by telling him, that they resembled the hollow bodies of oak and fir,

With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd.

He that never beheld the brute creation but in its pastimes and sports, must have greatly wondered, when the Angel expressed the flight of the Satanic host, by saying, that they fled

————As a herd  
Of goats, or *timorous* flock, together throng'd.

But as there are many exuberances in this poem, there appears to be also some defects. As the serpent was the instrument of the temptation, Milton minutely describes its beauty and allurements ; and I have frequently wondered, that he did not, for the same reason, give a more elaborate description of the tree of life ; especially as he was remarkable for his knowledge and imitation of the Sacred Writings, and as the following passage in the Revelations afforded him a hint, from which his creative

fancy might have worked up a striking picture :  
 "In the midst of the street of it, and of either  
 side the river, was there the tree of life ; which  
 bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her  
 fruit every month : and the leaves of the tree  
 were for the healing of the nations."

At the end of the fourth book, suspense and  
 attention are excited to the utmost ; a combat  
 between Satan and the guardians of Eden is  
 eagerly expected, and the curiosity is impatient  
 for the action and the catastrophe : but this  
 horrid fray is prevented, expectation is cut off,  
 and curiosity disappointed, by an expedient  
 which, though applauded by Addison and Pope,  
 and imitated from Homer and Virgil, will be  
 deemed frigid and inartificial, by all who judge  
 from their own sensations, and are not content  
 to echo the decisions of others. 'The golden  
 balances are held forth, "which," says the poet,  
 "are yet seen between Astrea and the Scor-  
 pion;" Satan looks up, and perceiving that his  
 scale mounted aloft, departs with the shades of  
 night. To make such a use, at so critical a time,  
 of Libra, a mere imaginary sign of the Zodiac,  
 is scarcely justifiable in a poem founded on  
 religious truth.

Among innumerable beauties in the *Paradise  
 Lost*, I think the most transcendent is the  
 speech of Satan at the beginning of the ninth  
 book ; in which his unextinguishable pride and  
 fierce indignation against God, and his envy to-  
 wards man, are so blended with an involuntary  
 approbation of goodness, and disdain of the mean-  
 ness and baseness of his present undertaking, as  
 to render it, on account of the propriety of its  
 sentiments and its turn of passions, the most  
 natural, most spirited, and truly dramatic  
 speech, that is, perhaps, to be found in any  
 writer whether ancient or modern ; and yet Mr.  
 Addison has passed it over, unpraised and un-  
 noticed.

If an apology should be deemed necessary  
 for the freedom here used with our inimitable  
 bard, let me conclude in the words of Longinus :  
 "Whoever was carefully to collect the blemishes  
 of Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, and of other  
 celebrated writers of the same rank, would find  
 they bore not the least proportion to the subli-  
 mities and excellences with which their works  
 abound."

Z. I am, Sir,  
 Your humble servant,  
 PALÆOPHILUS.

No. 102.] SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1753

—*Quid tam destro pede concipis, ut te  
 Conatus non pœniteat, votique peracti ?*

What in the conduct of our life appears

So well design'd, so luckily begun,  
 But, when we have our wish we wish undone.  
 DRYDEN.

## TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I HAVE been for many years a trader in London.  
 My beginning was narrow, and my stock small ;  
 I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and  
 despised by those, who having more money,  
 thought they had more merit than myself. I  
 did not however suffer my resentment to insti-  
 gate me to any mean arts of supplantation, nor  
 my eagerness of riches to betray me into any  
 indirect methods of gain ; I pursued my busi-  
 ness with incessant assiduity, supported by the  
 hope of being one day richer than those who  
 contemned me ; and had upon every annual  
 review of my books, the satisfaction of finding  
 my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

In a few years my industry and probity were  
 fully recompensed, my wealth was really great,  
 and my reputation for wealth still greater. I  
 had large warehouses crowded with goods, and  
 considerable sums in the public funds ; I was  
 caressed upon the Exchange by the most emi-  
 nent merchants ; became the oracle of the com-  
 mon council ; was solicited to engage in all  
 commercial undertakings ; was flattered with  
 the hopes of becoming in a short time one of the  
 directors of a wealthy company ; and, to complete  
 my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expensive  
 happiness of fining for sheriff.

Riches, you know, easily produce riches ;  
 when I had arrived at this degree of wealth, I  
 had no longer any obstruction or opposition to  
 fear : new acquisitions were hourly brought  
 within my reach, and I continued for some  
 years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

At last I resolved to complete the circle of a  
 citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate  
 in the country, and to close my life in retire-  
 ment. From the hour that this design entered  
 my imagination, I found the fatigues of my em-  
 ployment every day more oppressive, and per-  
 suaded myself that I was no longer equal to  
 perpetual attention, and that my health would  
 soon be destroyed by the torment and distraction  
 of extensive business. I could image to myself  
 no happiness but in vacant jollity, and uninterr-  
 upted leisure ; nor entertain my friends with  
 any other topic, than the vexation and uncer-  
 tainty of trade, and the happiness of rural  
 privacy.

But notwithstanding these declarations, I  
 could not at once reconcile myself to the  
 thoughts of ceasing to get money ; and though  
 I was every day inquiring for a purchase, I  
 found some reason for rejecting all that were  
 offered me ; and, indeed, had accumulated so  
 many beauties and conveniences in my idea of the

JUV.

spot, where I was finally to be happy, that perhaps the world might have been travelled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

Thus I went on still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations; an estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

Here for some time I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects, I threw down the walls of the garden, and inclosed it with pallsades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-house with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the show. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, showed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some, and the envy of others.

I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendour could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted; I had added one convenience to another, till I knew not what more to wish or to design; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and completed my water-works; and what now remained to be done? what, but to look up to turrets, of which when they were once raised I had no further use, to range over apartments where time was tarnishing the furniture, to stand by the cascade of which I scarcely now perceived the sound, and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended: the happiness that I have been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my estate, from whence all my lands lie in prospect round me; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, but to "tell him," with the fallen angel, "how I hate his

beams." I awake from sleep as to languor or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with some degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy: I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle: but alas! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination that I cannot bear strong liquors: seven hours must then be endured before I shall sup, but supper comes at last, the more welcome as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleasures, by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary soothed, and the social entertained.

These arts, Sir, I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs and my stable with horses; but a little experience showed me, that these instruments of rural felicity would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark, and, to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divest myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger; for my horse, who had been bred to the chase, did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river; and I had leisure to resolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surprised when I shall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiosity after events which have been long passed, and in which I can, therefore, have no interest: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled



in oratory, whether Hannibal lost Italy by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes should have been written upon questions, which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some time kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but though they are easily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families or the factions of the country; so that when the first civilities are over, they usually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midst of the company. Though I cannot drink myself, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glass; their mirth grows more turbulent and obstreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am sick with disgust, and, perhaps, reproached with my sobriety, or by some sly insinuations insulted as a cit.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavour to be happy by imitation; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleness is attained, but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquillity.

I am,

Yours, &c.

T.

MERCATOR.

No. 103.] TUESDAY, OCT. 30, 1753.

—*Quid enim ratione timemus,  
Aut cupimus?*— JUV.

How void of reason are our hopes and fears!  
DRYDEN.

In those remote times when, by the intervention of fairies, men received good and evil, which succeeding generations could expect only from natural causes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thousand provinces in the distant regions of the east. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and

Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had presided; and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated request of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that "she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince."

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again invoked; at which Farimina, another power of the aerial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was plausible and benevolent; and fairies of this character were observed to be superior in power, whether because it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpose, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents those mistakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cause, resolved that her influence should not be wanting; she, therefore, as far as she was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by first pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom she discovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be despised by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herself, decreed, "that her person should be rendered hideous by every species of deformity, and that all her wishes should spontaneously produce an opposite effect."

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them, and which she could not reverse. The moment they beheld it, they were solicitous only to conceal it from the world; they considered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah, as some reproach to themselves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themselves interested in her felicity. They made no request to Elfarina, that she would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miseries which they should not participate, but seemed content that a being so hideous should suffer perpetual disappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they could not behold with complacency, by sending her with only one attendant to a remote castle which stood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forsake innocence in distress; but to counterbalance the evils of obscurity, neglect, and ugliness, she decreed, that "to the taste of Shelimah the coarsest food should be the most exquisite dainty; that the rags which covered her, should in her estimation be equal to cloth of gold; that she should prize a palace less than a cottage; and that in these circumstances love should be a stranger to her breast." To prevent the vexation

which would arise from the continual disappointment of her wishes, appeared at first to be more difficult; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote castle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the person, or cultivate the mind of Almerine. The house of her father was the resort of all who excelled in learning of whatever class; and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was soon equal to her wit.

Thus accomplished, she became the object of universal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was silent when she spoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with blushes of diffidence or desire, and at her command every foot became swift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was revered by hoary wisdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the most wretched of her sex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almost every object offensive; she was disgusted with imperfections which others could not discover; her breast was corroded by detestation, when others were softened by pity; she lost the sweetness of sleep by the want of exercise, and the relish of food by continual luxury; but her life became yet more wretched, by her sensibility of that passion, on which the happiness of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nourassin, the physician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his skill through all the east. He had just attained the meridian of life; his person was graceful, and his manner soft and insinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to investigate nature, Nourassin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him she learned, how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant, how they expand and quicken by degrees, how from the same soil each imbibes a different juice, which rising from the root hardens into branches above, swells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in colour, and taste, and smell: of power to repel diseases, or precipitate the stroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent passions, or whether by some potion which Nourassin found means to administer to his scholar, is not known; but of Nourassin she became enamoured to the most romantic excess. The pleasure with which she had before reflected on the decree of the fairy, "that she should be sought in marriage by a sovereign prince," was now at an end. It was the custom of the nobles to present their daughters to the king, when they entered their eighteenth year; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wished to

prevent with solicitude and terror. The period, urged forward, like every thing future, with silent and irresistible rapidity, at length arrived. The curiosity of Soliman had been raised, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin, who now hastened to gratify it with the utmost anxiety and perturbation: he discovered the confusion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced like his own by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which would be determined before the day should be passed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confidence in the promise of the fairy, which he wanted himself; and perceived, with regret, that her distress rather increased than diminished; this incident, however, as he had no suspicion of the cause, only rendered him more impatient of delay; and Almerine, covered with ornaments by which art and nature were exhausted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had sate ten years upon the throne, and for the steadiness of his virtue had been surnamed the Just. He had hitherto considered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakness and obscurity; and the exercise of heroic virtue, as the superior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom desire had no choice, and affection no object, to be successively forsaken after unresisted violation, and at last sink into the grave without having answered any nobler purpose, than sometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they saw at no other season, and whose presence could raise no passion more remote from detestation than fear.

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed some moments upon Almerine with silent admiration, rose up, and turning to the princes who stood round him, "To-morrow," said he, "I will grant the request which you have so often repeated, and place a beauty upon my throne, by whom I may transmit my dominion to posterity: to-morrow, the daughter of Omaraddin shall be my wife."

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine: who, after some ineffectual struggles with the passions which agitated her mind, threw herself into the arms of her women, and burst into tears. Soliman immediately dismissed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, inquired the cause of her distress: this, however, was a secret, which neither her pride nor her fear would suffer her to reveal. She continued silent and inconsolable; and Soliman, though he secretly suspected some other attachment, yet appeared to be satisfied with the suggestions of her father, that her emotion was only such as is common to the

sex upon any great and unexpected event. He desisted from farther importunity, and commanded that her women should remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that she should be attended by the physician Nourassin.

No. 104.] SATURDAY, NOV. 3. 1753.

—Semita certe  
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica viæ.

JUV.

But only virtue shows the paths of peace.

Nourassin, who had already learned what had happened, found his despair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consultation, by the presence of the women, who could not be dismissed; but Nourassin put a small vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial, which, if administered in time, would infallibly restore the cheerfulness and vigour which she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerine; she readily comprehended that the potion she had received was poison, which would relieve her from langour and melancholy by removing the cause, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was completed. After Nourassin was gone, she sat ruminating on the infelicity of her situation, and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far spent; and then, exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down on the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king, whose rest had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind, rose at the dawn of day; and sending for her principal attendant who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly inquired what had been her behaviour, and whether she had recovered from her surprise. He was acquainted, that she had lately fallen asleep; and that a cordial had been left by Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which, notwithstanding, she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that she might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the cheerful vivacity which the cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long-continued tumult of her mind had produced a feverish

heat, awaked parched with thirst, and called eagerly for sherbet: her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she missed the vial, and in a few moments she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison; and she felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder was now apparent, though the cause was not suspected: Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake; an antidote was immediately prepared and administered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intolerable heat and cold succeeded each other; and in less than an hour she was covered with a leprosy; her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted. Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confusion; and Almerine, not knowing that these dreadful appearances were the presages of recovery, and showed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her dissolution to be near, and in the agony of remorse and terror earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment, which every moment increased, while she discovered the mischief which had been intended against him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection he soon discovered that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nourassin for a crime, to which he himself had furnished the temptation; but as some punishment was necessary as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded that Almerine should be sent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if possible, to atone by a second marriage, for the errors of the first. He considered how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept, which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a sovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publish this proclamation throughout all the provinces of his empire: "Soliman, whose judgment has been perverted, and whose life endangered, by the influence and treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now resolved to



place equal deformity upon his throne; that, when this event is recorded, the world may know, that by vice beauty became yet more odious than ugliness; and learn, like Soliman, to despise that excellence, which, without virtue, is only a specious evil, the reproach of the possessor, and the snare of others."

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till she was thirteen years of age, in the castle; and it happened that, about this time, the person to whose care she had been committed, after a short sickness died. Shelimah imagined that she slept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted, she found means to open the wicket, and wandered alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with such berries and wild fruits as she found, and at night not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket, and slept. Here she was awaked early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against deformity. The man asked her many questions; but her answers rather increasing than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six leagues. In his family she was the jest of some, and the pity of others; she was employed in the meanest offices, and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest; as she formed no wishes, she suffered no disappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this station she had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade; she listened to the proclamation with great attention, and, when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted, and with great ceremony entreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that she was without doubt the person whom Nature and Soliman had destined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a smile, that she had no desire to be great; "but," said she, "if your proclamation be true, I should rejoice to be the instrument of such admonition to mankind; and, upon this condition, I wish that I were indeed the most deformed of my species." The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Farimina produced the contrary effect: her skin, which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to increase, her neck rose like a pillar of ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less; her hair, which was before thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the

raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an invisible hand; the crowd fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the crowd: she stood a while with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and finding her confusion increase, would have retired in silence; but she was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt whether to prosecute or relinquish his purpose; when Abbaran, a hoary sage, who had presided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footstool of the throne: "Let the king," said he, "accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and in what nation, shall not the beauty of Shelimah be honoured? to whom will it be transmitted alone? Will not the story of the wife of Soliman descend with her name? will it not be known, that thy desire of beauty was not gratified, till it had been subdued? that by an iniquitous purpose beauty became hideous, and by a virtuous wish deformity became fair?"

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who, during her state of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her presence. When she departed, she bestowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription in letters of gold:

"Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who still lives the reproach of parental folly, of degraded beauty, and perverted sense. Remember, Almerine; and let her example and thy own experience teach thee, that wit and beauty, learning, affluence, and honour, are not essential to human felicity; with these she was wretched, and without them thou wast happy. The advantages which I have hitherto bestowed, must now be obtained by an effort of thy own: that which gives relish to the coarsest food, is Temperance; the apparel and the dwelling of a peasant and a prince, are equal in the estimation of Humility; and the torment of ineffectual desires is prevented, by the resignation of Piety to

the will of Heaven; advantages which are in the power of every wretch, who repines at the unequal distribution of good and evil, and imputes to Nature the effects of his own folly."

The king, to whom Shelimah communicated these precepts of the fairy, caused them to be transcribed, and with an account of the events which had produced them distributed over all his dominions. Precepts which were thus enforced, had an immediate and extensive influence; and the happiness of Soliman and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

No. 105.] TUESDAY, NOV. 6, 1753.

*Novam comicam Menandrus, æqualesque ejus ætatis magis quam operis, Philemon ac Diphilus, et invenere intra paucissimos annos, neque imitandam reliquere.*  
VELL. PATERCUL.

Menander, together with Philemon and Diphilus, who must be named with him rather as his contemporaries than his equals, invented within the compass of a few years a new kind of comedy, and left it beyond the reach of imitation.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

MORALITY, taste, and literature, scarcely ever suffered more irreparably, than by the loss of the comedies of Menander; some of whose fragments, agreeable to my promise, I am now going to lay before you, which I should imagine would be as highly prized by the curious, as was the Coan Venus which Apelles left imperfect and unfinished.

Menander was celebrated for the sweetness, brevity, and sententiousness of his style. "He was fond of Euripides," says Quintilian, "and nearly imitated the manner of this tragic writer, though in a different kind of work. He is a complete pattern of oratorical excellence: *ita omnem vitæ imaginem expressit, tanta in eo inveniendi copia, et eloquendi facultas; ita est omnibus rebus, personis, affectibus, accommodatus*: so various and so just, are all his pictures of life; so copious is his invention, so masterly his elocution; so wonderfully is he adapted to all kinds of subjects, persons, and passions." This panegyric reflects equal honour on the critic, and on the comedian. Quintilian has here painted Menander with as lively and expressive strokes, as Menander had characterized the Athenians.

Boileau, in his celebrated eighth satire, has not represented the misery and folly of man, so forcibly or humorously as Menander.

'Απαντα τα ζώ' εστι μακαριωτερα,  
Και νουν έχοντα πολλον ανθρωπου πολυ.

Τον ονον οραν εξεστι πρῶτα τούτου,  
Ούτος κακοδαίμων εστιν ὁμολογούμενος.  
Τούτων κακον δι' αὐτον αὐδεν γιγνεται,  
'Α δὲ φύσις διδωκεν αὐτῶ ταντ' ἐχει.  
'Ημεῖς δὲ χωρὶς τῶν αναγκαίων κακων,  
Αὐτοὶ παρ' αὐτῶν ἑτέρα προσπορίζομεν.  
Λυπούμεθ', ἂν πταρῇ τις· ἂν εἰπῇ κακός,  
Οργίζομεθ'. ἂν ἰδῇ τις ευπνιον, σφοδρὰ  
Φοβούμεθ'. ἂν γλαυφὴ αναγκῶν, δίδωκαμεν·  
Αἰσχροί, δοῦλοι, φιλοτιμίαι, ῥομοί,  
'Απαντα ταυτ' ἐπιβότα τῇ φύσιν κακῶ.

"All animals are more happy, and have more understanding than man. Look, for instance, on yonder ass; all allow him to be miserable: his evils, nowever, are not brought on him by himself and his own fault: he feels only those which nature has inflicted. We, on the contrary, besides our necessary ills, draw upon ourselves a multitude of others. We are melancholy, if any person happen to sneeze; we are angry, if any speak reproachfully of us; one man is affrighted with an unlucky dream, another at the hooting of an owl. Our contentions, our anxieties, our opinions, our ambition, our laws, are all evils, which we ourselves have superadded to nature." Comparisons betwixt the conditions of the brutal and human species, have been frequently drawn; but this of Menander, as it probably was the first, so it is the best I have ever seen.

If this passage is admirable for the vivacity and severity of its satire, the following certainly deserves deeper attention for weight of sentiment, and sublimity and purity of moral.

Εἰ τις δὲ θυσίαν προσφέρειν, ὦ Παμφίλε,  
Ταυρῶν τε πληθος ἢ εἰρίων, ἢ νῆ Δία,  
'Ετίθειν τοιοῦταν, ἢ κατασκευασμάτων  
Χρυσῶς ποιήσας χλαμυδὸς ἢ τοὶ πορφύρας,  
Ἡ δὲ' ἐλεφαντὸς, ἢ σμαραγδοῦ ζωδία,  
Εὐνοῖαν νομίζει τὸν θῖον καθίσταναι,  
Πλάναντ' ἐκείνος, καὶ φέρονας κουφὰς ἐχει.  
Δεῖ γὰρ τὸν ἀνδρᾶ χρησίμῳ πεφυκεναι,  
Μὴ παρθενοῦς φθιρόντα, μὴ μοιχῶμενον,  
Κλεπτόντα, καὶ σφαττόντα χρημάτων χάριν.  
Μηδὲ βίλωνος ἐναίμῃ ἐπιθυμίας Παμφίλε,  
'Ο γὰρ θεὸς βλέπει σὲ πλησιον παρῶν.

"He that offers in sacrifice, O Pamphilus, a multitude of bulls and of goats, of golden vestments, or purple garments, or figures of ivory, or precious gems; and imagines by this to conciliate the favour of God, is grossly mistaken, and has no solid understanding. For he that would sacrifice with success, ought to be chaste and charitable, no corrupter of virgins, no adulterer, no robber or murderer for the sake of lucre. Covet not, O Pamphilus, even the thread of another man's needle; for God who is near thee, perpetually beholds thy actions."

Temperance, and justice, and purity, are here inculcated in the strongest manner, and upon the most powerful motive, the Omniscience of the Deity; at the same time superstition and the idolatry of the heathen are artfully ridiculed. I know not among the ancients any passage that contains such exalted and spiritualized thoughts of religion. Yet if these refined sentiments were to be inserted in a modern comedy, I fear they would be rejected with disdain and disapprobation. The Athenians could endure to hear God and Virtue mentioned in the theatre; while an English and a Christian audience can laugh at adultery as a jest, think obscenity wit, and debauchery amiable. The murderer, if a duellist, is a man of honour, the gamester understands the art of living, the knave has penetration and knows mankind, the spendthrift is a fellow of fine spirit, the rake has only robbed a fresh country girl of her innocence and honour, the jilt and the coquet have a great deal of vivacity and fire; but a faithful husband is a dupe and a cuckold, and a plain country gentleman a novice and a fool. The wretch that dared to ridicule Socrates, abounds not in so much false satire, ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy, as our witty and wicked triumvirate, Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh.

Menander has another very remarkable reflection, worthy even that divine religion, which the last-mentioned writers so impotently endeavoured to deride. It relates to the forgiveness of enemies, a precept not totally unknown to the ancient sages as hath rashly been affirmed; though never inculcated with such frequency, fervour, and cogency, and on motives so weighty and efficacious, as by the founder of the Christian System.

Οὗτος κρατίστος ἐστ' ἀνὴρ, ὃ Γοργίας,  
'Ὅστις ἀδικισθῆναι πλείστ' ἐπιστάται βροτῶν.

"He, O Gorgias, is the most virtuous man, who best knows among mortals how to bear injuries with patience."

It may not be improper to alleviate the seriousness of these moral reflections, by the addition of a passage of a more light and sprightly turn.

Ὁ μὲν Ἐπιχάρμος τοὺς Θεοὺς εἶναι λέγει,  
Ἀνέμους, ὕδωρ, γῆν, ἥλιον, πυρ, ἀστέρους.  
Ἐγὼ δ' ὑπελαβὼν χερσὶν εἶναι Θεοὺς  
Τ' ἀργυρεῖον ἦμιν καὶ τὸ χρυσίον μόνον.  
'Ἰδυσσάμενος ταῦτον γὰρ εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν,  
Εὐχαί τι βουλεῖ, πάντα σοὶ γένησται,  
Ληξός, οἰκίαι, θηραπονίαι, ἀργυρεύματα,  
Φίλοι, δικάσται, μαρτυρεῖς.

"Epicharmus, indeed, calls the winds, the water, the earth, the sun, the fire, and the stars,

gods. But I am of opinion that gold and silver are our only powerful and propitious deities. For when once you have introduced these into your house, wish for what you will, you shall quickly obtain it; an estate, a habitation, servants, plate, friends, judges, witnesses."

From these short specimens, we may in some measure be enabled to judge of Menander's way of thinking and of writing; remembering always how much his elegance is injured by a plain prosaic translation, and by considering the passages singly and separately, without knowing the characters of the personages that spoke them, and the aptness and propriety with which they were introduced.

The delicacy and decorum observed constantly by Menander, rendered him the darling writer of the Athenians, at a time when the Athenians were arrived at the height of prosperity and politeness, and could no longer relish the coarse raileries, the brutal mirth, and illiberal wit, of an indecent Aristophanes. "Menander," says Plutarch, "abounds in a precious Attic salt, which seems to have been taken from the same sea, whence Venus herself arose. But the salt of Aristophanes is bitter, disgusting, and corrosive."

There are two circumstances that may justly give us a mean opinion of the taste of the Romans for comic entertainments: that in the Augustan age itself, notwithstanding the censure of Horace, they preferred the low buffoonery and drollery of Plautus to the delicacy and civility of Terence, the faithful copier of Menander; and that Terence, to gratify an audience unacquainted with the real excellences of the drama, found himself obliged to violate the simplicity of Menander's plots, and work up two stories into one in each of his comedies, except the excellent and exact Hecyra. But this duplicity of fable abounding in various turns of fortune, necessarily draws off the attention from what ought to be its chief object in a legitimate comedy, Character and Humour.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,  
PALÆOPHILUS.

Z.

No. 106.] SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1753.

Quo moriture ruis? —

VIRG.

Why wilt thou rush to death? — DRYDEN.

I HAVE before remarked, that human wit has never been able to render courage contemptible

E e



by ridicule: though courage, as it is sometimes a proof of exalted virtue, is also frequently an indication of enormous vice; for if he who effects a good purpose at the risk of life, is allowed to have the strongest propensity to good, it must be granted, that he who at the risk of life effects an evil purpose, has an equal propensity to evil. But as ridicule has not distinguished courage into virtue and vice, neither has it yet distinguished insensibility from courage.

Every passion becomes weak in proportion as it is familiar with its object. Evil must be considered as the object of fear; but the passion is excited only when the evil becomes probable, or, in other words, when we are in danger. As the same evil may become probable many ways, there are several species of danger: that danger to which men are continually exposed, soon becomes familiar, and fear is no longer excited. This, however, must not be considered as an example of courage; for equal danger, of any other kind, will still produce the same degree of fear in the same mind.

Mechanical causes, therefore, may produce insensibility of danger; but it is absurd to suppose they can produce courage, for courage is an effort of the mind by which a sense of danger is surmounted; and it cannot be said, without the utmost perversion of language, that a man is courageous, merely because he discovers no fear when he is sensible of no danger.

It is, indeed, true, that insensibility and courage produce the same effect; and when we see another unconcerned and cheerful in a situation which would make us tremble, it is not strange that we should impute his tranquillity to the strength of his mind, and honour his want of fear with the name of courage. And yet when a mason whistles at his work on a plank of a foot broad and an inch thick, which is suspended by a rafter and a cord over a precipice, from which if he should fall, he would inevitably perish, he is only reconciled by habit to a situation, in which more danger is generally apprehended than exists; he has acquired no strength of mind, by which a sense of danger is surmounted; nor has he with respect to courage any advantage over him who, though he would tremble on the scaffold, would yet stand under it without apprehension; for the danger in both situations is nearly equal, and depends upon the same incidents.

But the same insensibility is often substituted for courage by habit, even when the danger is real, and in those minds which every other occasion would show to be destitute of fortitude. The inhabitants of Sicily live without terror upon the declivity of a volcano, which the stranger ascends with an interrupted pace, looking round at every step, doubting whether

to go forward or retire, and dreading the caprice of the flames which he hears roar beneath him, and sees issue at the summit: but let a woman, who is thus become insensible to the terrors of an earthquake, be carried to the mouth of the mines in Sweden, she will look down into the abyss with terror, she will shudder at the thought of descending it, and tremble lest the brink should give way.

Against insensibility of real danger we should not be less watchful than against unreasonable fear. Fear, when it is justly proportioned to its object, and not too strong to be governed by reason, is not only blameless but honourable; it is essential to the perfection of human nature, and the mind would be as defective without it as the body without a limb. Man is a being exposed to perpetual evil; every moment liable to destruction by innumerable accidents, which yet, if he foresees, he cannot frequently prevent: fear, therefore, was implanted in his breast for his preservation; to warn him when danger approaches, and to prevent his being precipitated upon it either by wantonness or inattention. But those evils which, without fear, we should not have foreseen, when fear becomes excessive we are unable to shun; for cowardice and presumption are equally fatal, and are frequently found in the same mind.

A peasant in the north of England had two sons, Thomas and John. Tom was taken to sea when he was very young, by the master of a small vessel who lived at Hull; and Jack continued to work with his father till he was near thirty. Tom, who was now become master of a smack himself, took his brother on board for London, and promised to procure him some employment among the shipping on the water-side. After they had been some hours under sail, the wind became contrary, and blew very fresh; the waves began immediately to swell, and dashing with violence against the prow, whitened into foam. The vessel, which now plied to windward, lay so much to one side, that the edge was frequently under water; and Jack, who expected it to upset every moment, was seized with terror which he could not conceal. He earnestly requested of Tom, that the sails might be taken in; and lamented the folly that had exposed him to the violence of a tempest, from which he could not without a miracle escape. Tom, with a sovereign contempt of his pusillanimity, derided his distress; and Jack, on the contrary, admired the bravery of Tom and his crew, from whose countenances and behaviour he at length derived some hope; he believed he had deserved the reproach which he suffered, and despised himself for the fear which he could not shake off. In the meantime the gale increased, and in less than an hour

it blew a storm. Jack, who watched every countenance with the utmost attention and solicitude, thought that his fears were now justified by the looks of the sailors; he therefore renewed his complaint, and perceiving his brother still unconcerned, again intreated him to take every possible precaution, and not increase their danger by presumption. In answer to these remonstrances he received such consolation as one lord of the creation frequently administers to another in the depth of distress; "Pshaw, damme, you fool," says Tom, "don't be dead-hearted; the more sail we carry, the sooner we shall be out of the weather." Jack's fear had, indeed, been alarmed before he was in danger; but Tom was insensible of the danger when it arrived; he, therefore, continued his course, exulting in the superiority of his courage, and anticipating the triumph of his vanity when he should come on shore. But the sails being still spread, a sudden gust bore away the mast, which in its fall so much injured the helm, that it became impossible to steer, and in a very short time afterwards the vessel struck. The first moment in which Tom became sensible of danger, he was seen to be totally destitute of courage. When the vessel struck, Jack, who had been ordered under hatches, came up, and found the hero, whom he had so lately regarded with humility and admiration, sitting on the quarter-deck, wringing his hands, and uttering incoherent and clamorous exclamations. Jack now appeared more calm than before, and asked, if any thing could yet be done to save their lives. Tom replied in a frantic tone, that they might possibly float to land on some parts of the wreck; and catching up an axe, instead of attempting to disengage the mast, he began to stave the boat. Jack, whose reason was still predominant, though he had been afraid too soon, saw that Tom in his frenzy was about to cut off their last hope; he therefore caught hold of his arm, took away the axe by force, assisted the sailors in getting the boat into the water, persuaded his brother to quit the vessel, and in about four hours they got safe on shore.

If the vessel had weathered the storm, Tom would have been deemed a hero, and Jack a coward; but I hope that none, whom I have led into this train of thought, will, for the future, regard insensibility of danger as an indication of courage; or impute cowardice to those whose fear is not inadequate to its object, or too violent to answer its purpose.

There is one evil, of which multitudes are in perpetual danger; an evil, to which every other is as the drop of the bucket, and the dust of the balance; and yet of this danger the greater part appear to be totally insensible.

Every man who wastes in negligence the day of salvation, stands on the brink not only of the grave but of hell. That the danger of all is

imminent, appears by the terms that Infinite Wisdom has chosen to express the conduct by which alone it can be escaped; it is called "a race, a watch, a work to be wrought with fear and trembling, a strife unto blood, and a combat with whatever can seduce or terrify, with the pleasures of sense and the power of angels." The moment in which we shall be snatched from the brink of this gulph, or plunged to the bottom, no power can either avert or retard; it approaches silent, indeed, at the flight of time, but rapid and irresistible as the course of a comet. The dreadful evil, which, with equal force and propriety, is called the "second death," should not, surely, be disregarded, merely because it has been long impending; and as there is no equivalent for which a man can reasonably determine to suffer it, it cannot be considered as the object of courage. How it may be borne, should not be the inquiry, but how it may be shunned. And if, in this daring age, it is impossible to prepare for eternity, without giving up the character of a hero, no reasonable being, surely, will be deterred by this consideration from the attempt; for who but an infant, or an idiot, would give up his paternal inheritance for a feather, or renounce the acclamations of a triumph for the tinkling of a rattle?

No. 107.] TUESDAY, NOV. 13, 1753.

—Sub judice lls est.

HOR

And of their vain disputings find no end.

FRANCIS.

It has been sometimes asked by those, who find the appearance of wisdom more easily attained by questions than solutions, how it comes to pass, that the world is divided by such difference of opinion; and why men, equally reasonable, and equally lovers of truth, do not always think in the same manner?

With regard to simple propositions, where the terms are understood, and the whole subject is comprehended at once, there is such a uniformity of sentiment among all human beings, that, for many ages, a very numerous set of notions were supposed to be innate, or necessarily co-existent with the faculty of reason; it being imagined, that universal agreement could proceed only from the invariable dictates of the universal parent.

In questions diffuse and compounded, this similarity of determination is no longer to be expected. At our first sally into the intellectual world we all march together along one straight and open road; but as we proceed further, and wider prospects open to our view, every eye fixes upon a different scene; we

divide into various paths, and, as we move forward, are still at a greater distance from each other. As a question becomes more complicated and involved, and extends to a greater number of relations, disagreement of opinion will always be multiplied; not because we are irrational, but because we are finite beings, furnished with different kinds of knowledge, exerting different degrees of attention, one discovering consequences which escape another, none taking in the whole concatenation of causes and effects, and most comprehending but a very small part, each comparing what he observes with a different criterion, and each referring it to a different purpose.

Where, then, is the wonder, that they who see only a small part, should judge erroneously of the whole? or that they, who see different and dissimilar parts, should judge differently from each other?

Whatever has various respects, must have various appearances of good and evil, beauty or deformity; thus the gardener tears up as a weed the plant which the physician gathers as a medicine; and "a general," says Sir Kenelm Digby, "will look with pleasure over a plain, as a fit place on which the fate of empires might be decided in battle, which the farmer will despise as bleak and barren, neither fruitful of pasturage, nor fit for tillage."

Two men examining the same question proceed commonly like the physician and gardener in selecting herbs, or the farmer and hero looking on the plain; they bring minds impressed with different notions, and direct their inquiries to different ends; they form, therefore, contrary conclusions, and each wonders at the other's absurdity.

We have less reason to be surprised or offended when we find others differ from us in opinion, because we very often differ from ourselves. How often we alter our minds we do not always remark; because the change is sometimes made imperceptibly and gradually, and the last conviction effaces all memory of the former: yet every man, accustomed from time to time to take a survey of his own notions, will by a slight retrospection be able to discover, that his mind has suffered many revolutions; that the same things have in the several parts of his life been condemned and approved, pursued and shunned; and that, on many occasions, even when his practice has been steady, his mind has been wavering, and he has persisted in a scheme of action, rather because he feared the censure of inconstancy, than because he was always pleased with his own choice.

Of the different faces shown by the same objects as they are viewed on opposite sides, and of the different inclinations which they

must constantly raise in him that contemplates them, a more striking example cannot easily be found than two Greek epigrammatists will afford us in their accounts of human life, which I shall lay before the reader in English prose.

Posidippus, a comic poet, utters this complaint: "Through which of the paths of life is it eligible to pass? In public assemblies are debates and troublesome affairs: domestic privacies are haunted with anxieties; in the country is labour; on the sea is terror: in a foreign land, he that has money must live in fear, he that wants it must pine in distress; are you married? you are troubled with suspicions; are you single? you languish in solitude; children occasion toil, and a childless life is a state of destitution; the time of youth is a time of folly, and grey hairs are loaded with infirmity. This choice only, therefore, can be made, either never to receive being, or immediately to lose it."

Such and so gloomy is the prospect, which Posidippus has laid before us. But we are not to acquiesce too hastily in his determination against the value of existence: for Metrodorus, a philosopher of Athens, has shown, that life has pleasure as well as pains; and having exhibited the present state of man in brighter colours, draws, with equal appearance of reason, a contrary conclusion.

"You may pass well through any of the paths of life. In public assemblies are honours and transactions of wisdom; in domestic privacy is stillness and quiet; in the country are the beauties of nature; on the sea is the hope of gain; in a foreign land, he that is rich is honoured, he that is poor may keep his poverty secret: are you married? you have a cheerful house; are you single? you are unincumbered; children are objects of affection, to be without children is to be without care; the time of youth is the time of vigour, and grey hairs are made venerable by piety. It will, therefore, never be a wise man's choice, either not to obtain existence, or to lose it; for every state of life has its felicity."

In these epigrams are included most of the questions which have engaged the speculations of the inquirers after happiness; and though they will not much assist our determinations, they may, perhaps, equally promote our quiet, by showing that no absolute determination ever can be formed.

Whether a public station or private life be desirable has always been debated. We see here both the allurements and discouragements of civil employments; on one side there is trouble, on the other honour; the management of affairs is vexatious and difficult, but it is the



only duty in which wisdom can be conspicuously displayed: it must then still be left to every man to choose either ease or glory; nor can any general precept be given, since no man can be happy by the prescription of another.

Thus, what is said of children by Posidippus, "that they are occasions of fatigue," and by Metrodorus, "that they are objects of affection," is equally certain; but whether they will give most pain or pleasure, must depend on their future conduct and dispositions, on many causes over which the parent can have little influence: there is, therefore, room for all the caprices of imagination, and desire must be proportioned to the hope or fear that shall happen to predominate.

Such is the uncertainty in which we are always likely to remain with regard to questions, wherein we have most interest, and which every day affords us fresh opportunity to examine: we may examine, indeed, but we never can decide, because our faculties are unequal to the subject: we see a little, and form an opinion; we see more, and change it.

This inconstancy and unsteadiness, to which we must so often find ourselves liable, ought certainly to teach us moderation and forbearance towards those who cannot accommodate themselves to our sentiments; if they are deceived, we have no right to attribute their mistake to obstinacy or negligence, because we likewise have been mistaken; we may, perhaps, again change our own opinion; and what excuse shall we be able to find for aversion and malignity conceived against him, whom we shall then find to have committed no fault, and who offended us only by refusing to follow us into error?

It may likewise contribute to soften that resentment which pride naturally raises against opposition, if we consider, that he who differs from us, does not always contradict us; he has one view of an object, and we have another: each describes what he sees with equal fidelity, and each regulates his steps by his own eyes: one man, with Posidippus, looks on celibacy as a state of gloomy solitude, without a partner in joy or a comforter in sorrow; the other considers it, with Metrodorus, as a state free from incumbrances, in which a man is at liberty to choose his own gratifications, to remove from place to place in quest of pleasure, and to think of nothing but merriment and diversion: full of these notions one hastens to choose a wife, and the other laughs at his rashness, or pities his ignorance; yet it is possible that each is right, but that each is right only for himself.

Life is not the object of science: we see a little, very little; and what is beyond we only can conjecture. If we inquire of those who have gone before us, we receive small satisfac-

tion: some have travelled life without observation, and some willingly mislead us. The only thought, therefore, on which we can repose with comfort, is that which presents to us the care of Providence, whose eye takes in the whole of things, and under whose direction all involuntary errors will terminate in happiness.

T.

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No. 108.] SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1753.

*Nobis, cum simul occidit brevis lux  
Nox est perpetuo una dormienda.* CATULLUS.

When once the short-lived mortal dies,  
A night eternal seals his eyes. ADDISON.

It may have been observed by every reader, that there are certain topics which never are exhausted. Of some images and sentiments the mind of man may be said to be enamoured; it meets them, however often they occur, with the same ardour which a lover feels at the sight of his mistress, and parts from them with the same regret when they can no longer be enjoyed.

Of this kind are many descriptions which the poets have transcribed from each other, and their successors will probably copy to the end of time; which will continue to engage, or, as the French term it, to flatter the imagination, as long as human nature shall remain the same.

When a poet mentions the spring, we know that the zephyrs are about to whisper, that the groves are to recover their verdure, the linnets to warble forth their notes of love, and the flocks and herds to frisk over vales painted with flowers: yet, who is there so insensible of the beauties of nature, so little delighted with the renovation of the world, as not to feel his heart bound at the mention of the spring.

When night overshadows a romantic scene, all is stillness, silence, and quiet; the poets of the grove cease their melody, the moon towers over the world in gentle majesty, men forget their labours and their cares, and every passion and pursuit is for a while suspended. All this we know already, yet we hear it repeated without weariness; because such is generally the life of man, that he is pleased to think on the time when he shall pause from a sense of his condition.

When a poetical grove invites us to its covert, we know that we shall find what we have already seen, a limpid brook murmuring over pebbles, a bank diversified with flowers, a green arch that excludes the sun, and a natural grove

shaded with myrtles; yet who can forbear to enter the pleasing gloom, to enjoy coolness and privacy, and gratify himself once more by scenes with which nature has formed him to be delighted?

Many moral sentiments likewise are so adapted to our state, that we find approbation whenever they solicit it, and are seldom read without exciting a gentle emotion in the mind: such is the comparison of the life of man with the duration of a flower, a thought which, perhaps, every nation has heard warbled in its own language, from the inspired poets of the Hebrews to our own times; yet this comparison must always please, because every heart feels its justness, and every hour confirms it by example.

Such, likewise, is the precept that directs us to use the present hour, and refer nothing to a distant time, which we are uncertain whether we shall reach: this every moralist may venture to inculcate, because it will always be approved, and because it is always forgotten.

This rule is, indeed, every day enforced, by arguments more powerful than the dissertations of moralists: we see men pleasing themselves with future happiness, fixing a certain hour for the completion of their wishes, and perishing some at a greater and some at a less distance from the happy time; all complaining of their disappointments, and lamenting that they had suffered the years which Heaven allowed them, to pass without improvement, and deferred the principal purpose of their lives to the time when life itself was to forsake them.

It is not only uncertain, whether, through all the casualties and dangers which beset the life of man, we shall be able to reach the time appointed for happiness or wisdom; but it is likely, that whatever now hinders us from doing that which our reason and conscience declare necessary to be done, will equally obstruct us in times to come. It is easy for the imagination, operating on things not yet existing, to please itself with scenes of unmingled felicity, or plan out courses of uniform virtue: but good and evil are in real life inseparably united; habits grow stronger by indulgence; and reason loses her dignity, in proportion as she has oftener yielded to temptation: "He that cannot live well to-day," says Martial, "will be less qualified to live well to-morrow."

Of the uncertainty of every human good every human being seems to be convinced; yet this uncertainty is voluntarily increased by unnecessary delay, whether we respect external causes, or consider the nature of our own minds. He that now feels a desire to do right, and wishes to regulate his life according to his reason, is not sure that, at any future time assignable, he shall be able to rekindle the same ardour; he that has now an opportunity offered him of

breaking loose from vice and folly, cannot know, but that he shall hereafter be more entangled, and struggle for freedom without obtaining it.

We are so unwilling to believe any thing to our own disadvantage, that we will always imagine the perspicacity of our judgment and the strength of our resolution more likely to increase than to grow less by time; and, therefore, conclude, that the will to pursue laudable purposes will be always seconded by the power.

But however we may be deceived in calculating the strength of our faculties, we cannot doubt the uncertainty of that life in which they must be employed: we see every day the unexpected death of our friends and our enemies, we see new graves hourly opened for men older and younger than ourselves, for the cautious and the careless, the dissolute and the temperate, for men who like us were providing to enjoy or improve hours now irreversibly cut off; we see all this, and yet, instead of living, let year glide after year in preparations to live.

Men are so frequently cut off in the midst of their projections, that sudden death causes little emotion in them that behold it, unless it be impressed upon the attention by uncommon circumstances. I, like every other man, have outlived multitudes, have seen ambition sink in its triumphs, and beauty perish in its bloom; but have been seldom so much affected as by the fate of Euryalus, whom I lately lost as I began to love him.

Euryalus had for some time flourished in a lucrative profession; but having suffered his imagination to be fired by an unextinguishable curiosity, he grew weary of the same dull round of life, resolved to harass himself no longer with the drudgery of getting money, but to quit his business and his profit, and enjoy for a few years the pleasures of travel. His friends heard him proclaim his resolution without suspecting that he intended to pursue it; but he was constant to his purpose, and with great expedition closed his accounts and sold his moveables, passed a few days in bidding farewell to his companions, and with all the eagerness of romantic chivalry crossed the sea in search of happiness. Whatever place was renowned in ancient or modern history, whatever region art or nature had distinguished, he determined to visit; full of design and hope he landed on the continent; his friends expected accounts from him of the new scenes that opened in his progress, but were informed in a few days that Euryalus was dead.

Such was the end of Euryalus. He is entered that state, whence none ever shall return; and can now only benefit his friends, by remaining in their memories a permanent and efficacious instance of the blindness of desire, and the uncertainty of all terrestrial good. But, perhaps every man has like me lost an Euryalus, has

known a friend die with happiness in his grasp ; and yet every man continues to think himself secure of life, and defers to some future time of leisure what he knows it will be fatal to have finally omitted.

It is, indeed, with this as with other frailties inherent in our nature : the desire of deferring to another time, what cannot be done without endurance of some pain, or forbearance of some pleasure, will, perhaps, never be totally overcome or suppressed ; there will always be something that we shall wish to have finished, and be nevertheless unwilling to begin : but against this unwillingness it is our duty to struggle, and every conquest over our passions will make way for an easier conquest ; custom is equally forcible to bad and good ; nature will always be at variance with reason, but will rebel more feebly as she is oftener subdued.

The common neglect of the present hour is more shameful and criminal, as no man is betrayed to it by error, but admits it by negligence. Of the instability of life, the weakest understanding never thinks wrong, though the strongest often omits to think justly ; reason and experience are always ready to inform us of our real state ; but we refuse to listen to their suggestions, because we feel our hearts unwilling to obey them : but, surely, nothing is more unworthy of a reasonable being, than to shut his eyes, when he sees the road which he is commanded to travel, that he may deviate with fewer reproaches from himself ; nor could any motive to tenderness, except the consciousness that we have all been guilty of the same fault, dispose us to pity those who thus consign themselves to voluntary ruin.

T.

No. 109.] TUESDAY, NOV. 20, 1753.

*Insanire putas solemnia me, neque rides.* HOR.

You think me but as mad as all mankind.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

Montesquieu wittily observes, that by building professed madhouses men tacitly insinuate, that all who are out of their senses are to be found only in those places. This remark having made some impression on my mind, produced last night the following vision.

I imagined that Bedlam had been ordered to be rebuilt upon a more extensive plan by act of parliament ; and that Dean Swift, calling at my lodgings, offered to accompany me to see the new-erected edifice, which, he observed, was not half capacious enough before to contain the

various species of madness that are to be found in this kingdom. As we walked through the galleries, he gave me the following account of the several inhabitants.

The lady in the first apartment had prevailed upon her husband, a man of study and economy, to indulge her with a rout twice a-week at her own house. This soon multiplied her obligations to the company she kept, and in a fortnight she insisted upon two more. His lordship venturing to oppose her demand with steady resolution but with equal tenderness, the lady complained, that the rights of quality and fortune were invaded, that her credit was lost with the fashionable world, and that ignorance and brutality had robbed her of the pleasures of a reasonable being, and rendered her the most unhappy wife in Great Britain. The cause of her complaints, however, still subsisted, and by perpetually brooding over it she at length turned her brain.

Next to her is a dramatic writer, whose comedy having been justly damned, he began to vent his spleen against the public, by weekly abuses of the present age ; but as neither the play nor his defences of it were read, his indignation continually increased, till at length it terminated in madness.

He on the right hand is a philosopher, who has lost his reason in a fruitless attempt to discover the cause of electricity.

He on the left is a celebrated jockey of noble birth, whose favourite mare, that had enjoyed three triumphs in former seasons, was distanced a few days ago at Newmarket.

Yonder meagre man has bewildered his understanding by closely studying the doctrine of chances, in order to qualify himself for a professorship which will be shortly established and amply endowed at an eminent chocolate-house, where lectures on this important subject are constantly to be read.

An unforeseen accident turned the head of the next unfortunate prisoner. She had for a long time passed for fifteen years younger than she was, and her lively behaviour and airy dress concurred to help forward the imposition ; till one evening, being animated with an extraordinary flow of spirits, she danced out seven of her artificial teeth, which were immediately picked up, and delivered to her with great ceremony by her partner.

The merchant in the neighbouring cell had resolved to gain a plumb. He was possessed of seventy thousand pounds, and eagerly expected a ship that was to complete his wishes. But the ship was cast away in the channel, and the merchant is distracted for his loss.

That disconsolate lady had for many years assiduously attended an old gouty uncle, had assented to all his absurdities, and humoured all his foibles, in full expectation of being made



his executrix; when happening one day to affirm that his gruel had sack enough in it, contrary to his opinion, he altered his will immediately, and left all to her brother; which affords her no consolation, for avarice is able to subdue the tenderness of nature.

Behold the beautiful and virtuous Theodora! Her fondness for an ungrateful husband was unparalleled. She detected him in the arms of a disagreeable and affected prostitute, and was driven to distraction.

Is my old friend the commentator here likewise? Alas! he has lost his wits in inquiring whether or no the ancients wore perukes? as did his neighbour Cynthio by receiving a frown from his patron at the last levee.

The fat lady, upon whom you look so earnestly, is a grocer's wife in the city. Her disorder was occasioned by her seeing at court, last twelfth night, the daughter of Mr. Alderman Squeeze, oil-man, in a sack far richer and more elegant than her own.

The next chamber contains an adventurer who purchased thirty tickets in the last lottery. As he was a person of a sanguine complexion and lively imagination, he was sure of gaining the ten thousand pounds by the number of his chances. He spent a month in surveying the counties that lie in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, before he could find out an agreeable site for the fine house he intended to build. He next fixed his eye on a most blooming and beautiful girl, whom he designed to honour as his bride. He bespoke a magnificent coach, and the ornaments of his harness were to be of his own invention. Mr. Degagée, the tailor, was ordered to send to Paris for the lace with which his wedding clothes were to be adorned. But, in the midst of these preparations for prosperity, all his tickets were drawn blanks; and instead of his villa on the banks of the Thames, you now see him in these melancholy lodgings.

His neighbour in the next apartment was an honest footman, who was persuaded likewise to try his fortune in the same lottery; and who, obtaining a very large and unexpected sum, could not stand the shock of such sudden good fortune, but grew mad with excess of joy.

You wonder to see that cell beautified with Chinese vases and urns. It is inhabited by that famous virtuoso Lady Harriet Brittle, whose opinion was formerly decisive at all auctions, where she was usually appealed to about the genuineness of porcelain. She purchased, at an exorbitant price, a Mandarin, and a Jos, that were the envy of all the female connoisseurs, and were allowed to be inestimable. They were to be placed at the upper end of a little rock-work temple of Chinese architecture, in which neither propriety, proportion, nor true beauty, were considered, and were carefully packed up in different boxes; but, the brutish waggoner

happening to overturn his carriage, they were crushed to pieces. The poor lady's understanding could not survive so irreparable a loss; and her relations, to soothe her passion, have provided those Chelsea urns with which she has decorated her chamber, and which she believes to be true Nanquin.

Yonder miserable youth, being engaged in hot contention at a fashionable brothel about a celebrated courtesan, killed a sea-officer with whose face he was not acquainted; but who proved upon inquiry to be his own brother, who had been ten years absent in the Indies.

Look attentively into the next cell; you will there discover a lady of great worth and fine accomplishments, whose father condemned her to the arms of a right honourable debauchee, when he knew she had fixed her affections irrevocably on another, who possessed an unencumbered estate, but wanted the ornament of a title. She submitted to the orders of a stern father with patience, obedience, and a breaking heart. Her husband treated her with that contempt which he thought due to a citizen's daughter; and besides, communicated to her an infamous distemper, which her natural modesty forbade her to discover in time; and the violent medicines which were afterwards administered to her by an unskilful surgeon, threw her into a delirious fever, from which she could never be recovered.

Here the Dean paused; and looking upon me with great earnestness, and grasping my hand closely, spoke with an emphasis that awaked me;—"Think me not so insensible a monster, as to deride the lamentable lot of the wretches we have now surveyed. If we laugh at the follies, let us at the same time pity the manifold miseries of man."

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Z.

SOPHRON.

No. 110.] SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1753.

*Mens immota manet, lachrymæ voluntur inanēs!*

VIRGIL.

Sighs, groans, and tears proclaim his inward pains; But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

DRYDEN.

PITY has been generally considered as the passion of gentle, benevolent, and virtuous minds, although it is acknowledged to produce only such a participation of the calamity of others, as upon the whole is pleasing to ourselves.

As a tender participation of foreign distress, it has been urged to prove, that man is endowed

with social affections, which, however forcible, are wholly disinterested; and as a pleasing sensation, it has been deemed an example of unmixed selfishness and malignity. It has been resolved into that power of imagination, by which we apply the misfortunes of others to ourselves: we have been said to pity no longer than we fancy ourselves to suffer, and to be pleased only by reflecting that our sufferings are not real; thus indulging a dream of distress, from which we can awake whenever we please, to exult in our security and enjoy the comparison of the fiction with truth.

I shall not perplex my readers with the subtleties of a debate, in which human nature has, with equal zeal and plausibility, been exalted and degraded. It is sufficient for my purpose to remark, that Pity is generally understood to be that passion, which is excited by the sufferings of persons with whom we have no tender connection, and with whose welfare the stronger passions have not united our felicity; for no man would call the anguish of a mother, whose infant was torn from her breast and left to be devoured in a desert, by the name of Pity; although the sentiment of a stranger, who should drop a silent tear at the relation, which yet might the next hour be forgotten, could not otherwise be justly denominated.

If Pity, therefore, is absorbed in another passion, when our love of those that suffer is strong; Pity is rather an evidence of the weakness than the strength of that general philanthropy, for which some have so eagerly contended, with which they have flattered the pride and veiled the vices of mankind, and which they have affirmed to be alone sufficient to recommend them to the favour of Heaven, to atone for the indulgence of every appetite, and the neglect of every duty.

If human benevolence was absolutely pure and social, it would not be necessary to relate the ravages of a pestilence or a famine with minute and discriminating circumstances to rouse our sensibility; we should certainly deplore irremediable calamity, and participate temporary distress, without any mixture of delight: that deceitful sorrow, in which pleasure is so well known to be predominant, that invention has been busied for ages in contriving tales of fictitious sufferance for no other end than to excite it, would be changed into honest commiseration, in which pain would be unmixed, and which, therefore, we should wish to lose.

Soon after the fatal battle of Fontenoy, a young gentleman, who came over with the officer that brought the express, being expected at the house of a friend, a numerous company of gentlemen and ladies were assembled to hear an account of the action from an eye witness.

The gentleman, as every man is flattered by

commanding attention, was easily prevailed upon to gratify the company, as soon as they were seated, and the first ceremonies past. He described the march of many thousands of their countrymen into a field, where batteries had been concealed on each side, which in a moment strewn the ground with mangled limbs, and carcases that almost floated in blood, and obstructed the path of those who followed to the slaughter. He related, how often the decreasing multitude returned to the mouth of the cannon; how suddenly they were rallied, and how suddenly broken; he repeated the list of officers who had fallen undistinguished in the carnage, men whose eminence rendered their names universally known, their influence extensive, and their attachments numerous; and he hinted the fatal effects which this defeat might produce to the nation, by turning the success of the war against us. But the company, however amused by the relation, appeared not to be affected by the event: they were still attentive to every trifling punctilio of ceremony, usual among well-bred persons; they bowed with a graceful simper to a lady who sneezed, mutually presented each other with snuff, shook their heads and changed their posture at proper intervals, asked some questions which tended to produce a more minute detail of such circumstances of horror as had been lightly touched, and having at last remarked that the Roman patriot regretted the brave could die but once, the conversation soon became general, and a motion was made to divide into parties of whist. But, just as they were about to comply, the gentleman again engaged their attention. I forgot, said he, to relate one particular which, however, deserves to be remembered. The captain of a company, whose name I cannot now recollect, had, just before his corps was ordered to embark, married a young lady to whom he had been long tenderly attached, and who, contrary to the advice of all her friends, and the exhortations, persuasion, and entreaty of her husband, insisted to go abroad with him and share his fortune at all events. If he should be wounded, she said that she might hasten his recovery, and alleviate his pain, by such attendance as strangers cannot be hired to pay; if he should be taken prisoner, she might, perhaps, be permitted to shorten the tedious hours of captivity which solitude would protract; and if he should die, that it would be better for her to know it with certainty and speed, than to wait at a distance in anxiety and suspense, tormented by doubtful and contradictory reports, and at last believing it possible, that, if she had been present, her assiduity and tenderness might have preserved his life. The captain, though he was not convinced by her reasoning, was yet overcome by the importunate eloquence of her love; he consented to her request, and they embarked together.



The head-quarters of the Duke of Cumberland were at Bruffoe, from whence they removed the evening before the battle to Monbray, a village within musket-shot of the enemy's lines, where the captain, who commanded in the left wing, was encamped.

Their parting in the morning was short. She looked after him, till he could no longer be distinguished from others; and as soon as the firing began, she went back pale and trembling, and sat down expecting the event in an agony of impatience, anxiety, and terror. She soon learned from stragglers and fugitives, that the slaughter was dreadful, and the victory hopeless. She did not, however, yet despair: she hoped, that the captain might return among the few that should remain: but soon after the retreat, this hope was cut off, and she was informed that he fell in the first charge, and was left among the dead. She was restrained by those about her from rushing in the phrenzy of desperation to the field of battle, of which the enemy was still possessed: but the tumult of her mind having abated, and her grief become more calm during the night, she ordered the servant to attend her at break of day; and as leave had been given to bury the dead, she went herself to seek the remains of her husband, that she might honour them with the last rites, and pour the tears of conjugal affection upon his grave. They wandered about among the dying and the dead, gazing on every distorted countenance, and looking round with irresolution and amazement on a scene, which those who stripped had left tenfold more a sight of horror than those who had slain. From this sight she was at last turning with confusion and despair; but was stopped by the cries of a favourite spaniel, who had followed her without being perceived. He was standing at some distance in the field, and the moment she saw him, she conceived the strongest assurance that he had found his master. She hastened instantly to the place, without regarding any other object; and stooping over the corpse by which she stood, she found it so disfigured with wounds and besmeared with blood, that the features were not to be known; but as she was weeping in the anguish of suspense, she discovered hanging on the wrist the remains of a ruffie, round which there was a slight border of her own work. Thus suddenly to have discovered, and in such dreadful circumstances, that which she had sought, quite overwhelmed her, and she sunk down on the body. By the assistance of the servant she was recovered to sensibility, but not to reason; she was seized at once with convulsions and madness; and a few hours after she was carried back to the village she expired.

Those who had heard the fate of whole battalions without pity, and the loss of a battle, by which their country would probably suffer irre-

parable damage, without concern, listened to a tale of private distress with uninterrupted attention. All regard to each other was for a while suspended; tears by degrees overflowed every eye, and every bosom became susceptible of pity: but the whole circle paused with evident regret, when the narrative was at an end; and would have been glad, that such another could have been told to continue their entertainment. Such was the benevolence of pity! But a lady who had taken the opportunity of a very slight acquaintance to satisfy her curiosity, was touched with much deeper distress; and fainting in the struggle to conceal the emotions of her mind, fell back in her chair; an accident which was not sooner discovered, because every eye had been fixed upon the speaker, and all attention monopolized by the story. Every one, however, was ready to afford her assistance; and it was soon discovered, that she was mother to the lady whose distress had afforded so much virtuous pleasure to the company. It was not possible to tell her another story, which would revive the same sensations; and if it had, the world could not have bribed her to have heard it. Her affection to the sufferer was too strong to permit her, on this occasion, to enjoy the luxury of pity, and applaud her benevolence for sensations which showed its defects. It would, indeed, be happy for us, if we were to exist only in this state of imperfection, that a greater share of sensibility is not allowed us; but if the mole, in the kindness of unerring wisdom, is permitted scarce to distinguish light from darkness, the mole should not, surely, be praised for the perspicacity of its sight.

Let us distinguish that malignity, which others confound with benevolence, and applaud as virtue; let that imperfection of nature, which is adapted to an imperfect state, teach us humility; and fix our dependence upon Him, who has promised to "create in us a new heart and a right spirit:" and to receive us to that place, where our love of others, however ardent, can only increase our felicity; because in that place there will be no object, but such as perfect benevolence can contemplate with delight.

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No. 111.] TUESDAY, Nov. 27, 1753.

—*Quæ non fecimus ipsi,  
Vix ea nostra voco.*

OVID.

The deeds of long descended ancestors  
Are but by grace of imputation ours. DRYDEN.

THE evils inseparably annexed to the present condition of man, are so numerous and afflic-



tive, that it has been, from age to age, the task of some to bewail, and of others to solace them; and he, therefore, will be in danger of seeming a common enemy, who shall attempt to depreciate the few pleasures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

Yet I will confess, that I have sometimes employed my thoughts in examining the pretensions that are made to happiness, by the splendid and envied condition of life; and have not thought the hour unprofitably spent, when I have detected the imposture of counterfeited advantages, and found disquiet lurking under false appearances of gayety and greatness.

It is asserted by a tragic poet, that "*est miser nemo nisi comparatus*," "no man is miserable, but as he is compared with others happier than himself:" this position is not strictly and philosophically true. He might have said, with rigorous propriety, that no man is happy but as he is compared with the miserable; for such is the state of this world, that we find in it absolute misery, but happiness only comparative; we may incur as much pain as we can possibly endure, though we can never obtain as much happiness as we might possibly enjoy.

Yet, it is certain likewise, that many of our miseries are merely comparative; we are often made unhappy, not by the presence of any real evil, but by the absence of some fictitious good; of something which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itself any power of gratification, and which neither reason nor fancy would have prompted us to wish, did we not see it in the possession of others.

For a mind diseased with vain longings after unattainable advantages no medicine can be prescribed, but an impartial inquiry into the real worth of that which is so ardently desired. It is well known how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by distance: and, perhaps, it will be found that of many imagined blessings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or possesses them has more reason to be satisfied with his lot.

The dignity of high birth and long extraction, no man, to whom nature has denied it, can confer upon himself; and therefore, it deserves to be considered, whether the want of that which can never be gained, may not be easily endured. It is true, that if we consider the triumph and delight with which most of those recount their ancestors who have ancestors to recount, and the artifices by which some who have risen to unexpected fortune endeavour to insert themselves into an honourable stem, we shall be inclined to fancy that wisdom or virtue may be had by inheritance, or that all the excellences of a line of progenitors are accumulated on their descendant. Reason, indeed, will soon inform us, that our estimation of birth is arbitrary and capricious, and that dead ancestors can have no influence

but upon imagination: let it then be examined whether one dream may not operate in the place of another: whether he that owes nothing to forefathers, may not receive equal pleasure from the consciousness of owing all to himself: whether he may not with a little meditation, find it more honourable to found than to continue a family, and to gain dignity than transmit it; whether, if he receives no dignity from the virtues of his family, he does not likewise escape the danger of being disgraced by their crimes; and whether he that brings a new name into the world, has not the convenience of playing the game of life without a stake, an opportunity of winning much though he has nothing to lose.

There is another opinion concerning happiness, which approaches much more nearly to universality, but which may, perhaps, with equal reason be disputed. The pretensions to ancestral honours many of the sons of earth easily see to be ill grounded; but all agree to celebrate the advantage of hereditary riches, and to consider those as the minions of fortune, who are wealthy from their cradles, whose estate is "*res non parva labore sed relicta*;" "the acquisition of another, not of themselves;" and whom a father's industry has dispensed from a laborious attention to arts or commerce, and left at liberty to dispose of life as fancy shall direct them.

If every man were wise and virtuous, capable to discern the best use of time, and resolute to practise it; it might be granted, I think, without hesitation, that total liberty would be a blessing; and that it would be desirable to be left at large to the exercise of religious and social duties, without the interruption of importunate avocations.

But since felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happiness to one man may be to another the cause of misery, we are to consider, what state is best adapted to human nature in its present degeneracy and frailty. And, surely, to far the greater number it is highly expedient, that they should by some settled scheme of duties, be rescued from the tyranny of caprice, that they should be driven on by necessity through the paths of life with their attention confined to a stated task, that they may be less at leisure to deviate into mischief at the call of folly.

When we observe the lives of those whom an ample inheritance has let loose to their own direction, what do we discover that can excite our envy? Their time seems not to pass with much applause from others, or satisfaction to themselves; many squander their exuberance of fortune in luxury and debauchery, and have no other use of money than to inflame their passions, and riot in a wide range of licentiousness; others, less criminal indeed, but, surely,

not much to be praised, lie down to sleep, and rise up to trifle, are employed every morning in finding expedients to rid themselves of the day, chase pleasure through all the places of public resort, fly from London to Bath, and from Bath to London, without any other reason for changing place, but that they go in quest of company as idle and as vagrant as themselves, always endeavouring to raise some new desire that they may have something to pursue, to rekindle some hope which they know will be disappointed, changing one amusement for another which a few months will make equally insipid, or sinking into languor and disease for want of something to actuate their bodies or exhilarate their minds.

Whoever has frequented those places, where idlers assemble to escape from solitude, knows that this is generally the state of the wealthy; and from this state it is no great hardship to be debarred. No man can be happy in total idleness: he that should be condemned to lie torpid and motionless, "would fly for recreation," says South, "to the mines and the galleys;" and it is well, when nature or fortune finds employment for those who would not have known how to procure it for themselves.

He, whose mind is engaged by the acquisition or improvement of a fortune, not only escapes the insipidity of indifference, and the tediousness of inactivity, but gains enjoyments wholly unknown to those who live lazily on the toil of others; for life affords no higher pleasure, than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes, and seeing them gratified. He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking, has his fatigues first supported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more distant invites him to a new pursuit.

It does not, indeed, always happen, that diligence is fortunate; the wisest schemes are broken by unexpected accidents; the most constant perseverance sometimes toils though life without a recompense: but labour, though unsuccessful, is more eligible than idleness: he that prosecutes a lawful purpose by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his own reason; he is animated through the course of his endeavours by an expectation which, though not certain, he knows to be just; and is at last comforted in his disappointment, by the consciousness that he has not failed by his own fault.

That kind of life is most happy which affords us most opportunities of gaining our own esteem; and what can any man infer in his own favour from a condition to which, however prosperous, he contributed nothing, and which the vilest and weakest of the species would have

obtained by the same right, had he happened to be the son of the same father.

To strive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the highest human felicity; the next, is to strive, and deserve to conquer; but he whose life has passed without a contest, and who can boast neither success nor merit, can survey himself only as a useless filler of existence; and if he is content with his own character, must owe his satisfaction to insensibility.

Thus it appears that the satyrist advised rightly, when he directed us to resign ourselves to the hands of Heaven, and to leave to superior powers the determination of our lot:

*Permites ipsis expendere numinibus, quid  
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris:  
Carior est illis homo quam sibi.*

Intrust thy fortune to the powers above:  
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant  
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.  
In goodness as in greatness they excel:  
Ah! that we loved ourselves but half so well.

DRYDEN.

What state of life admits most happiness, is uncertain; but that uncertainty ought to repress the petulance of comparison, and silence the murmurs of discontent.

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No. 112.] SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1758.

—*Has pœnas garrula lingua dedit.* OVID.

Such was the fate of vain loquacity.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

To be courteous to all, but familiar with few, is a maxim which I once despised, as originally proceeding from a mean and contracted mind, the frigid caution of weakness and timidity. A tame and indiscriminate civility I imputed to a dread of the contempt or the petulance of others, to fears from which the wit and the gentleman are exempted by a consciousness of their own dignity, by their power to repress insolence and silence ridicule: and a general shyness and reserve I considered as the reproach of our country, as the effect of an illiberal education, by which neither a polite address, an easy confidence, nor a general acquaintance with public life, is to be acquired. This opinion, which continued to flatter the levity and pride that produced it, was strengthened by the example of those whose manner in the diffidence



of youth I wished to imitate, who entered a mixed company with an air of serene familiarity, accosted every man like an old acquaintance, and thought only of making sport for the rest of any with whom their caprice should happen to be offended, without regard to their age, character, or condition.

But, I now wish, that I had regulated my conduct by the maxim which I despised, for I should then have escaped a misfortune which I can never retrieve; and the sense of which I am now endeavouring to suspend, by relating it to you as a lesson to others, and considering my loss of happiness as an acquisition of wisdom.

While I was in France with a travelling tutor, I received a letter which acquainted me, that my father, who had been long declining, was dead; and that it was necessary I should immediately return to England to take possession of his estate, which was not inconsiderable, though there were mortgages upon it to near half its value.

When I arrived, I found a letter which the old gentleman had written and directed to me with his own hand. It contained some general rules for my conduct, and some animadversions upon his own: he took notice of the incumbency under which he left me the paternal inheritance, which had descended through many generations, and expressed the most earnest desire, that it might yet be transmitted entire to posterity: with this view, he said, he had negotiated a marriage between me and the only daughter of his old friend, Sir George Homestead of the north, an amiable young lady, whose alliance would be an honour to my family, and whose fortune would much more than redeem my estate.

He had given the knight a faithful account of his affairs, who, after having taken some time to consider the proposal and consult his friends, had consented to the match, upon condition that his daughter and I should be agreeable to each other, and my behaviour should confirm the character which had been given of me. My father added, that he hoped to have lived till this alliance had taken place; but as Providence had otherwise determined, he intreated, as his last request, that as soon as my affairs should be settled and decency would permit, I would make Sir George a visit, and neglect nothing to accomplish his purpose.

I was touched with the zeal and tenderness of parental affection, which was then directing me to happiness, after the heart that felt it had ceased to beat, and the hand that expressed it was mouldering in the dust. I had also seen the lady, not indeed since we were children; but I remembered that her person was agreeable, and her temper sweet: I did not, therefore, hesitate a moment, whether my father's injunction should be obeyed. I proceeded to settle his

affairs; I took an account of his debts and credits, visited the tenants, recovered my usual gaiety, and at the end of about nine months set out for Sir George's seat in the north; having before opened an epistolary correspondence, and expressed my impatience to possess the happiness which my father had so kindly secured.

I was better pleased to be well mounted, than to loll in a chariot, or be jumbled in a post-chaise; and I knew that Sir George was an old sportsman, a plain hearty blade, who would like me better in a pair of buckskin breeches on the back of a good hunter, than in a trimmed suit and a gaudy equipage: I, therefore, set out on horseback with only one servant, and reached Stilton the first night.

In the morning, as I was mounting, a gentleman, who had just got on horseback before me, ordered his servant to make some inquiry about the road, which I happened to overhear, and told him with great familiarity, that I was going the same way, and if he pleased we would travel together: to this he consented, with as much frankness, and as little ceremony; and I set forward, greatly delighted that chance had afforded me a companion.

We immediately entered into conversation, and I soon found that he had been abroad: we extolled the roads and the policy of France, the cities, the palaces, and the villas; entered into a critical examination of the most celebrated seats in England, the peculiarities of the building and situation, cross ways, market-towns, the imposition of inn-keepers, and the sports of the field; topics by which we mutually recommended ourselves to each other, as we had both opportunities to discover equal knowledge, and to display truth with such evidence as prevented diversity of opinion.

After we had rode about two hours, we overtook another gentleman, whom we accosted with the same familiarity that we had used to each other; we asked him how far he was going, and which way, at what rate he travelled, where he put up, and many other questions of the same kind. The gentleman, who appeared to be near fifty, received our address with great coolness, returned short and indirect answers to our inquiries, and, often looking with great attention on us both, sometimes put forward that he might get before us, and sometimes checked his horse that he might remain behind. But we were resolved to disappoint him; and, finding that his reserve increased, and he was visibly displeased, we winked at each other, and determined the old put should afford us some sport. After we had rode together upon very ill terms more than half an hour, my companion with an air of ceremonious gravity asked him, if he knew any house upon the road where he might be accommodated with a wench. The gentleman, who was, I believe, afraid of giving us a



pretence to quarrel, did not resent this insult any otherwise than by making no reply. I then began to talk to my companion as if we had been old acquaintance, reminding him that the gentleman extremely resembled a person, from whom we had taken a girl that he was carrying to the bagnio, and, indeed, that his present reserve made me suspect him to be the same; but that as we were willing to ask his pardon, we hoped it would be forgot, and that we should still have the pleasure of dining together at the next inn. The gentleman was still silent; but as his perplexity and resentment visibly increased he proportionably increased our entertainment, which did not however last long, for he suddenly turned down a lane; upon which we set up a horse-laugh, that continued till he was out of hearing, and then pursuing our journey, we talked of the adventure, which afforded us conversation and merriment for the rest of the day.

The next morning we parted, and in the evening I arrived at Homestead Hall. The old knight received me with great affection, and immediately introduced me to his daughter, whom I now thought the finest woman I had ever seen. I could easily discover, that I was not welcome to her merely upon her father's recommendation, and I enjoyed by anticipation the felicity which I considered as within my grasp. But the pleasing scene, in which I had suffered my imagination to wander, suddenly disappeared as by the power of enchantment; without any visible motive, the behaviour of the whole family was changed, my assiduities to the lady were repressed, she was never to be found alone, the knight treated me with a cold civility, I was no longer a party in their visits, nor was I willingly attended even by the servants. I made many attempts to discover the cause of this misfortune, but without success; and one morning, when I had drawn Sir George into the garden by himself, and was about to urge him upon the subject, he prevented me, by saying, that his promise to my father, for whom he had the highest regard, as I well knew, was conditional; that he had always resolved to leave his daughter a free choice, and that she had requested him to acquaint me, that her affections were otherwise engaged, and to intreat that I would, therefore, discontinue my addresses. My surprise and concern at this declaration were such as left me no power to reply; and I saw Sir George turn from me and go into the house, without making any attempt to stop him, or to obtain a further explanation. Afterwards, indeed, I frequently expostulated, entreated, and complained: but, perceiving that all was ineffectual, I took my leave, and determined that I would still solicit by letter; for the lady had taken such possession of my heart, that I would joyfully have married her, though

I had been sure that her father would immediately have left all his fortune to a stranger.

I meditated on my epistolary project all the way to London, and before I had been three days in town I wrote a long letter to Sir George, in which I conjured him, in the strongest terms, to account for the change in his behaviour; and insisted, that on this occasion, to conceal the truth, was in the highest degree dishonourable to himself, and injurious to me.

To this letter, after about ten days, I received the following answer:

"SIR,

"It is with great reluctance that I reveal the motives of my conduct, because they are much to your disadvantage. The inclosed is a letter which I received from a worthy gentleman in this county, and contains a full answer to your inquiries, which I had rather you should receive in any hand than in mine.

"I am your humble servant,

"GEO. HOMESTEAD."

I immediately opened the paper inclosed, in which, with the utmost impatience, I read as follows:

"SIR,

"I saw a person with your family yesterday at the races, to whom, as I was soon after informed, you intend to give your daughter. Upon this occasion it is my indispensable duty to acquaint you, that if his character is to be determined by his company, he will inevitably entail diseases, and beggary upon his posterity, whatever be the merit of his wife, or the affluence of his fortune. He overtook me on the road from London a few weeks ago, in company with a wretch, who by their discourse appeared to be his old and familiar acquaintance, and whom I well remember to have been brought before my friend Justice Worthy, when I was accidentally at his house, as the keeper of a brothel in Covent Garden. He has since won a considerable sum with false dice at the masquerade, for which he was obliged to leave the kingdom, and is still liable to a prosecution. Be assured that I have perfect knowledge of both; for some incidents, which it is not necessary to mention, kept me near them so long on the road, that it is impossible I should be mistaken.

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.

"JAMES TRUEMAN."

The moment I had read this letter, the riddle was solved. I knew Mr. Trueman to be the gentleman, whom I had concurred with a stranger, picked up by accident, to insult without provocation on the road. I was in a moment covered with confusion; and though I was alone, could not help hiding my face with my

hands. I abhorred my folly, which appeared yet more enormous every time it was reviewed.

I courted the society of a stranger, and a stranger I persecuted with insult: thus I associated with infamy, and thus my associate became known. I hoped, however, to convince Sir George, that I had no knowledge of the wretch whose infamy I had shared, except that which I acquired from the letter of his friend. But before I had taken proper measures for my justification, I had the mortification to hear, that the lady was married to a neighbouring gentleman, who had long made his addresses, and whom Sir George had before rejected in the ardour of his friendship for my father.

How narrow, Mr. Adventurer, is the path of rectitude, and how much may be lost by the slightest deviation!

I am your humble servant,  
ABULUS.

No. 113.] TUESDAY, DEC. 4, 1753.

*Ad humum mærore gravi deduct et angit.* HOR.

Wrings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.  
FRANCIS.

ONE of the most remarkable differences betwixt ancient and modern tragedy arises from the prevailing custom of describing only those distresses that are occasioned by the passion of love; a passion which, from the universality of its dominion, may doubtless claim a large share in representations of human life; but which, by totally engrossing the theatre, hath contributed to degrade that noble school of virtue into an academy of effeminacy.

When Racine persuaded the celebrated Arnauld to read his *Phædra*, "Why," said that severe critic to his friend, "have you falsified the manners of Hippolitus, and represented him in love?" "Alas!" replied the poet, "without that circumstance, how would the ladies and the beaux have received my piece?" And it may be well imagined, that to gratify so considerable and important a part of his audience, was the powerful motive that induced Corneille to enervate even the matchless and affecting story of *Œdipus*, by the frigid and impertinent episode of Theseus's passion for Dirce.

Shakspeare has shown us by his *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Cæsar*, and above all by his *Lear*, that very interesting tragedies may be written, that are not founded on gallantry and love: and that Boileau was mistaken, when he affirmed,

*—de l'amour la sensible peinture,  
Est pour aller au cœur la route la plus sûre.*

Those tender scenes that pictur'd love impart,  
Insure success and best engage the heart.

The distresses in this tragedy are of a very uncommon nature, and are not touched upon by any other dramatic author. They are occasioned by a rash resolution of an aged monarch of strong passions and quick sensibility, to resign his crown and to divide his kingdom amongst his three daughters; the youngest of whom, who was his favourite, not answering his sanguine expectations in expressions of affection to him, he for ever banishes, and endows her sisters with her allotted share. Their unnatural ingratitude, the intolerable affronts, indignities, and cruelties he suffers from them, and the remorse he feels from his imprudent resignation of his power, at first inflame him with the most violent rage, and by degrees drive him to madness and death. This is the outline of the fable.

I shall confine myself at present to consider singly the judgment and art of the poet, in describing the origin and progress of the distraction of *Lear*; in which, I think, he has succeeded better than any other writer; even than Euripides himself, whom Longinus so highly commends for his representation of the madness of *Orestes*.

It is well contrived, that the first affront that is offered *Lear*, should be a proposal from Gonerill, his eldest daughter, to lessen the number of his knights, which must needs affect and irritate a person so jealous of his rank and the respect due to it. He is at first astonished at the complicated impudence and ingratitude of this design; but quickly kindles into rage, and resolves to depart instantly:

—Darkness and devils! —  
Saddle my horses; call my train together—  
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee.—

This is followed by a severe reflection upon his own folly for resigning his crown; and a solemn invocation to nature, to heap the most horrible curses on the head of Gonerill, that her own offspring may prove equally cruel and unnatural:

—That she may feel,  
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,  
To have a thankless child! —

When Albany demands the cause of this passion, *Lear* answers, "I'll tell thee!" but immediately cries out to Gonerill,

—Life and death! I am ashamed,  
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus.  
—Blasts and fogs upon thee!  
Th' untented woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee!

He stops a little and reflects:

Ha! is it come to this?

Let it be so! I have another daughter,  
Who I am sure, is kind and comfortable,  
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails  
She'll flay thy wolfish visage——

He was, however, mistaken; for the first object he encounters in the castle of the earl of Gloucester, whither he fled to meet his other daughter, was his servant in the stocks; from whence he may easily conjecture what reception he is to meet with:

——Death on my state! Wherefore  
Should he sit here?

He adds immediately afterwards,

O me, my heart! my rising heart!—but down.

By which single line the inexpressible anguish of his mind, and the dreadful conflict of opposite passions with which it is agitated, are more forcibly expressed, than by the long and laboured speech, enumerating the causes of his anguish, that Rowe, and other modern tragic writers would certainly have put into his mouth. But Nature, Sophocles, and Shakspeare, represent the feelings of the heart in a different manner; by a broken hint, a short exclamation, a word, or a look:

They mingle not, 'mid deep felt sighs and groans,  
Descriptions gay, or quaint comparisons,  
No flowery far-fetch'd thoughts their scenes  
admit;

Ill suits conceit with passion, wo with wit.  
Here passion prompts each short, expressive  
speech;

Or silence paints what words can never reach.

J. W.

When Jocasta, in Sophocles, has discovered that Oedipus was the murderer of her husband, she immediately leaves the stage; but in Corneille and Dryden she continues on it during a whole scene, to bewail her destiny in set speeches. I should be guilty of insensibility and injustice, if I did not take this occasion to acknowledge, that I have been more moved and delighted, by hearing this single line spoken by the only actor of the age who understands and relishes these little touches of nature, and therefore the only one qualified to personate this most difficult character of Lear, than by the most pompous declaimer of the most pompous speeches in Cato or Tamerlane.

In the next scene, the old king appears in a very distressful situation. He informs Regan, whom he believes to be still actuated by filial tenderness, of the cruelties he had suffered from her sister Gonerill in very pathetic terms:

——Beloved Regan,  
Thy sister's naught—O Regan! she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,  
I scarce can speak to thee—thou'lt not believe,  
With how depraved a quality—O Regan!

It is a stroke of wonderful art in the poet to represent him incapable of specifying the particular ill-usage he has received, and breaking off thus abruptly, as if his voice was choked by tenderness and resentment.

When Regan counsels him to ask her sister forgiveness, he falls on his knees with a very striking kind of irony, and asks her how such supplicating language as this becometh him:

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
Age is unnecessary; on my knees I beg,  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

But being again exhorted to sue for reconciliation, the advice wounds him to the quick, and forces him into execrations against Gonerill, which, though they chill the soul with horror, are yet well suited to the impetuosity of his temper:

She hath abated me of half my train;  
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,  
Most serpent like, upon the very heart—  
All the stored vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,  
Ye taking airs, with lameness! ——  
Ye nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames  
Into her scornful eyes! ——

The wretched king, little imagining that he is to be outcast from Regan also, adds very movingly;

——'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes—  
——Thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood—  
Thy half o' th' kingdom thou hast not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd. ——

That the hopes he had conceived of tender usage from Regan should be deceived, heightens his distress to a great degree. Yet it is still aggravated and increased, by the sudden appearance of Gonerill; upon the unexpected sight of whom he exclaims,

——Who comes here? O heavens!  
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down and take my  
part!

This address is surely pathetic beyond expression; it is scarce enough to speak of it in the cold terms of criticism. There follows a question to Gonerill, that I have never read without tears:

Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?



This scene abounds with many noble turns of passion; or rather conflicts of very different passions. The inhuman daughters urge him in vain, by all the sophistical and unfilial arguments they were mistresses of, to diminish the number of his train. He answers them by only four poignant words:

I gave you all!

When Regan at last consents to receive him, but without any attendants, for that he might be served by her own domestics, he can no longer contain his disappointment and rage. First he appeals to the heavens, and points out to them a spectacle that is indeed inimitably affecting:

You see me here, ye gods! a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age, wretched in both;  
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely!

Then suddenly he addresses Gonerill and Regan in the severest terms and with the bitterest threats:

—No, you unnatural hags!  
I will have such revenges on you both—  
That all the world shall—I will do such things—  
What they are yet, I know not—

Nothing occurs to his mind severe enough for them to suffer, or him to inflict. His passion rises to a height that deprives him of articulation. He tells them that he will subdue his sorrow though almost irresistible; and that they shall not triumph over his weakness:

—You think I'll weep!  
No! I'll not weep; I have full cause of weeping;  
But this heart shall break into a thousand flaws,  
Or e'er I'll weep!

He concludes,

O fool—I shall go mad!—

which is an artful anticipation, that judiciously prepares us for the dreadful event that is to follow in the succeeding acts.

Z.

No. 114.] SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1753.

*Sperat infestis, metuit secundis,  
Alteram sortem bene præparatum  
Pectus.*

HOR.

Whoe'er enjoys th' introubled breast  
With Virtue's tranquil wisdom blest;  
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer.  
And temper happiness with tear. FRANCIS.

ALMET, the Dervise, who watched the sacred

lamp in the sepulchre of the Prophet, as he one day rose up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the east, and his forehead on the earth, saw before him a man in splendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed stedfastly at him with a look of mournful complacency, and seemed desirous to speak, but unwilling to offend.

The Dervise, after a short silence, advanced, and saluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requested that he would reveal his purpose.

"Almet," said the stranger, "thou seest before thee a man, whom the hand of prosperity has overwhelmed with wretchedness. Whatever I once desired as the means of happiness, I now possess; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I despair. I regret the lapse of time, because it glides away without enjoyment: and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of the past, I do not wish that the future should arrive. Yet I tremble lest it should be cut off; and my heart sinks when I anticipate the moment, in which eternity shall close over the vacuity of my life like the sea upon the path of a ship, and leave no traces of my existence more durable than the furrow which remains after the waves have united. If in the treasures of thy wisdom there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouchsafe it to me: for this purpose am I come; a purpose which yet I feared to reveal, lest like all the former, it should be disappointed." Almet listened, with looks of astonishment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reason was known to be a pledge of immortality; but the serenity of his countenance soon returned; and stretching out his hand toward heaven, "Stranger," said he, "the knowledge which I have received from the Prophet, I will communicate to thee."

As I was sitting one evening at the porch of the temple pensive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was scattered before me; and while I remarked the weariness and solicitude which was visible in every countenance, I was suddenly struck with a sense of their condition. Wretched mortals, said I, to what purpose are you busy? if to produce happiness, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt, and the silks of Persia, bestow felicity on those who wear them, equal to the wretchedness of yonder slaves whom I see leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineness of the texture, or the splendour of the tints, regarded with delight by those to whom custom has rendered them familiar? or can the power of habit render others insensible of pain, who live only to traverse the desert; a scene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon: where no change of prospect,

or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a sense of toil and danger, of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the sand, and of thirst which the wealthy have given half their possessions to allay? Do those on whom hereditary diamonds sparkle with unregarded lustre, gain from the possession what is lost by the wretch who seeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the vicissitude of day and night is not known; who sighs in perpetual darkness, and whose life is one mournful alternative of insensibility and labour? If those are not happy who possess, in proportion as those are wretched who bestow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and, if there is, indeed, such difference in the value of existence, how shall we acquit of partiality the hand by which this difference has been made?

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became sensible of a sudden influence from above. The streets and the crowds of Mecca disappeared; I found myself sitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran the minister of reproof. When I saw him, I was afraid. I cast mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be silent. "Almet," said he, "thou hast devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counsel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter presumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of nature thou hast read without understanding: it is again open before thee: look up, consider it, and be wise."

I looked up, and beheld an inclosure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradise, but of a small extent. Through the middle, there was a green walk; at the end, a wild desert; and beyond, impenetrable darkness. The walk was shaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with blossoms and fruit; innumerable birds were singing in the branches; the grass was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance; and painted the path with beauty: on one side flowed a gentle transparent stream, which was just heard to murmur over the golden sands that sparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottoes, and cascades, which diversified the scene with endless variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a transport of delight and wonder on this enchanting spot, I perceived a man stealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms crossed on his bosom; he sometimes started, as if a sudden pang had seized him; his countenance expressed solicitude and terror; he looked round with a sigh, and having gazed a moment on the desert that

lay before him, he seemed as if he wished to stop, but was impelled forwards by some invisible power: his features however soon settled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground, and he went on, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was struck with this appearance; and turning hastily to the angel, was about to inquire, what could produce such infelicity in a being, surrounded with every object that could gratify every sense; but he prevented my request: "The book of nature," said he, "is before thee; look up, consider it and be wise." I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no shade; the sun burned in the zenith, and every spring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleasant and fertile, shaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a second view, I discovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was cheerful, and his deportment active: he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was restrained, as the other had been impelled, by some secret influence: sometimes, indeed, I perceived a sudden expression of pain, and sometimes he stopped short as if his foot was pierced by the asperities of the way; but the sprightliness of his countenance instantly returned, and he pressed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again toward the angel, impatient to inquire from what secret source happiness was derived, in a situation so different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my request: "Almet," said he, "remember, what thou hast seen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the world in which thou art placed, is but the road to another; and that happiness depends not upon the path, but the end: the value of this period of thy existence is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wished to linger in the garden, who looked round upon its limits with terror, was destitute of enjoyment, because he was destitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread of losing that which yet he did not enjoy: the song of the birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers had so often recurred that their beauty was not seen; the river glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift up his eye to the prospect, lest he should behold the waste that circumscribed it. But he that toiled through the valley was happy, because he looked forward with hope. Thus, to the sojourner upon earth, it is of little moment, whether the path he treads be strewn with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himself



to approach those regions, in comparison of which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderness lose their distinction, and are both alike impotent to give pleasure or pain.

"What then has Eternal Wisdom unequally distributed? That which can make every station happy, and without which every station must be wretched, is acquired by Virtue, and Virtue is possible to all. Remember, Almet, the vision which thou hast seen; and let my words be written on the tablet of thy heart, that thou mayest direct the wanderer to happiness, and justify God to men."

While the voice of Azoran was yet sounding in my ear, the prospect vanished from before me, and I found myself again sitting at the porch of the temple. The sun was gone down, the multitude was retired to rest, and the solemn quiet of midnight concurred with the resolution of my doubts to complete the tranquillity of my mind.

Such my son, was the vision which the prophet vouchsafed me, not for my sake only, but for thine. Thou hast sought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art disappointed. Let not instruction be lost upon thee, as the seal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock clothe the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppression, and let thy conversation be above. Thus shalt thou "rejoice in Hope," and look forward to the end of life as the consummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whose breast devotion kindled as he spake, returned into the temple, and the stranger departed in peace.

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No. 115.] TUESDAY, DEC. 11, 1753.

*Scribimus indocti doctique.*

HOR.

All dare to write, who can or cannot read.

THEY who have attentively considered the history of mankind, know that every age has its peculiar character. At one time, no desire is felt but for military honours; every summer affords battles and sieges, and the world is filled with ravage, bloodshed, and devastation: this sanguinary fury at length subsides, and nations are divided into factions by controversies about points that will never be decided. Men then grow weary of debate and altercation, and apply themselves to the arts of profit; trading companies are formed, manufactures improved, and navigation extended; and nothing is any longer thought on, but the increase and preservation of property, the artifices of getting money, and the pleasures of spending it.

The present age, if we consider chiefly the state of our own country, may be styled, with great propriety, The Age of Authors; for, perhaps, there never was a time, in which men of all degrees of ability, of every kind of education, of every profession and employment, were posting with ardour so general to the press. The province of writing was formerly left to these, who by study, or appearance of study, were supposed to have gained knowledge unattainable by the busy part of mankind; but in these enlightened days, every man is qualified to instruct every other man; and he that beats the anvil, or guides the plough, not content with supplying corporal necessities, amuses himself in the hours of leisure with providing intellectual pleasures for his countrymen.

It may be observed, that of this, as of other evils, complaints have been made by every generation; but though it may, perhaps, be true, that at all times more have been willing than have been able to write, yet there is no reason for believing, that the dogmatical legions of the present race were ever equalled in number by any former period; for so widely is spread the itch of literary praise, that almost every man is an author, either in act or in purpose; has either bestowed his favours on the public, or withholds them, that they may be more seasonably offered, or made more worthy of acceptance.

In former times, the pen, like the sword, was considered as consigned by nature to the hands of men; the ladies contented themselves with private virtues and domestic excellence; and a female writer, like a female warrior, was considered as a kind of eccentric being, that deviated, however illustriously, from her due sphere of motion, and was, therefore, rather to be gazed at with wonder, than countenanced by imitation. But as the times past are said to have seen a nation of Amazons, who drew the bow and wielded the battle axe, formed encampments and wasted nations; the revolution of years has now produced a generation of Amazons of the pen, who with the spirit of their predecessors have set masculine tyranny at defiance, asserted their claim to the regions of science, and seem resolved to contest the usurpations of virility.

Some, indeed, there are of both sexes, who are authors only in desire, but have not yet attained the power of executing their intentions; whose performances have not arrived at bulk sufficient to form a volume, or who have not the confidence, however impatient of nameless obscurity, to solicit openly the assistance of the printer. Among these are the innumerable correspondents of public papers, who are always offering assistance which no man will receive, and suggesting hints that are never taken, and who complain loudly of the perverseness and arrogance of authors, lament their insensibility



of their own interest, and fill the coffee-houses with dark stories of performances by eminent hands, which have been offered and rejected.

To what cause this universal eagerness of writing can be properly ascribed, I have not yet been able to discover. It is said, that every art is propagated in proportion to the rewards conferred upon it; a position from which a stranger would naturally infer, that literature was now blessed with patronage far transcending the candour or munificence of the Augustin age; that the road to greatness was open to none but authors, and that by writing alone riches and honour were to be obtained.

But since it is true, that writers, like other competitors, are very little disposed to favour one another, it is not to be expected, that at a time, when every man writes, any man will patronize; and, accordingly, there is not one that I can recollect at present, who professes the least regard for the votaries of science, invites the addresses of learned men, or seems to hope for reputation from any pen but his own.

The cause, therefore, of this epidemical conspiracy for the destruction of paper, must remain a secret; nor can I discover, whether we owe it to the influences of the constellations, or the intemperature of seasons; whether the long continuance of the wind at any single point, or intoxicating vapours exhaled from the earth, have turned our nobles and our peasants, our soldiers and traders, our men and women, all into wits, philosophers, and writers.

It is, indeed, of more importance to search out the cure than the cause of this intellectual malady; and he would deserve well of his country, who, instead of amusing himself with conjectural speculations, should find means of persuading the peer to inspect his steward's accounts, or repair the rural mansion of his ancestors, who could replace the tradesman behind his counter, and send back the farmer to the mattock and the flail.

General irregularities are known in time to remedy themselves. By the constitution of ancient Egypt, the priesthood was continually increasing, till at length there was no people beside themselves; the establishment was then dissolved, and the number of priests was reduced and limited. Thus among us, writers will, perhaps be multiplied, till no readers will be found, and then the ambition of writing must necessarily cease.

But, as it will be long before the cure is thus gradually effected, and the evil should be stopped, if it be possible, before it rises to so great a height, I could wish that both sexes would fix their thoughts upon some salutary considerations, which might repress their ardour for that reputation which not one of many thousands is fated to obtain.

Let it be deeply impressed and frequently re-

collected, that he who has not obtained the proper qualifications of an author, can have no excuse for the arrogance of writing, but the power of imparting to mankind something necessary to be known. A man uneducated or unlettered may sometimes start a useful thought, or make a lucky discovery, or obtain by chance some secret of nature, or some intelligence of facts, of which the most enlightened mind may be ignorant, and which it is better to reveal, though by a rude and unskilful communication, than to lose for ever by suppressing it.

But few will be justified by this plea; for of the innumerable books and pamphlets that have overflowed the nation, scarce one has made any addition to real knowledge, or contained more than a transposition of common sentiments and a repetition of common phrases.

It will be naturally inquired, when the man who feels an inclination to write, may venture to suppose himself properly qualified; and, since every man is inclined to think well of his own intellect, by what test he may try his abilities, without hazarding the contempt or resentment of the public.

The first qualification of a writer is a perfect knowledge of the subject which he undertakes to treat; since we cannot teach what we do not know, nor can properly undertake to instruct others while we are ourselves in want of instruction. The next requisite is, that he be master of the language in which he delivers his sentiments; if he treats of science and demonstration, that he has attained a style, clear, pure, nervous and expressive; if his topics be probable and perswasory, that he be able to recommend them by the superaddition of elegance and imagery, to display the colours of varied diction, and pour forth the music of modulated periods.

If it be again inquired, upon what principles any man shall conclude that he wants these powers, it may be readily answered, that no end is attained but by the proper means; he only can rationally presume that he understands a subject, who has read and compared the writers that have hitherto discussed it, familiarized their arguments to himself by long meditation, consulted the foundations of different systems, and separated truth from error by a rigorous examination.

In like manner, he only has a right to suppose that he can express his thoughts, whatever they are, with perspicuity or elegance, who has carefully perused the best authors, accurately noted their diversities of style, diligently selected the best modes of diction, and familiarized them by long habits of attentive practice.

No man is a rhetorician or philosopher by chance. He who knows that he undertakes to write on questions which he has never studied, may without hesitation determine, that he is

about to waste his own time and that of his reader, and expose himself to the derision of those whom he aspires to instruct; he that without forming his style by the study of the best models, hastens to obtrude his compositions on the public, may be certain that whatever hope or flattery may suggest, he shall shock the learned ear with barbarisms, and contribute, wherever his work shall be received, to the deprivation of taste and the corruption of language.

T.

No. 116.] SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1753.

—*Æstuat ingens*

*Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,  
Et furis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus.*

VIRG.

Rage boiling from the bottom of his breast,  
And sorrow mix'd with shame his soul oppress.  
And conscious worth lay labouring in his thought;  
And love by jealousy to madness wrought.

DRYDEN.

THUNDER and a ghost have been frequently introduced into tragedy by barren and mechanical play-wrights, as proper objects to impress terror and astonishment, where the distress has not been important enough to render it probable that nature would interpose for the sake of the sufferers, and where these objects themselves have not been supported by suitable sentiments. Thunder has, however, been made use of with great judgment and good effect by Shakspeare, to heighten and impress the distresses of Lear.

The venerable and wretched old king is driven out by both his daughters, without necessities and without attendants, not only in the night, but in the midst of a most dreadful storm, and on a bleak and barren heath. On his first appearance in this situation, he draws an artful and pathetic comparison betwixt the severity of the tempest and of his daughters:

Rumble thy belly full! spit, fire! spout, rain!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.  
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;  
I never gave you kingdom, called you children:  
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your slave;  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man!

The storm continuing with equal violence, he drops for a moment the consideration of his own miseries, and takes occasion to moralize on the terrors which such commotions of nature should raise in the breast of secret and unpunished villany:

—Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes

Unwhipt of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;  
Thou perjured, and thou similar of virtue  
That art incestuous!——  
——Close pent-up guilts  
Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace!—

He adds with reference to his own case,

——I am a man

More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent most earnestly entreats him to enter a hovel which he had discovered on the heath; and on pressing him again and again to take shelter there, Lear exclaims

Wilt break my heart?——

Much is contained in these four words; as if he had said, “the kindness and the gratitude of this servant exceeds that of my own children. Though I have given them a kingdom, yet have they basely discarded me, and suffered a head so old and white as mine to be exposed to this terrible tempest, while this fellow pities and would protect me from its rage. I cannot bear this kindness from a perfect stranger; it breaks my heart.” All this seems to be included in that short exclamation, which another writer, less acquainted with nature, would have displayed at large: such a suppression of sentiments plainly implied, is judicious and affecting. The reflections that follow are drawn likewise from an intimate knowledge of man:

When the mind's free,  
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there——

Here the remembrance of his daughters' behaviour rushes upon him, and he exclaims, full of the idea of its unparalleled cruelty,

——Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to't

He then changes his style, and vows with impotent menaces, as if still in possession of the power he had resigned, to revenge himself on his oppressors, and to steel his breast with fortitude:

——But I'll punish home.  
No, I will weep no more!——

But the sense of his sufferings returns again, and he forgets the resolution he had formed the moment before:

In such a night,  
To shut me out?—Pour on, I will endure—  
In such a night as this?——

At which, with a beautiful apostrophe, he suddenly addresses himself to his absent daughter

ters, tenderly reminding them of the favours he had so lately and so liberally conferred upon them :

———O Regan, Gonerill,  
Your old kind father ; whose frank heart gave all ! —  
O that way madness lies ! let me shun that ;  
No more of that !

The turns of passion in these few lines are so quick and so various, that I thought they merited to be minutely pointed out by a kind of perpetual commentary.

The mind is never so sensibly disposed to pity the misfortune of others, as when it is itself subdued and softened by calamity. Adversity diffuses a kind of sacred calm over the breast, that is the parent of thoughtfulness and meditation. The following reflections of Lear in his next speech, when his passion has subsided for a short interval, are equally proper and striking :

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er ye are,  
That bide the pelting of this pityless storm !  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and widow'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these !

He concludes with a sentiment finely suited to his condition, and worthy to be written in characters of gold in the closet of every monarch upon earth :

O ! I have ta'en  
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp !  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel ;  
That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them,  
And show the Heavens more just ! ———

Lear being at last persuaded to take shelter in the hovel, the poet has artfully contrived to lodge there Edgar, the discarded son of Gloucester, who counterfeits the character and habit of a mad beggar, haunted by an evil demon, and whose supposed sufferings are enumerated with an inimitable wildness of fancy ; " Whom the foul fiend hath led through fire, and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire ; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew ; set ratsbane by his porridge ; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. — Bless thy five wits, Tom's a cold ! " The assumed madness of Edgar, and the real distraction of Lear, form a judicious contrast.

Upon perceiving the nakedness and wretchedness of this figure, the poor king asks a question that I never could read without strong emotions of pity and admiration :

What ! have his daughters brought him to this pass ?  
Couldst thou save nothing ? Didst thou give them  
all !

And when Kent assures him, that the beggar hath no daughters, he hastily answers :

Death, traitor, nothing could have subdued nature  
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.

Afterwards, upon the calm contemplation of the misery of Edgar, he breaks out into the following serious and pathetic reflection : " Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this ? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha ! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself : unaccommodated man is no more than such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings ! Come, unbutton here. "

Shakspeare has no where exhibited more inimitable strokes of his art, than in this uncommon scene ; where he has so well conducted even the natural jargon of the beggar, and the jestings of the fool, which in other hands must have sunk into burlesque, that they contribute to heighten the pathetic to a very high degree.

The heart of Lear having been agitated and torn by a conflict of such opposite and tumultuous passions, it is not wonderful that his " wits should now begin to unsettle. " The first plain indication of the loss of his reason, is his calling Edgar, " a learned Theban ; " and telling Kent, that " he will keep still with his philosopher. " When he next appears, he imagines he is punishing his daughters. The imagery is extremely strong, and chills one with horror to read it :

To have a thousand with red burning spits  
Come hissing in upon them ! ———

As the fancies of lunatics have an extraordinary force and liveliness, and render the objects of their frenzy as it were present to their eyes, Lear actually thinks himself suddenly restored to his kingdom, and seated in judgment to try his daughters for their cruelties :

I'll see their trial first ; bring in the evidence ;  
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ;  
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,  
Bench by his side. You are of the commission,  
Sit you too. Arraign her first, 'tis Gonerill ———  
And here's another, whose wrapt looks proclaim  
What store her heart is made of ———

Here he imagines that Regan escapes out of his hands, and he eagerly exclaims,

———Stop her there.  
Arms, arms, sword, fire — Corruption in the place !  
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape ?

A circumstance follows that is strangely moving indeed ; for he fancies that his favourite



domestic creatures, that used to fawn upon and caress him, and of which he was eminently fond, have now their tempers changed, and join to insult him:

———The little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see! they bark at  
me.

He again resumes his imaginary power, and orders them to anatomize Regan; "See what breeds about her heart—Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts! You, Sir," speaking to Edgar, "I entertain for one of my Hundred;" a circumstance most artfully introduced to remind us of the first affront he received, and to fix our thoughts on the causes of his distraction.

General criticism is on all subjects useless and unentertaining; but it is more than commonly absurd with respect to Shakspeare, who must be accompanied step by step, and scene by scene, in his gradual developments of characters and passions, and whose finer features must be singly pointed out, if we would do complete justice to his genuine beauties. It would have been easy to have declared, in general terms, "that the madness of Lear was very natural and pathetic;" and the reader might then have escaped, what he may, perhaps, call a multitude of well-known quotations: but then it had been impossible to exhibit a perfect picture of the secret workings and changes of Lear's mind, which vary in each succeeding passage, and which render an allegation of each particular sentiment absolutely necessary.

Z.

No. 117.] TUESDAY, DEC. 18, 1753.

*Negicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes.*

IRG.

Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid.

DRYDEN.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I WILL not anticipate the subject of this letter, by relating the motives from which I have written it; nor shall I expect it to be published, if, when you have read it, you do not think that it contains more than one topic of instruction.

My mother has been dead so long that I do not remember her; and when I was in my eighteenth year, I was left an orphan with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at my own disposal. I have been often told, that I am handsome; and I have some reasons to believe

it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my vanity or conferring happiness.

I was soon addressed by many lovers, from among whom I selected Hilario, the elder brother of a good family, whose paternal estate was something more than equivalent to my fortune.

Hilario was universally admired as a man or sense; and to confess the truth, not much less as a man of pleasure. His character appeared to rise in proportion as it was thought to endanger those about him; he derived new dignity, not only from the silence of the men, but the blushes of the ladies; and those, whose wit or virtue did not suffer by the admission of such a guest, were honoured as persons who could treat upon equal terms with a hero, who was become formidable by the number of his conquests: his company, therefore, was courted by all whom their fears did not restrain; the rest considered him as moving in a sphere above them, and, in proportion as they were able to imitate him, they became vicious and petulant in their own circle.

I was myself captivated with his manner and conversation; I hoped that upon Understanding I should be able to ingraft Virtue; I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my friends; and after a few months' courtship I became his wife.

During a short time all my expectations were gratified, and I exulted in my choice. Hilario was at once tender and polite; present pleasures were heightened by the anticipation of future; my imagination was perpetually wandering among the scenes of poetry and romance; I appropriated every luxurious description of happy lovers; and believed, that whatever time should take from desire, would be added to complacency; and that in old age we should only exchange the tumultuous ecstasy of love, for the calm, rational, and exalted delights of friendship, which every year would increase by new reciprocations of kindness, more tried fidelity and implicit confidence.

But from this pleasing dream it was not long before I awaked. Although it was the whole study of my life to unite my pleasures with those of Hilario, to regulate my conduct by his will, and thus prolong the felicity which was reflected from his bosom to mine; yet his visits abroad in which I was not a party became more frequent, and his general behaviour less kind. I perceived that when we were alone his mind was often absent, and that my prattle became irksome: my assiduities to recover his attention, and excite him to cheerfulness, were sometimes suffered with a cold civility, sometimes wholly neglected, and sometimes peevishly repressed as ill-timed officiousness, by which he was rather disturbed than obliged. I was, indeed, at length convinced, with whatever reluctance, that neither my person nor my mind had any charm

that could stand in competition with variety; and though, as I remember, I never even with my looks upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myself, and spent those hours in which I was forsaken by Hilario in solitude and tears.

But my distress still increased, and one injury made way for another. Hilario, almost as soon as he ceased to be kind, became jealous; he knew that disappointed wishes, and the resentment which they produce, concur to render beauty less solicitous to avoid temptation, and less able to resist it: and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but discover, he thought he had greater reason to suspect that I made reprisals: thus his sagacity multiplied his vices, and my virtue defeated its own purpose.

Some maxims, however, which I had gathered from novels and plays, were still uppermost in my mind. I reflected often upon the arts of Amanda, and the persevering tenderness and discretion of Lady Easy; and, I believed, as I had been taught by the sequel of every story, that they could not be practised without success, but against sordid stupidity and obdurate ill-nature; against the Brutes and the Sullens, whom, on the contrary, it was scarce a crime to punish, by admitting a rake of parts to pleasures of which they were unworthy.

From such maxims, and such examples, I, therefore, derived some hope. I wished earnestly to detect Hilario in his infidelity; that in the moment of conviction I might rouse his sensibility of my wrongs, and exalt his opinion of my merit; that I might cover him with confusion, melt him with tenderness, and double his obligations by generosity.

The opportunity for which I had so often wished, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned by accident one morning, that he intended to go in the evening to a masquerade; and I immediately conceived a design to discover his dress, and follow him to the theatre; to single him out, make some advances, and, if possible, bring on an assignation, where in the ardour of his first address I might strike him with astonishment by taking off my mask, reprove him without reproach, and forgive him without parade, mingling with the soft distress of violated affection the calm dignity of injured virtue.

My imagination was fired with these images which I was impatient to realize. My pride, which had hitherto sustained me above complaint, and thrown a veil of cheerfulness over my distress, would not suffer me to employ an assistant in the project I had undertaken; because this could not be done without revealing my suspicions, and confiding my peace to the breast of another, by whose malice or caprice it might be destroyed, and to whom I should, therefore, be brought into the most slavish subjection, without insuring the secrecy of which

my dependence would be the price. I, therefore, resolved at whatever risk of disappointment or detection, to trace him to the warehouse where his habit was to be hired, and discover that which he should choose myself.

He had ordered his chariot at eleven: I therefore, wrapped myself up in an undress and sat alone in my room till I saw him drive from the door. I then came down, and as soon as he had turned into St. James's street, which was not more than twenty yards, I went after him, and meeting with a hackney coach at the end of the street, I got hastily into it, and ordered the driver to follow the chariot at some distance, and to stop when it stopped.

I pulled up both the windows; and after half an hour spent in the most tormenting suspense and anxiety, it stopped at the end of Tavistock street. I looked hastily out of the window hiding my face with my handkerchief, and saw Hilario alight at the distance of about forty yards, and go into a warehouse of which I could easily distinguish the sign. I waited till he came out, and as soon as the chariot was out of sight I discharged the coach, and going immediately to the warehouse that Hilario had left I pretended to want a habit for myself. I saw many lying upon the counter, which I suppose had been brought out for Hilario's choice about these, therefore, I was very inquisitive and took particular notice of a very rich Turkish dress, which one of the servants took up to put away. When I saw he was about to remove it, I asked hastily whether it was hired and learned with unspeakable satisfaction, that it had been chosen by the gentleman who was just gone. Thus far I succeeded to the utmost of my hopes, not only by discovering Hilario's dress, but by his choice of one so very remarkable; for if he had chosen a domino, my scheme would have been rendered impracticable: because in a domino I could not certainly have distinguished him from others.

As I had now gained the intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the shop which it was not difficult to do, as it was just filled with ladies from two coaches, and the people were in a hurry to accommodate them. My dress did not attract much notice, nor promise much advantage; I was, therefore, willingly suffered to depart, upon slightly leaving word that I would call again.

When I got into the street I considered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a habit, where Hilario would either come to dress, or send for that which he had hired for himself: I, therefore, took another coach at the end of Southampton street, and went to a shop near the Hay-market, where I had before purchased a capuchin and some other trifles, and where I knew habits were to be hired, though not in so public a manner as at other places.

I now returned home; and such was the joy and expectation which my success inspired, that I had forgot I had succeeded only in an attempt, for which I could find neither motive nor apology but in my wretchedness.

During the interval between my return and the time when the doors of the theatre were to be opened, I suffered the utmost inquietude and impatience. I looked every moment at my watch, could scarce believe that it did not by some accident go too slow, and was continually listening to discover whether it had not stopped; but the lingering hour at length arrived; and though I was among the first that entered, yet it was not long before I singled out my victim, and found means to attract his regard.

I had, when I was at school, learned a way of expressing the alphabet with my fingers, which I have since discovered to be more generally known than at that time I imagined. Hilario, during his courtship, had once observed me using it to a lady who had been my school-fellow, and would never let me rest till I had taught it him. In this manner I saw my Turk conversing with a Nun, from whom he suddenly turned with an appearance of vexation and disappointment. I thought this a favourable opportunity to accost him; and, therefore, as he passed by me, I pulled him gently by the sleeve, and spelled with my fingers the words, "I understand." At first I was afraid of being discovered by showing my art; but I reflected, that it would effectually secure me from being discovered by my voice, which I considered as the more formidable danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleased; and after a very short conversation, which he seemed to make a point of continuing in the manner I had begun, an assignation was made, in consequence of which we proceeded in chairs to a bagnio near Covent-Garden. During this journey my mind was in great agitation; and it is difficult to determine whether pleasure or pain was predominant. I did not, however, fail to anticipate my triumph in the confusion of Hilario; I conceived the manner and the terms in which I would address him, and exult in the superiority which I should acquire by this opposition of his character to mine.

was brought into the entry, and giving me his hand, led me hastily up stairs. As soon as we entered the room he shut the door, and, taking off his mask, ran to me with the utmost impatience to take off mine. This was the important moment; but at this moment I discovered, with inexpressible astonishment and terror, that the person with whom I was alone in a brothel, was not Hilario, but Caprinus, a wretch that I well remembered to have seen among the rakers; that he frequently brought to his table.

At this sight, so unexpected and so dreadful, I shrieked aloud, and threw myself from him into an easy chair that stood by the bedside. Caprinus, probably believing I had fainted, hastily tore away my mask to give me air. At the first view of my face, he started back, and gazed at me with the same wonder that had fixed my eyes upon him. But our amazement was the next moment increased; for Hilario, who had succeeded in his intrigue, with whatever lady, happened to be in the next room, and, either alarmed by the voice of distress, or knowing it to be mine, rushed in at the door which flew open before him; but, at the next step, stood fixed in the same stupor of astonishment which had seized us. After a moment's recollection, he came up to me, and, dragging me to the candle, gazed steadfastly in my face with a look so frightful as never to be forgotten; it was the pale countenance of rage, which contempt had distorted with a smile; his lips quivered, and he told me, in a voice scarce articulate, that "though I might well be frightened at having stumbled upon an acquaintance, whom I doubted whether I could trust, yet I should not have screamed so loud." After this insult, he quitted me with as much negligence as he could assume; and bowing obsequiously to Caprinus, told him, "that he would leave me to his care." Caprinus had not sufficient presence of mind to reply; nor had I power to make any attempt, either to pacify or retain Hilario.

When he was gone I burst into tears, but was still unable to speak. From this agony Caprinus laboured to relieve me; and I began to hope, that he sincerely participated my distress: Caprinus, however, soon appeared to be chiefly solicitous to improve what, with respect to himself, he began to think a fortunate mistake. He had no conception, that I intended an assignation with my husband; but believed, like Hilario, that I had mistaken the person for whom my favours were intended; while he lamented my distress and disappointment, therefore, he pressed my hand with ardour, wished that he had been thought worthy of my confidence and my love; and to facilitate his design upon the wife of his friend, declared himself a man of honour, and that he would maintain the character at the hazard of his life.

H h

No. 118.] SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1753.

—Animorum  
Impulsu, et cæca magnaue cupidine ducti. Juv.

By blind impulse of eager passion driven.

He was ready to receive me when my chair



To such an address, in such circumstances, what could I reply? Grief had disarmed my resentment, and the pride of suspected virtue had forsaken me. I expressed myself, not in reproaches but complaints; and abruptly disengaging myself from him, I adjured him to tell me, "how he had procured his habit, and whether it had not been hired by Hilario?" He seemed to be struck with the question, and the manner in which I urged it: "I hired it," said he, "myself, at a warehouse in Tavistock street; but when I came to demand it, I was told it had been the subject of much confusion and dispute. When I made my agreement, the master was absent; and the servant neglecting to acquaint him with it at his return, he afterwards, in the absence of the servant, made the same agreement with another; but I know not with whom; and it was with great difficulty that he was brought to relinquish his claim, after he had been convinced of the mistake."

I now clearly discovered the snare in which I had been taken, and could only lament that it was impossible to escape. Whether Caprinus began to conceive my design, or whether he was indeed touched at my distress, which all his attempts to alleviate increased, I know not; but he desisted from farther protestations and importunity, and at my earnest request procured me a chair, and left me to my fortune.

I now reflected, with inconceivable anguish, upon the change which a few hours had made in my condition. I had left my house in the height of expectation, that in a few hours I should add to the dignity of an untainted reputation the felicity of conjugal endearments. I returned disappointed and degraded; detected in all the circumstances of guilt, to which I had not approached even in thought; having justified the jealousy which I sought to remove, and forfeited the esteem which I hoped to improve to veneration. With these thoughts I once more entered my dressing room, which was on the same floor with my chamber, and in less than half an hour I heard Hilario come in.

He went immediately to his chamber; and being told that I was in the next room, he locked the door, but did not go to bed, for I could hear him walk backward and forward all the night.

Early in the morning I sent a sealed billet to him by his valet; for I had not made a confidante, even of my woman: it contained only a pressing intreaty to be heard, and a solemn asseveration of my innocence, which I hoped it would not be impossible to prove. He sent me a verbal answer, that I might come to him: to him, therefore, I went, not as a judge but a criminal: not to accuse him whom I knew to be guilty, but to justify myself whom I knew to be innocent; and at this moment I would have

given the world to have been restored to that state which the day before I had thought intolerable.

I found him in great agitation, which yet he laboured to conceal. I, therefore, hastened to relate my project, the motives from which it was undertaken, and the means by which it had been disappointed. He heard me with calmness and attention, till I related the particular of the habit: this threw him into a new fit of jealousy, and starting from his seat, "What," said he, "have you paid for this intelligence? Of whom could you learn it, but the wretch with whom I left you? Did he not, when he found you were disappointed of another, solicit for himself?" Here he paused for my reply; and as I could not deny the fact, I was silent; my inviolable regard for truth was mistaken for the confusion of guilt, and equally prevented my justification. His passion returned with yet greater violence. "I know," said he, "that Caprinus related this incident, only that you might be enabled to impose upon my credulity, and that he might obtain a participation of the favours which you lavished upon others; but I am not thus to be deceived by the concurrence of accident with cunning, nor reconciled to the infamy you have brought upon my name." With this injurious reproach he would have left me; but I caught hold of him, and intreated that he would go with me to the warehouse, where the testimony of persons, wholly disinterested, might convince him that I was there immediately after him, and inquired which dress he had chosen. To this request he replied, by asking me, in a peremptory tone, "Whether Caprinus had not told me where the habit was hired?" As I was struck with the suddenness and the design of the question, I had not fortitude to confess a truth which yet I disdained to deny. Hilario again triumphed in the successful detection of my artifices; and told me, with a sneer of insupportable contempt and derision, that "he, who had so kindly directed me to find my witnesses, was too able a solicitor, not to acquaint them what testimony they were to give."

Expostulation was now at an end, and I disdained to intreat any mercy under the imputation of guilt. All that remained, therefore, was still to hide my wretchedness in my bosom; and, if possible, to preserve that character abroad, which I had lost at home. But this I soon found to be a vain attempt; it was immediately whispered, as a secret, that "Hilario, who had long suspected me of a criminal correspondence, had at length traced me from the masquerade to a bagnio, and surprised me with a fellow." It was in vain for me to attempt the recovery of my character by giving another turn to this report, for the principal facts I

could not deny; and those who appeared to be most my friends, after they had attended to what they call nice distinctions and minute circumstances, could only say, that it was a dark affair, and they hoped I was not so guilty as was generally believed. I was avoided by my female acquaintance as infamous: if I went abroad, I was pointed out with a whisper, and a nod; and if I staid at home, I saw no face but my servants. Those, whose levity I had silently censured by declining to practise it, now revenged themselves of the virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked God they had never yet picked up fellows, though they were not so squeamish as to refuse going to a ball. But this was not the worst; every libertine, whose fortune authorized the insolence, was now making me offers of protection in nameless scrawls, and feared not to solicit me to adultery; they dared to hope I should accept their proposal by directing to A. B., who declares, like Caprinus, that he is a man of honour, and will not scruple to run my husband through the body, who now, indeed, thought himself authorized to treat me with every species of cruelty but blows, at the same time that his house was a perpetual scene of lewdness and debauchery.

Reiterated provocation and insult soon became intolerable: I therefore applied to a distant relation, who so far interested himself in my behalf as to obtain me a separate maintenance, with which I retired into the country, and in this world have no hope but to perpetuate my obscurity.

In this obscurity, however, your paper is known; and I have communicated an adventure to the Adventurer, not merely to indulge complaint, or gratify curiosity, but because I think it confirms some principles which you have before illustrated.

Those who doubt of a future retribution, may reflect, that I have been involved in all the miseries of guilt, except the reproach of conscience and the fear of hell, by an attempt which was intended to reclaim another from vice, and obtain the reward of my own virtue.

My example may deter others from venturing to the verge of rectitude, and assuming the appearance of evil. On the other hand, those, who judge of mere appearances, without charity, may remark, that no conduct was ever condemned with less show of injurious severity, nor yet with less justice than mine. Whether my narrative will be believed, indeed, I cannot determine; but where innocence is possible, it is dangerous to impute guilt, because, "with whatsoever judgment men judge they shall be judged;" a truth which, if it were remembered and believed by all who profess to receive it upon Divine authority, would impose silence upon the censorious, and extort candour from the selfish. And, I hope, that the ladies, who

read my story, will never hear, but with indignation, that the understanding of a libertine is a pledge of reformation; for his life cannot be known without abhorrence, nor shared without ruin.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

DESDEMONA.

No. 119.] TUESDAY, DEC. 25, 1753.

*Latius regnes, avidum domando  
Spiritus, quam si Lybiam remotis  
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Pœnus  
Serviat uni.*

HOR.

By virtue's precepts to control  
The thirsty cravings of the soul,  
Is over wider realms to reign  
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain  
You could to distant Lybia join,  
And both the Carthages were thine. FRANCIS.

WHEN Socrates was asked, "which of mortal men was to be accounted nearest to the gods in happiness?" he answered, "that man who is in want of the fewest things."

In this answer, Socrates left it to be guessed by his auditors, whether, by the exemption from want, which was to constitute happiness, he meant amplitude of possessions or contraction of desire. And, indeed, there is so little difference between them, that Alexander the Great confessed the inhabitant of a tub the next man to the master of the world; and left a declaration to future ages, that, if he were not Alexander, he should wish to be Diogenes.

These two states, however, though they resemble each other in their consequence, differ widely with respect to the facility with which they may be attained. To make great acquisitions can happen to very few; and in the uncertainty of human affairs, to many it will be incident to labour without reward, and to lose what they already possess by endeavours to make it more; some will always want abilities, and others opportunities to accumulate wealth. It is, therefore, happy, that nature has allowed us a more certain and easy road to plenty; every man may grow rich by contracting his wishes, and by quiet acquiescence in what has been given him supply the absence of more.

Yet so far is almost every man from emulating the happiness of the gods, by any other means than grasping at their power, that it seems to be the great business of life to create wants as fast as they are satisfied. It has been long observed by moralists, that every man squanders or loses a great part of that life, of which every man knows and deplores the short-



ness: and it may be remarked with equal justice, that though every man laments his own insufficiency to his happiness, and knows himself a necessitous and precarious being, incessantly soliciting the assistance of others, and feeling wants which his own art or strength cannot supply; yet there is no man, who does not, by the superaddition of unnatural cares, render himself still more dependant; who does not create an artificial poverty, and suffer himself to feel pain for the want of that, of which, when it is gained, he can have no enjoyment.

It must, indeed, be allowed, that as we lose part of our time because it steals away silent and invisible, and many an hour is passed before we recollect that it is passing; so unnatural desires insinuate themselves unobserved into the mind, and we do not perceive that they are gaining upon us, till the pain which they give us awakens us to notice. No man is sufficiently vigilant to take account of every minute of his life, or to watch every motion of his heart. Much of our time likewise is sacrificed to custom; we trifle, because we see others trifle: in the same manner we catch from example the contagion of desire; we see all about us busied in pursuit of imaginary good, and begin to bustle in the same chase, lest greater activity should triumph over us.

It is true, that to man, as a member of society, many things become necessary, which, perhaps, in a state of nature are superfluous; and that many things, not absolutely necessary, are yet so useful and convenient, that they cannot easily be spared. I will make yet a more ample and liberal concession. In opulent states and regular governments, the temptations to wealth and rank, and to the distinctions that follow them, are such as no force of understanding finds it easy to resist.

If, therefore, I saw the quiet of life disturbed only by endeavours after wealth and honour; by solicitude, which the world, whether justly or not, considered as important, I should scarcely have had courage to inculcate any precepts of moderation and forbearance. He that is engaged in a pursuit, in which all mankind profess to be his rivals, is supported by the authority of all mankind in the prosecution of his design, and will, therefore, scarcely stop to hear the lectures of a solitary philosopher. Nor am I certain, that the accumulation of honest gain ought to be hindered, or the ambition of just honours always to be repressed. Whatever can enable the possessor to confer any benefit upon others, may be desired upon virtuous principles; and we ought not too rashly to accuse any man of intending to confine the influence of his acquisitions to himself.

But, if we look round upon mankind, whom shall we find among those that fortune permits to form their own manners, that is not tor-

menting himself with a wish for something, of which all the pleasure and all the benefit will cease at the moment of attainment? One man is begging his posterity to build a house, which, when finished, he never will inhabit; another is levelling mountains to open a prospect, which, when he has once enjoyed it, he can enjoy no more; another is painting ceilings, carving wainscot, and filling his apartments with costly furniture, only that some neighbouring house may not be richer or finer than his own.

That splendour and elegance are not desirable, I am not so abstracted from life as to inculcate; but if we inquire closely into the reason for which they are esteemed, we shall find them valued principally as evidences of wealth. Nothing, therefore, can show greater depravity of understanding, than to delight in the show when the reality is wanting; or voluntarily to become poor, that strangers may for a time imagine us to be rich.

But there are yet *minuter* objects and more trifling anxieties. Men may be found, who are kept from sleep by the want of a shell particularly variegated; who are wasting their lives, in stratagems to obtain a book in a language which they do not understand; who pine with envy at the flowers of another man's parterre; who hover like vultures round the owner of a fossil, in hopes to plunder his cabinet at his death; and who would not much regret to see a street in flames, if a box of medals might be scattered in the tumult.

He that imagines me to speak of these sages in terms exaggerated and hyperbolic, has conversed but little with the race of virtuosos. A slight acquaintance with their studies, and a few visits to their assemblies, would inform him, that nothing is so worthless, but that prejudice and caprice can give it value; nor any thing of so little use, but that by indulging an idle competition or unreasonable pride, a man may make it to himself one of the necessities of life.

Desires like these, I may surely, without incurring the censure of moroseness, advise every man to repel when they invade his mind; or, if he admits them, never to allow them any greater influence, than is necessary to give petty employments the power of pleasing, and diversify the day with slight amusements.

An ardent wish, whatever be its object, will always be able to interrupt tranquillity. What we believe ourselves to want, torments us not in proportion to its real value, but according to the estimation by which we have rated it in our own minds; in some diseases the patient has been observed to long for food, which scarce any extremity of hunger would in health have compelled him to swallow; but while his organs were thus depraved the craving was irresistible,



nor could any rest be obtained till it was appeased by compliance. Of the same nature are the irregular appetites of the mind; though they are often excited by trifles, they are equally disquieting with real wants: the Roman, who wept at the death of his lamprey, felt the same degree of sorrow that extorts tears on other occasions.

Inordinate desires, of whatever kind, ought to be repressed upon yet a higher consideration; they must be considered as enemies not only to happiness but to virtue. There are men among those commonly reckoned the learned and the wise, who spare no stratagems to remove a competitor at an auction, who will sink the price of a rarity at the expense of truth, and whom it is not safe to trust alone in a library or cabinet: These are faults, which the fraternity seem to look upon as jocular mischiefs, or to think excused by the violence of the temptation; but I shall always fear that he, who accustoms himself to fraud in little things, wants only opportunity to practise it in greater; "he that has hardened himself by killing a sheep," says Pythagoras, "will with less reluctance shed the blood of a man."

To prize every thing according to its real use, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to happiness; and, therefore, few things to be ardently desired. He that looks upon the business and bustle of the world, with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with his exclamation, "How many things are here which I do not want!"

T.

No. 120.] SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1753.

———  
*Ultima semper*

*Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus*

*Ante obitum nemo supremae funera debet.*

OVID.

But no frail man, however great or high,  
Can be concluded ble. s'd before he die.

ADDISON.

THE numerous miseries of human life have extorted in all ages a universal complaint. The wisest of men terminated all his experiments in search of happiness, by the mournful confession, that "all is vanity;" and the ancient Patriarchs lamented, that "the days of their pilgrimage were few and evil."

There is, indeed, no topic on which it is more superfluous to accumulate authorities, nor any assertion of which our own eyes will more easily

discover, or our sensations more frequently impress the truth, than that misery is the lot of man, that our present state is a state of danger and infelicity.

When we take the most distant prospect of life, what does it present us but a chaos of unhappiness, a confused and tumultuous scene of labour and contest, disappointment and defeat? If we view past ages in the reflection of history, what do they offer to our meditation but crimes and calamities? One year is distinguished by a famine, another by an earthquake; kingdoms are made desolate, sometimes by wars, and sometimes by pestilence; the peace of the world is interrupted at one time by the caprices of a tyrant, at another by the rage of a conqueror. The memory is stored only with vicissitudes of evil; and the happiness, such as it is, of one part of mankind, is found to arise commonly from sanguinary success, from victories which confer upon them the power, not so much of improving life by any new enjoyment, as of inflicting misery on others, and gratifying their own pride by comparative greatness.

But by him that examines life with a more close attention, the happiness of the world will be found still less than it appears. In some intervals of public prosperity, or to use terms more proper, in some intermissions of calamity, a general diffusion of happiness may seem to overspread a people; all is triumph and exultation, jollity and plenty; there are no public fears and dangers, and "no complainings in the streets." But the condition of individuals is very little mended by this general calm; pain, and malice, and discontent still continue their havoc; the silent depredation goes incessantly forward; and the grave continues to be filled by the victims of sorrow.

He that enters a gay assembly, beholds the cheerfulness displayed in every countenance, and finds all sitting vacant and disengaged with no other attention than to give or to receive pleasure, would naturally imagine, that he had reached at last the metropolis of felicity, the place sacred to gladness of heart, from whence all fear and anxiety were irreversibly excluded. Such, indeed, we may often find to be the opinion of those, who from a lower station look up to the pomp and gayety which they cannot reach: but who is there of those who frequent these luxurious assemblies, that will not confess his own uneasiness, or cannot recount the vexations and distresses that prey upon the lives of his gay companions?

The world, in its best state, is nothing more than a larger assembly of beings, combining to counterfeit happiness which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance to embellish life, and to hide their real condition from the eyes of one another.

The species of happiness most obvious to the

observation of others is that which depends upon the goods of fortune; yet even this is often fictitious. There is in the world more poverty than is generally imagined; not only because many whose possessions are large have desires still larger, and many measure their wants by the gratifications which others enjoy; but great numbers are pressed by real necessities which it is their chief ambition to conceal, and are forced to purchase the appearance of competence and cheerfulness at the expense of many comforts and conveniences of life.

Many, however, are confessedly rich, and many more are sufficiently removed from all danger of real poverty; but it has been long ago remarked that money cannot purchase quiet; the highest of mankind can promise themselves no exemption from that discord or suspicion, by which the sweetness of domestic retirement is destroyed; and must always be even more exposed, in the same degree as they are elevated above others, to the treachery of dependents, the calumny of defamers, and the violence of opponents.

Affliction is inseparable from our present state; it adheres to all the inhabitants of this world, in different proportions indeed, but with an allotment which seems very little regulated by our own conduct. It has been the boast of some swelling moralists, that every man's fortune was in his own power; that prudence supplied the place of all other divinities; and that happiness is the unfailling consequence of virtue. But, surely, the quiver of Omnipotence is stored with arrows, against which the shield of human virtue, however adamantine it has been boasted, is held up in vain: we do not always suffer by our crimes: we are not always protected by our innocence.

A good man is by no means exempt from the danger of suffering by the crimes of others; even his goodness may raise him enemies of implacable malice and restless perseverance; the good man has never been warranted by Heaven from the treachery of friends, the disobedience of children, or the dishonesty of a wife; he may see his cares made useless by profusion, his instructions defeated by perverseness, and his kindness rejected by ingratitude; he may languish under the infamy of false accusations, or perish reproachfully by an unjust sentence.

A good man is subject, like other mortals, to all the influences of natural evil: his harvest is not spared by the tempest, nor his cattle by the murrain; his house flames like others in a conflagration; nor have his ships any peculiar power of resisting hurricanes: his mind, however elevated, inhabits a body subject to innumerable casualties, of which he must always share the dangers and the pains; he bears about him the seeds of disease, and may linger away a great part of his life under the tortures of the gout or

stone; at one time groaning with insufferable anguish, at another dissolved in listlessness and languor.

From this general and indiscriminate distribution of misery, the moralists have always derived one of their strongest moral arguments for a Future State; for since the common events of the present life happen alike to the good and bad, it follows from the Justice of the Supreme Being, that there must be another state of existence, in which a just retribution shall be made, and every man shall be happy and miserable according to his works.

The miseries of life may, perhaps, afford some proof of a future state, compared as well with the Mercy as the Justice of God. It is scarcely to be imagined, that Infinite Benevolence would create a being capable of enjoying so much more than is here to be enjoyed, and qualified by nature to prolong pain by remembrance, and anticipate it by terror, if he were not designed for something nobler and better than a state in which many of his faculties can serve only for his torment; in which he is to be importuned by desires that can never be satisfied, to feel many evils which he had no power to avoid, and to fear many which he shall never feel: there will surely come a time, when every capacity of happiness shall be filled, and none shall be wretched but by his own fault.

In the mean time, it is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed upon a better state. Prosperity, allayed and imperfect as it is, has power to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the present scene, to produce confidence and elation, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honours forget the hand by which they were bestowed. It is seldom that we are, otherwise than by affliction, awakened to a sense of our own imbecility, or taught to know how little all our acquisitions can conduce to safety or to quiet; and how justly we may ascribe to the superintendence of a Higher Power, those blessings which in the wantonness of success we considered as the attainments of our policy or courage.

Nothing confers so much ability to resist the temptations that perpetually surround us, as a habitual consideration of the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of those pleasures that solicit our pursuit; and this consideration can be inculcated only by affliction. "O Death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee, to a man that lives at ease in his possessions." If our present state were one continued succession of delights, or one uniform flow of calmness and tranquillity, we should never willingly think upon its end; death would then surely surprise us as "a thief in the night;" and our task of duty would remain unfinished, till "the night came when no man can work."

While affliction thus prepares us for felicity, we may console ourselves under its pressures, by remembering, that they are no particular marks of divine displeasure; since all the distresses of persecution have been suffered by those, "of, whom the world was not worthy;" and the Redeemer of mankind himself was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

T.

No. 121.] TUESDAY, JAN. 1, 1754.

*Arma virumque cano, Troje qui primus ab oris  
Italiam fato profugus, Laviniaque venit  
Litora. Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto;*

*Multa quoque et bello passus.*—

VIRG.

Arms and the man I sing, who forced by fate,

Expell'd and exiled, left the Trojan shore.

Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore,

And in the doubtful war.

DRYDEN.

## TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

A FEW nights ago, after I came home from the tavern, I took up the first volume of your papers, which at present is deposited near the elbow-chair in my chamber, and happened to read the fifth number, which contains the narrative of a Flea. After I fell asleep, I imagined the book still to lie open before me, and that, at the bottom of the page, I saw not a Flea but a Louse, who addressed me with such solemnity of accent, that it brought to my mind some orations which I had formerly heard in Saint Stephen's chapel.

Sir, said he, it has been remarked by those who have enriched themselves from the mines of knowledge by deep researches and laborious study, that sublunary beings are all mortal, and that life is a state of perpetual peril and iniquity: such, indeed, hitherto has been my experience; and yet I do not remember, that I have brought calamity upon myself by any uncommon deviations either from virtue or prudence.

I was hatched in the head of a boy about eight years old, who was placed under the care of a parish-nurse, and educated at the charity-school. In this place, as in a populous city, I soon obtained a settlement; and as our state of adolescence is short, I had in a few months a numerous family. This, indeed, was the happiest period of my life; I suffered little apprehension from the comb or the razor, and fore-

saw no misfortune, except that our country should be overstocked, and we should be compelled to wander, like the Barbarians of the north, in search of another. But it happened that the lord of our soil, in an evil hour, went with some of his companions to Highgate. Just at the top of the hill was a stage and a mountebank, where several feats of wit and humour were performed by a gentleman with a gridiron upon his back, who assisted the doctor in his vocation. We were presently in the midst of the crowd, and soon after upon the stage; which the boy was persuaded to ascend, that by a sudden stroke of conjuration, a great quantity of gold might be conveyed under his hat. Under his hat, however, the dexterous but mischievous operator, having imperceptibly conveyed a rotten egg, clapped his hand smartly upon it, and showed the *aurum potabile* running down on each side, to the unspeakable delight of the beholders; but to the great disappointment of the boy, and the total ruin of our community.

It is impossible to describe the confusion and distress which this accident instantly produced among us: we were at once buried in a quag, intolerably noisome, and insuperably viscid; those who had been overturned in its passage, found it impossible to recover their situation: and the few who, happening to lie near the borders of the suffusion, had with the utmost efforts of their strength crawled to those parts which it had not reached, laboured in vain to free themselves from shackles, which every moment became more strong as the substance which formed them grew more hard, and threatened in a short time totally to deprive them of all power of motion. I was myself among this number, and cannot now even recollect my situation without shuddering at my danger. In the meantime, the candidate for enchanted gold, who in the search of pleasure had found only dirt and hunger, weariness and disappointment, reflecting that his stolen holiday was at an end, returned forlorn and disconsolate to his nurse. The nose of this good woman was soon offended by an unsavoury smell, and it was not long before she discovered whence it proceeded. A few questions, and a good thump on the back, brought the whole secret to light, and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and punished, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the spout till he had received the discipline of a pickpocket. He was indeed very near being drowned; but his sufferings were nothing in comparison of ours. We were overwhelmed with a second inundation; the cataracts, which burst upon us with a noise tenfold more dreadful than thunder, swept us by hundreds before them, and the few that remained would not have had strength to keep their hold against the impetuosity of the torrent, if it had continued a few minutes longer. I



was still among those that escaped; and after we had a little recovered from our fright, we found that if we had lost our friends, we were released from the viscous duration which our own strength could never have broken. We were also delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine; and taking comfort in these reflections, we were enabled to reconcile ourselves, without murmuring, to the fate of those who had perished.

But the series of misfortunes which I have been doomed to suffer, without respite, was now begun. The next day was holy Thursday; and the stupendous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our state in procession to the bounds of his parish, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as soon as he came home. This he was impatient to use; and in an engagement with an adversary, who had armed himself with the like weapon, he received a stroke upon his head, by which my favourite wife and three children, the whole remains of my family, were crushed to atoms in a moment. I was myself so near as to be thrown down by the concussion of the blow; and the boy immediately scratching his head to alleviate the smart, was within a hair of destroying me with his nail.

I was so terrified at this accident, that I crept down to the nape of his neck, where I continued all the rest of the day; and at night, when he retired to eat his crust of bread in the chimney-corner, I concluded that I should at least be safe till the morning, and therefore began my repast, which the dangers and misfortunes of the day had prevented. Whether having long fasted my bite was more keen than usual, or whether I had made my attack in a more sensible part, I cannot tell; but the boy suddenly thrust up his fingers with so much speed and dexterity, that he laid hold of me, and aimed with all his force to throw me into the fire; in this savage attempt he would certainly have succeeded, if I had not stuck between his finger and his nail, and fell short upon some linen that was hanging to dry.

The woman, who took in washing, was employed by a laundress of some distinction; and it happened that I had fallen on the shift sleeve of a celebrated toast, who frequently made her appearance at court. I concealed myself with great caution in the plaits, and the next night had the honour to accompany her into the drawing-room, where she was surrounded by rival beauties, from whom she attracted every eye, and stood with the utmost composure of mind and countenance in the centre of admiration and desire. In this situation I became impatient of confinement, and after several efforts made my way out by her tucker, hoping to have passed on under her handkerchief to her head; but in this hope I was disappointed, for handkerchief she

had none. I was not, however, willing to go back, and as my station was the principal object of the whole circle, I was soon discovered by those who stood near. They gazed at me with eager attention, and sometimes turned towards each other with very intelligent looks; but of this the lady took no notice, as it was the common effect of that profusion of beauty which she had been used to pour upon every eye; the emotion, however, at length increased till she observed it, and glancing her eye downward with a secret exultation, she discovered the cause: pride instantly covered those cheeks with blushes which modesty had forsaken: and as I was now become sensible of my danger, I was hasting to retreat. At this instant a young nobleman, who perceived that the lady was become sensible of her disgrace, and who, perhaps, thought that it might be deemed an indecorum to approach the place where I stood with his hand in a public assembly, stooped down, and holding up his hat to his face, directed so violent a blast towards me from his mouth, that I vanished before it like an atom in a whirlwind; and the next moment found myself in the toupee of a battered beau, whose attention was engrossed by the widow of a rich citizen, with whose plumb he hoped to pay his debts and procure a new mistress.

In this place the hair was so thin that it scarce afforded me shelter, except a single row of curls on each side, where the powder and grease were insuperable obstacles to my progress: here, however, I continued near a week, but it was in every respect a dreadful situation. I lived in perpetual solicitude and danger, secluded from my species, and exposed to the cursed claws of the valet, who persecuted me every morning and every night. In the morning, it was with the utmost difficulty that I escaped from being kneaded up in a lump of pomatum, or squeezed to death between the burning forceps of a crisping iron; and at night, after I had with the utmost vigilance and dexterity evaded the comb, I was still liable to be thrust through the body with a pin.

I frequently meditated my escape, and formed many projects to effect it, which I afterwards abandoned either as dangerous or impracticable. I observed that the valet had a much better head of hair than his master, and that he sometimes wore the same bag; into the bag, therefore, one evening I descended with great circumspection, and was removed with it: nor was it long before my utmost expectations were answered, for the valet tied on my dormitory to his own hair the very next morning, and I gained a new settlement.

But the bag was not the only part of the master's dress which was occasionally appropriated by the servant, who being soon after my exploit detected in wearing a laced frock

before it had been left off, was turned away at a minute's warning, and despairing to obtain a character, returned to the occupation in which he had been bred, and became journeyman to a barber in the city, who, upon seeing a specimen of his skill to dress hair a-la-mode de la cour, was willing to receive him without a scrupulous examination of his morals.

This change in the situation of my patron was of great advantage to me; for I began to have more company and less disturbance. But among other persons whom he attended every morning to shave, was an elderly gentleman of great repute for natural knowledge, a fellow of many foreign societies, and a profound adept in experimental philosophy. This gentleman, having conceived a design to repeat Leuenhoeck's experiments upon the increase of our species, inquired of the proprietor of my dwelling, if he could help him to a subject. The man was at first startled at the question; but it was no sooner comprehended, than he pulled out an ivory comb, and produced myself and two associates, one of whom died soon after of the hurt he received.

The sage received us with thanks, and very carefully conveyed us into his stocking, where, though it was not a situation perfectly agreeable to our nature, we produced a numerous progeny. Here, however, I suffered new calamity, and was exposed to new danger. The philosopher, whom a sedentary and recluse life had rendered extremely susceptible of cold, would often sit with his shins so near the fire, that we were almost scorched to death before we could get round to the calf for shelter. He was also subject to frequent abstractions of mind; and at these times many of us have been miserably destroyed by his broth or his tea, which he would hold so much on one side that it would run over the vessel, and overflow us with a scalding deluge from his knee to his ankle: nor was this all; for when he felt the smart he would rub the part with his hand, without reflecting upon his nursery, till he had crushed great part of those who had escaped. Still, however, it was my fortune to survive for new adventures.

The philosopher, among other visitants whose curiosity he was pleased to gratify, was sometimes favoured with the company of ladies: for the entertainment of a lady it was my misfortune to be one morning taken from my family when I least suspected it, and secured in the apparatus of a solar microscope. After I had contributed to their astonishment and diversion near an hour, I was left with the utmost inhumanity and ingratitude to perish of hunger, immured between the two pieces of isinglass through which I had been exhibited. In this condition I remained three days and three nights; and should certainly have perished in

the fourth, if a boy about seven years old, who was carelessly left alone in the room, had not poked his finger through the hole in which I was confined, and once more set me at liberty. I was, however, extremely weak, and, the window being open, I was blown into the street, and fell on the uncovered perriwig of a doctor of physic, who had just alighted to visit a patient. This was the first time I had ever entered a perriwig; a situation which I scarce less deprecate than the microscope: I found it a desolate wilderness, without inhabitants and without bounds. I continued to traverse it with incredible labour, but I knew not in what direction, and despaired of being ever restored either to food or rest. My spirits were at length exhausted, my gripe relaxed, and I fell almost in a state of insensibility from the verge of the labyrinth in which I had been bewildered, into the head of a patient in the hospital, over whom, after my fall, I could just perceive the doctor leaning to look at his tongue.

By the warmth and nourishment which this place afforded me I soon revived. I rejoiced at my deliverance, and thought I had nothing to fear but the death of the patient in whose head I had taken shelter.

I was, however, soon convinced of my mistake; for among other patients in the same ward was a child about six years old, who having been put in for a rupture, had fallen into the jaundice: for this disease the nurse, in the absence of the physician, prescribed a certain number of my species to be administered alive in a spoonful of milk. A collection was immediately made, and I was numbered among the unhappy victims which ignorance and inhumanity had thus devoted to destruction: I was immersed in the potion, and saw myself approach the horrid jaws that I expected would the next moment close over me; not but that, in this dreadful moment, I had some languid hope of passing the gulph unhurt, and finding a settlement at the bottom. My fate, however, was otherwise determined: for the child, in a fit of frowardness and anger, dashed the spoon out of the hand of the nurse; and after incredible fatigue I recovered the station to which I had descended from the doctor's wig.

I was once more congratulating myself on an escape almost miraculous, when I was alarmed by the appearance of a barber, with all the dreadful apparatus of his trade. I soon found that the person whose head I had chosen for an asylum was become delirious, and that the hair was by the physician's order to be removed for a blister.

Here my courage totally failed, and all my hopes forsook me. It happened, however, that though I was entangled in the suds, yet I was deposited unhurt upon the operator's shaving cloth; from whence, as he was shaving you

this night, I gained your shoulder, and have this moment crawled out from the plaits of your stock, which you have just taken off and laid upon this table. Whether this event be fortunate or unfortunate, time only can discover; but I still hope to find some dwelling, where no comb shall ever enter, and no nails shall ever scratch; which neither pincers nor razor shall approach; where I shall pass the remainder of life in perfect security and repose, amidst the smiles of society and the profusion of plenty.

At this hope so extravagant and ridiculous, uttered with such solemnity of diction and manner, I burst into a fit of immoderate laughter that awaked me; but my mirth was instantly repressed by reflecting, that the life of man is not less exposed to evil; and that all his expectations of security and happiness in temporal possessions are equally chimerical and absurd.

I am, Sir,  
Your humble servant,  
DORMITOR.

No. 122.] SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1754.

*Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,  
Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba,  
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.*

HOR.

Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve:  
Peleus and Telephus, exiled and poor,  
Forget their swelling and gigantic words:  
He that would have spectators share his grief,  
Must write not only well but movingly.

ROSCOMMON.

MADNESS being occasioned by a close and continued attention of the mind to a single object, Shakspeare judiciously represents the resignation of his crown to daughters so cruel and unnatural, as the particular idea which has brought on the distraction of Lear, and which perpetually recurs to his imagination, and mixes itself with all his ramblings. Full of this idea, therefore, he breaks out abruptly in the fourth act: "No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself." He believes himself to be raising recruits, and censures the inability and unskilfulness of some of his soldiers: "There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do it." The art of our poet is transcendent in thus making a passage that even borders on burlesque, strongly expressive of the madness he is painting. Lear suddenly thinks himself in the field: "there's my gauntlet—I'll prove it on a giant:" and that

he has shot his arrow successfully: "O well-flown barb! I'th' clout, I'th' clout: hewgh! give the word." He then recollects the falsehood and cruelty of his daughters, and breaks out in some pathetic reflections on his old age, and on the tempest to which he was so lately exposed: "Ha! Gonerill! ha! Regan! They flattered me like a dog, and told me, I had white hairs on my beard, ere the black ones were there. They say, ay, and no, to every thing that I said—ay and no too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding: there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they're not men of their words: they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof!" The impotence of royalty to exempt its possessor, more than the meanest subject, from suffering natural evils is here finely hinted at.

His friend and adherent Gloster, having been lately deprived of sight, inquires if the voice he hears is not the voice of the king: Lear instantly catches the word, and replies with great quickness,

—Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes!

I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?

Adultery? no, thou shalt not die! die for adultery!

He then makes some very severe reflections on the hypocrisy of lewd and abandoned women, and adds, "Fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination:" and as every object seems to be present to the eyes of the lunatic, he thinks he pays for the drug: "there's money for thee!" Very strong and lively also is the imagery in a succeeding speech, where he thinks himself viewing his subjects punished by the proper officer:

Thou rascal bedel, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind  
For which thou whip'st her!

This circumstance leads him to reflect on the efficacy of rank and power, to conceal and palliate profligacy and injustice; and this fine satire is couched in two different metaphors, that are carried on with much propriety and elegance:

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

We are moved to find that Lear has some faint knowledge of his old and faithful courtier:

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster;



The advice he then gives him is very affecting :

Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither :  
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
We wawle and cry——  
When we are born, we cry that we are come  
To this great stage of fools !

This tender complaint of the miseries of human life bears so exact a resemblance with the following passage of Lucretius, that I cannot forbear transcribing it :

*Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,  
Cui tantum in vita restet transire malorum.*

Then with distressful cries he fills the room,  
Too sure presages of his future doom. DRYDEN.

It is not to be imagined that our author copied from the Roman ; on such a subject it is almost impossible but that two persons of genius and sensibility must feel and think alike. Lear drops his moralities, and meditates revenge :

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt. I'll put't in proof ;  
And when I've stolen upon these sons-in-law,  
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

The expedient is well suited to the character of a lunatic, and the frequent repetitions of the word "kill," forcibly represent his rage and desire of revenge, and must affect an intelligent audience at once with pity and terror. At this instant Cordelia sends one of her attendants to protect her father from the danger with which he is threatened by her sisters : the wretched king is so accustomed to misery, and so hopeless of succour, that when the messenger offers to lead him out, he imagines himself taken captive and mortally wounded.

No rescue ? what a prisoner ? I am e'en  
The nat'ral fool of fortune : use me well,  
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons ;  
I am cut to the brain.——

Cordelia at length arrives ; an opiate is administered to the king, to calm the agonies and agitations of his mind ; and a most interesting interview ensues between this daughter that was so unjustly suspected of disaffection, and the rash and mistaken father. Lear, during his slumber, has been arrayed in regal apparel, and is brought upon the stage in a chair, not recovered from his trance. I know not a speech more truly pathetic than that of Cordelia when she first sees him :

Had you not been their father, these white flakes  
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face  
To be exposed against the warring winds ?

The dreadfulness of that night is expressed by

a circumstance of great humanity ; for which kind of strokes Shakspeare is as eminent as for his poetry :

My very enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,  
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw ?

Lear begins to awake ; but his imagination is still distempered, and his pain exquisite ;

You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave.  
Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead——

When Cordelia in great affliction asks him if he knows her, he replies,

You are a spirit, I know ; when did you die ?

This reply heightens her distress ; but his sensibility beginning to return, she kneels to him, and begs his benediction. I hope I have no readers that can peruse his answer without tears :

——— Pray do not mock me :  
I am a very foolish, fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward ; and to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and know this man ;  
Yet I am doubtful ; for I am mainly ignorant,  
What place this is.—Do not laugh at me ;  
For as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.——

The humility, calmness and sedateness of this speech, opposed to the former rage and indignation of Lear, is finely calculated to excite commiseration. Struck with the remembrance of the injurious suspicion he had cherished against this favourite and fond daughter, the poor old man entreats her "not to weep," and tells her that "if she has prepared poison for him, he is ready to drink it ; for I know," says he, "you do not, you cannot love me, after my cruel usage of you : your sisters have done me much wrong, of which I have some faint remembrance : you have some cause to hate me, they have none." Being told that he is not in France, but in his own kingdom, he answers hastily, and in connection with that leading idea which I have before insisted on, "Do not abuse me"—and adds with a meekness and contrition that are very pathetic, "Pray now, forget and forgive ; I am old and foolish."

Cordelia is at last slain : the lamentations of Lear are extremely tender and affecting ; and this accident is so severe and intolerable, that it again deprived him of his intellect, which seemed to be returning.

His last speech, as he surveys the body, consists of such simple reflections as nature and sorrow dictate :

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,  
And thou no breath at all ? Thou'lt come no more ;  
Never, never, never, never, never !

The heaving and swelling of his heart is described by a most expressive circumstance :

Pray you undo this button. Thank you, Sir.  
Do you see this ? Look on her, look on her lips :  
Look there, look there—— [Dies.

I shall transiently observe, in conclusion of these remarks, that this drama is chargeable with considerable imperfections. The plot of Edmund against his brother, which detracts the attention, and destroys the unity of the fable ; the cruel and horrid extinction of Gloster's eyes which ought not to be exhibited on the stage ; the utter improbability of Gloster's imagining, though blind, that he had leaped down Dover cliff ; and some passages that are too turgid and full of strained metaphors, are faults which the warmest admirers of Shakspeare will find it difficult to excuse. I know not, also, whether the cruelty of the daughters is not painted with circumstances too savage and unnatural ; for it is not sufficient to say, that this monstrous barbarity is founded on historical truth, if we recollect the just observation of Boileau,

*Le vray peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable.*

Some truths may be too strong to be believed.  
Z. SOMES.

No. 123.] TUESDAY, JAN. 8, 1754.

———*Jam proterva*  
*Fronte petet Lalage maritum.* HOR.

The maid whom now you court in vain,  
Will quickly run in quest of man.

I HAVE before remarked, that “to abstain from the appearance of evil,” is a precept in that law, which has every characteristic of Divinity ; and I have in more than one of these papers, endeavoured to enforce the practice of it, by an illustration of its excellence and importance.

Circumstances have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the consequence of conviction ; and a conduct by which evil is strongly implied, is little less pernicious than that by which it is expressed. With respect to society, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the same ; for every man encourages the practice of

that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact : and with respect to the individual, as the esteem of the world is a motive to virtue, only less powerful than the approbation of conscience, he, who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himself half disarmed when he is assailed by temptation ; and as he will have less to lose, he will, indeed, be less disposed to resist. Of the sex, whose levity is most likely to provoke censure, it is eminently true, that the loss of character by imprudence frequently induces the loss of virtue ; the ladies, therefore, should be proportionably circumspect ; as to those, in whom folly is most likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of most importance to be wise.

This subject has irresistibly obtruded itself upon my mind in the silent hour of meditation, because, as often as I have reviewed the scenes in which I have mixed among the busy and the gay, I have observed that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dress and behaviour, are become almost universal ; virtue seems ambitious of a resemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which she has been used to hide.

A decent timidity and modest reserve have been always considered as auxiliaries to beauty ; but an air of dissolute boldness is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite : chastity, which used to be discovered in every gesture and every look, is now retired to the breast, and is found only by those who intend its destruction : as a general when the town is surrendered retreats to the citadel, which is always less capable of defence, when the outworks are possessed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the prostitute ; if they are not otherwise known, they may share the box and the drawing-room without distinction. The same fashion which takes away the veil of modesty, will necessarily conceal lewdness ; and honour and shame will lose their influence, because they will no longer distinguish virtue from vice. General custom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual security against general censure ; but it will not always lull the suspicions of jealousy ; nor can it familiarize any beauty without destroying its influence, or diminish the prerogatives of a husband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The excess of every mode may be declined without remarkable singularity ; and the ladies, who should even dare to be singular in the present defection of taste, would proportionably increase their power, and secure their happiness.

I know, that in the vanity and the presumption of youth, it is common to allege the consciousness of innocence, as a reason for the con-

tempt of censure; and a license, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the last. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repressed by a sense of danger; and as the persons whom I wish to warn, are most impatient of declamation, and most susceptible of pity, I will address them in a story; and, I hope, the events will not only illustrate but impress the precept which they contain.

Flavilla, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage-portion; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage were sold to pay his debts; the jewels, which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and though some gratified their pride by assuming the appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolance, and minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality; they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendour, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty but her wit: these qualifications she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered: and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew

the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did nor said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and, therefore, did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy, whom it was an honour to provoke; or to slander, whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less; and though she always treated her with respect from a point of good-breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast; and among other gay visitants who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband; but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind: but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the frenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, entreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant, she still hoped to succeed in her project, Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view he went a short journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, "That he had often



reflected, with inexpressible regret, upon her resentment of his conduct in a late instance; but that the delicacy and the ardour of his affection were insuperable obstacles to his marriage; that where there was no liberty, there could be no happiness: that he should become indifferent to the endearments of love, when they could no longer be distinguished from the officiousness of duty: that while they were happy in the possession of each other, it would be absurd to suppose they would part; and that if this happiness should cease, it would not only ensure but aggravate their misery to be inseparably united: that this event was less probable, in proportion as their cohabitation was voluntary; but that he would make such provision for her upon the contingency, as a wife would expect upon his death. He conjured her not to determine under the influence of prejudice and custom, but according to the laws of reason and nature. After mature deliberation," said he, "remember that the whole value of my life depends upon your will. I do not request an explicit consent with whatever transport I might behold the lovely confusion which it might produce. I shall attend you in a few days, with the anxiety, though not with the guilt of a criminal, who waits for the decision of his judge. If my visit is admitted, we will never part; if it is rejected, I can never see you more."

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No. 124.] SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 1754.

—————*Incedis per ignes  
Suppositos cineri doloso.*

HOR.

With heedless feet on fires you go,  
That hid in treacherous ashes glow.

FLAVILLA had too much understanding as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal. She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist; she showed it first to her mother, and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; she considered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a license to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the playhouse by Mercator, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five

sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendour of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curiosity than hope, to inquire who she was; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances, as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardour of his passion to her mother; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and entreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some inquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled; that he ought therefore to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in; an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address; the frankness and gayety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger: a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were no necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: he pressed his suit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that, of two evils, to marry without his consent was less, than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May Fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family: but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter; and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependence, the gayety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but increase; a resolution, by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet to screen her from public infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his resentment, he told him, that "if he had taken Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked it; and if her extravagance had distressed him, he would have satisfied his creditors; but that his marriage was not to be forgiven; that he should never have another shilling of his money; and that he was determined to see him no more." Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply; and believing that he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicester-fields, and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But, a remembrance of the gay multitude, which while he was at home had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent

alarmed his suspicion: he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished, the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity: she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera; sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from town; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure; and that the person who had hired the lodging for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known: but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crowded all day with messengers and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, "that she was a fine young lady, that her husband was abroad, that she kept a great deal of company, and that the world was censorious: she wished that less occasion for scandal was given; and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders which could have no influence upon the great, and which, therefore, they were not solicitous to avoid." This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of control, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint; she answered with



a mixture of contempt and indignation, that "those only who did not know her, would dare to take any liberty with her character; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril." Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger, and from that moment she determined when Mercator returned to give him warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous; and after an absence of about ten months he came back. The woman, to whom her husband left the whole management of her lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that "Madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity; and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station."

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that "he had no reason to be alarmed; for that she had no exception to his lady, but those gayeties which her station and the fashion sufficiently authorized." Mercator's suspicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidant whom it would be his interest to trust: he, therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed, that "he had some doubts concerning his wife, which it was of the utmost importance to his honour and his peace to resolve: he entreated that he might continue in the apartment another year; that, as he should again leave the kingdom in a short time, she should suffer no incident, which might confirm either his hopes or his fears, to escape her notice in his absence; and that at his return she would give him such an account as would at least deliver him from the torment of suspense, and determine his future conduct."

There is no sophistry more general, than that by which we justify a busy and scrupulous inquiry after secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without hope of redress; and no service to which others are so easily engaged as to

assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice but of friendship; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidant was on this occasion overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal, and promised, that she would with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife; and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding and tears: but when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an ecstasy of fondness to his bosom, and entreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; "because," said he, "I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation which must otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more." To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.

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No. 125.] TUESDAY, JAN. 15, 1754.

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*Uxorem, Postume, ducis?*  
*Die qua Tisiphone, quibus exagitare colubris?*  
 JUV.

A sober man like thee, to change his life!  
 What fury could possess thee with a wife.

DRYDEN.

FLAVILLA, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.



It was now necessary, that the vigils of whist and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended; and in this interval of languor and retirement Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration on her conduct; notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other inquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground-floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the horse-guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer, and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion, by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family, and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room: she was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendour, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never

remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the meantime her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his appearance, that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After much deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependants; and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same, supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheerful; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with a universal tremour. Mercator caught the infection: and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once inquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hasting to inquire after his father; but, as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to inquire how she had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, "that the child was born within less than

eight months after his last return from abroad ; that it was said to have come before its time, but that having pressed to see it she was refused." This, indeed, was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion : for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance : and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had been evaded ; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour, and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden frenzy ; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived : and he resolved with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house ; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship ; and, soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented ; he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest ; but was, indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended ; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up, and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing : but his uncle, believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room ; and, to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, that "the resentment which he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now become notoriously infamous ; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted." This account threw

Mercator into another agony ; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and sooth his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him ; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence ; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper now was ready ; her impatience was increased ; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her ; she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence and dishonouring his bed ; "of this," he said, "he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more."

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting, if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence ; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan, whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings, in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce ; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already.

The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch, and some other ornaments, as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly



persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that, if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if possible the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but after much entreaty and expostulation, at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprise and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet; which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving that, in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who the moment he cast his eye upon the letter knew both the hand and seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words:

"Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances, but those in which I write. I do not, therefore, but for your sake, wish them other than they are. The dear infant whose birth has undone me, now lies dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion and your resentment. I am scarce able to guide my pen. But I most earnestly entreat to see you, that you may at least have the satisfaction to hear me attest my innocence with the last sigh, and seal our reconciliation on my lips while they are yet sensible of the impression."

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart; he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself, and a petition for her; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post-horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester-fields. But, notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse, and despair now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary

to remove him by force from the body; and, after a confinement of two years in a mad-house, he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

No. 126.] SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1754.

—*Steriles nec legit arenas*  
*Ut caneret paucis, mersitque hoc pulvere verum.*  
LUCAN.

Canst thou believe the vast eternal mind,  
Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan sands confined?  
That he would choose this waste, this barren ground,  
To teach the thin inhabitants around,  
And leave his truth in wilds and deserts drown'd?

There has always prevailed among that part of mankind that addict their minds to speculation, a propensity to talk much of the delights of retirement; and some of the most pleasing compositions produced in every age contain descriptions of the peace and happiness of a country life.

I know not whether those who thus ambitiously repeat the praises of solitude, have always considered, how much they depreciate mankind by declaring, that whatever is excellent or desirable is to be obtained by departing from them: that the assistance which we may derive from one another, is not equivalent to the evils which we have to fear; that the kindness of a few is overbalanced by the malice of many; and that the protection of society is too dearly purchased, by encountering its dangers and enduring its oppressions.

These specious representations of solitary happiness, however opprobrious to human nature, have so far spread their influence over the world, that almost every man delights his imagination with the hopes of obtaining some time an opportunity of retreat. Many, indeed, who enjoy retreat only in imagination, content themselves with believing, that another year will transport them to rural tranquillity, and die while they talk of doing what, if they had lived longer, they would never have done. But many likewise there are, either of greater resolution or more credulity, who in earnest try the state which they have been taught to think thus secure from cares and dangers; and retire to privacy, either that they may improve their happiness, increase their knowledge, or exalt their virtue.

The greater part of the admirers of solitude, as of all other classes of mankind, have no



higher or remoter view, than the present gratification of their passions. Of these some, haughty and impetuous, fly from society only because they cannot bear to repay to others the regard which themselves exact; and think no state of life eligible, but that which places them out of the reach of censure or control, and affords them opportunities of living in a perpetual compliance with their own inclinations, without the necessity of regulating their actions by any other man's convenience or opinion.

There are others of minds more delicate and tender, easily offended by every deviation from rectitude, soon disgusted by ignorance or imperitence, and always expecting from the conversation of mankind more elegance, purity, and truth than the mingled mass of life will easily afford. Such men are in haste to retire from grossness, falsehood, and brutality; and hope to find in private habitations at least a negative felicity, an exemption from the shocks and perturbations with which public scenes are continually distressing them.

To neither of these votaries will solitude afford that content, which she has been taught so lavishly to promise. The man of arrogance will quickly discover, that by escaping from his opponents he has lost his flatterers, that greatness is nothing where it is not seen, and power nothing where it cannot be felt: and he, whose faculties are employed in too close an observation of failings and defects, will find his condition very little mended by transferring his attention from others to himself; he will probably soon come back in quest of new objects, and be glad to keep his captiousness employed on any character rather than his own.

Others are seduced into solitude merely by the authority of great names, and expect to find those charms in tranquillity which have allured statesmen and conquerors to the shades: these likewise are apt to wonder at their disappointment, for want of considering, that those whom they aspire to imitate carried with them to their country-seats minds full fraught with subjects of reflection, the consciousness of great merit, the memory of illustrious actions, the knowledge of important events, and the seeds of mighty designs to be ripened by future meditation. Solitude was to such men a release from fatigue, and an opportunity of usefulness. But what can retirement confer upon him, who having done nothing can receive no support from his own importance, who having known nothing can find no entertainment in reviewing the past, and who intending nothing can form no hopes from prospects of the future: he can, surely, take no wiser course, than that of losing himself again in the crowd, and filling the vacuities of his mind with the news of the day.

Others consider solitude as the parent of philosophy, and retire in expectation of greater

intimacies with science, as Numá repaired to the groves when he conferred with Egeria. These men have not always reason to repent. Some studies require a continued prosecution of the same train of thought, such as is too often interrupted by the petty avocations of common life: sometimes, likewise, it is necessary, that a multiplicity of objects be at once present to the mind; and every thing, therefore, must be kept at a distance, which may perplex the memory, or dissipate the attention.

But though learning may be conferred by solitude, its application must be attained by general converse. He has learned to no purpose, that is not able to teach; and he will always teach unsuccessfully, who cannot recommend his sentiments by his diction or address.

Even the acquisition of knowledge is often much facilitated by the advantages of society: he that never compares his notions with those of others, readily acquiesces in his first thoughts, and very seldom discovers the objections which may be raised against his opinions; he, therefore, often thinks himself in possession of truth, when he is only fondling an error long since exploded. He that has neither companions nor rivals in his studies, will always applaud his own progress, and think highly of his performances, because he knows not that others have equalled or excelled him. And, I am afraid, it may be added, that the student who withdraws himself from the world, will soon feel that ardour extinguished which praise or emulation had enkindled, and take the advantage of secrecy to sleep, rather than to labour.

There remains yet another set of recluses, whose intention entitles them to higher respect, and whose motives deserve a more serious consideration. These retire from the world, not merely to bask in ease or gratify curiosity; but that being disengaged from common cares, they may employ more time in the duties of religion: that they may regulate their actions with stricter vigilance, and purify their thoughts by more frequent meditation.

To men thus elevated above the mists of mortality, I am far from presuming myself qualified to give directions. On him that appears "to pass through things temporary," with no other care than "not to lose finally the things eternal," I look with such veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wish, that while vice is every day multiplying seducements, and stalking forth with more hardened effrontery, virtue would not withdraw the influence of her presence, or forbear to assert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perseverance in the right. Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied

spirits that survey the works of God and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendour of beneficence.

Our Maker, who, though he gave us such varieties of temper and such difference of powers, yet designed us all for happiness, undoubtedly intended, that we should obtain that happiness by different means. Some are unable to resist the temptation of importunity, or the impetuosity of their own passions incited by the force of present temptations: of these it is undoubtedly their duty to fly from enemies which they cannot conquer, and to cultivate in the calm of solitude, that virtue which is too tender to endure the tempests of public life. But there are others, whose passions grow more strong and irregular in privacy; and who cannot maintain a uniform tenor of virtue, but by exposing their manners to the public eye, and assisting the admonitions of conscience with the fear of infamy: for such it is dangerous to exclude all witnesses of their conduct, till they have formed strong habits of virtue, and weakened their passions by frequent victories. But there is a higher order of men so inspired with ardour, and so fortified with resolution, that the world passes before them without influence or regard: these ought to consider themselves as appointed the guardians of mankind: they are placed in an evil world to exhibit public examples of good life; and may be said, when they withdraw to solitude, to desert the station which Providence assigned them.

T.

No. 127.] TUESDAY, JAN. 22, 1754.

-----*Veteres ita miratur, laudatque!*-----  
HOR.

The wits of old he praises and admires.

"It is very remarkable," says Addison, "that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the ancients, in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience: we exceed them as much in doggerel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule." As this fine observation stands at present only in the form of a general assertion, it deserves, I think, to be examined by a deduction of particulars and confirmed by an allegation of examples, which may furnish an agreeable entertainment to those who have ability and inclination to remark the revolutions of human wit.

That Tasso, Ariosto and Camoens, the three most celebrated of modern epic poets, are infinitely excelled in propriety of design, of sentiment and style by Horace and Virgil, it would be serious trifling to attempt to prove: but Milton, perhaps, will not so easily resign his claim to equality, if not to superiority. Let it, however, be remembered, that if Milton be enabled to dispute the prize with the great champions of antiquity, it is entirely owing to the sublime conceptions he has copied from the Book of God. These, therefore, must be taken away, before we begin to make a just estimate of his genius; and from what remains, it cannot, I presume, be said, with candour and impartiality, that he has excelled Homer in the sublimity and variety of his thoughts, or the strength and majesty of his diction.

Shakspeare, Corneille and Racine are the only modern writers of Tragedy, that we can venture to oppose to Eschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. The first is an author so uncommon and eccentric, that we can scarcely try him by dramatic rules. In strokes of nature and character, he yields not to the Greeks: in all other circumstances that constitute the excellence of the drama, he is vastly inferior. Of the three moderns, the most faultless is the tender and exact Racine: but he was ever ready to acknowledge, that his capital beauties were borrowed from his favourite Euripides: which, indeed, cannot escape the observation of those who read with attention his Phædra and Andromache. The pompous and truly Roman sentiments of Corneille are chiefly drawn from Lucan and Tacitus; the former of whom, by a strange perversion of taste, he is known to have preferred to Virgil. His diction is not so pure and mellifluous, his characters not so various and just, nor his plots so regular, so interesting and simple, as those of his pathetic rival. It is by this simplicity of fable alone, when every single act, and scene, and speech, and sentiment, and word concur to accelerate the intended event, that the Greek tragedies kept the attention of the audience immoveably fixed upon one principal object, which must be necessarily lessened, and the ends of the drama defeated by the mazes and intricacies of modern plots.

The assertion of Addison with respect to the first particular, regarding the higher kinds of poetry, will remain unquestionably true, till nature in some distant age, for in the present enervated with luxury she seems incapable of such an effort, shall produce some transcendent genius, of power to eclipse the Iliad and the Edipus.

The superiority of the ancient artists in painting, is not perhaps so clearly manifest. They were ignorant, it will be said, of light, of shade, and perspective; and they had not the use of oil colours, which are happily calculated to blend



and unite without harshness and discordance, to give a boldness and relief to the figures, and to form those middle tints which render every well wrought piece a closer resemblance of nature. Judges of the truest taste do, however, place the merit of colouring far below that of justness of design, and force of expression. In these two highest and most important excellences, the ancient painters were eminently skilled, if we trust the testimonies of Pliny, Quintilian, and Lucian: and to credit them we are obliged, if we would form to ourselves any idea of these artists at all; for there is not one Grecian picture remaining; and the Romans, some few of whose works have descended to this age, could never boast of a Parrhasius or Apelles, a Zeuxis, Timanthes, or Protogenes, of whose performances the two accomplished critics above-mentioned speak in terms of rapture and admiration. The statues that have escaped the ravages of time, as the Hercules and Laocoon for instance, are still a stronger demonstration of the power of the Grecian artists in expressing the passions; for what was executed in marble, we have presumptive evidence to think, might also have been executed in colours. Carlo Marat, the last valuable painter of Italy, after copying the head of the Venus in the Medicean collection three hundred times, generously confessed that he could not arrive at half the grace and perfection of his model. But to speak my opinion freely on a very disputable point, I must own, that if the moderns approach the ancients in any of the arts here in question, they approach them nearest in the art of Painting. The human mind can with difficulty conceive any thing more exalted, than "The Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, and "The Transfiguration" of Raphael. What can be more animated than Raphael's "Paul preaching at Athens?" What more tender and delicate than Mary holding the child Jesus, in his famous "Holy Family?" What more graceful than "The Aurora" of Guido? What more deeply moving than "The Massacre of the Innocents," by Le Brun?

But no modern orator can dare to enter the lists with Demosthenes and Tully. We have discourses, indeed, that may be admired for their perspicuity, purity, and elegance; but can produce none that abound in a sublime which whirls away the auditor like a mighty torrent, and pierces the inmost recesses of his heart like a flash of lightning; which irresistibly and instantaneously convinces, without leaving him leisure to weigh the motives of conviction. The sermons of Bourdaloue, the funeral oration of Bossuet, particularly that on the death of Henrietta, and the pleadings of Pelisson for his disgraced patron Fouquet, are the only pieces of eloquence I can recollect, that bear any resemblance to the Greek or Roman orator; for

in England we have been particularly unfortunate in our attempts to be eloquent, whether in parliament, in the pulpit, or at the bar. If be urged, that the nature of modern politics and laws excludes the pathetic and the sublime, and confines the speaker to a cold argumentative method, and a dull detail of proof and dry matters of fact; yet, surely, the religion of the moderns abounds in topics so incomparably noble and exalted, as might kindle the flames of genuine oratory in the most frigid and barren genius: much more might this success be reasonably expected from such geniuses as Britain can enumerate; yet no piece of this sort, worthy applause or notice, has ever yet appeared.

The few, even among professed scholars, that are able to read the ancient historians in their inimitable originals, are startled at the paradox of Bolingbroke, who boldly prefers Guicciardini to Thucydides; that is, the most verbose and tedious to the most comprehensive and concise of writers, and a collector of facts to one who was himself an eye-witness and a principal actor in the important story he relates. And, indeed, it may well be presumed, that the ancient histories exceed the modern from this single consideration, that the latter are commonly compiled by reclus scholars, unpractised in business, war, and politics; whilst the former are many of them written by ministers, commanders, and princes themselves. We have, indeed, a few flimsy memoirs, particularly in a neighbouring nation, written by persons deeply interested in the transactions they describe; but these, I imagine, will not be compared to "The retreat of the ten thousand," which Xenophon himself conducted and related, nor to "The Gallic war" of Cæsar, nor "The precious fragments" of Polybius, which our modern generals and ministers would not be discredited by diligently perusing, and making them the models of their conduct as well as of their style. Are the reflections of Machiavel so subtle and refined as those of Tacitus? Are the portraits of Thuanus so strong and expressive as those of Sallust and Plutarch? Are the narrations of Davila so lively and animated, or does his sentiments breathe such a love of liberty and virtue, as those of Livy and Herodotus?

The supreme excellence of the ancient architecture, the last particular to be touched, I shall not enlarge upon; because it has never once been called in question, and because it is abundantly testified by the awful ruins of amphitheatres, aqueducts, arches, and columns, that are the daily objects of veneration, though not of imitation. This art, it is observable, has never been improved in later ages in one single instance; but every just and legitimate edifice is still formed according to the five old established orders, to which human wit has never been able to add a sixth of equal symmetry and strength.



Such, therefore, are the triumphs of the ancients, especially the Greeks, over the moderns. They may, perhaps, be not unjustly ascribed to a genial climate, that gave such a happy temperament of body as was most proper to produce fine sensations; to a language most harmonious, copious and forcible; to the public encouragements and honours bestowed on the cultivators of literature; to the emulation excited among the generous youth, by exhibitions of their performances at the solemn games; to an inattention to the arts of lucre and commerce, which engross and debase the minds of the moderns; and above all, to an exemption from the necessity of overloading their natural faculties with learning and languages, with which we in these later times are obliged to qualify ourselves for writers if we expect to be read.

It is said by Voltaire, with his usual liveliness, "We shall never again behold the time when a Duke de la Rochefoucault might go from the conversation of a Pascal, or Arnauld, to the theatre of Corneille." This reflection may be more justly applied to the ancients, and it may with much greater truth be said; "The age will never again return, when a Pericles, after walking with Plato in a portico built by Phidias, and painted by Apelles, might repair to hear a pleading of Demosthenes, or a tragedy of Sophocles."

I shall next examine the other part of Addison's assertion, that the moderns excel the ancients in all the arts of ridicule, and assign the reasons of this supposed excellence.

Z.

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No. 128.] SATURDAY, JAN. 26, 1754.

*Ille sinistrorsum hic dextrorsum abit; unus utrique  
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.* HOR.

When in a wood we leave the certain way,  
One error fools us, though we various stray,  
Some to the left, and some to t'other side.

FRANCIS.

It is common among all the classes of mankind, to charge each other with trifling away life; every man looks on the occupation or amusement of his neighbour, as something below the dignity of our nature, and unworthy of the attention of a rational being.

A man who considers the paucity of the wants of nature, and who, being acquainted with the various means by which all manual occupations are now facilitated, observes what

numbers are supported by the labour of a few, would, indeed, be inclined to wonder, how the multitudes who are exempted from the necessity of working either for themselves or others, find business to fill up the vacuities of life. The greater part of mankind neither card the fleece, dig the mine, fell the wood, nor gather in the harvest; they neither tend herds, nor build houses; in what then are they employed?

This is certainly a question, which a distant prospect of the world will not enable us to answer. We find all ranks and ages mingled together in a tumultuous confusion, with haste in their motions and eagerness in their looks; but what they have to pursue or avoid, a more minute observation must inform us.

When we analyze the crowd into individuals, it soon appears that the passions and imaginations of men, will not easily suffer them to be idle; we see things coveted merely because they are rare, and pursued because they are fugitive; we see men conspire to fix an arbitrary value on that which is worthless in itself, and then contend for the possession. One is a collector of fossils, of which he knows no other use than to show them; and when he has stocked his own repository, grieves that the stones which he has left behind him should be picked up by another. The florist nurses a tulip, and repines that his rival's beds enjoy the same showers and sunshine with his own. This man is hurrying to a concert, only lest others should have heard the new musician before him; another bursts from his company to the play, because he fancies himself the patron of an actress; some spend the morning in consultations with their tailor, and some in directions to their cook; some are forming parties for cards, and some laying wagers at a horse-race.

It cannot, I think, be denied, that some of these lives are passed in trifles, in occupations by which the busy neither benefit themselves nor others, and by which no man could be long engaged who seriously considered what he was doing, or had knowledge enough to compare what he is with what he might be made. However, as people who have the same inclination generally flock together, every trifler is kept in countenance by the sight of others as unprofitably active as himself; by kindling the heat of competition, he in time thinks himself important, and by having his mind intensely engaged he is secured from weariness of himself.

Some degree of self-approbation is always the reward of diligence; and, I cannot, therefore, but consider the laborious cultivation of petty pleasures, as a more happy and more virtuous disposition, than that universal contempt and haughty negligence, which is sometimes associated with powerful faculties, but is often assumed by indolence when it disowns its name,

and aspires to the appellation of greatness of mind.

It has been long observed, that drollery and ridicule is the most easy kind of wit: let it be added, that contempt and arrogance is the easiest philosophy. To find some objection to every thing, and to dissolve in perpetual laziness under pretence that occasions are wanting to call forth activity, to laugh at those who are ridiculously busy without setting an example of more rational industry, is no less in the power of the meanest than of the highest intellects.

Our present state has placed us at once in such different relations, that every human employment, which is not a visible and immediate act of goodness, will be in some respect or other subject to contempt; but it is true, likewise, that almost every act, which is not directly vicious, is in some respect beneficial and laudable. "I often," says Bruyere, "observe from my window, two beings of erect form and amiable countenance, endowed with the powers of reason, able to clothe their thoughts in language, and convey their motions to each other. They rise early in the morning, and are every day employed in rubbing two smooth stones together, or, in other terms, in polishing marble."

"If lions could paint," says the fable, "in the room of those pictures which exhibit men vanquishing lions, we should see lions feeding upon men." If the stone-cutter could have written like Bruyere, what would he have replied?

"I look up," says he, "every day from my shop, upon a man whom the idlers, who stand still to gaze upon my work, often celebrate as a wit and a philosopher. I often perceive his face clouded with care, and am told that his taper is sometimes burning at midnight. The sight of a man who works so much harder than myself, excited my curiosity. I heard no sound of tools in his apartment, and, therefore, could not imagine what he was doing; but was told at last, that he was writing descriptions of mankind, who, when he had described them, would live just as they had lived before; that he sat up whole nights to change a sentence, because the sound of a letter was too often repeated; that he was often disquieted with doubts about the propriety of a word which every body understood; that he would hesitate between two expressions equally proper, till he could not fix his choice but by consulting his friends; that he will run from one end of Paris to the other, for an opportunity of reading a period to a nice ear; that if a single line is heard with coldness and inattention, he returns home dejected and disconsolate; and that by all this care and labour, he hopes only to make a little book, which at last will teach no useful art, and which none who has it not will perceive himself to want. I have often wondered for what end such a being as this was sent into the world; and should be

glad to see those who live thus foolishly, seized by an order of the government, and obliged to labour at some useful occupation."

Thus, by a partial and imperfect representation, may every thing be made equally ridiculous. He that gazed with contempt on human beings rubbing stones together, might have prolonged the same amusement by walking through the city, and seeing others with looks of importance heaping one brick upon another; or by rambling into the country, where he might observe other creatures of the same kind driving pieces of sharp iron into the clay, or in the language of men less enlightened, ploughing the field.

As it is thus easy by a detail of minute circumstances to make every thing little, so it is not difficult by an aggregation of effects to make every thing great. The polisher of marble may be forming ornaments for the palaces of virtue, and the schools of science; of providing tables, on which the actions of heroes and the discoveries of sages shall be recorded, for the incitement and instruction of future generations. The mason is exercising one of the principal arts by which reasoning beings are distinguished from the brute, the art to which life owes much of its safety and all its conveniences, by which we are secured from the inclemency of the seasons, and fortified against the ravages of hostility; and the ploughman is changing the face of nature, diffusing plenty and happiness over kingdoms, and compelling the earth to give food to her inhabitants.

Greatness and littleness are terms merely comparative; and we err in our estimation of things, because we measure them by some wrong standard. The trifler proposes to himself only to equal or excel some other trifler, and is happy or miserable as he succeeds or miscarries: the man of sedentary desire and unactive ambition sits comparing his power with his wishes; and makes his inability to perform things impossible, an excuse to himself for performing nothing. Man can only form a just estimate of his own actions, by making his power the test of his performance, by comparing what he does with what he can do. Whoever steadily perseveres in the exertion of all his faculties, does what is great with respect to himself; and what will not be despised by Him, who has given to all created beings their different abilities: he faithfully performs the task of life, within whatever limits his labours may be confined, or how soon soever they may be forgotten.

We can conceive so much more than we can accomplish, that whoever tries his own actions by his imagination, may appear despicable in his own eyes. He that despises for its littleness any thing really useful, has no pretensions to applaud the grandeur of his conceptions; since nothing but narrowness of mind hinders him



from seeing, that by pursuing the same principles every thing limited will appear contemptible.

He that neglects the care of his family, while his benevolence expands itself in scheming the happiness of imaginary kingdoms, might with equal reason sit on a throne dreaming of universal empire, and of the diffusion of blessings over all the globe: yet even this globe is little, compared with the system of matter within our view; and that system barely something more than nonentity, compared with the boundless regions of space, to which neither eye nor imagination can extend.

From conceptions, therefore, of what we might have been, and from wishes to be what we are not; conceptions that we know to be foolish, and wishes which we feel to be vain, we must necessarily descend to the consideration of what we are. We have powers very scanty in their utmost extent; but which in different men are differently proportioned. Suitable to these powers we have duties prescribed, which we must neither decline for the sake of delighting ourselves with easier amusements, nor overlook in idle contemplation of greater excellence or more extensive comprehension.

In order to the right conduct of our lives, we must remember, that we are not born to please ourselves. He that studies simply his own satisfaction, will always find the proper business of his station too hard or too easy for him. But if we bear continually in mind, our relation to the Father of being, by whom we are placed in the world, and who has allotted us the part which we are to bear in the general system of life, we shall be easily persuaded to resign our own inclinations to Unerring Wisdom, and do the work decreed for us with cheerfulness and diligence.

T.

No. 129.] TUESDAY, JAN. 26, 1754.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia* — JUV.

Whatever excites our hatred, love, or joy,  
Or hope, or fear, these themes my muse employ.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

Bath, Dec. 29.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, one of the most accomplished masters in the art of painting, was accustomed to delineate instantly in his pocket book every face, in which he discovered any singularity of air or feature. By this method he obtained a vast collection of various counte-

nances; and escaped that barren uniformity and resemblance, so visible in the generality of history pieces, that the spectator is apt to imagine all the figures are of one family.

As a moralist should imitate this practice, and sketch characters from the life, at the instant in which they strike him, I amused myself yesterday in the pump-room, by contemplating the different conditions and characters of the persons who were moving before me, and particularly the various motives that influenced them to crowd to this city.

Aphrodisius, a young nobleman of great hopes and large property, fell into a course of early debauchery at Westminster school, and at the age of sixteen privately kept an abandoned woman of the town, to whose lodgings he stole in the intervals of school-hours, and who soon communicated to him a disease of peculiar power to poison the springs of life, and prevent the maturity of manhood. His body is enervated and emaciated, his cheek yellow and bloodless, his hand palsied, and his mind gloomy and dejected. It being thought, however, absolutely necessary for the welfare of his family that he should marry, he has been betrothed in this dreadful condition, to a lady whose beauty and vivacity are in their meridian: and his physicians have ordered him to these salutary waters to try if it be possible for him to recover a little health before the marriage is celebrated. Can we wonder at the diminished race of half-formed animals, that crawl about our streets in the shape of men, when matches so unequal and so unnatural are not only permitted, but enjoined as a test of filial duty, and the condition of parental favour:

*Invalideque patrum referant jejunia nati.* VIRG.

—————From the faint embrace  
Unmanly sons arise, a pugy race!

Inertio is a plump and healthy old bachelor, a senior fellow of a rich society in one of our universities, whose chief business in life is to ride before dinner for a good appetite, and after it for a good digestion. Not only his situation but his taste has determined him to continue in a state of celibacy: "for," says he, "at present I can afford to drink port and keep a couple of geldings; but if I should rashly encumber myself with madam and her brats, I must descend to walk on foot and drink ale." He was much alarmed at missing his regular annual fit of the gout, and, on that account, having waited for it with impatience and uneasiness a month longer than the expected time, he hurried to this city in hopes of acquiring it by the efficacy of the waters. I found him yesterday extremely dejected, and on my entering his chamber, "Life," said he, "is full of vexations and disappointments: what a dreadful accident!" I imagined



that some selected friend, some brother of his choice was dead, or that the college-treasury was burned : but he immediately undeceived me by adding—"I was presented with the finest, the fattest collar of brawn, and expected it at dinner this day: but the rascally carrier has conveyed it to a wrong place, fifty miles off, and before I can receive it, it will be absolutely unfit for eating."

Here likewise is the learned and ingenious Crito is a genius of a superior order, who hath long instructed and entertained his country by many incomparable works of literature and morality; and who in a Grecian commonwealth would have had a statue erected, and have been maintained at the public expense; but in this kingdom he has with great difficulty gained a precarious competence, by incessant labour and application. These uninterrupted and unrewarded studies have at length impaired his health, and undermined a constitution naturally vigorous and happy: and as Crito has never been able to lay up a sum sufficient to procure him the assistance which the debility of sickness and age requires, he was obliged to insure his life, and borrow at an exorbitant interest a few pounds to enable him to perform his journey to Bath, which alone could restore his health and spirits; and now, as his money and credit are exhausted, he will be compelled to abandon this place, when his cure is only half effected; and must retire to languish in a little lodging in London, while his readers and admirers content themselves with lamenting his distress, and wondering how it comes to pass, that nothing has been done for a man of such distinguished abilities and integrity.

Doctor Pamper is possessed of three large ecclesiastical preferments: his motive for coming hither is somewhat singular; it is, because his parishes cannot furnish him with a set of persons that are equal to him in the knowledge of whist; he is, therefore, necessitated every season to frequent this place, where alone he can meet with gamesters that are worth contending with.

Spumosi<sup>us</sup>, who is one of the liveliest of free-thinkers, had not been three months at the temple before he became irresistibly enamoured of the beauty of virtue. He always carried a Shaftesbury in his pocket, and used to read and explain the striking passages to large circles at the coffee-house; he was of opinion that for purity and perspicuity, elegance of style and force of reasoning, the characteristics were incomparable, and were models equally proper for regulating our taste and our morals. He discovered a delicate artificial connection in these discourses, which to vulgar eyes appear to be loose and incoherent rhapsodies; nay, he clearly perceived, that each treatise depended on the foregoing, and altogether composed one uniform whole, and

the noblest system of truth and virtue that had been imparted to mankind. He quarrelled irreconcilably with his dearest friend, who happened to hint, that the style was affected and unharmonious, the metaphors far-fetched and violent, and frequently coarse and illiberal, the arguments inconclusive and unfair, the raillery frigid and insipid, and totally different from the Attic irony of Socrates, which the author presumed to propose for his pattern. Spumosi<sup>us</sup> always disdained to practise virtue on the mean and mercenary motives of reward and punishment; and was convinced, that so excellent a creature as man might be kept in order by the silken cords of delicacy and decorum. He, therefore, frequently sneered at the priestly notions of heaven and hell, as fit only to be entertained by vulgar and sordid minds. But being lately attacked by a severe distemper, he betrayed fears that were not compatible with the boldness of his former professions; and terrified at the approach of death, has had recourse to various remedies, and is at last arrived here, as full of doubt as of disease, but feeling more acute pains in his mind than can possibly be inflicted on his body.

Mr. Gull was lately a soap-boiler at Chester, but having accumulated a vast fortune by trade, he is now resolved to be polite, and enjoy his money with taste. He has brought his numerous family of awkward girls hither, only because he has heard that people of fashion do at this time of the year generally take a trip to Bath: and for the same reason he intends in the spring to make a journey to Paris, and will, I dare say, commence virtuoso on his return, and be a professed judge of dress, pictures, and furniture.

I must not forget to inform you that we have the company of Captain Gairish, a wit and a critic, who pretends he is perfectly acquainted with the best writers of the age, and whose opinion on every new work is deemed decisive in the Pump-room. The prefaces of Dryden, and the French critics, are the sources from which his immense literature is derived. Dacier's Plutarch has enabled him to talk familiarly of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans, and Bayle's Dictionary finished him for a scholar. Sometimes he vouchsafes to think the *Adventurer* tolerable; but he generally exclaims, "How grave and sententious! Good Heavens! what, more Greek! This circumstance will ruin the credit of the paper. They will not take my advice, for you must know I am intimate with all the authors of it; they are ten in number; and some of them—But as I have been intrusted with their secrets, I must disclose no more. To tell you the truth, I have given them a few essays myself, which I have written for my amusement upon guard."

If these portraits, which are faithfully copied

from the life, should amuse you, I may perhaps take an opportunity of adding to the collection.

I am,

Mr. Adventurer, yours,

Z.

PHILOMEDES.

NO. 130.] SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1754.

*Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.* MART.

The man will surely fail who dares delay,  
And lose to-morrow that has lost to-day.

It was said by Raleigh, when some of his friends lamented his confinement under a sentence of death, which he knew not how soon he might suffer, "that the world itself was only a larger prison, out of which some were every day selected for execution." That there is a time when every man is struck with a sense of this awful truth, I do not doubt; and, perhaps, a hasty speculatist would conclude, that its influence would be stronger in proportion as it more frequently occurred: but upon every mind that is become familiar with calamity, calamity loses its force; and misery grows less only by its continuance, because those who have long suffered lose their sensibility.

If he, who lies down at night in the vigour and health of five-and-twenty, should rise in the morning with the infirmities of fourscore, it is not improbable that he would sink under a sense of his condition; regret of enjoyments which could never return, would preclude all that remained, and the last mournful effects of delay would be hastened and aggravated by anticipation. But those who have been enfeebled by degrees, who have been shaken ten years by the palsy; or crippled by the gout, frequently totter about upon their crutches with an air of waggish jocularity, are always ready to entertain their company with a jest, meet their acquaintance with a toothless grin, and are the first to toast a young beauty when they can scarce lift the glass to their lips. Even criminals, who knew that in the morning they were to die, have often slept in the night; though very few of those who have been committed for a capital offence, which they knew would be easily proved, have slept the first night after they were confined. Danger so sudden and so imminent alarms, confounds, and terrifies; but after a time stupor supplies the want of fortitude; and as the evil approaches, it is in effect less terrible, except in the moment when it arrives; and then, indeed, it is common to lament that insensibility, which before perhaps was voluntarily increased by drunkenness or dissipation, by solitary intemperance or tumultuous company.

There is some reason to believe, that "this power of the world to come," as it is expressed in the sublimity of Eastern metaphor, is generally felt at the same age. The dread of death has seldom been found to intrude upon the cheerfulness, simplicity, and innocence of children; they gaze at a funeral procession with as much vacant curiosity as at any other show, and see the world change before them without the least sense of their own share in the vicissitude. In youth, when all the appetites are strong, and every gratification is heightened by novelty, the mind resists mournful impressions with a kind of elastic power, by which the signature that is forced upon it is immediately effaced; when this tumult first subsides, while the attachment to life is yet strong, and the mind begins to look forward, and concert measures by which those enjoyments may be secured which it is solicitous to keep, or others obtained to atone for the disappointments that are past, then death starts up like a spectre in all his terrors, the blood is chilled at his appearance, he is perceived to approach with a constant and irresistible pace, retreat is impossible, and resistance is vain.

The terror and anguish which this image produces whenever it first rushes upon the mind, are always complicated with a sense of guilt and remorse; and generally produce some hasty and zealous purposes of more uniform virtue and more ardent devotion, of something that may secure us, not only from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched, but from total mortality, and admit hope to the regions beyond the grave.

This purpose is seldom wholly relinquished, though it is not always executed with vigour and perseverance; the reflection which produced it often recurs, but it still recurs with less force; desire of immediate pleasure becomes predominant; appetite is no longer restrained; and either all attempts to secure future happiness are deferred "to a more convenient season," or some expedients are sought to render sensuality and virtue compatible, and to obtain every object of hope without lessening the treasures of possession. Thus vice naturally becomes the disciple of infidelity; and the wretch who dares not aspire to the heroic virtue of a Christian, listens with eagerness to every objection against the authority of that law by which he is condemned, and labours in vain to establish another that will acquit him: he forms many arguments to justify natural desires; he learns at length to impose upon himself; and assents to principles which yet in his heart he does not believe; he thinks himself convinced, that virtue must be happiness, and then dreams that happiness is virtue.

These frauds, though they would have been impossible in the hour of conviction and terror, are yet practised with great ease when it is past,

and contribute very much to prevent its return. It is, indeed, scarce possible, that it should return with the same force, because the power of novelty is necessarily exhausted in the first onset. Some incidents, however, there are, which renew the terror; and they seldom fail to renew the purpose: upon the death of a friend, a parent, or a wife, the comforts and the confidence of sophistry are at an end; the moment that suspends the influence of temptation, restores the power of conscience, and at once rectifies the understanding. He, who has been labouring to explain away those duties which he had not fortitude to practise, then sees the vanity of the attempt; he regrets the time that is past, and resolves to improve that which remains: but if the first purpose of reformation has been ineffectual, the second is seldom executed; as the sense of danger by which it is produced is not so strong, the motive is less; and as the power of appetite is increased by habitual gratification, the opposition is more: the new conviction wears off; the duties are again neglected as necessary which are found to be unpleasant; the lethargy of the soul returns, and as the danger increases she becomes less susceptible to fear.

Thus the dreadful condition of him, "who looks back after having put his hand to the plough," may be resolved into natural causes; and it may be affirmed, upon mere philosophical principles, that there is a call which is repeated no more, and an apostasy from which it is extremely difficult to return.

Let those who still delay that which yet they believe to be of eternal moment, remember, that their motives to effect it will still grow weaker, and the difficulty of the work perpetually increase; to neglect it now, therefore, is a pledge that it will be neglected for ever: and if they are roused by this thought, let them instantly improve its influence; for even this thought when it returns, will return with less power, and though it should rouse them now, will perhaps rouse them no more. But let them not confide in such virtue as can be practised without a struggle, and which interdicts the gratification of no passion but malice: nor adopt principles which could never be believed at the only time when they could be useful; like arguments which men sometimes form when they slumber, and the moment they awake discover to be absurd.

Let those who in the anguish of an awakened mind have regretted the past, and resolved to redeem it in the future, persist invariably to do whatever they then wished to have done. Let this be established as a constant rule of action, and opposed to all the cavils of sophistry and sense; for this wish will inevitably return when it must for ever be ineffectual, at that awful moment when "the shadow of death shall be

stretched over them, and that night commences in which no man can work."

No. 131.] TUESDAY, FEB. 5, 1754.

————— *Misce*  
*Ergo aliquid nostris de moribus.* JUV.

And mingle something of our times to please.  
DRYDEN, JUV.

Fontenelle, in his panegyric on Sir Isaac Newton, closes a long enumeration of that great philosopher's virtues and attainments, with an observation, that "he was not distinguished from other men, by any singularity either natural or affected."

It is an eminent instance of Newton's superiority to the rest of mankind, that he was able to separate knowledge from those weaknesses by which knowledge is generally disgraced; that he was able to excel in science and wisdom without purchasing them by the neglect of little things; and that he stood alone, merely because he had left the rest of mankind behind him, not because he deviated from the beaten tract.

Whoever, after the example of Plutarch should compare the lives of illustrious men, might set this part of Newton's character to view with great advantage, by opposing it to that of Bacon, perhaps the only man of later ages, who has any pretensions to dispute with him the palm of genius or science.

Bacon, after he had added, to a long and careful contemplation of almost every other object of knowledge, a curious inspection into common life, and, after having surveyed nature as a philosopher, had examined "men's business and bosoms" as a statesman; yet failed so much in the conduct of domestic affairs, that in the most lucrative post to which a great and wealthy kingdom could advance him, he felt all the miseries of distressful poverty, and committed all the crimes to which poverty incites. Such were at once his negligence and rapacity, that, as it is said, he would gain by unworthy practices that money, which, when so acquired, his servants might steal from one end of the table, while he sat studious and abstracted at the other.

As scarcely any man has reached the excellence, very few have sunk to the weakness of Bacon: but almost all the studious tribe, as they obtain any participation of his knowledge, feel likewise some contagion of his defects; and obstruct the veneration which learning would procure, by follies greater or less to which only learning could betray them.

It has been formerly remarked by the Guar-



dian, that the world punishes with too great severity the error of those, who imagine that the ignorance of little things may be compensated by the knowledge of great; for so it is, that as more can detect petty failings than can distinguish or esteem great qualifications, and as mankind is in general more easily disposed to censure than to admiration, contempt is often incurred by slight mistakes, which real virtue or usefulness cannot counterbalance.

Yet such mistakes and inadvertencies, it is not easy for a man deeply immersed in study to avoid; no man can become qualified for the common intercourses of life, by private meditation; the manners of the world are not a regular system, planned by philosophers upon settled principles, in which every cause has a congruous effect, and one part has a just reference to another. Of the fashions prevalent in every country, a few have arisen, perhaps, from particular temperatures of the climate; a few more from the constitution of the government, but the greater part have grown up by chance, been started by caprice, been contrived by affectation, or borrowed without any just motives of choice from other countries.

Of all these, the savage that hunts his prey upon the mountains, and the sage that speculates in his closet, must necessarily live in equal ignorance; yet, by the observation of these trifles, it is, that the ranks of mankind are kept in order, that the address of one to another is regulated, and the general business of the world carried on with facility and method.

These things, therefore, though small in themselves, become great by their frequency; and he very much mistakes his own interest, who, to the unavoidable unskilfulness of abstraction and retirement, adds a voluntary neglect of common forms, and increases the disadvantages of a studious course of life by an arrogant contempt of those practices, by which others endeavour to gain favour and multiply friendships.

A real and interior disdain of fashion and ceremony, is, indeed, not very often to be found: much the greater part of those who pretend to laugh at foppery and formality, secretly wish to have possessed those qualifications which they pretend to despise; and because they find it difficult to wash away the tincture which they have so deeply imbibed, endeavour to harden themselves in a sullen approbation of their own colour. Neutrality is a state, into which the busy passions of men cannot easily subside; and he who is in danger of the pangs of envy, is generally forced to recreate his imagination with an effort of contempt.

Some, however, may be found, who, supported by the consciousness of great abilities, and elevated by a long course of reputation and applause, voluntarily consign themselves to singu-

larity, affect to cross the roads of life because they know that they shall not be jostled, and indulge a boundless gratification of will, because they perceive that they shall be quietly obeyed. Men of this kind are generally known by the name of Humourists; an appellation by which he that has obtained it, and can be contented to keep it, is set free at once from the shackles of fashion; and can go in or out, sit or stand, be talkative or silent, gloomy or merry, advance absurdities or oppose demonstration, without any other reprehension from mankind, than that; it is his way, he is an odd fellow, and must be let alone.

This seems, to many, an easy passport through the various factions of mankind; and those on whom it is bestowed, appear too frequently to consider the patience with which their caprices are suffered, as an undoubted evidence of their own importance, of a genius to which submission is universally paid, and whose irregularities are only considered as consequences of its vigour. These peculiarities, however, are always found to spot a character, though they may not totally obscure it; and he who expects from mankind, that they should give up established customs in compliance with his single will, and exacts that deference which he does not pay, may be endured, but can never be approved.

Singularity is, I think, in its own nature universally and invariably displeasing. In whatever respect a man differs from others, he must be considered by them as either worse or better: by being better, it is well known that a man gains admiration oftener than love, since all approbation of his practice must necessarily condemn him that gives it; and though a man often pleases by inferiority, there are few who desire to give such pleasure. Yet the truth is, that singularity is almost always regarded as a brand of slight reproach; and where it is associated with acknowledged merit, serves as an abatement or an alloy of excellence, by which weak eyes are reconciled to its lustre, and by which, though kindness is not gained, at least envy is averted.

But let no man be in haste to conclude his own merit so great or conspicuous, as to require or justify singularity: it is as hazardous for a moderate understanding to usurp the prerogatives of genius, as for a common form to play over the airs of uncontested beauty. The pride of men will not patiently endure to see one, whose understanding or attainments are but level with their own, break the rules by which they have consented to be bound, or forsake the direction which they submissively follow. All violation of established practice implies in its own nature a rejection of the common opinion, a defiance of common censure, and an appeal from general laws to private judgment: he, therefore, who

differs from others without apparent advantage, ought not to be angry if his arrogance is punished with ridicule; if those, whose example he superciliously overlooks, point him out to derision, and hoot him back again into the common road.

The pride of singularity is often exerted in little things, where right and wrong are indeterminable, and where, therefore, vanity is without excuse. But there are occasions on which it is noble to dare to stand alone. To be pious among infidels, to be disinterested in a time of general venality, to lead a life of virtue and reason in the midst of sensualists, is a proof of a mind intent on nobler things than the praise or blame of men, of a soul fixed in the contemplation of the highest good, and superior to the tyranny of custom and example.

In moral and religious questions only, a wise man will hold no consultations with fashion, because these duties are constant and immutable, and depend not on the notions of men, but the commands of Heaven; yet even of these, the external mode is to be in some measure regulated by the prevailing taste of the age in which we live; for he is certainly no friend to virtue, who neglects to give it any lawful attraction, or suffers it to deceive the eye or alienate the affections for want of innocent compliance with fashionable decorations.

It is yet remembered of the learned and pious Nelson, that he was remarkably elegant in his manners, and splendid in his dress. He knew, that the eminence of his character drew many eyes upon him; and he was careful not to drive the young or the gay away from religion, by representing it as an enemy to any distinction or enjoyment in which human nature may innocently delight.

In this censure of singularity, I have, therefore, no intention to subject reason or conscience to custom or example. To comply with the notions and practices of mankind is in some degree the duty of a social being; because by compliance only he can please, and by pleasing only he can become useful: but as the end is not to be lost for the sake of the means, we are not to give up virtue to complaisance; for the end of complaisance is only to gain the kindness of our fellow beings, whose kindness is desirable only as instrumental to happiness, and happiness must be always lost by departure from virtue.

T.

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No. 132.] SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1754.

— *Ferimur per opaca locorum.*

VIRG.

— Driven through the palpable obscure.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdad, was emi-

nent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obscure, as that of the spark which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness: and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether, in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth, he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less; he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion; yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer: he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the Prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turned round with a look of circumspective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience.

To Him who touches the mountains and they smoke, the Almighty and the Most Merciful,



be everlasting honour! he has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my Haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the Angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of Paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold; the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

"Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by love of God: because can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by love of man: for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast, indeed, beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse his light or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair." At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me

with all the vehemence of desire: "O! that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt? there society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside in a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time." While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther still, for ever and for ever. I then stretched out my hand towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality: and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch, whom in the pride of prosperity I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda.

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in an ecstasy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the Caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

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No. 133.] -TUESDAY, FEB. 12, 1754.

*At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros et  
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,  
Ne dicam stulte, mirati; si modo ego et vos  
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto. HOR.*

"And yet our sires with joy could Plautus hear;  
Gay were his jests, his numbers charm'd their ear."  
Let me not say too lavishly they praised;  
But sure their judgment was full cheaply pleased,  
If you or I with taste are haply blest,  
To know a clownish from a courtly jest. FRANCIS.

THE fondness I have so frequently manifested



for the ancients, has not so far blinded my judgment, as to render me unable to discern or unwilling to acknowledge the superiority of the moderns, in pieces of humour and ridicule. I shall, therefore, confirm the general assertion of Addison, part of which hath already been examined.

Comedy, Satire, and Burlesque, being the three chief branches of ridicule, it is necessary for us to compare together the most admired performances of the ancients and moderns in these three kinds of writing, to qualify us justly to censure or commend, as the beauties or blemishes of each party may deserve.

As Aristophanes wrote to please the multitude, at a time when the licentiousness of the Athenians was boundless, his pleasantries are coarse and unpolite, his characters extravagantly forced, and distorted with unnatural deformity, like the monstrous caricatures of Callot. He is full of the grossest obscenity, indecency, and inurbanity: and as the populace always delight to hear their superiors abused and misrepresented, he scatters the rankest calumnies on the wisest and worthiest personages of his country. His style is unequal, occasioned by a frequent introduction of parodies on Sophocles and Euripides. It is, however, certain, that he abounds in artful allusions to the state of Athens at the time when he wrote; and, perhaps, he is more valuable, considered as a political satirist, than a writer of comedy.

Plautus has adulterated a rich vein of genuine wit and humour, with a mixture of the basest buffoonery. No writer seems to have been born with a more forcible or more fertile genius for comedy. He has drawn some characters with incomparable spirit: we are indebted to him for the first good miser, and for that worn-out character among the Romans, a boastful Thraso. But his love degenerates into lewdness; and his jests are insupportably low and illiberal, and fit only for "the dregs of Romulus" to use and to hear; he has furnished examples of every species of true and false wit, even down to a quibble and a pun. Plautus lived in an age, when the Romans were but just emerging into politeness; and I cannot forbear thinking, that if he had been reserved for the age of Augustus, he would have produced more perfect plays, than even the elegant disciple of Menander.

Delicacy, sweetness, and correctness, are the characteristics of Terence. His polite images are all represented in the most clear and perspicuous expression; but his characters are too general and uniform, nor are they marked with those discriminating peculiarities that distinguish one man from another: there is a tedious and disgusting sameness of incidents in his plots, which, as hath been observed in a former paper, are too complicated and intricate. It may be added, that he superabounds in soliloquies; and

that nothing can be more inartificial or improper, than the manner in which he hath introduced them.

To these three celebrated ancients I venture to oppose singly the matchless Moliere, as the most consummate master of comedy that former or later ages have produced. He was not content with painting obvious and common characters, but set himself closely to examine the numberless varieties of human nature: he soon discovered every difference, however minute; and by a proper management could make it striking: his portraits, therefore, though they appear to be new, are yet discovered to be just. The Tartuffe and the Misanthrope are the most singular, and yet, perhaps, the most proper and perfect characters that comedy can represent; and his Miser excels that of any other nation. He seems to have hit upon the true nature of comedy; which is, to exhibit one singular and unfamiliar character, by such a series of incidents as may best contribute to show its singularities. All the circumstances in the Misanthrope tend to manifest the peevish and captious disgust of the hero; all the circumstances in the Tartuffe are calculated to show the treachery of an accomplished hypocrite. I am sorry that no English writer of comedy can be produced as a rival to Moliere: although it must be confessed that Falstaff and Morose are two admirable characters, excellently supported and displayed; for Shakspeare has contrived all the incidents to illustrate the gluttony, lewdness, cowardice, and boastfulness of the fat old knight; and Jonson has with equal art displayed the oddity of a whimsical humourist, who could endure no kind of noise.

Will it be deemed a paradox to assert, that Congreve's dramatic persons have no striking and natural characteristic? His Fondlewife and Foresight are but faint portraits of common characters, and Ben is a forced and unnatural caricatura. His plays appear not to be legitimate comedies, but strings of repartees and sallies of wit, the most poignant and polite indeed, but unnatural and ill placed. The trite and trivial character of a fop hath strangely engrossed the English stage, and given an insipid similarity to our best comic pieces: originals can never be wanting in such a kingdom as this, where each man follows his natural inclinations and propensities, if our writers would really contemplate nature, and endeavour to open those mines of humour which have been so long and so unaccountably neglected.

If we proceed to consider the satirists of antiquity, I shall not scruple to prefer Boileau and Pope to Horace and Juvenal; the arrows of whose ridicule are more sharp, in proportion as they are more polished. That reformers should abound in obscenities, as is the case of the two Roman poets, is surely an impropriety of the

most extraordinary kind; the courtly Horace also sometimes sinks into mean and farcical abuses, as in the first lines of the seventh satire of the first book; but Boileau and Pope have given to their satire the Cestus of Venus: their ridicule is concealed and oblique; that of the Romans direct and open. The tenth satire of Boileau on women is more bitter and more decent and elegant than the sixth of Juvenal on the same subject; and Pope's epistle to Mrs. Blount far excels them both, in the artfulness and delicacy with which it touches female foibles. I may add, that the imitations of Horace by Pope and of Juvenal by Johnson, are preferable to their originals, in the appositeness of their examples, and in the poignancy of their ridicule. Above all, the *Lutrin*, the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Dispensary*, and the *Dunciad*, cannot be paralleled by any works that the wittiest of the ancients can boast of: for by assuming the form of the epopee, they have acquired a dignity and gracefulness, which all satires delivered merely in the poet's own person must want, and with which the satirists of antiquity were wholly unacquainted: for the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer cannot be considered as the model of these admirable pieces.

Lucian is the greatest master of burlesque among the ancients; but the travels of Gulliver, though indeed evidently copied from his *True History*, do as evidently excel it. Lucian sets out with informing his readers, that he is in jest, and intends to ridicule some of the incredible stories in Ctesias and Herodotus: this introduction surely enfeebles his satire and defeats his purpose. The *True History* consists only of the most wild, monstrous, and miraculous persons and accidents: Gulliver has a concealed meaning, and his dwarfs and giants convey tacitly some moral or political instruction. The *Charon*, or the *Prospect* (*επιπροσπορευς*) one of the dialogues of Lucian, has likewise given occasion to that agreeable French satire, entitled, "*Le Diable Boiteux*," or "*The Lame Devil*," which has highly improved on its original by a greater variety of characters and description, lively remarks, and interesting adventures. So if a parallel be drawn between Lucian and Cervantes, the ancient will still appear to disadvantage: the burlesque of Lucian principally consists in making his gods and philosophers speak and act like the meanest of the people; that of Cervantes arises from the solemn and important air with which the most idle and ridiculous actions are related; and is, therefore, much more striking and forcible. In a word, *Don Quixote*, and its copy *Hudibras*, the *Splendid Shilling*, the *Adventures of Gil Blas*, the *Tale of a Tub*, and the *Rehearsal*, are pieces of humour which antiquity cannot equal, much less excel.

Theophrastus must yield to La Bruyere for his intimate knowledge of human nature; and

the Athenians never produced a writer whose humour was so exquisite as that of Addison, or who delineated and supported a character with so much nature and true pleasantry as that of Sir Roger de Coverly. It ought, indeed, to be remembered, that every species of wit, written in distant times and in dead languages, appears with many disadvantages to present readers, from their ignorance of the manners and customs alluded to and exposed; but the grossness, the rudeness and indelicacy of the ancients will, notwithstanding, sufficiently appear, even from the sentiments of such critics as Cicero and Quintilian, who mention corporal defects and deformities as proper objects of raillery.

If it be now asked, to what can we ascribe this superiority of the moderns in all the species of ridicule? I answer, to the improved state of conversation. The great geniuses of Greece and Rome were formed during the times of a republican government: and though it be certain, as Longinus asserts, that democracies are the nurseries of true sublimity; yet monarchies and courts are more productive of politeness. The arts of civility, and the decencies of conversation, as they unite men more closely and bring them more frequently together, multiply opportunities of observing those incongruities and absurdities of behaviour, on which ridicule is founded. The ancients had more liberty and seriousness; the moderns have more luxury and laughter.

Z.

No. 134.] SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1754.

—*Virtutibus obstat  
Res angusta domi.*

JUVENAL.

Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie  
Plunged in the depth of helpless poverty.

DRYDEN.

#### TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

As I was informed by your bookseller, upon whom I called a few days ago to make a small purchase for my daughter, that your whole work would be comprised in one hundred and forty papers, I can no longer delay to send you the account of her life, which I gave you some reason to expect when I related my own.\* This account she gave in that dreadful night, the remembrance of which still freezes me with horror; the night in which I had hired her as a prostitute, and could not have been deterred from incest but by an event so extraordinary that it was almost miraculous. I have, indeed,



frequently attempted to relate a story which I can never forget, but I was always dissatisfied with my own expressions; nor could I ever produce in writing a narrative which appeared equal to the effect that it wrought upon my mind when I heard it. I have, therefore, prevailed upon the dear injured girl to relate it in her own words, which I shall faithfully transcribe.

The first situation that I remember was in a cellar; where, I suppose, I had been placed by the parish officers with a woman who kept a little dairy. My nurse was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was just old enough to lug me about in her arms, and who, like other petty creatures in office, knew not how to show her authority but by the abuse of it. Such was my dread of her power and resentment, that I suffered almost whatever she inflicted, without complaint; and when I was scarcely four years old, had learnt so far to surmount the sense of pain and suppress my passions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently suffered her to impute to me many trivial mischiefs which her own perverseness or carelessness had produced.

This situation, however, was not without its advantages; for instead of a hard crust and small beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my subsistence if I had been placed with a person in the same rank, but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk; which though it had been skimmed for cream was not sour, and which indeed was wholesome food; upon which I thrived very fast, and was taken notice of by every body, for the freshness of my looks, and the clearness of my skin.

Almost as soon as I could speak plain, I was sent to the parish-school to learn to read; and thought myself as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth-night suit. The mistress of the school was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I first came under her tuition, and left her in such circumstances as made her solicit an employment, of which before she would have dreaded the labour, and scorned the meanness. She had been very genteelly educated, and had acquired a general knowledge of literature after her marriage; the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded such a subject of conversation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleasures of beneficence and gratitude.

There was something in her manner, which won my affection and commanded my reverence. I found her a person very different from my nurse; and I watched her looks with such ardour and attention, that I was sometimes able,

young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that she should love the virtue which she had produced, nor was it incongruous that she should reward it. I perceived with inexpressible delight, that she treated me with peculiar tenderness; and when I was about eight years old, she offered to take my education wholly upon herself, without putting the parish to any farther charge for my maintenance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurse was discharged, and I was taken home to my mistress, who called me her little maid; a name which I was ambitious to deserve, because she did not like a tyrant exact my obedience as a slave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family consisted only of my mistress and myself except sometimes a charewoman, we were always alone in the intervals of business; and the good matron amused herself by instructing me not only in reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needlework; and what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be so amiable, that I wanted neither example nor motive. She gave me also some general notions of the decorum practised among persons of a higher class; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child, and in an obscure station, with some rudiments of good breeding.

Before I was fifteen, I began to assist my benefactress in her employment, and by some plainwork which she had procured me, I furnished myself with decent clothes. By an insensible and spontaneous imitation of her manner, I had acquired such a carriage, as gained me more respect in a yard-wide stuff, than is often paid by strangers to an upper servant in a rich silk.

Such was now the simplicity and innocence of my life, that I had scarce a wish unsatisfied; and I often reflected upon my own happiness with a sense of gratitude that increased it. But alas! this felicity was scarce sooner enjoyed than lost: the good matron, who was in the most endearing sense my parent and my friend, was seized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life, and left me alone in the world without alliance or protection, overwhelmed with grief and distracted with anxiety. The world, indeed, was before me; but I trembled to enter it alone. I knew no art by which I could subsist myself; and I was unwilling to be condemned to a state of servitude, in which no such art could be learned. I, therefore, applied again to the officers of the parish, who, as a testimony of respect to my patroness, condescended still to consider me as their charge, and with the usual sum bound me apprentice to a mantua-maker; whose business, of which indeed she had but little, was among persons that were something below the middle class, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the churchwardens for



an apprentice, only that she might silence a number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a consideration for necessary clothes.

The dwelling of my new mistress was two back rooms in a dirty street near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindness; we breakfasted, dined, and supped together; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition, yet I comforted myself with reflecting, that in a few years I should be mistress of a trade by which I might become independent, and live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no sooner signed, than I suffered a new change of fortune. The first step my mistress took was to turn away her maid, a poor slave who was covered only with rags and dirt, and whose ill qualities I foolishly thought were the only cause of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go of errands, wash linen, and dress victuals, and in short, to do every kind of household drudgery, and to sit up half the night, that the task of hemming and running seams which had been assigned me might be performed.

Though I suffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became pensive and melancholy; the tears would often steal silently from my eyes, and my mind was sometimes so abstracted in the contemplation of my own misery, that I did not hear what was said to me. But my sensibility produced resentment instead of pity; my melancholy drew upon me the reproach of sullenness; I was stormed at for spoiling my work with sniveling I knew not why, and threatened that it should not long be without cause; a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of the yard, and I was in every respect treated with the most brutal unkindness.

In the meantime, however, I applied myself to learn the business as my last resource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and assiduity atoned for the want of instruction; and it might have been truly said, that I stole the knowledge which my mistress had engaged to communicate. As I had a taste for dress, I recommended myself to the best customers, and frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my mistress was not able to discover. The countenance and courtesy which this gained, though it encouraged my hope of the future, yet it made the present less tolerable. My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity, and my sufferings were so great, that I frequently meditated an escape, though I knew not whither to go, and though I foresaw that the moment I became a fugitive, I should forfeit all my interest, justify every complaint, and incur a disgrace which I could never obliterate.

I had now groaned under the most cruel oppression something more than four years; the clothes which had been the purchase of my own money I had worn out; and my mistress thought it her interest not to furnish me with any better than would just serve me to go out on her errands, and follow her with a bundle. But as so much of my time was past, I thought it highly reasonable, and indeed necessary, that I should make a more decent appearance, that I should attend the customers, take their orders and their measure, or at least fit on the work. After much premeditation, and many attempts, I at length surmounted my fears, and in such terms and manner as I thought least likely to give offence, I entreated that I might have such clothes as would answer the purpose, and proposed to work so many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they should cost. But this request, however modest, was answered only with reproaches and insult. "I wanted, forsooth, to be a gentlewoman; yes, I should be equipped to set up for myself. This she might have expected for taking a beggar from the parish; but I should see that she knew how to mortify my pride and disappoint my cunning." I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment; and, I believe, for the first time, expressed myself with some indignation and resentment. My resentment, however, she treated with derision and contempt, as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority; and declaring that she would soon show me who was mistress, she struck me so violent a blow, that I fell from my chair. Whether she was frightened at my fall, or whether she suspected I should alarm the house, she did not repeat her blow, but contented herself with reviling the poverty and wretchedness which she laboured to perpetuate.

I burst into tears of anguish and resentment, and made no reply; but from this moment my hatred became irreconcilable, and I secretly determined at all events to escape from a slavery, which I accused myself for having already endured too long.

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No. 135.] TUESDAY, FEB. 19, 1754.

—*Latet anguis in herba.*

VIRG.

Beneath the grass conceal'd a serpent lies.

It happened, that the next morning I was sent with some work as far as Chelsea; it was about the middle of May. Upon me, who had long toiled in the smoke and darkness of London, and had seen the sun shine only upon a chimney, or a wall, the freshness of the air, the

verdure of the field, and the song of the birds, had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk: and every moment of delay made me less willing to return; not indeed by increasing my enjoyment, but my fear: I was tenacious of the present, because I dreaded the future; and increased the evil which I approached at every step, by a vain attempt to retain and possess that which at every step I was leaving behind. I found, that not to look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleasure; and yet I still loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a state of anxious irresolution, still taking the way home, because I knew not where else to go, but still neglecting the speed which alone could make home less dreadful. My torment increased as my walk became shorter; and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall in St. James's Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and despair, and sitting down on one of the benches I burst into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my own distress and my apron held up to my eyes, it was some time before I discovered an elderly lady who had sat down by me. The moment I saw her, such is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedness gave way to a sense of indecorum; and as she appeared by her dress to be a person in whose company it was presumption in me to sit, I started up in great confusion, and would have left the seat. This, however, she would not suffer; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addressed me with an accent of tenderness, and soothed me with pity before she knew my distress. It was so long since I had heard the voice of kindness, that my heart melted as she spoke with gratitude and joy. I told her all my story; to which she listened with great attention, and often gazed steadfastly in my face. When my narrative was ended, she told me, that the manner in which I had related it, was alone sufficient to convince her that it was true; that there was an air of simplicity and sincerity about me, which had prejudiced her in my favour as soon as she saw me; and that, therefore, she was determined to take me home; that I should live with her till she had established me in my business, which she could easily do by recommending me to her acquaintance; and that in the mean time she would take care to prevent my mistress from being troublesome.

It is impossible to express the transport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance. I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of those who are hackneyed in the ways of vice; and the remembrance of the disinterested kindness of my first friend, by whom I had been brought up, came fresh into my mind: I, therefore, indulged the hope of having found such another without scruple; and uttering some incoherent expres-

sions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductress home. The house was such as I had never entered before; the rooms were spacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder; and blushing with a sense of my own meanness, would have followed the servant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her mistress prevented me. She saw my confusion, and encouraging me with a smile took me up stairs into a kind of dressing-room, where she immediately furnished me with clean shoes and stockings, a cap, handkerchief, rufes, and apron, and a night-gown of genteel Irish stuff, which had not been much worn, though it was spotted and stained in many places: they belonged, she said, to her cousin, a young lady, for whom she had undertaken to provide; and insisted upon my putting them on, that I might sit down with her family at dinner; "for," said she, "I have no acquaintance, to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker that I kept in my kitchen."

I perceived that she watched me with great attention while I was dressing, and seemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. "I see," said she, "that you were made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you shall be, or it shall be your own fault." I could only courtesy in answer to this compliment; but notwithstanding the appearance of diffidence, and modesty in the blush which I felt burn upon my cheek, yet my heart secretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down stairs, I was introduced by my patroness (who had told me that her name was Wellwood) to the young lady her cousin and three others; to whom, soon after we were seated, she related my story, intermixing much invective against my mistress, and much flattery to me, with neither of which, if the truth be confessed, I was much displeased.

After dinner, as I understood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was showed up stairs into a small chamber very neatly furnished, which I was desired to consider as my own. As the company staid till it was very late, I drank tea and supped alone, one of the servants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down stairs to breakfast, Mrs. Wellwood presented me with a piece of printed cotton sufficient for a sack and coat, and about twelve yards of slight silk for a night-gown, which, she said, I should make up myself as a specimen of my skill. I attempted to excuse myself from accepting this benefaction, with much hesitation and confusion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be silent. I was told, that, when business came in, I should pay all my debts; that, in the meantime, I should



be solicitous only to set up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be considered as my stock in trade, since without it my business could neither be procured nor transacted.

To work, therefore, I went; my clothes were made and worn; many encomiums were lavished upon my dexterity and my person; and thus I was entangled in the snare that had been laid for me, before I discovered my danger. I had contracted debts which it was impossible I should pay; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purposes of guilt; and my creditor could urge me to her purpose both by hope and fear.

I had now been near a month in my new lodging; and great care had hitherto been taken to conceal whatever might shock my modesty, or acquaint me with the danger of my situation. Some incidents, however, notwithstanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me; but as those who are waking from a pleasing dream, shut their eyes against the light, and endeavour to prolong the delusion by slumbering again, I checked my suspicions the moment they rose, as if danger that was not known would not exist; without considering, that inquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to escape the evil.

The house was often filled with company which divided into separate rooms; the visits were frequently continued till midnight, and sometimes till morning; I had, however, always desired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance; but at length I was pressed to make tea, with an importunity that I could not resist. The company was very gay, and some familiarities passed between the gentlemen and ladies which threw me into confusion and covered me with blushes; yet I was still zealous to impose upon myself, and, therefore, was contented with the supposition, that they were liberties allowed among persons of fashion, many of whose polite levities I had heard described and censured by the dear monitor of my youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and all my knowledge. I could not, however, reflect without solicitude and anxiety, that since the first week of my arrival I had heard no more of my business. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it; and still hoped, that when my patroness had procured me a little set of customers among her friends, I should be permitted to venture into a room of my own; for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactress, of whom it could not without an affront be said, that she let lodgings to a mantua-maker; nor could I without indecorum distribute directions where I was to be found, till I had removed to another house. But whenever I introduced this subject of conversation, I was either rallied for my gravity, or

gently reproached with pride, as impatient of obligation. Sometimes I was told with an air of merriment, that my business should be pleasure; and sometimes I was entertained with amorous stories, and excited by licentious and flattered descriptions, to a relish of luxurious idleness and expensive amusements. In short, my suspicions gradually increased; and my fears grew stronger, till my dream was at an end, and I could slumber no more. The terror that seized me, when I could no longer doubt into what hands I had fallen, is not to be expressed, nor, indeed, could it be concealed; the effect which it produced in my aspect and behaviour afforded the wretch, who attempted to seduce me, no prospect of success; and as she despaired of exciting me by the love of pleasure to voluntary guilt, she determined to effect her purpose by surprise, and drive me into her toils by desperation.

It was not less my misfortune than reproach, that I did not immediately quit a place, in which I knew myself devoted to destruction. This, indeed, Mrs. Wellwood was very assiduous to prevent: the morning after I had discovered her purpose, the talk about my business was renewed; and as soon as we had breakfasted, she took me out with her in a hackney coach, under pretence of procuring me a lodging; but she had still some plausible objection against all that we saw. Thus she contrived to busy my mind, and keep me with her the greatest part of the day; at three we returned to dinner, and passed the afternoon without company. I drank tea with the family; and in the evening, being uncommonly drowsy, I went to bed near two hours sooner than usual.

No. 136.] SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1754.

— *Quis talia fando  
Temperet a lacrimis.*

VIRG.

And who can hear this tale without a tear?

To the transactions of this night I was not conscious; but what they had been the circumstances of the morning left me no room to doubt. I discovered with astonishment, indignation, and despair, which for a time suspended all my faculties, that I had suffered irreparable injury in a state of insensibility; not so much to gratify the wretch by whom I had been abused, as that I might with less scruple admit another, and by reflecting that it was impossible to recover what I had lost, become careless of all that remained. Many artifices were used to soothe me; and when these were found to be ineffectual, attempts were made to intimidate me with menaces.



I knew not exactly what passed in the first fury of my distraction, but at length it quite exhausted me. In the evening, being calm through mere langour and debility, and no precaution having been taken to detain me, because I was not thought able to escape, I found means to steal down stairs and get into the street without being missed. Wretched as I was, I felt some emotions of joy when I first found myself at liberty; though it was no better than the liberty of an exile in a desert, where, having escaped from the dungeon and the wheel, he must yet, without a miracle, be destroyed by savages or hunger. It was not long, indeed, before I reflected that I knew no house that would receive me, and that I had no money in my pocket. I had not however the least inclination to go back. I sometimes thought of returning to my old mistress, the mantua-maker; but the moment I began to anticipate the malicious inference she would draw from my absence and appearance, and her triumph in the mournful necessity that urged me to return, I determined rather to suffer any other evil that could befall me.

Thus destitute and forlorn, feeble and dispirited, I continued to creep along till the shops were all shut, and the deserted streets became silent. The busy crowds which had almost borne me before them, were now dissipated; and every one was retired home, except a few wretched outcasts like myself, who were either huddled together in a corner, or strolling about not knowing whether they went. It is not easy to conceive the anguish, with which I reflected upon my condition; and, perhaps, it would scarcely have been thought possible, that a person who was not a fugitive from justice, nor an enemy to labour, could be thus destitute even of the little that is essential to life, and in danger of perishing for want in the midst of a populous city, abounding with accommodations for every rank, from the peer to the beggar. Such, however, was my lot. I found myself compelled by necessity to pass the night in the streets, without hope of passing the next in any other place, or, indeed, of procuring food to support me till it arrived. I had now fasted the whole day; my languor increased every moment; I was weary and fainting; my face was covered with a cold sweat, and my legs trembled under me; but I did not dare to sit down, or to walk twice along the same street, lest I should have been seized by the watch, or insulted by some voluntary vagabond in the rage or wantonness of drunkenness or lust. I knew not, indeed, well how to vary my walk; but imagined that, upon the whole, I should be more safe in the city, than among the brothels in the Strand, or in streets which being less frequented are less carefully watched: for though I scarce ventured to consider the law as my friend, yet I was

more afraid of those who should attempt to break the peace, than those who were appointed to keep it. I went forward, therefore, as well as I was able, and passed through St. Paul's church-yard as the clock struck one; but such was my misfortune, that the calamity which I dreaded overtook me in the very place to which I had fled to avoid it. Just as I was crossing at the corner into Cheapside, I was laid hold of by a man not meanly dressed, who would have hurried me down towards the Old Change. I knew not what he said, but I strove to disengage myself from him without making any reply: my struggles, indeed, were weak; and the man still keeping his hold, and perhaps mistaking the feebleness of my resistance for some inclination to comply, proceeded to indecencies, for which I struck him with the sudden force that was supplied by rage and indignation; but my whole strength was exhausted in the blow, which the brute instantly returned, and repeated till I fell. Instinct is still ready in the defence of life, however wretched; and though, the moment before, I had wished to die, yet in this distress I spontaneously cried out for help. My voice was heard by a watchman, who immediately ran towards me, and finding me upon the ground lifted up his lantern, and examined me with an attention, which made me reflect with great confusion upon the disorder of my dress, which before had not once occurred to my thoughts; my hair hung loosely about my shoulders, my stays were but half laced, and the rest of my clothes were carelessly thrown on in the tumult and distraction of mind, which prevented my attending to trivial circumstances when I made my escape from Wellwood's. My general appearance, and the condition in which I was found, convinced the watchman that I was a strolling prostitute; and finding that I was not able to rise without assistance, he also concluded that I was drunk; he, therefore, set down his lantern, and calling his comrade to assist him, they lifted me up. As my voice was faltering, my looks wild, and my whole frame so feeble that I tottered as I stood, the man was confirmed in his first opinion; and seeing my face bloody, and my eyes swelled, he told me with a sneer, that to secure me from further ill-treatment, he would provide a lodging for me till the morning; and accordingly they dragged me between them to the Compter, without any regard to my entreaties or distress.

I passed the night in agonies, upon which even now I shudder to look back; and in the morning I was carried before a magistrate. The watchman gave an account of his having found me very drunk, crying out murder, and breeding a riot in the street at one o'clock in the morning; "I was scarcely yet sober," he said, "as his worship might see, and had been pretty hand-

somely beaten; but he supposed it was for an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, at which I must have been very dexterous, indeed, to have succeeded in that condition."

This account, however injurious, was greatly confirmed by my appearance: I was almost covered with kennel-dirt, my face was discoloured, my speech was inarticulate, and I was so oppressed with faintness and terror, that I could not stand without a support. The magistrate, however, with great kindness, called upon me to make my defence, which I attempted by relating the truth: but the story was told with so much hesitation, and was in itself so wild and improbable, so like the inartificial tales that are hastily formed as an apology for detected guilt, that it could not be believed; and I was told, that except I could support my character by some credible witness, I should be committed to Bridewell.

I was thunderstruck at this menace; and had formed ideas so dreadful of the place to which I was to be sent, that my dungeon at the mantuamaker's became a palace in the comparison, and to return thither, with whatever disadvantages, was now the utmost object of my hope. I, therefore, desired that my mistress might be sent for, and flattered myself that she would at least take me out of a house of correction, if it were only for the pleasure of tormenting me herself.

In about two hours the messenger returned, and with him my tyrant, who eyed me with such malicious pleasure that my hopes failed me the moment I saw her, and I almost repented that she was come. She was, I believe, glad of an opportunity effectually to prevent my obtaining any part of her business, which she had some reason to fear; and, therefore, told the justice who examined her, that "she had taken me a beggar from the parish four years ago, and taught me her trade; but that I had been always sullen, mischievous, and idle; that it was more than a month since I had clandestinely left her service, in decent and modest apparel fitting my condition; and that she would leave his worship to judge, whether I came honestly by the tawdry rags which I had on my back." This account, however correspondent with my own, served only to confirm those facts which condemned me: it appeared uncontestedly, that I had deserted my service; and been debauched in a brothel, where I had been furnished with clothes and continued more than a month. That I had been ignorant of my situation, prostituted without my consent, and at last had escaped to avoid farther injury, appeared to be fictitious circumstances, invented to palliate my offence: the person whom I had accused lived in another county; and it was necessary for the present, to bring the matter to a short issue: my mistress, therefore, was asked,

whether she would receive me again, upon my promise of good behaviour; and upon her peremptory refusal, my mittimus was made out, and I was committed to hard labour. The clerk, however, was ordered to take a memorandum of my charge against Wellwood, and I was told that inquiry should be made about her.

After I had been confined about a week, a note was brought me without date or name, in which I was told, "that my malice against those who would have been my benefactors was disappointed; that, if I would return to them, my discharge should be procured, and I should still be kindly received; but that if I persisted in my ingratitude, it should not be unrevenged." From this note I conjectured, that Wellwood had found means to stop an inquiry into her conduct, which she had discovered to have been begun upon my information, and had thus learned where I was to be found; I therefore returned no answer, but that I was contented with my situation, and prepared to suffer whatever Providence should appoint.

During my confinement, I was not treated with great severity; and at the next court, as no particular crime was alleged against me, I was ordered to be discharged. As my character was now irretrievably lost, as I had no friend who would afford me shelter, nor any business to which I could apply, I had no prospect but again to wander about the streets, without lodging and without food. I, therefore, intreated, that the officers of the parish to which I belonged, might be ordered to receive me into the work-house, till they could get me a service, or find me some employment by which my labour would procure me a subsistence. This request, so reasonable, and so uncommon, was much commended, and immediately granted: but as I was going out at the gate with my pass in my hand, I was met by a bailiff, with an emissary of Wellwood's, and arrested for a debt of twenty pounds. As it was no more in my power to procure bail, than to pay the money, I was immediately dragged to Newgate. It was soon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations could be expected; I was, therefore, turned over to a place called the common side, among the most wretched and the most profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my associates were wicked; but they were overawed by the presence of their taskmaster, and restrained from licentiousness by perpetual labour; but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths, execrations, and obscenity; the conversation of Mother Wellwood, her inmates, and her guests, was chaste and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place; and in comparison with their life, that to which I had been solicited was innocent. Thus I began insensibly to think of mere incontinence



without horror; and, indeed, became less sensible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedness, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became less. I was without friends and without money; and the misery of confinement in a noisome dungeon was aggravated by hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness. In this hour of trial, I was again assailed by the wretch, who had produced it only to facilitate her success. And let not those before whom the path of virtue has been strewn with flowers, and every thorn removed by prosperity, too severely censure me, to whom it was a barren and a rugged road in which I had long toiled with labour and anguish, if at last, when I was benighted in a storm, I turned at the first light, and hasted to the nearest shelter: let me not be too severely censured, if I now accepted liberty, and ease, and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I consented with whatever reluctance and compunction to return, and complete my ruin in the place where it was begun. The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees were paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent Garden. In a short time I recovered my health and beauty; I was again dressed and adorned at the expense of my tyrant, whose power increased in proportion to my debt: the terms of prostitution were prescribed me; and out of the money which was the price not only of my body but my soul, I scarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My slavery was most deplorable, and my employment most odious: for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been implanted in my youth, however they had been choked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root; nor did I ever admit a dishonourable visit, but my heart sunk, my lips quivered, and my knees smote each other.

From this dreadful situation I am at length delivered. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to Him who alone can bring good out of evil, I desire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, my recovery almost miraculous. My first step to vice was the desertion of my service; and of this, all my guilt and misery were the consequence. Let none, therefore, quit the post that is assigned them by Providence, or venture out of the straight way; the by-path, though it may invite them by its verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice; nor can it without folly and presumption, be pronounced of any, that their first deviation from rectitude will produce less evil than mine.

Such Mr. Adventurer, is the story of my child, and such are her reflections upon it; to which I can only add, that he who abandons

his offspring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life.

I am, Sir,  
Your humble servant,

AGAMUS.

No. 137.] TUESDAY, FEB. 26, 1754

Τὸ δ' εἰς;

ΠΥΘ.

What have I been doing?

As man is a being very sparingly furnished with the power of prescience, he can provide for the future only by considering the past; and as futurity is all in which he has any real interest, he ought very diligently to use the only means by which he can be enabled to enjoy it, and frequently to revolve the experiments which he has hitherto made upon life, that he may gain wisdom from his mistakes and caution from his miscarriages.

Though I do not so exactly conform to the precepts of Pythagoras, as to practise every night this solemn recollection, yet I am not so lost in dissipation as wholly to omit it; nor can I forbear sometimes to inquire of myself, in what employment my life has passed away. Much of my time has sunk into nothing, and left no trace by which it can be distinguished; and of this, I now only know, that it was once in my power and might once have been improved.

Of other parts of life memory can give some account: at some hours I have been gay, and at others serious; I have sometimes mingled in conversation, and sometimes meditated in solitude; one day has been spent in consulting the ancient sages, and another in writing Adventures.

At the conclusion of any undertaking, it is usual to compute the loss and profit. As I shall soon cease to write Adventures, I could not forbear lately to consider what has been the consequence of my labours: and whether I am to reckon the hours laid out in these compositions, as applied to a good and laudable purpose, or suffered to fume away in useless evaporations.

That I have intended well, I have the attestation of my own heart: but good intentions may be frustrated, when they are executed without suitable skill, or directed to an end unattainable in itself.

Some there are who leave writers very little room for self congratulation; some who affirm, that books have no influence upon the public,



that no age was ever made better by its authors, and that to call upon mankind to correct their manners, is like Xerxes, to scourge the wind or shackle the torrent.

This opinion they pretend to support by un-failing experience. The world is full of fraud and corruption, rapine, or malignity; interest is the ruling motive of mankind, and every one is endeavouring to increase his own stores of happiness by perpetual accumulation, without reflecting upon the numbers whom his superfluity condemns to want: in this state of things a book of morality is published, in which charity and benevolence are strongly enforced; and it is proved beyond opposition, that men are happy in proportion as they are virtuous, and rich as they are liberal. The book is applauded, and the author is preferred; he imagines his applause deserved, and receives less pleasure from the acquisition of reward than the consciousness of merit. Let us look again upon mankind: interest is still the ruling motive, and the world is yet full of fraud and corruption, malevolence and rapine.

The difficulty of confuting this assertion arises merely from its generality and comprehension: to overthrow it by a detail of distinct facts, requires a wider survey of the world than human eyes can take; the progress of reformation is gradual and silent, as the extension of evening showers; we know that they were short at noon, and are long at sun-set, but our senses were not able to discern their increase: we know of every civil nation that it was once savage; and how was it reclaimed but by precept and admonition!

Mankind are universally corrupt, but corrupt in different degrees; as they are universally ignorant, yet with greater or less irradiations of knowledge. How has knowledge or virtue been increased and preserved in one place beyond another, but by diligent inculcation and rational enforcement.

Books of morality are daily written, yet its influence is still little in the world; so the ground is annually ploughed, and yet multitudes are in want of bread. But surely, neither the labours of the moralist nor of the husbandman are vain: let them for a while neglect their tasks, and their usefulness will be known; the wickedness that is now frequent would become universal, the bread that is now scarce would wholly fail.

The power, indeed, of every individual is small, and the consequence of his endeavours imperceptible in a general prospect of the world. Providence has given no man ability to do much, that something might be left for every man to do. The business of life is carried on by a general co-operation; in which the part of any single man can be no more distinguished, than the effect of a particular drop when the mea-

dows are floated by a summer shower; yet every drop increases the inundation, and every hand adds to the happiness or misery of mankind.

That a writer, however zealous or eloquent, seldom works a visible effect upon cities or nations, will readily be granted. The book which is read most, is read by few, compared with those that read it not; and of those few, the greater part peruse it with dispositions that very little favour their own improvement.

It is difficult to enumerate the several motives which procure to books the honour of perusal: spite, vanity, and curiosity, hope and fear, love and hatred, every passion which incites to any other action, serves at one time or other to stimulate a reader.

Some are fond to take a celebrated volume into their hands, because they hope to distinguish their penetration, by finding faults which have escaped the public; others eagerly buy it in the first bloom of reputation, that they may join the chorus of praise, and not lag, as Falstaff terms it, in "the rearward of the fashion."

Some read for style, and some for argument: one has little care about the sentiment, he observes only how it is expressed; another regards not the conclusion, but is diligent to mark how it is inferred: they read for other purposes than the attainment of practical knowledge; and are no more likely to grow wise by an examination of a treatise of moral prudence, than an architect to inflame his devotion by considering attentively the proportions of a temple.

Some read that they may embellish their conversation, or shine in dispute; some that they may not be detected in ignorance, or want the reputation of literary accomplishments: but the most general and prevalent reason of study, is the impossibility of finding another amusement equally cheap or constant, equally dependent on the hour or the weather. He that wants money to follow the chase of pleasure through her yearly circuit, and is left at home when the gay world rolls to Bath or Tunbridge; he whose gout compels him to hear from his chamber the rattle of chariots transporting happier beings to plays and assemblies, will be forced to seek in books a refuge from himself.

The author is not wholly useless, who provides innocent amusements for minds like these. There are in the present state of things so many more instigations to evil, than incitements to good, that he who keeps me in a neutral state, may be justly considered as a benefactor to life.

But, perhaps, it seldom happens that study terminates in mere pastime. Books have always a secret influence on the understanding; we cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas; he that reads books of science, though without any fixed desire of improvement, will grow more knowing: he that entertains himself with moral or reli-

gious treatises, will imperceptibly advance in goodness; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.

It is, therefore, urged without reason, as a discouragement to writers, that there are already books sufficient in the world; that all the topics of persuasion have been discussed, and every important question clearly stated and justly decided; and that, therefore, there is no room to hope, that pigmies should conquer where heroes have been defeated, or that the petty copiers of the present time should advance the great work of reformation, which their predecessors were forced to leave unfinished.

Whatever be the present extent of human knowledge, it is not only finite, and, therefore, in its own nature capable of increase; but so narrow, that almost every understanding may by a diligent application of its powers hope to enlarge it. It is, however, not necessary, that a man should forbear to write, till he has discovered some truth unknown before; he may be sufficiently useful, by only diversifying the surface of knowledge, and luring the mind by a new appearance to a second view of those beauties which it had passed over inattentively before. Every writer may find intellects correspondent to his own, to whom his expressions are familiar, and his thoughts congenial; and perhaps, truth is often more successfully propagated by men of moderate abilities, who, adopting the opinion of others, have no care but to explain them clearly, than by subtle speculatists and curious searchers, who exact from their readers powers equal to their own, and if their fabrics of science be strong, take no care to render them accessible.

For my part, I do not regret the hours which I have laid out in these little compositions. That the world has grown apparently better, since the publication of the *Adventurer*, I have not observed; but am willing to think, that many have been affected by single sentiments, of which it is their business to renew the impression; that many have caught hints of truth, which it is now their duty to pursue; and that those who have received no improvement, have wanted not opportunity but intention to improve.

T.

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No. 138.] SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1754.

*Quid pure tranquillat? honos, an dulce lucellum,  
An secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ?* HOR.

Whether the tranquil mind and pure,  
Honours or wealth our bliss insure;  
Or down through life unknown to stray,  
Where lonely leads the silent way. FRANCIS.

HAVING considered the importance of authors to

the welfare of the public, I am led by a natural train of thought, to reflect on their condition with regard to themselves; and to inquire, what degree of happiness or vexation is annexed to the difficult and laborious employment of providing instruction or entertainment for mankind.

In estimating the pain or pleasure of any particular state, every man, indeed, draws his decisions from his own breast, and cannot with certainty determine, whether other minds are affected by the same causes in the same manner. Yet by this criterion we must be content to judge, because no other can be obtained; and, indeed, we have no reason to think it very fallacious, for excepting here and there an anomalous mind, which either does not feel like others, or dissembles its sensibility, we find men unambiguously concur in attributing happiness or misery to particular conditions, as they agree in acknowledging the cold of winter and the heat of autumn.

If we apply to authors themselves for an account of their state it will appear very little to deserve envy: for they have in all ages been addicted to complaint. The neglect of learning, the ingratitude of the present age, and the absurd preference by which ignorance and dullness often obtain favour and rewards, have been from age to age topics of invective; and few have left their names to posterity, without some appeal to future candour from the perverseness and malice of their own times.

I have, nevertheless, been often inclined to doubt, whether authors, however querulous, are in reality more miserable than their fellow-mortals. The present life is to all a state of infelicity; every man, like an author, believes himself to merit more than he obtains, and solaces the present with the prospect of the future; others, indeed, suffer those disappointments in silence, of which the writer complains, to show how well he has learned the art of lamentation.

There is at least one gleam of felicity, of which few writers have missed the enjoyment: he whose hopes have so far overpowered his fears, as that he has resolved to stand forth a candidate for fame, seldom fails to amuse himself, before his appearance, with pleasing scenes of affluence or honour; while his fortune is yet under the regulation of fancy, he easily models it to his wish, suffers no thoughts of critics or rivals to intrude upon his mind, but counts over the bounties of patronage, or listens to the voice of praise.

Some there are, that talk very luxuriously of the second period of an author's happiness, and tell of the tumultuous raptures of invention, when the mind riots in imagery, and the choice stands suspended between different sentiments.

These pleasures, I believe, may sometimes be indulged to those, who come to a subject of



disquisition with minds full of ideas, and with fancies so vigorous, as easily to excite, select, and arrange them. To write, is indeed, no unpleasing employment, when one sentiment readily produces another, and both ideas and expressions present themselves at the first summons: but such happiness, the greatest genius does not always obtain, and common writers know it only to such a degree, as to credit its possibility. Composition is, for the most part, an effort of slow diligence and steady perseverance, to which the mind is dragged by necessity or resolution, and from which the attention is every moment starting to more delightful amusements.

It frequently happens, that a design which, when considered at a distance, gave flattering hopes of facility, mocks us in the execution with unexpected difficulties; the mind which, while it considered it in the gross, imagined itself amply furnished with materials, finds sometimes an unexpected barrenness and vacuity, and wonders whether all those ideas are vanished, which a little before seemed struggling for emission.

Sometimes many thoughts present themselves; but so confused and unconnected, that they are not without difficulty reduced to method, or concatenated in a regular and dependent series: the mind falls at once into a labyrinth, of which neither the beginning nor end can be discovered, and toils and struggles without progress or extrication.

It is asserted by Horace, that "if matter be once got together, words will be found with very little difficulty;" a position which, though sufficiently plausible to be inserted in poetical precepts, is by no means strictly and philosophically true. If words were naturally and necessarily consequential to sentiments, it would always follow that he who has most knowledge must have most eloquence, and that every man would clearly express what he fully understood: yet we find, that to think, and to discourse, are often the qualities of different persons: and many books might surely be produced, where just and noble sentiments are degraded and obscured by unsuitable diction.

Words, therefore, as well as things, claim the care of an author. Indeed, of many authors, and those not useless or contemptible, words are almost the only care: many make it their study, not so much to strike out new sentiments, as to recommend those which are already known to more favourable notice by fairer decorations; but every man, whether he copies or invents, whether he delivers his own thoughts or those of another, has often found himself deficient in the power of expression, big with ideas which he could not utter, obliged to ransack his memory for terms adequate to his conceptions, and at last unable to impress upon his reader the image existing in his own mind.

It is one of the common distresses of a writer, to be within a word of a happy period, to want only a single epithet to give amplification its full force, to require only a correspondent term in order to finish a paragraph with elegance, and make one of its members answer to the other: but these deficiencies cannot always be supplied; and after long study and vexation, the passage is turned anew, and the web unwoven that was so nearly finished.

But when thoughts and words are collected and adjusted, and the whole composition at last concluded, it seldom gratifies the author, when he comes coolly and deliberately to review it, with the hopes which had been excited in the fury of the performance: novelty always captivates the mind; as our thoughts rise fresh upon us, we readily believe them just and original, which, when the pleasure of production is over, we find to be mean and common, or borrowed from the works of others, and supplied by memory rather than invention.

But though it should happen that the writer finds no such faults in his performance, he is still to remember, that he looks upon it with partial eyes: and when he considers how much men who could judge of others with great exactness, have often failed in judging of themselves, he will be afraid of deciding too hastily in his own favour, or of allowing himself to contemplate with too much complacency, treasure that has not yet been brought to the test, nor passed the only trial that can stamp its value.

From the public, and only from the public, is he to await a confirmation of his claim, and a final justification of self esteem; but the public is not easily persuaded to favour an author. If mankind were left to judge for themselves, it is reasonable to imagine, that of such writings, at least, as describe the movements of the human passions, and of which every man carries the archetype within him, a just opinion would be formed; but whoever has remarked the fate of books, must have found it governed by other causes, than general consent arising from general conviction. If a new performance happens not to fall into the hands of some, who have courage to tell, and authority to propagate their opinion, it often remains long in obscurity, and perhaps perishes unknown and unexamined. A few, a very few, commonly constitute the taste of the time; the judgment which they have once pronounced, some are too lazy to discuss, and some too timorous to contradict; it may, however, be, I think, observed, that their power is greater to depress than exalt, as mankind are more credulous of censure than of praise.

This perversion of the public judgment is not to be rashly numbered amongst the miseries of an author; since it commonly serves, after miscarriage, to reconcile him to himself. Because the world has sometimes passed an unjust sen-



tence, he readily concludes the sentence unjust by which his performance is condemned; because some have been exalted above their merits by partiality, he is sure to ascribe the success of a rival, not to the merit of his work, but the zeal of his patrons. Upon the whole, as the author seems to share all the common miseries of life, he appears to partake likewise of its lenities and abatements.

T.

No. 139.] TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1754.

*Ipse viam tantum potui docuisse repertam  
Aonias ad montes, longaeque ostendere Musas,  
Plaudentes celsæ choreas in vertice rupis.* VIDA.

I only pointed out the paths that lead  
The panting youth to steep Parnassus' head,  
And show'd the tuneful muses from afar,  
Mixt in a solemn choir and dancing there. PITT.

He that undertakes to superintend the morals and the taste of the public, should attentively consider, what are the peculiar irregularities and defects that characterize the times: for though some have contended, that men have always been vicious and foolish in the same degree; yet their vices and follies are known to have been not only different, but opposite in their kind. The disease of the time has been sometimes a fever, and sometimes a lethargy: and he, therefore, who should always prescribe the same remedy, would be justly scorned as a quack, the dispenser of a nostrum, which, however efficacious, must, if indiscriminately applied, produce as much evil as good. There was a time, when every man, who was ambitious of religion or virtue, enlisted himself in a crusade, or buried himself in a hermitage: and he, who should then have declaimed against lukewarmness and scepticism, would have acted just as absurdly as he, who should warn the present age against priestcraft and superstition, or set himself gravely to prove the lawfulness of pleasure, to lure the hermit from his cell, and deliver the penitent from suicide.

But as vicious manners have not differed more than vicious taste, there was a time when every literary character was disgraced by an impertinent ostentation of skill in abstruse science, and an habitual familiarity with books written in the dead languages; every man, therefore, was a pedant, in proportion as he desired to be thought a scholar. The preacher and the pleader strung together classical quotations with the same labour, affectation, and insignificance; truths however obvious, and opinions however indisputable, were illustrated and confirmed by the testimonies of Tully or

Horace; and Seneca and Epictetus were solemnly cited, to evince the certainty of death or the fickleness of fortune. The discourses of Taylor are crowded with extracts from the writers of the porch and the academy; and it is scarcely possible to forbear smiling at a marginal note of Lord Coke, in which he gravely acquaints his reader with an excellence that he might otherwise have overlooked: "This," says he, "is the thirty-third time that Virgil hath been quoted in this work." The mixture, however, is so preposterous, that to those who can read Coke with pleasure, these passages will appear like a dancer who should intrude on the solemnity of a senate; and to those who have a taste only for polite literature, like a fountain or a palm tree in the deserts of Arabia.

It appears by the essays of Montaigne and La Motte le Vayer, that this affectation extended to France; but the absurdity was too gross to remain long after the revival of literature. It was ridiculed here so early as the "Silent Woman" of Ben Jonson; and afterwards more strongly and professedly in the character of Hudibras, who decorates his flimsy orations with gawdy patches of Latin, and scraps of tissue from the schoolmen. The same task was also undertaken in France by Balzac, in a satire called "Barbon."

Wit is more rarely disappointed of its purpose than wisdom; and it is no wonder that this species of pedantry, in itself so ridiculous and despicable, was soon brought into contempt by those powers, against which truth and rectitude have not always maintained their dignity. The features of learning began insensibly to lose their austerity, and her air became engaging and easy: philosophy was now decorated by the graces.

The abstruse truths of astronomy were explained by Fontenelle to a lady by moonlight; justness and propriety of thought and sentiment were discussed by Bouhours amid the delicacies of a garden; and Algarotti introduced the Newtonian theory of light and colours to the toilet. Addison remarks, that Socrates was said to have brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men: "And I," says he, "shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses."

But this purpose has in some measure been defeated by its success; and we have been driven from one extreme with such precipitation, that we have not stopped in the medium, but gone on to the other.

Learning has been divested of the peculiarities of a college dress, that she might mix in polite assemblies, and be admitted to domestic familiarity; but by this means she has been confounded with ignorance and levity. Those who

before could distinguish her only by the singularity of her garb, cannot now distinguish her at all; and whenever she asserts the dignity of her character, she has reason to fear that ridicule which is inseparably connected with the remembrance of her dress; she is, therefore, in danger of being driven back to the college, where, such is her transformation, she may at last be refused admittance; for instead of learning having elevated conversation, conversation has degraded learning; and the barbarous and inaccurate manner in which an extemporary speaker expresses a hasty conception, is now contended to be the rule by which an author should write. It seems, therefore, that to correct the taste of the present generation, literary subjects should be again introduced among the polite and gay, without labouring too much to disguise them like common prattle; and that conversation should be weeded of folly and impertinence, of common place rhetoric, ginging phrases, and trite repartee, which are echoed from one visitor to another without the labour of thought, and have been suffered by better understandings in the dread of an amputation of pedantry. I am of opinion, that with this view Swift wrote his "Polite Conversation;" and where he has plucked up a weed, the writers who succeed him should endeavour to plant a flower. With this view, Criticism has in this paper been intermixed with subjects of greater importance; and, it is hoped, that our fashionable conversation will no longer be the disgrace of rational beings; and that men of genius and literature will not give the sanction of their example to popular folly, and suffer their evenings to pass in hearing or in telling the exploits of a pointer, discussing a method to prevent wines from being pricked, or solving a difficult case in backgammon.

I would not, however, be thought solicitous to confine the conversation even of scholars to literary subjects, but only to prevent such subjects from being totally excluded. And it may be remarked, that the present insignificance of conversation has a very extensive effect: excellence that is not understood will never be rewarded, and without hope of reward few will labour to excel; every writer will be tempted to negligence, in proportion as he despises the judgment of those who are to determine his merit; and as it is no man's interest to write that which the public is not disposed to read, the productions of the press will always be accommodated to popular taste, and in proportion as the world is inclined to be ignorant little will be taught them. Thus the Greek and Roman architecture are discarded for the novelties of China; the Ruins of Palmyra, and the copies of the capital pictures of Corregio, are neglected for Gothic designs, and burlesque political

prints; and the tinsel of a Burletta has more admirers than the gold of a Shakspeare, though it now receives new splendour from the mint, and, like a medal, is illustrious not only for intrinsic worth, but for beauty of expression.

Perhaps it may be thought, that if this be, indeed, the state of learning and taste, an attempt to improve it by a private hand is romantic, and the hope of success chimerical; but to this I am not solicitous to give other answer, than that such an attempt is consistent with the character in which this paper is written; and that the Adventurer can assert, upon classical authority, that in brave attempts it is glorious even to fail.

Z.

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No. 140.] SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1754.

*Desine Mœnalias, mea tibia, desine cantus.*

V I G.

Now cease, my pipe, now cease, Mœnalian strains.

WARTON.

WHEN this work was first planned, it was determined, that whatever might be the success, it should not be continued as a paper, till it became unwieldy as a book: for no immediate advantage would have induced the Adventurer to write what, like a newspaper, was designed but for a day; and he knew, that the pieces of which it would consist, might be multiplied till they were thought too numerous to collect, and too costly to purchase, even by those who should allow them to be excellent in their kind. It was soon agreed, that four volumes, when they should be printed in a pocket size, would circulate better than more, and that scarce any of the purposes of publication could be effected by less; the work, therefore, was limited to four volumes, and four volumes are now completed.

A moral writer of whatever abilities, who labours to reclaim those to whom vice is become habitual, and who are become veterans in infidelity, must surely labour to little purpose. Vice is a gradual and easy descent, where it first deviates from the level of innocence; but the declivity at every pace becomes more steep, and those who descend, descend every moment with greater rapidity. As a moralist, therefore, I determined to mark the first insensible gradation to ill; to caution against those acts which are not generally believed to incur guilt, but of which indubitable vice and hopeless misery are the natural and almost necessary consequences.



As I was upon these principles to write for the young and the gay; for those who are entering the path of life, I knew that it would be necessary to amuse the imagination while I was approaching the heart; and that I could not hope to fix the attention, but by engaging the passions. I have, therefore, sometimes led them into the regions of fancy, and sometimes held up before them the mirror of life; I have concatenated events, rather than deduced consequences by logical reasoning; and have exhibited scenes of prosperity and distress, as more forcibly persuasive than the rhetoric of declamation.

In the story of Melissa, I have endeavoured to repress romantic hopes, by which the reward of laborious industry is despised; and have founded affluence and honour upon an act of generous integrity, to which few would have thought themselves obliged. In the life of Op-sinus, I have shown the danger of the first speculative defection, and endeavoured to demonstrate the necessary dependence of Virtue upon Religion. Amurath's first advance to cruelty was striking a dog. The wretchedness of Hassan was produced merely by the want of positive virtue; and that of Mirza by the solitariness of his devotion. The distress of Lady Freeman arises from a common and allowed deviation from truth; and in the two papers upon marriage, the importance of minute particulars is illustrated and displayed. With this clue, the reader will be able to discover the same design in almost every paper that I have written, which may easily be known from the rest, by having no signature\* at the bottom. Among these, however, number forty-four was the voluntary contribution of a stranger, and number forty-two the gift of a friend; so were the first hints on which I wrote the story of Eugenio, and the letter signed Tim. Cogdie.

I did not, however, undertake to execute this scheme alone; not only because I wanted sufficient leisure, but because some degree of sameness is produced by the peculiarities of every writer; and it was thought that the conceptions and expressions of another, whose pieces should have a general coincidence with mine, would produce variety, and by increasing entertainment facilitate instruction.

With this view the pieces that appear in the beginning of the work signed A were procured; but this resource soon failing, I was obliged to carry on the publication alone, except some casual supplies, till I obtained from the gentlemen who have distinguished their pieces by the

letters T and Z\* such assistance as I most wished. Of their views and expectations, some account has been already given in Number one hundred and thirty-seven, and Number one hundred and thirty-nine. But there is one particular, in which the critical pieces concur in the general design of this paper, which has not been mentioned: those who can judge of literary excellence, will easily discover the Sacred Writings to have a divine origin by their manifest superiority; he, therefore, who displays the beauties and defects of a classic author, whether ancient or modern, puts into the hands of those to whom he communicates critical knowledge, a new testimonial of the truth of Christianity.

Besides the assistance of these gentlemen, I have received some voluntary contributions which would have done honour to any collection: the allegorical letter from Night, signed S; the story of Fidelia, in three papers, signed Y; the letter signed Tim Wildgoose; Number forty-four and Number ninety marked with an &, were sent by unknown hands.

But whatever was the design to which I directed my part of this work, I will not pretend, that the view with which I undertook it was wholly disinterested; or that I would have engaged in a periodical paper, if I had not considered, that though it would not require deep researches and abstracted speculation, yet it would admit much of that novelty which nature can now supply, and afford me opportunity to excel, if I possessed the power; as the pencil of a master is as easily distinguished in still life, as in a Hercules or a Venus, a landscape or a battle. I confess, that in this work I was incited, not only by a desire to propagate virtue, but to gratify myself; nor has the private wish, which was involved in the public, been disappointed. I have no cause to complain, that the *Adventurer* has been injuriously neglected; or that I have been denied that praise, the hope of which animated my labour and cheered my weariness: I have been pleased, in proportion as I have been known in this character; and as the fears in which I made the first experiment are past, I have subscribed this paper with my name. But the hour is hasting, in which, whatever praise or censure I have acquired by these compositions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference, and the tenour of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand that is now writing it, in the dust, and still the breast that

\* By signature is meant the letter, or mark, placed on the left hand side of the page; not the subscribed names of the assumed characters in which several of the papers are written.

\* The pieces signed Z are by the Rev. Mr. War-ton, whose translation of Virgil's *Pastorals* and *Georgics* would alone sufficiently distinguish him as a genius and a scholar.



now throbs at the reflection : but let not this be read as something that relates only to another ; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten ; for, surely, if we did not lose our remembrance, or

at least our sensibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

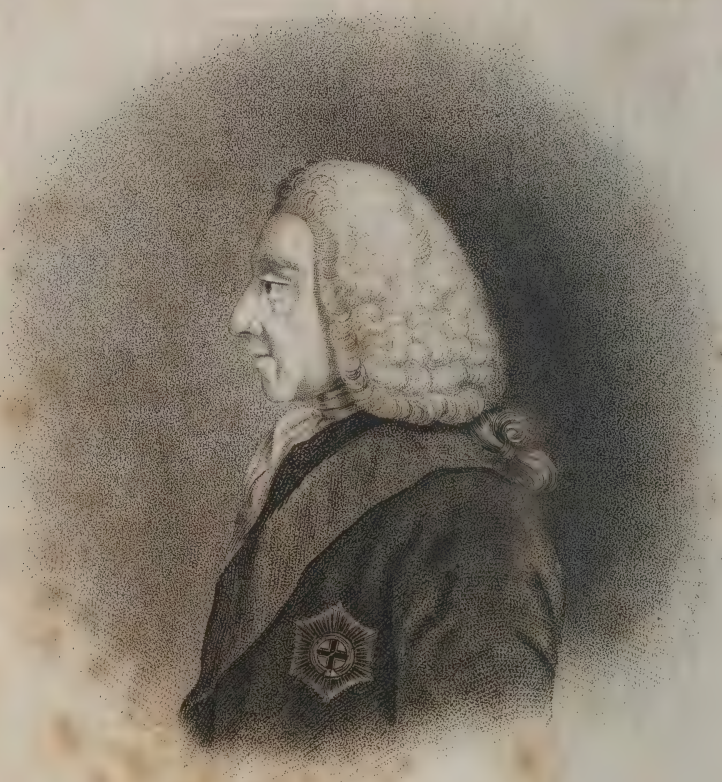
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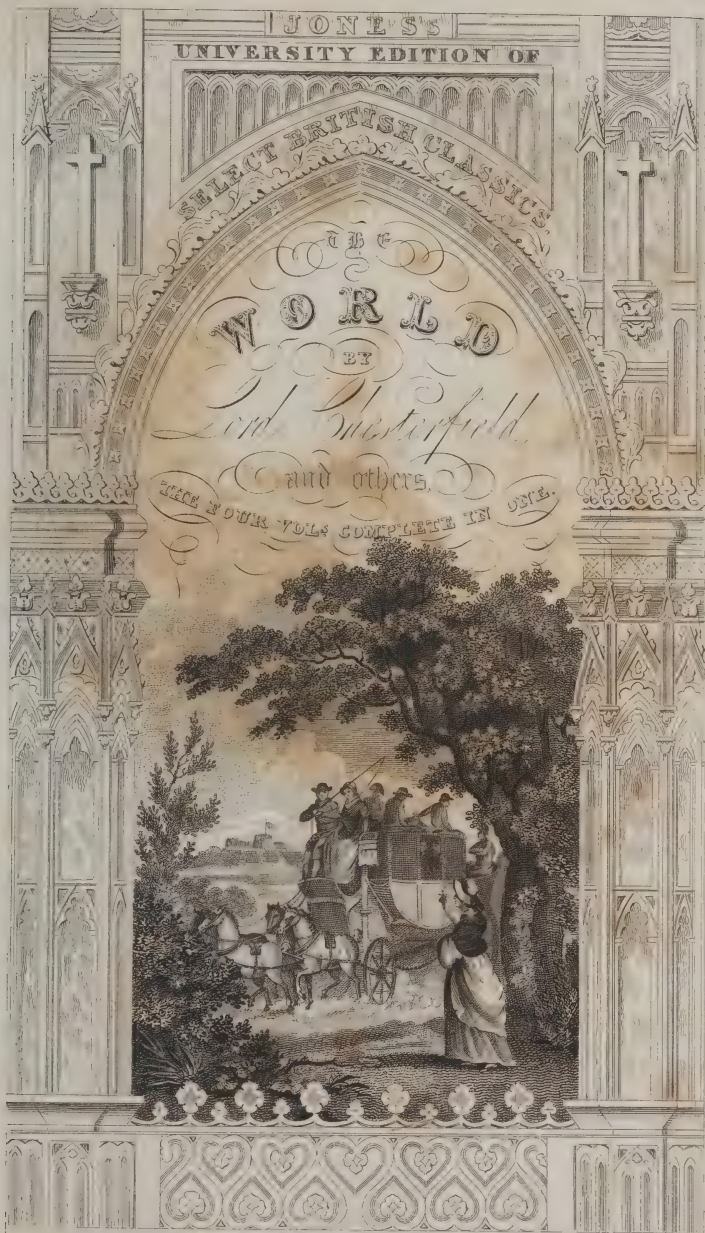


EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

*By appointment to the King's Privy Council*

FROM AN ORIGINAL MODEL BY M<sup>r</sup> GOSSET.

Printed by J. G. & Co. 1825



*Printed and Published by J. Jones, at the University Press, Cambridge.*

N I O N

Published by Jones & Co Sept<sup>r</sup> 16. 1825.

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THE  
W O R L D :

A Periodical Paper,

PUBLISHED AT LONDON,

IN THE YEARS

1753, -4, -5, -6, -7.

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BY ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

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LONDON:  
PUBLISHED BY JONES & COMPANY,  
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1825.

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Printers to the University.

THE  
WORLD.

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ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS.

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I.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

THAT I presume to dedicate the first volume of *The World* to Your Lordship, will I hope be forgiven me. It is not enough that I can flatter myself with having been frequently honoured with your correspondence; I would insinuate it to the public, that under the sanction of your Lordship's name, I may hope for a more favourable reception from my readers.

If it should be expected upon this occasion, that I should point out which papers are your Lordship's, and which my own, I must beg to be excused; for while, like the Cuckoo in the fable, I am mixing my note with the Nightingale's, I cannot resist the vanity of crying out, *How sweetly we Birds sing!*

If I knew of any great or amiable qualification that your Lordship did not really possess, I would (according to the usual custom of dedications) bestow it freely: but till I am otherwise instructed, I shall rest satisfied with paying my most grateful acknowledgments to your Lordship, and with subscribing myself,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S  
Obliged, and  
Most obedient servant,  
ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

---

II.

TO THE HONOURABLE  
HORACE WALPOLE, Esq.

SIR,

I TAKE the liberty of prefixing your name to a volume of the *WORLD*, as it gives me an opportunity, not only of making you my acknowledgments for the essays you have honoured me

with, but also of informing the public to whom I have been obliged.

That you may read this address without a blush, it shall have no flattery in it. To confess the truth, I mean to compliment myself; and I know not how to do it more effectually, than by thus signifying to my readers, that in the conduct of this work, I have not been thought unworthy of your correspondence.

I am, Sir,  
Your most obedient, humble servant,  
ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

---

III.

TO

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq.

SIR,

As you have been so partial to these Papers, as to think them in some degree serviceable to Morality, or at least to those inferior duties of life, which the French call *les petites morales*; and as you have shown the sincerity of this opinion, by the support you have given to them, I beg leave to prefix your name to this third volume, and to subscribe myself,

Sir,  
Your obliged, and most faithful  
Humble servant,  
ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

---

IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE EARL OF CORKE.

MY LORD,

It is usual in churches, when an organ, an altar-piece, or some other valuable ornament, is given by the bounty of any particular person, to set forth in very conspicuous characters the



name of the benefactor. In imitation of this custom, I take the liberty of prefixing your Lordship's name to a volume of the *WORLD*, that I may signify to the public by whose bounty it has been ornamented.

But your Lordship is not the only one of your family to whom the *WORLD* has been indebted; and it is with great pleasure that I embrace this occasion of making my acknowledgments to the *EARL OF CORKE*, as it gives me an opportunity at the same time of confessing my obligations to *MR. BOYLE*.

I will not offend your Lordship with the common flattery of dedications, having always observed that praise is least pleasing, where it is most due: a consideration that obliges me to add no more, than that I am,

My lord,

Your lordship's obliged,

Most humble,

And most obedient servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

# V.

TO *SOAME JENYNS, Esq.*

One of the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations.

SIR,

To promote the circulation of these small volumes, by limiting their number to no more than six, it was thought advisable to put a stop to the paper of the *WORLD*, at a time when the demand for it greatly exceeded my expectation, and while it was the only fashionable vehicle, in which men of rank and genius chose to convey their sentiments to the public. To extend this circulation (for I confess myself a self-interested person,) I have separately addressed the first five volumes to those of my correspondents whose pieces are the most numerous, and whose names and characters do me the greatest honour. It will not therefore, I hope, displease you, if among these favourite names you happen to discover your own; it being impossible for me to say any thing more to the advantage of this work, than that many of the essays in it were written by *MR. JENYNS*.

I am, sir,

Your most obliged

And most obedient

Humble servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

# VI.

To *MR. MOORE*.

DEAR SIR,

In the list of those whom I am proud to call my

assistants in this work, and to the principal of whom, as far as they are come to my knowledge, I have dedicated the former volumes of it, to have omitted you, my best and sincerest friend, would have been strange and unpardonable. It would have been strange, as you are sensible how high a regard I have always paid to whatever came from your hand; and unpardonable, as I am convinced you never sat down to write me a paper but from motives of pure love and affection. It is true, and I scorn to flatter even in a dedication, I have not always regarded your papers with that degree of admiration which some other of my correspondents commanded from me; yet so partial have I been to your talents and abilities, that you must own I have never, through the whole course of the work, refused any one of your lucubrations: insomuch that I greatly fear my readers may now-and-then have reason to reproach me with having suffered my friendship to blind my judgment.

But let Malice and Envy say their pleasure, I shall always acknowledge with gratitude the favour of your assistance in the long contention I have had with the vices and follies of the world; and that it was frequently owing to your ironical smile, that I have been enabled to raise the laugh of raillery in favour of virtue and good manners. I confess, indeed, and you will not be angry that to yourself I avow it, the immortality I have reason to hope for, arises from the conjunction of many higher names than yours, which I have had the honour to associate with me in this favoured undertaking. And here I feel my vanity struggling to get loose, and indulge itself in the pleasing theme. The name of *FITZ-ADAM* shall be carried down to latest posterity with those of his age, the most admired for their genius, their learning, their wit and humour. But I check myself—I dare not engage in the task of saying what ought to be said on this occasion, and therefore beg leave to hide my inability in silence.

You will pardon, sir, this short digression, though not made in your favour; and be assured notwithstanding all I have said, and whatever I may think of you as a writer, as a man I bear you a true affection, take a very interested part in all your concerns, and should you ever meet with that reward from the public which I think your merits have long deserved, I hope you are satisfied that no one will more truly rejoice in your good fortune than,

Dear sir,

Your most affectionate friend,

And humble servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

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# THE WORLD.

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No. 1.] THURSDAY, JAN. 4, 1753.

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*Nihil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere  
Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena;  
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre  
Errare, atque viam palanteis quarere vitæ.  
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,  
Nocteisque dies niti præstante labore  
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.*

LUCRET.

But above all, 'tis pleasantest to get  
The top of high philosophy, and sit  
On the calm, peaceful, flourishing head of it;  
Whence we may view, deep, wondrous deep below,  
How poor mistaken mortals wandering go,  
Seeking the path to happiness: Some aim  
At learning, wit, nobility, or fame;  
Others with cares and dangers vex each hour,  
To reach the top of wealth, and sovereign power.

CREECH.

"At the village of Aronche, in the province of Estremadura (says an old Spanish author) lived Gonzales de Castro, who, from the age of twelve to fifty-two, was deaf, dumb, and blind. His cheerful submission to so deplorable a misfortune, and the misfortune itself, so endeared him to the village, that to worship the holy Virgin, and to love and serve Gonzales, were considered as duties of the same importance; and to neglect the latter was to offend the former.

"It happened one day, as he was sitting at his door, and offering up his mental prayers to St. Jago, that he found himself, on a sudden, restored to all the privileges he had lost. The news ran quickly through the village, and old and young, rich and poor, the busy and the idle, thronged round him with congratulations.

"But as if the blessings of this life were only given us for afflictions, he began in a few weeks to lose the relish of his enjoyments, and to repine at the possession of those faculties, which

served only to discover to him the follies and disorders of his neighbours, and to teach him that the intent of speech was too often to deceive.

"Though the inhabitants of Aronche were as honest as other villagers, yet Gonzales, who had formed his ideas of men and things from their natures and uses, grew offended at their manners. He saw the avarice of age, the prodigality of youth, the quarrels of brothers, the treachery of friends, the frauds of lovers, the insolence of the rich, the knavery of the poor, and the depravity of all. These, as he saw and heard, he spoke of with complaint; and endeavoured by the gentlest admonitions to excite men to goodness."—

From this place the story is torn out to the last paragraph; which says, "That he lived to a comfortless old age, despised and hated by his neighbours for pretending to be wiser and better than themselves; and that he breathed out his soul in these memorable words, that 'He who would enjoy many friends, and live happy in the world, should be deaf, dumb, and blind to the follies and vices of it.'"

If candour, humility, and an earnest desire of instruction and amendment, were not the distinguishing characteristics of the present times, this simple story had silenced me as an author. But when every day's experience shows me, that our young gentlemen of fashion are lamenting at every tavern the frailties of their natures, and confessing to one another whose daughters they have ruined, and whose wives they have corrupted; not by way of boasting, as some have ignorantly imagined, but to be reproved and amended by their penitential companions; when I observe too, from an almost-blameable degree of modesty, they accuse themselves of more vices than they have constitutions to commit; I am led by a kind of impulse to this work; which is intended to be a public reposi-



tory for the real frailties of these young gentlemen, in order to relieve them from the necessity of such private confessions.

The present times are no less favourable to me in another very material circumstance. It was the opinion of our ancestors, that there are few things more difficult, or that required greater skill and address, than the speaking properly of one's self. But if by speaking properly be meant speaking successfully, the art is now as well known among us as that of printing or of making gunpowder.

Whoever is acquainted with the writings of those eminent practitioners in physic, who make their appearance either in hand-bills, or in the weekly or daily papers, will see clearly that there is a certain and invariable method of speaking of one's self to every body's satisfaction. I shall therefore introduce my own importance to the public, as near as I can, in the manner and words of those gentlemen; not doubting of the same credit, and the same advantages.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

"To be spoke with every Thursday at Tully's head in Pall-mall, ADAM FITZ-ADAM; who, after forty years travel through all the parts of the known and unknown world; after having investigated all sciences, acquired all languages, and entered into the deepest recesses of nature and the passions, is, at last, for the emolument and glory of his native country, returned to England; where he undertakes to cure all the diseases of the human mind. He cures lying, cheating, swearing, drinking, gaming, avarice, and ambition in the men; and envy, slander, coquetry, prudery, vanity, wantonness, and inconstancy in the women. He undertakes, by a safe, pleasant, and speedy method, to get husbands for young maids, and good-humour for old ones. He instructs wives, after the easiest and newest fashion, in the art of pleasing, and widows in the art of mourning. He gives common sense to philosophers, candour to disputants, modesty to critics, decency to men of fashion, and frugality to tradesmen. For farther particulars inquire at the place above-mentioned, or of any of the kings and princes in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America.

"N. B. The doctor performs his operations by lenitives and alteratives; never applying corrosives, but when inveterate ill habits have rendered gentler methods ineffectual."

Having thus satisfied the public of my amazing abilities, and having, no doubt, raised its curiosity to an extraordinary height, I shall descend, all at once, from my doctorial dignity, to address myself to my readers as the author of a weekly paper of amusement, called *THE WORLD*.

My design in this paper is, to ridicule, with

novelty and good-humour, the fashions, follies, vices, and absurdities of that part of the human species which calls itself the world, and to trace it through all its business, pleasures, and amusements. But though my subjects will chiefly confine me to the town, I do not mean never to make excursions into the country; on the contrary, when the profits of these lucubrations have enabled me to set up a one-horse chair, I shall take frequent occasions of inviting my reader to a seat in it, and of driving him to scenes of pure air, tranquillity, and innocence, from smoke, hurry, and intrigue.

There are only two subjects which, as matters stand at present, I shall absolutely disclaim touching upon; and these are religion and politics. The former of them seems to be so universally practised, and the latter so generally understood, that to enforce the one, or to explain the other, would be to offend the whole body of my readers. To say truth, I have serious reasons for avoiding the first of these subjects. A weak-advocate may ruin a good cause. And if religion can be defended by no better arguments than some I have lately seen in the public papers and magazines, the wisest way is to say nothing about it. In relation to politics, I shall only observe, that the minister is not yet so thoroughly acquainted with my abilities, as to trust me with his secrets. The moment he throws aside his reserve, I shall throw aside mine, and make the public as wise as myself.

My readers will, I hope, excuse me, if hereafter they should find me very sparing of mottoes to these essays. I know very well that a little Latin or Greek, to those who understand no language but English, is both satisfactory and entertaining. It gives an air of dignity to a paper, and is a convincing proof that the author is a person of profound learning and erudition. But in the opinion of those who are in the secret of such mottoes, the custom is, as Shakespeare says, more honoured in the breach than the observance; a motto being generally chosen after the essay is written, and hardly ever having affinity to it through two pages together. But the truth is, I have a stronger reason for declining this custom: it is, that the follies I intend frequently to treat of, and the characters I shall from time to time exhibit to my readers, will be such as the Greeks and Romans were entirely unacquainted with.

It may perhaps be expected, before I dismiss this paper, that I should take a little notice of my ingenious brother authors, who are obliging the public with their daily and periodical labours. With all these gentlemen I desire to live in peace, friendship, and good neighbourhood; or if any one of them shall think proper to declare war against me unprovoked, I hope he will not insist upon my taking farther notice of him, than only to say, as the old serjeant did

to his ensign who was beating him, *I beseech your honour not to hurt yourself.*

## ADVERTISEMENT TO THE WITS.

"Whereas it is expected that the title of this paper will occasion certain quips, cranks, and conceits at the Bedford and other coffee-houses in this town: this is therefore to give notice, that the words, this is a sad world, a vain world, a dull world, a wretched world, a trifling world, an ignorant world, a damned world; or that I hate the world, am weary of the world, sick of the world, or phrases to the same effect, applied to this paper, shall be voted, by all that hear them, to be without wit, humour, or pleasantry, and be treated accordingly."

No. 2.] THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1753.

IT is an observation of Lord Bacon, "That the fame of Cicero, Seneca, and the younger Pliny, had scarce lasted to this day, or at least not so fresh, if it had not been joined with some vanity and boasting in themselves: for boasting (continues that great writer) seems to be like varnish, that not only makes wood shine, but last."

How greatly are the moderns obliged to Lord Bacon for giving another reason for the success of the ancients, than superiority of merit! These gentlemen have taken care, it seems, to lay on their varnish so extremely thick, that common wood has been mistaken for ebony, and ebony for enamel.

But if the ancients owe all their reputation to their skill in varnishing, as no doubt they do, it appears very wonderful, that while the art remains, it should be so totally neglected by modern authors, especially when they experience every day, that for want of this covering, the critics, in the shape of worms, have eat into their wood, and crumbled it to powder.

But to treat this matter plainly, and without a figure; it is most certainly owing to the bashfulness of the moderns that their works are not held in higher estimation than those of the ancients. And this, I think, will be as apparent as any other truth, if we consider for a moment the nature and office of the people called critics. It is the nature of these people to be exceedingly dull; and it is their office to pronounce decisively upon the merit and demerit of all works whatsoever. Thus, choosing themselves into the said offices, and happening to set out without taste, talents, or judgment, they have no way of guessing at the excellency of an author, but from what the said author has been graciously pleased to say of it himself: and as most of the moderns are afraid of communicating to the public all that passes in their hearts

on that subject, the critics, mistaking their reserve for a confession of weakness, have pronounced sentence upon their works, that they are good for nothing. Nor is it matter of wonder that they proceed in this method: for by what rule, of reason should a man expect the good word of another who has nothing to say in favour of himself?

To avoid therefore the censure of the critics, and to engage their approbation, I take this early opportunity of assuring them that I have the pleasure of standing extremely high in my own opinion; and if I do not think proper to say with Horace,

*Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*

or with Ovid,

*Jamque opus incepti, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas,*

it is because I choose to temper vanity with humility; having sometimes found that a man may be too arrogant as well as too humble; though it must always be acknowledged that in affairs of enterprise, which require strength, genius, or activity, assurance will succeed where modesty will fail.

To set forth the utility of blending these two virtues, and to exemplify in a particular instance the superiority of assurance, as I began my first paper with a tale I shall end this with a fable.

Modesty, the daughter of Knowledge, and Assurance, the offspring of Ignorance, met accidentally upon the road; and as both had a long way to go, and had experienced, from former hardships, that they were alike unqualified to pursue their journey alone, they agreed, notwithstanding the opposition in their natures, to lay aside all animosities, and, for their mutual advantage, to travel together. It was in a country where there were no inns for entertainment, so that to their own address, and to the hospitality of the inhabitants, they were continually to be obliged for provision and lodging.

Assurance had never failed getting admittance to the houses of the great; but it had frequently been her misfortune to be turned out of doors, at a time when she was promising herself an elegant entertainment, or a bed of down to rest upon. Modesty had been excluded from all such houses, and compelled to take shelter in the cottages of the poor; where, though she had leave to continue as long as she pleased, a truss of straw had been her usual bed, and roots or the coarsest provision her constant repast. But as both, by this accidental meeting, were become friends and fellow-travellers, they entertained hopes of assisting each other, and of shortening the way by dividing the cares of it.

Assurance, who was dressed lightly in a summer silk and short petticoats, and who had something commanding in her voice and presence, found the same easy access as before to



the castles and palaces upon the way ; while Modesty, who followed her in a russet gown, speaking low, and casting her eyes upon the ground, was as usual pushed back by the porter at the gate, till introduced by her companion ; whose fashionable appearance and familiar address got admission for both.

And now, by the endeavours of each to support the other, their difficulties vanished, and they saw themselves the favourites of all companies, and the parties of their pleasures, festivals, and amusements. The sallies of Assurance were continually checked by the delicacy of Modesty, and the blushes of Modesty were frequently relieved by the vivacity of Assurance ; who, though she was sometimes detected at her old pranks, which always put her companion out of countenance, was yet so awed by her presence, as to stop short of offence.

Thus in the company of Modesty, Assurance gained that reception and esteem which she had vainly hoped for in her absence ; while Modesty, by means of her new acquaintance, kept the best company, feasted upon delicacies, and slept in the chambers of state. Assurance, indeed, had in one particular the ascendancy over her companion ; for if any one asked Modesty whose daughter she was, she blushed, and made no answer ; while Assurance took the advantage of her silence, and imposed herself upon the world as the offspring of Knowledge.

In this manner did the travellers pursue their journey ; Assurance taking the lead through the great towns and cities, and apologising for the rusticity of her companion ; while Modesty went foremost through the villages and hamlets, and excused the odd behaviour of Assurance, by presenting her as a courtier.

It happened one day, after having measured a tedious length of road, that they came to a narrow river, which by a hasty swell had washed away the bridge that was built over it. As they stood upon the bank, casting their eyes upon the opposite shore, they saw at a little distance a magnificent castle, and a crowd of people inviting them to come over. Assurance, who stopt at nothing, throwing aside the covering from her limbs, plunged almost naked into the stream, and swam safely to the other side. Modesty, offended at the indecency of her companion, and diffident of her own strength, would have declined the danger ; but being urged by Assurance, and derided for her cowardice by the people on the other side, she unfortunately ventured beyond her depth, and, oppressed by her fears, as well as entangled by her clothes, which were bound tightly about her, immediately disappeared, and was driven by the current none knows whither. It is said, indeed, that she was afterwards taken up alive by a fisherman upon the English coast, and that shortly she will be brought to the metropolis, and shown to the

curious of both sexes with the *surprising* Oronoto Savage, and the *wonderful* Panther-Mare.

Assurance, not in the least daunted, pursued her journey alone ; and though not altogether as successfully as with her companion, yet having learned in particular companies, and upon particular occasions, to assume the air and manner of Modesty, she was received kindly at every house ; and at last arriving at the end of her travels, she became a very great lady, and rose to be the first maid of honour to the queen of the country.

No. 3.] THURSDAY, JAN. 18, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

If I had inclination and ability to do the cruellest thing upon earth to the man I hated, I would lay him under the necessity of borrowing money of a friend.

You are to know, Sir, that I am curate of a parish within ten miles of town, at forty pounds per annum ; that I am five-and-thirty years old, and that I have a wife and two children. My father, who was a clergyman of some note in the country, unfortunately died soon after I came from college, and left me master of seventeen hundred pounds. With this sum, which I thought a very great one, I came up to town, took lodgings in Leicester-Fields, put a narrow lace upon my frock, learned to dance of Denoyer, bought my shoes of Tull, my sword of Becket, my hat of Wagner, and my snuff-box of Deard. In short, I entered into the spirit of taste, and was looked upon as a fashionable young fellow. I do not mean that I was really so, according to the town acceptance of the term ; for I had as great an aversion to infidelity, libertinism, gaming, and drunkenness, as the most unfashionable man alive. All that my enemies, or, what is more, all that my friends can say against me, is, that in my dress I rather imitated the coxcomb than the sloven ; that I preferred good company to reading the fathers ; that I liked a dinner at the tavern better than one at a private house ; that I was oftener at the play than at evening prayers ; that I usually went from the play to the tavern again ; and that in five years' time I spent every shilling of my fortune. They may also add, if they please, as the climax of my follies, that when I was worth nothing myself, I married the most amiable woman in the world, without a penny to her fortune, only because we loved each other to distraction, and were miserable asunder.

To the whole of this charge I plead guilty ; and have most heartily repented of every article



of it except the last: I am, indeed, a little apprehensive that my wife is my predominant passion, and that I shall carry it with me to the grave.

I had contracted an intimacy at college with a young fellow, whose taste, age, and inclinations were exactly suited to my own. Nor did this intimacy end with our studies; we renewed it in town; and as our fortunes were pretty equal, and both of us our own masters, we lodged in the same house, dressed in the same manner, followed the same diversions, spent all we had, and were ruined together. My friend, whose genius was more enterprising than mine, steered his course to the West Indies, while I entered into holy orders at home, and was ordained to the curacy above-mentioned.

At the end of two years I married, as I told you before; and being a wit as well as a parson, I made a shift by pamphlets, poems, sermons, and surplice fees, to increase my income to about a hundred a year.

I think I shall pay a compliment to my wife's economy, when I assure you, that notwithstanding the narrowness of our fortune, we did not run out above ten pounds a year: for if it be considered that we had both been used to company and good living; that the largest part of our income was precarious, and consequently if we starved ourselves we were not sure of laying up; that as an author I was vain, and as a parson ambitious; always imagining that my wit would introduce me to the minister, or my orthodoxy to the bishop; and exclusive of these circumstances, if it be also considered that we were generous in our natures, and charitable to the poor, it will be rather a wonder that we spent so little.

It is now five years and a quarter since our marriage; in all which time I have been running in debt without a possibility of helping it. Last Christmas I took a survey of my circumstances, and had the mortification to find that I was fifty-one pounds fifteen shillings worse than nothing. The uneasiness I felt upon this discovery determined me to sit down and write a tragedy. I soon found a fable to my mind, and was making a considerable progress in the work, when I received intelligence that my old friend and companion was just returned from Jamaica, where he had married a planter's widow of immense fortune, buried her, and farmed out the estate she had left him for two thousand pounds a year upon the exchange of London.

I rejoiced heartily at this news, and took the first opportunity of paying my congratulations upon so happy an occasion. As I was dressed for this visit in very clean canonicals, my friend, who possibly had connected the idea of a good living with a good cassock, received me with the utmost complaisance and good-humour;

and after having testified his joy at seeing me, desired to be informed of my fortune and preferment. I gave him a particular account of all that had happened to me since our separation; and concluded with a very blunt request, that he would lend me fifty guineas to pay my debts with, and to make me the happiest curate within the bills of mortality.

As there was something curious in my friend's answer to this request, I shall give it to you word for word, as near as I can remember it; marking the whole speech in italics, that my own interruptions may not be mistaken.

*Fifty guineas! And so you have run yourself in debt fifty-two pounds ten shillings! Within a very trifle, Sir. Ay, ay, I mean so. Fifty guineas is the sum you want; and perhaps you would think it hard if I refused lending it. I should indeed. I knew you would. Let me see (going to the escritoire.) Can you change me a hundred pound note? Who, I, Sir? You surprise me. Here John! (enters John) get change for a hundred pound note: I want to lend this gentleman some money—Or—no, no; I shan't want you (Exit John.) I believe I have forty guineas in my pocket. You may get the other ten somewhere else. One, two, three—Ay, there are just forty guineas. And pray, Sir, when do you intend to pay me? I had rather be excused, Sir, from taking any; I did not expect to be so mortified. Extravagance, Sir, is the sure road to mortification. I must deal plainly with you. He that lends his money has a right to deal plainly. You began the world with about two thousand pounds in your pocket. Seventeen hundred, Sir. And these seventeen hundred pounds, I think, lasted you about five years. True, Sir. Five times three are fifteen. Ay, you lived at the rate of about three hundred and fifty pounds a year. After this, as you tell me yourself, you turned curate; and because forty pounds a year was an immense sum, you very prudently fell in love and married a beggar. Do you think, Sir, that if I had intended to marry a beggar, I should have spent my fortune as I did? No, Sir; I married a woman of fortune, great fortune; and so might you—What hindered you? But I say nothing against your wife. I hope you are both heartily sorry that you ever saw one another's faces. Are your children boys or girls? Girls, Sir. And I suppose I am to portion them? But I must tell you once for all, Sir, that this is the last sum you must expect from me. I have proportioned my expenses to my estate, and will not be made uneasy by the extravagance of any man living. I have two thousand a year, and I spend two thousand. If you have but forty, I see no occasion for your spending more than forty. I have a sincere regard for you, and I think my actions have proved it; but a gentleman, who knows you very well, told me yesterday, that you were an expensive, thoughtless, extravagant young fellow.*

I know not to what length my friend would

have extended his harangue; but as I had already heard enough, I laid the forty guineas upon the table, and, like Lady Townly in the play, taking a great gulp, and swallowing a wrong word or two, left the room without speaking a syllable.

I have now laid aside my tragedy, and am writing a comedy, called, *THE FRIEND*. I do not know that I have wit enough for such a performance; but if it be damned, it is no more than the author (though a parson) will consent to be, if ever he makes a second attempt to borrow money of a friend.

Your taking proper notice of this letter will oblige

Your humble servant and admirer,  
T. H.

To gratify my correspondent, I have published his letter in the manner I received it. But I must entreat the next time I have the favour of hearing from him, that he will contrive to be a little more new in his subject; for I am fully persuaded, that ninety-nine out of every hundred, as well clergy as laity, who have borrowed money of their friends, have been treated exactly in the same manner.

No. 4.] THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1753.

To the entertainment of my fair readers, and to recommend to them an old-fashioned virtue, called prudence, I shall devote this and a following paper. If the story I am going to tell them should deserve their approbation, they are to thank the husband and wife from whom I had it; and who are desirous, this day, of being the readers of their own adventures.

1 An eminent merchant in the city, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Wilson, was married to a lady of considerable fortune and more merit. They lived happily together for some years, with nothing to disturb them but the want of children. The husband, who saw himself richer every day, grew impatient for an heir; and as time rather lessened than increased the hopes of one, he became by degrees indifferent, and at last averse to his wife. This change in his affection was the heaviest affliction to her; yet so gentle was her disposition, that she reproached him only with her tears; and seldom with those, but when upbraidings and ill-usage made her unable to restrain them.

It is a maxim with some married philosophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to wash away pity from the heart of a husband. Mr. Wilson will pardon me if I rank him, at that time, among these philosophers. He had lately hired a lodging in the country, at a small dis-

tance from town, whither he usually retired in the evening, to avoid (as he called it) the persecutions of his wife.

In this cruel separation, and without complaint, she passed away a twelvemonth; seldom seeing him but when business required his attendance at home, and never sleeping with him. At the end of which time, however, his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder; he saw her oftener, and began to speak to her with tenderness and compassion.

One morning, after he had taken an obliging leave of her, to pass the day at his country lodging, she paid a visit to a friend at the other end of the town; and stopping in her way home at a thread-shop in a by-street near St. James's, she saw Mr. Wilson crossing the way, and afterwards knocking at the door of a genteel house over against her, which was opened by a servant in livery, and immediately shut, without a word being spoken. As the manner of his entrance, and her not knowing he had an acquaintance in that street, a little alarmed her, she inquired of the shop-woman if she knew the gentleman who lived in the opposite house. "You have just seen him go in, Madam," replied the woman. "His name is Roberts, and a mighty good gentleman, they say, he is. His lady"—At those words Mrs. Wilson changed colour, and interrupting her—"His lady, Madam!—I thought that—Will you give me a glass of water? This walk has so tired me—Pray give me a glass of water—I am quite faint with fatigue." The good woman of the shop ran herself for the water, and by the additional help of some hartshorn that was at hand, Mrs. Wilson became, in appearance, tolerably composed. She then looked over the threads she wanted, and having desired a coach might be sent for, "I believe," said she, "you were quite frightened to see me look so pale; but I had walked a great way, and should certainly have fainted if I had not stepped into your shop.—But you were talking of the gentleman over the way—I fancied I knew him; but his name is Roberts, you say. Is he a married man, pray?" "The happiest in the world, Madam (returned the thread-woman;) he is wonderfully fond of children, and to his great joy his lady is now lying-in of her first child, which is to be christened this evening; and as fine a boy, they say it is, as ever was seen." At this moment, and as good fortune would have it, for the saving a second dose of hartshorn, the coach that was sent for came to the door: into which Mrs. Wilson immediately stepped, after hesitating an apology for the trouble she had given; and in which coach we shall leave her to return home, in an agony of grief which herself has told me she was never able to describe.

The readers of this little history have been informed that Mr. Wilson had a coun-



try lodging, to which he was supposed to retire almost every evening since his disagreement with his wife; but in fact, it was to his house near St. James's that he constantly went. He had indeed hired the lodgings above-mentioned, but from another motive than merely to shun his wife. The occasion was this:

As he was sauntering one day through the Bird-cage Walk in the Park, he saw a young woman sitting alone upon one of the benches, who, though plainly, was neatly dressed, and whose air and manner distinguished her from the lower class of women. He drew nearer to her without being perceived, and saw in her countenance, which innocence and beauty adorned, the most composed melancholy that can be imagined. He stood looking at her for some time: which she at last perceiving, started from her seat in some confusion, and endeavoured to avoid him. The fear of losing her gave him courage to speak to her. He begged pardon for disturbing her, and excused his curiosity by her extreme beauty, and the melancholy that was mixed with it.

It is observed by a very wise author, whose name and book I forget, that a woman's heart is never so brim-full of affliction, but a little flattery will insinuate itself into a corner of it; and as Wilson was a handsome fellow, with an easy address, the lady was soon persuaded to replace herself upon the bench, and to admit him at her side. Wilson, who was really heart-struck, made her a thousand protestations of esteem and friendship; conjuring her to tell him if his fortune or services could contribute to her happiness, and vowing never to leave her, till she made him acquainted with the cause of her concern.

Here a short pause ensued; and after a deep sigh and a stream of tears, the lady began thus: "If, Sir, you are the gentleman your appearance speaks you to be, I shall thank Heaven that I have found you. I am the unfortunate widow of an officer who was killed at Dettingen. As he was only a lieutenant, and his commission all his fortune, I married him against a mother's consent, for which she has disclaimed me. How I loved him, or he me, as he is gone for ever from me, I shall forbear to mention, though I am unable to forget. At my return to England (for I was the constant follower of his fortunes) I obtained, with some difficulty, the allowance of a subaltern's widow, and took lodgings at Chelsea.

"In this retirement, I wrote to my mother, acquainting her with my loss and poverty, and desiring her forgiveness for my disobedience; but the cruel answer I received from her determined me, at all events, not to trouble her again.

"I lived upon this slender allowance with all imaginable thrift, till an old officer, a friend of

my husband, discovered me at church, and made me a visit. To this gentleman's bounty I have long been indebted for an annuity of twenty pounds in quarterly payments. As he was punctual in these payments, which were always made me the morning they became due, and yesterday being quarter-day, I wondered I neither saw him nor heard from him. Early this morning I walked from Chelsea to inquire for him at his lodgings in Pall-mall; but how shall I tell you, Sir, the news I learnt there?—This friend, this generous and disinterested friend, was killed yesterday in a duel in Hyde-park." She stopped here to give vent to a torrent of tears, and then proceeded. "I was so stunned at this intelligence that I knew not whither to go. Chance more than choice brought me to this place; where, if I have found a benefactor—and indeed, Sir, I have need of one—I shall call it the happiest accident of my life."

The widow ended her story, which was literally true, in so engaging and interesting a manner, that Wilson was gone an age in love in a few minutes. He thanked her for the confidence she had placed in him, and swore never to desert her. He then requested the honour of attending her home, to which she readily consented, walking with him to Buckingham-gate, where a coach was called, which conveyed them to Chelsea. Wilson dined with her that day, and took lodgings in the same house, calling himself Roberts, and a single man. These were the lodgings I have mentioned before; where, by unbounded generosity and constant assiduities, he triumphed in a few weeks over the honour of this fair widow.

I shall stop a moment here, to caution those virtuous widows who are my readers against too hasty a disbelief of this event. If they please to consider the situation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handsome fellow to inflame, they will allow that in a world near six thousand years old, one such instance of frailty, even in a young and beautiful widow, may possibly have happened. But to go on with my story.

The effects of this intimacy were soon visible in the lady's shape; a circumstance that greatly added to the happiness of Wilson. He determined to remove her to town; and accordingly took the house near St. James's, where Mrs. Wilson had seen him enter, and where his mistress, who passed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay-in.

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No. 5.] THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1753.

*Conclusion of the Story of MRS. WILSON.*

I RETURN now to Mrs. Wilson, whom we left



in a hackney-coach, going to her own house, in all the misery of despair and jealousy. It was happy for her that her constitution was good, and her resolution equal to it; for she has often told me that she passed the night of that day in a condition little better than madness.

In the morning her husband returned; and as his heart was happy, and without suspicions of a discovery, he was more than usually complaisant to her. She received his civilities with her accustomed cheerfulness; and finding that business would detain him in the city for some hours, she determined, whatever distress it might occasion her, to pay an immediate visit to his mistress, and to wait there till she saw him. For this purpose she ordered a coach to be called, and in her handsomest undress, and with the most composed countenance, she drove directly to the house. She inquired at the door if Mr. Roberts was within; and being answered no, but that he dined at home, she asked after his lady, and if she was well enough to see company; adding, that as she came a great way, and had business with Mr. Roberts, she should be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The servant ran immediately up stairs, and as quickly returned with a message from his mistress, that she would be glad to see her.

Mrs. Wilson confesses that at this moment, notwithstanding the resolution she had taken, her spirits totally forsook her, and that she followed the servant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was sitting, without remembering on what errand she came; but the sight of so much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herself into a chair, from which she instantly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The whole house was alarmed upon this occasion, and every one busied in assisting the stranger; but most of all the mistress, who was indeed of a humane disposition, and who, perhaps, had other thoughts to disturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, and with the proper applications, Mrs. Wilson began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at first, not recollecting where she was; but seeing herself supported by her rival, to whose care she was so much obliged, and who, in the tenderest distress, was inquiring how she did, she felt herself relapsing into a second fit. It was now that she exerted all the courage she was mistress of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her (when the servants were withdrawn) to begin as follows:

"I am indeed, Madam, an unfortunate woman, and subject to these fits; but will never again be the occasion of trouble in this house. You are a lovely woman, and deserve

to be happy in the best of husbands. I have a husband too; but his affections are gone from me. He is not unknown to Mr. Roberts, though unfortunately I am. It was for his advice and assistance that I made this visit; and not finding him at home, I begged admittance to his lady, whom I longed to see and to converse with." "Me, Madam!" answered Mrs. Roberts, with some emotion; "had you heard any thing of me?" "That you were such as I have found you, Madam," replied the stranger, "and had made Mr. Roberts happy in a fine boy. May I see him, Madam? I shall love him for his father's sake." "His father, Madam!" returned the mistress of the house; "his father, did you say? I am mistaken then; I thought you had been a stranger to him." "To his person, I own," said Mrs. Wilson, "but not to his character; and therefore I shall be fond of th little creature. If it is not too much trouble, Madam, I beg to be obliged."

The importunity of this request, the fainting at first, and the settled concern of this unknown visitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the most alarming fears. She had, however, the presence of mind to go herself for the child, and to watch without witnesses the behaviour of the stranger. Mrs. Wilson took it in her arms, and bursting into tears, said, "'Tis a sweet boy, Madam; would I had such a boy! Had he been mine, I had been happy!" With these words, and in an agony of grief and tenderness, which she endeavoured to restrain, she kissed the child, and returned it to its mother.

It was happy for that lady that she had an excuse to leave the room. She had seen and heard what made her shudder for herself; and it was not till some minutes, after having delivered the infant to its nurse, that she had resolution enough to return. They both seated themselves again, and a melancholy silence followed for some time. At last Mrs. Roberts began thus:

"You are unhappy, Madam, that you have no child; I pray Heaven that mine be not a grief to me. But I conjure you, by the goodness that appears in you, to acquaint me with your story. Perhaps it concerns me; I have a prophetic heart that tells me it does. But whatever I may suffer, or whether I live or die, I will be just to you."

Mrs. Wilson was so affected with this generosity, that she possibly had discovered herself, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after it the entrance of her husband into the room, had not prevented her. He was moving towards his mistress with the utmost cheerfulness, when the sight of her visitor fixed him to a spot, and struck him with an astonishment not to be described. The eyes of both ladies were at once rivetted to his, which so increased his confusion, that Mrs. Wilson, in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, spoke to

him as follows: "I do not wonder, Sir, that you are surprised at seeing a perfect stranger in your house; but my business is with the master of it; and if you will oblige me with a hearing in another room, it will add to the civilities which your lady has entertained me with."

Wilson, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was so revived at her prudence, that his powers of motion began to return; and, quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below stairs. They were no sooner entered into this parlour, than the husband threw himself into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while the wife addressed him in these words:

"How I have discovered your secret, or how the discovery has tormented me, I need not tell you. It is enough for you to know that I am miserable for ever. My business with you is short; I have only a question to ask, and to take a final leave of you in this world. Tell me truly then, as you shall answer it hereafter, if you have seduced this lady under false appearances, or have fallen into guilt by the temptations of a wanton?" "I shall answer you presently," said Wilson; "but first I have a question for you. Am I discovered to her? And does she know it is my wife I am now speaking to?" "No, upon my honour," she replied; "her looks were so amiable, and her behaviour to me so gentle, that I had no heart to distress her. If she has guessed at what I am, it was only from the concern she saw me in, which I could not hide from her." "You have acted nobly then," returned Wilson, "and have opened my eyes at last to see and to admire you. And now, if you have patience to hear me, you shall know all."

He then told her of his first meeting with this lady, and of every circumstance that had happened since; concluding with his determinations to leave her, and with a thousand promises of fidelity to his wife, if she generously consented, after what had happened, to receive him as a husband.——"She must consent," cried Mrs. Roberts, who at that moment opened the door, and burst into the room; "she must consent. You are her husband, and may command it. For me, Madam," continued she, turning to Mrs. Wilson, "he shall never see me more. I have injured you through ignorance, but will atone for it to the utmost. He is your husband, Madam, and you must receive him. I have listened to what has passed, and am now here to join my entreaties with his, that you may be happy for ever."

To relate all that was said upon this occasion would be to extend my story to another paper. Wilson was all submission and acknowledgment; the wife cried and doubted, and the widow vowed an eternal separation. To be as short as possible, the harmony of the married

couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handsomely provided for, and her child, at the request of Mrs. Wilson, taken home to her own house; where, at the end of a year, she was so happy, after all her distresses, as to present him with a sister, with whom he is to divide his father's fortune. His mother retired into the country, and, two years after, was married to a gentleman of great worth; to whom, on his first proposals to her, she related every circumstance of her story. The boy pays her a visit every year, and is now with his sister upon one of these visits. Mr. Wilson is perfectly happy in his wife, and has sent me, in his own hand, this moral to his story:

"That though prudence and generosity may not always be sufficient to hold the heart of a husband, yet a constant perseverance in them will, one time or other, most certainly regain it."

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No. 6.] THURSDAY, FEB. 8, 1753.

*Totum mundum agit histrio.*

All the world's a stage. SHAKESPEARE.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As you have chosen the whole world for your province, one may reasonably suppose that you will not neglect that epitome of it, the theatre. Most of your predecessors have bestowed their favourite pains upon it: the learned and the critics (generally two very distinct denominations of men) have employed many hours and much paper in comparing the ancient and modern stage. I shall not undertake to decide a question which seems to me so impossible to be determined, as which have most merit, plays written in a dead language, and which we can only read; or such as we every day see acted inimitably, in a tongue familiar to us, and adapted to our common ideas and customs. The only preference that I shall pretend to give to the modern stage over Greece and Rome relates to the subject of the present letter: I mean the daily progress we make towards nature. This will startle any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will immediately demand, whether Juliet's nurse be a more natural gossip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did not hint at the representation of either persons or characters. The improvement of nature, which I had in view, alluded to those excellent exhibitions of the animate or inanimate part of the creation, which are furnished by the worthy philosophers Rich and Garrick; the latter of whom has refined on his competitor; and having perceived that art was become so perfect that it was



necessary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced a cascade of real water.

I know there are persons of a systematic turn, who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful waterfall from the reality of the element, but merely because they are pleased with the novelty of any thing that is out of its proper place. Thus they tell you that the town is charmed with a genuine cascade upon the stage, and was in raptures last year with one of tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly prejudice: the world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never sated with show, is sick of fiction. I foresee the time approaching, when delusion will not be suffered in any part of the drama: the inimitable serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, and the amorous ostrich in the Sorcerer, shall be replaced by real monsters from Africa. It is well known that the pantomime of the Genii narrowly escaped being damned, on my Lady Maxim's observing very judiciously, "that the brick-kiln was horridly executed, and did not smell at all like one."

When this entire castigation of improprieties is brought about, the age will do justice to one of the first reformers of the stage, Mr. Cibber, who attempted to introduce a taste for real nature in his *Cæsar in Egypt*, and treated the audience with real—not swans indeed, for that would have been too bold an attempt in the dawn of truth, but very personable geese. The inventor, like other original geniuses, was treated ill by a barbarous age: yet I can venture to affirm, that a stricter adherence to reality would have saved even those times from being shocked by absurdities, always incidental to fiction. I myself remember, how, much about that era, the great Senesino, representing Alexander at the siege of Oxydrace, so far forgot himself in the heat of conquest, as to stick his sword in one of the pasteboard stones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him as he entered the breach; a puerility so renowned a general could never have committed, if the ramparts had been built, as in this enlightened age they would be, of actual brick and stone.

Will you forgive an elderly man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he cannot help recollecting another passage that happened in his youth, and to the same excellent performer? He was stepping into Armida's enchanted bark; but treading short (as he was more attentive to the accompaniment of the orchestra than to the breadth of the shore) he fell prostrate, and lay for some time in great pain, with the edge of a wave running into his side. In the present state of things; the worst that could have happened to him would have been drowning; a fate far more becoming Rinaldo, especially in the sight of a British audience!

If you will allow me to wander a little from the stage, I shall observe that this pursuit of

nature is not confined to the theatre, but operates where one should least expect to meet it, in our fashions. The fair part of the creation are shedding all covering of the head, displaying their unveiled charming tresses, and if I may say so, are daily moulting the rest of their clothes. What lovely fall of shoulders, what ivory necks, what snowy breasts in all the pride of nature, are continually divested of art and ornament!

In gardening, the same love of nature prevails. Clipped hedges, avenues, regular platforms, straight canals have been for some time very properly exploded. There is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to make it as formal as his cravat. Kent, the friend of nature, was the Calvin of this reformation; but like the other champion of truth, after having routed tinsel and trumpery, with the true zeal of a founder of a sect, he pushed his discipline to the deformity of holiness; not content with banishing symmetry and regularity, he imitated nature even in her blemishes, and planted dead trees and mole-hills, in opposition to parterres and quincunxes.

The last branch of our fashions into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our desserts; a subject I have not room now to treat at large, but which yet demands a few words, and not improperly in this paper, as I see them a little in the light of a pantomime. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plums and creams have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon-china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees whole meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the whole table; cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes, in cars of cockle-shells, triumphed over oceans of looking-glass, or seas of silver tissue; and at length the whole system of Ovid's metamorphoses succeeded to all the transformations which Chloe and other great professors had introduced into the science of hieroglyphic eating. Confectioners found their trade moulder away, while toymen and china-shops were the only fashionable purveyors of the last stage of polite entertainments. Women of the first quality came home from Chenevix's laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their housekeeper. At last even these puerile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and moze manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeeded to pigmies. And if the present taste continues, Rysbrack and other neglected statuaries, who might have adorned Grecian saloons though not Grecian



desserts, may come into vogue. It is known that a celebrated confectioner (so the architects of our desserts still humbly call themselves) complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses, eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée: "*Imaginez-vous,*" said he, "*que mi lord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond ?*"

I shall mention but two instances of glorious magnificence and taste in desserts, in which foreigners have surpassed every thing yet performed in this sumptuous island. The former was a duke of Wirtemberg, who so long ago as the year thirty-four, gave a dessert, in which was a representation of Mount Ætna, which vomited out real fire-works over the heads of the company, during the whole entertainment. The other was the intendant of Gascony, who on the late birth of the duke of Burgundy, among other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moving by clock-work, of the whole labour of the dauphiness, and the happy birth of an heir to their monarchy.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JULIO.

No. 7.] THURSDAY, FEB. 15, 1753.

THERE are certain follies and impertinences, which people of good sense and good nature are every day guilty of, and which are only considered by them as things of course, and of too little consequence for palliation or apology.

Whoever is a frequenter of public assemblies, or joins in a party at cards in private families, will give evidence to the truth of this complaint. I am, for my own part, a lover of the game of whist, and should oftener be seen in those places where it is played for trifles, if I was not offended at the manners of my friends. How common is it with some people, at the conclusion of every unsuccessful hand of cards, to burst forth into sallies of fretful complaints of their own amazing ill-fortune, and the constant and invariable success of their antagonists! They have such excellent memories as to be able to recount every game they have lost for six months successively, and yet are so extremely forgetful at the same time, as not to recollect a single game that they have won. Or if you put them in mind of any extraordinary success that you have been witness to, they acknowledge it with reluctance, and assure you, upon their honours,

that in a whole twelvemonth's play, they never rose winners but that once.

But if these Growlers (a name which I shall always call the men of this class by) would content themselves with giving repeated histories of their own ill-fortunes, without making invidious remarks upon the successes of others, the evil would not be so great. Indeed, I am apt to impute it to their fears, that they stop short of the grossest affronts: for I have seen in their faces such rancour and inveteracy, that nothing but a lively apprehension of consequences could have restrained their tongues.

Happy would it be for the ladies if they had the same consequences to apprehend; for, I am sorry to say it, I have met with females—I will not say Growlers: the word is too harsh for them; let me call them Fretters, who, with the prettiest faces, and the liveliest wit imaginable, have condescended to be the jest and disturbance of the whole company.

In fashionable life, indeed, where every one is acting behind the mask of good breeding, and where nature is never seen to peep out but upon very extraordinary occasions, frequent convulsions of the features, flushings succeeded by paleness, twistings of the body, fits of the fidgets, and complaints of immoderate heat, are the only symptoms of ill-fortune. But if we travel eastward from St. James's, and visit the territories of my good lord mayor, we shall see nature stript of her masquerade, and hear gentlemen and ladies speaking the language of the heart.

For the entertainment of polite life, and because polite life is sometimes a little in want of entertainment, I shall set down a conversation that passed a few nights ago, at an assemblée in Thames-street, between two Fretters at a whist-table; one of which had a beautiful daughter of eighteen years of age, leaning upon her mother's chair.

"Five trumps, two honours, and lose four by cards? But I believe, Madam, you never lost a game in the whole course of your life."

"Now and then, Madam."

"Not in the memory of your daughter, I believe: and Miss is not so extremely young neither. Clubs are trumps—Well! if ever I play again!—You are three by cards, Madam—"

"And two by honours. I had them in my own hand."

"I beg your pardon, Madam; I had really forgot whose deal it was. But I thought the cloven-footed gentleman had left off teaching. Pray, Madam, will he expect more than one's soul for half a dozen lessons?"

"You are pleased to be severe, Madam; but you know I am not easily put out of temper. What's the trump?"

I was extremely pleased with the cool behaviour of this lady, and could not help whis-

pering to her daughter, "you have a sweet-tempered mamma, miss. How happy would it be if every lady of her acquaintance was so amiably disposed!" I observed that miss blushed and looked down: but I was ignorant of the reason, till all at once her mamma's good fortune changed, and her adversary, by holding the four honours in her own hand, and by the assistance of her partner, won the game at a deal.

"And now Madam," cried the patient lady, "is it you or I who have bargained with the devil? I declare it upon my honour, I never won a game against you in my life. Indeed, I should wonder if I had, unless there had been a curtain between you and your partner. But one has a fine time on't indeed! to be always losing, and yet always to be baited for winning; I defy any one to say that I ever rose a winner in my born days. There was last summer at Tunbridge! Did any human creature see me so much as win a game? And ask Mr. A, and Sir Richard B, and Dean C, and Lord and Lady D, and all the company at Bath this winter, if I did not lose two or three guineas every night at half-crown whist, for two months together. But I did not fret and talk of the devil, Madam; no, Madam; nor did I trouble the company with my losings, nor play the after-game, nor say provoking things—No, Madam; I leave such behaviour to ladies that—"

"Lord! my dear, how you heat yourself? You are absolutely in a passion. Come let us cut for partners."

Which they immediately did; and happening to get together, and to win the next game, they were the best company, and the civillest people I ever saw.

Many of my readers may be too ready to conceive an ill opinion of these ladies; but I have the pleasure of assuring them, from undoubted authority, that they are in all other respects very excellent people, and so remarkable for patience and good-humour, that one of them has been known to lose her husband, and both of them their reputations without the least emotion or concern.

To be serious on this occasion; I have many acquaintance of both sexes, who, though really good-natured and worthy people, are violating every day the laws of decency and politeness, by these outrageous sallies of petulance and impertinence.

I know of no other reason for a man's troubling his friends with the history of his misfortunes, but either to receive comfort from their pity, or advantage from their charity. If the Growler will tell me that he reaps either of these benefits by disturbing all about him; if he will assure me of his having raised compassion in a single breast, or that he has once induced his adversary to change hands with him out of

charity, I shall allow that he acts upon principles of prudence, and that he is not a most teasing, ridiculous, and contemptible animal.

I would not be understood to hint at gaming in this paper. I am glad to find that destructive passion attacked from the stage, and wish success to the attempt. Nor do I condemn the custom of playing at cards for small sums, in those whose tempers and circumstances are unhurt by what they lose. On the contrary, I look upon cards as an innocent and useful amusement; calculated to interrupt the formal conversations and private cabals of large companies, and to give a man something to do who has nothing to say. My design at present is, to signify to these Growlers and Fretters, that they are public as well as private nuisances; and to caution all quiet and civilized persons against cutting in with them at the same tables, or replying to their complaints but by a laugh of contempt.

I shall conclude this paper with acquainting my readers, that, in imitation of the great Mr. Hoyle, I am preparing a book for the press, entitled *Rules of Behaviour for the Game of Whist*; showing, through an almost infinite variety of good and bad hands, in what degree the muscles of the face are to be contracted or extended; and how often a lady may be permitted to change colour or a gentleman to bite his lips, in the course of the game. To which will be added, for the benefit of all cool and dispassionate players, an exact calculation of the odds against Growlers and Fretters.

No. 8.] THURSDAY, FEB. 22, 1753.

*Date obolum Belisario.*

Belisarius asks your alms.

A PHILOSOPHER, as I am, who contemplates the world with serious reflection, will be struck with nothing in it more than its vicissitudes. If he has lived any time, he must have had ample opportunities of exercising his meditations on the vanity of all sublunary conditions. The changes of empires, the fall of ministers, the exaltation of obscure persons, are the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the first passages in history which made an impression upon me in my youth was the fate of Dionysius, who, from being monarch of Sicily, was reduced to teach school at Corinth. Though his tyranny was the cause of his ruin (if it can be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppression, and to be taught to know one's self) I could not help feeling that sort of superstitious pity which always attends royalty



in distress. Who ever perused the stories of Edward the Second, Richard the Second, or Charles the first, but forgot their excesses, and sighed for their catastrophe? In this free-spirited island there are not more hands ready to punish tyrants, than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common case: we are Romans in resisting oppression, very women in lamenting oppressors!

If (and I think it cannot be contested) there is generosity in these sensations, ought we not doubly to feel such emotions, in cases where regal virtue is become the sport of fortune? This island ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majesty, as it has been the scourge of offending majesty. And while every throne of arbitrary power is an asylum for the martyrs of so bad a cause, Britain ought to shelter such princes as have been victims for liberty—when ever so great a curiosity is seen, as a prince contending on the honest side.

How must I blush then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch! an unhappy monarch! now actually suffered to languish for debt in one of the common prisons of this city! A monarch, whose courage raised him to a throne, not by a succession of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free! This prince is Theodore, king of Corsica! A man, whose claim to royalty is as indisputable, as the most ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his subjects; the only kind of title allowed in the excellent Gothic constitutions, from whence we derive our own; the same kind of title, which endears the present royal family to Englishmen, and the only kind of title, against which, perhaps, no objection can lie.

This prince (on whose history I shall not at present enlarge) after having bravely exposed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his subjects, miscarried, as Cato, and other patriot heroes, did before him. For many years he struggled with fortune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy or solicitation of succours could attempt, to recover his crown. At last, when he had discharged his duty to his subjects and himself, he chose this country for his retirement, not to indulge a voluptuous inglorious ease, but to enjoy the participation of those blessings, which he had so vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corsicans. Here for some months he bore with more philosophic dignity the loss of his crown than Charles the Fifth, Casimir of Poland, or any of those visionaries, who wantonly resigned theirs, to partake the sluggish indolence, and at length the disquiets, of a cloister. Theodore, though resigned to his fortunes, had none of that contemptible apathy, which almost lifted our James the Second to the

supreme honour of monkish sainthood. It is recorded of that prince, that talking to his courtiers at St. Germain, he wished for a speedy peace between France and Great Britain, "for then," said he, "we shall get English horses easily."

The veracity of an historian obliges me not to disguise the situation of his Corsican majesty's revenue, which has reduced him to be a prisoner for debt in the King's-bench; and so cruelly has fortune exercised her rigours upon him, that last session of parliament he was examined before a committee of the house of commons, on the hardships to which the prisoners in that gaol had been subject. Yet let not ill-nature make sport with these misfortunes! His majesty had nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his distresses. The debts on his civil list were owing to no misapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his ministers, no indulgence to favourites or mistresses. His diet was philosophic, his palace humble, his robes decent: yet his butcher, his landlady, and his tailor, could not continue to supply an establishment, which had no demesnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no excises, no lotteries, to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies.

A nation so generous, so renowned for the efforts it has always made in the common cause of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this distressed king to grant him its protection and compassion. If political reasons forbid the open espousal of his cause, pity commands the assistance which private fortunes can lend him. I do not mean at present that our gallant youths should offer themselves as volunteers in his service, nor do I expect to have a small fleet fitted out at the expense of particular persons to convey him and his hopes to Corsica. The intention of this paper is merely to warm the benevolence of my countrymen in behalf of this royal captive. I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majesty to accept of such a supply as might be offered to him by that honorary (and to this country peculiar) method of raising a free gift, a benefit play. The method is worthy of the Grecian age; nor would Asiatic monarchs have blushed to receive a tribute from genius and art. Let it be said, that the same humane and polite age raised a monument to Shakspeare, a fortune for Milton's grand-daughter, and a subsidy for a captive king, by dramatic performances! I have no doubt but the munificent managers of our theatres will gladly contribute their parts. That incomparable actor who so exquisitely touches the passions and distresses of self-dethroned Lear (a play which, from some similitude of circumstances, I should recommend for the benefit) will, I dare say, willingly exert his irresistible talents in behalf of fallen majesty, and be a competitor with



Louis le Grand for the fame which results from the protection of exiled kings. How glorious will it be for him to have the King's-bench as renowned for Garrick's generosity to king Theodore, as the Savoy is for Edward the Third's treatment of King John of France.

In the meantime, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to so narrow a sphere as the theatre, I must acquaint my readers, that a subscription for a subsidy for the use of his Corsican majesty is opened at Tully's head in Pall-mall, where all the generous and the fair are desired to pay in their contributions to Robert Dodsley, who is appointed high-treasurer and grand librarian of the island of Corsica for life—posts which, give me leave to say, Mr. Dodsley would have disdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles.

A bookseller of Rome, while Rome survived,  
Would not have been lord-treasurer to a king.

I am under some apprehensions that the intended subscription will not be so universal as for the honour of my country I wish it. I foresee that the partisans of indefeasible hereditary right will withhold their contributions. The number of them is indeed but small and inconsiderable; yet as it becomes my character, as a citizen of the world, to neglect nothing for the amendment of the principles and morals of my fellow-creatures, I shall recommend one short argument to their consideration; I think I may say, to their conviction. Let them but consider, that though Theodore had such a flaw (in their estimation) in his title, as to have been elected by the whole body of the people, who had thrown off the yoke of their old tyrants: yet as the Genoese had been the sovereigns of Corsica, these gentlemen of monarchical principles will be obliged, if they condemn King Theodore's cause, to allow divine hereditary right in a republic; a problem in politics which I leave to be solved by the disciples of the exploded Sir Robert Filmer: at the same time declaring by my censorial authority all persons to be Jacobites, who neglect to bring in their free gift for the use of his majesty of Corsica: and I particularly charge and command all lovers of the glorious and immortal memory of King William to see my orders duly executed; and I recommend to them to set an example of liberality in behalf of the popular monarch, whose cause I have espoused, and whose deliverance, I hope, I have not attempted in vain.

N. B. Two pieces of King Theodore's coin, struck during his reign, are in the hands of the high treasurer aforesaid, and will be shown by the proper officers of the exchequer of Corsica, during the time the subscription continues open at Tully's head abovementioned. They are very great curiosities, and not to be met with

In the most celebrated collections of this kingdom.

No. 9.] THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1753.

"I AM that unfortunate man, Madam," was the saying of a gentleman, who stopped and made a low bow to a lady in the park, as she was calling to her dog by the name of Cuckold.

What a deal of good might be expected from these essays, if every man who should happen to read his own character in them would as honestly acknowledge it as this gentleman! But it is the misfortune of general satire, that few persons will apply it to themselves, while they have the comfort of thinking that it will fit others as well. It is therefore, I am afraid, only furnishing bad people with scandal against their neighbours: for every man flatters himself that he has the art of playing the fool or knave so very secretly, that though he sees plainly how all else are employed, no mortal can have the cunning to find him out.

Thus a gentleman told me yesterday, "That he was very glad to see a particular acquaintance of his exposed in the third number of the World. The parson who wrote that letter," continued he, "was determined to speak plainly; for the character of my friend was so strongly marked, that it was impossible to mistake it." He then proceeded to inform me that he had read Seneca, by observing, "That there should be no mixture of severity and reproof in the obligations we confer; on the contrary, if there should be only occasion for the gentlest admonition, it ought to be deferred to another season; for men," added he, "are much more apt to remember injuries than benefits; and it is enough if they forgive an obligation that has the nature of an offence."

My reader may, possibly, be surprised, when I tell him, that the man who could commit to memory those maxims of Seneca, and who could rejoice to see such a character exposed as the curate's friend in my third paper, is an old bachelor with an estate of three thousand pounds a year, and fifty thousand in ready money; who never was known to lend a guinea in his life, without making the borrower more miserable by the benefit than he had been before by his wants. But it is the peculiar talent of this gentleman to wound himself by proxy, or (in the sportsman's phrase) to knock himself down by the recoiling of his own gun. I remember he told me some time ago, after having harangued very learnedly upon the detestable sin of avarice, "That the common people of a certain county in England were the most covetous and brutal in the whole world. I will give you

an instance," says he. "About three years ago, by a very odd accident, I fell into a well in that country, and was absolutely within a few minutes of perishing, before I could prevail on an unconscionable dog of a labourer, who happened to be within hearing of my cries, to help me out for half a crown. The fellow was so rapacious as to insist upon a crown for above a quarter of an hour; and I verily believe he would not have abated me a single farthing, if he had not seen me at the last gasp, and determined to die rather than submit to his extortion."

But to return to my subject. If there are objections to general satire, something may also be said against personal abuse; which, though it is a kind of writing that requires a smaller portion of parts, and is sure of having almost as many admirers as readers, is nevertheless subject to great difficulties; it being absolutely necessary, that the author who undertakes it should have no feeling of certain evils, common to humanity, which are known by the names of pain and shame. In other words, he must be insensible to a good kicking, and have no memory of it afterwards. Now though a great many authors have found it an easy matter to arrive at this excellence, with me the task would be attended with great labour and difficulty; as it is my misfortune to have contracted, either by the prejudice of education, or by some other means, an invincible aversion to pain and dishonour. I am very sensible that I may hurt myself as a writer by this confession; but it was never any pleasure of mine to raise expectations with a design to disappoint them: and though it should lose me the major part of my readers, I hereby declare, that I never will indulge them with any personal abuse; nor will I so much as attack any of those fine gentlemen, or fine ladies, who have the honour of being single in any one character, be it ever so ridiculous.

But if I had every requisite for this kind of writing, there are certain people in town, whom it would be ingratitude in me to attack. The masters of both the theatres are my good friends; for which reason I forbear to say, that half the comedies in their catalogue ought to be damned for wickedness and indecency. But I not only keep this to myself, but have also been at great trouble and pains to suppress a passage bearing very hard against them, in a book, which will speedily be published, called the *Progress of Wit*. The author of this book, who, luckily for the theatres, happens to be a particular friend of mine, is a very great joker; and, as I often tell him, does a vast deal of mischief, without seeming to intend it. The passage which I prevailed with him to suppress stood at the beginning of the thirteenth chapter of his book, and was exactly as follows:

"As it was now clear to all people of fashion

that men had no souls, the business of life was pleasure and amusement; and he that could best administer to these two was the most useful member of society. From hence arose those numerous places of resort and recreation which men of narrow and splenetic minds have called the pests of the public. The most considerable of which places, and which are at this day in the highest reputation, were the bagnios and the theatres. The bagnios were constantly under the direction of discreet and venerable matrons, who had passed their youth in the practice of those exercises which they were now teaching to their daughters: while the management of the theatres was the province of the men.—The natural connection between these houses made it convenient that they should be erected in the neighbourhood of each other; and indeed the harmony subsisting between them has inclined many people to think that the profits of both were divided equally by each. But I have always considered them as only playing into one another's hands, without any nearer affinity than that of the schools of Westminster and Eton to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. At the play-house young gentlemen and ladies were instructed by an Etheridge, a Wycherley, a Congreve, and a Vanbrugh, in the rudiments of that science, which they were to perfect at the bagnio, under a Needham, a Haywood, a Haddock, and a Roberts."

Thus much had my friend, in his "*Progress of Wit*," thought proper to observe upon the looseness of the stage. But as the whole passage is suppressed, the managers will have nothing to fear from the publication of that performance.

It were to be wished, indeed, that those gentlemen would have done entirely both with tragedy and comedy, and resolve at once to entertain the town only with pantomime. That great advantages would accrue from it is beyond dispute; people of taste and fashion having already given sufficient proof that they think it the highest entertainment the stage is capable of affording: the most innocent we are sure it is; for where nothing is said, and nothing meant, very little harm can be done. Mr. Garrick, perhaps, may start a few objections to this proposal; but with those universal talents which he so happily possesses, it is not to be doubted but he will, in time, be able to handle the wooden sword with as much dignity and dexterity as his brother Lun. He will also reap another advantage from this kind of acting; as he will have fewer enemies by being the finest harlequin of the age, than he has at present, by being the greatest actor of any age or country.

#### "TO THE PUBLIC.

"Whereas some gentlemen have doubted



whether the subscription for the use of King Theodore was really intended to be carried on, I am ordered to acquaint the public, that Mr. Fitz-Adam was not only in earnest in promoting such a contribution, but has already received some noble benefactions for that purpose; and he will take care to apply the subsidy in the most uncorrupt manner to the uses for which it was designed, and to the honour and dignity of the crown of Corsica.

“ROBERT DODSLEY.”

No. 10.] THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1753.

THE great men who introduced the reformation into these kingdoms, were so sensible of the necessity of maintaining devotion in the minds of the vulgar by some external objects, by somewhat of ceremony and form, that they refrained from entirely ripping off all ornament from the drapery of religion. When they were purging the calendar of legions of visionary saints, they took due care to defend the niches of real martyrs from profanation. They preserved the holy festivals, which had been consecrated for many ages to the great luminaries of the church, and at once paid proper observance to the memory of the good, and fell in with the popular humour, which loves to rejoice and mourn at the discretion of the almanack.

In so enlightened an age as the present, I shall perhaps be ridiculed if I hint, as my opinion, that the observation of certain festivals is something more than a mere political institution. I cannot, however, help thinking that even nature itself concurs to confirm my sentiment. Philosophers and freethinkers tell us that a general system was laid down at first, and that no deviations have been made to accommodate it to any subsequent events, or to favour and authorize any human institutions. When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great disgust of many worthy persons, who urged how great the harmony was in the old establishment, between the holidays and their attributes (if I may call them so) and what a confusion would follow, if Michaelmas-day, for instance, was not to be celebrated when stubble-geese are in their highest perfection; it was replied, that such a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be lost of itself, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: for if the errors in it were suffered to go on, they would in a certain number of years produce such a variation, that we should be mourning for good King Charles on a false thirtieth of January, at a time of year when our ancestors used to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich-park, in honour of

Whitsuntide; and at length be choosing king and queen for Twelfth-night, when we ought to be admiring the London Prentice at Bartholomew fair.

Cogent as these reasons may seem, yet I think I can confute them from the testimony of a standing miracle, which, not having submitted to the fallible authority of an act of parliament, may well be said to put a supernatural negative on the wisdom of this world. My readers, no doubt, are already aware that I have in my eye the wonderful thorn of Glastonbury, which, though hitherto regarded as a trunk of popish imposture, has notably exerted itself as the most protestant plant in the universe. It is well known that the correction of the calendar was enacted by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, and that the reformed churches have with a proper spirit of opposition adhered to the old calculation of the emperor Julius Cæsar, who was by no means a papist. Near two years ago the popish calendar was brought in (I hope by persons well affected!) certain it is, that the Glastonbury thorn has preserved its inflexibility, and observes its old anniversary. Many thousand spectators visited it on the parliamentary Christmas-day. —Not a bud was there to be seen! —On the true nativity it was covered with blossoms. One must be an infidel indeed to spurn at such authority. Had I been consulted (and mathematical studies have not been the most inconsiderable of my speculations), instead of turning the calendar topsyturvy, by fantastic calculations, I should have proposed to regulate the year by the infallible Somersetshire thorn, and to have reckoned the months from Christmas-day, which should always have been kept as the Glastonbury thorn should blow.

Many inconveniences, to be sure, would follow from this system; but as holy things ought to be the first consideration of a religious nation, the inconveniences should be overlooked. The thorn can never blow but on the true Christmas-day; and consequently, the apprehension of the year's becoming inverted by sticking to the Julian account can never hold. If the course of the sun varies, astronomers may find out some way to adjust that; but it is preposterous, not to say presumptuous, to be celebrating Christmas-day when the Glastonbury thorn, which certainly must know times and seasons better than an almanack maker, declares it to be heresy.

Nor is Christmas-day the only jubilee which will be morally disturbed by this innovation. There is another anniversary of no less celebrity among Englishmen, equally marked by a marvellous concomitance of circumstances, and which I venture to prognosticate will not attend the erroneous calculation of the present system. The day I mean is the first of April. The oldest tradition affirms that such an infatu-



ation attends the first day of that month, as no foresight can escape, no vigilance can defeat. Deceit is successful on that day out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Grave citizens have been bit upon it; usurers have lent their money on bad security; experienced matrons have married very disappointing young fellows; mathematicians have missed the longitude; alchymists the philosopher's stone; and politicians preferment, on that day.

What confusion will not follow, if the great body of the nation are disappointed of their peculiar holiday! This country was formerly disturbed with very fatal quarrels about the celebration of Easter; and no wise man will tell me that it is not as reasonable to fall out for the observance of April-fool-day. Can any benefits arising from a regulated calendar make amends for an occasion of new sects? How many warm men may resent an attempt to play them off on a false first of April, who would have submitted to the custom of being made fools on the old computation! If our clergy come to be divided about Folly's anniversary, we may well expect all the mischiefs attendant on religious wars; and we shall have reason to wish that the Glastonbury thorn would declare as remarkably in favour of the true April-fool-day, as it has in behalf of the genuine Christmas.

There are many other inconveniences, which I might lament very emphatically, but none of weight enough to be compared with those I have mentioned. I shall only hint at a whole system overturned by this revolution in the calendar, and no provision, that I have heard of, made by the legislature to remedy it. Yet in a nation which bestows such ample rewards on new-year and birth-day odes, it is astonishing that the late act of parliament should have overlooked that useful branch of our poetry, which consists in couplets, saws, and proverbs, peculiar to certain days and seasons. Why was not a new set of distichs provided by the late reformers? Or at least a clause inserted in the act, enjoining the poet-laureat, or some beneficial genius, to prepare and new-cast the established rhymes for public use? Were our astronomers so ignorant as to think that the old proverbs would serve for their new-fangled calendar? Could they imagine that St. Swithin would accommodate his rainy planet to the convenience of their calculations? Who that hears the following verses but must grieve for the shepherd and husbandman, who may have all their prognostics confounded, and be at a loss to know beforehand the fate of their markets? Ancient sages sung,

If St. Paul be fair and clear,  
Then will betide a happy year;  
But if it either snow or rain,  
Then will be dear all kind of grain:  
And if the wind doth blow aloft,  
Then wars will vex the realm full oft.

I have declared against meddling with politics, and therefore shall say nothing of the important hints contained in the last lines: yet if certain ill-boding appearances abroad should have an ugly end, I cannot help saying that I shall ascribe their evil tendency to our having been lulled asleep by resting our faith on the calm weather on the pretended conversion of St. Paul; whereas it was very blustering on that festival according to the good old account, as I honestly, though vainly endeavoured to convince a great minister of state, whom I do not think proper to mention.

But to return to April-fool-day; I must beg my readers and admirers to be very particular in their observations on that holiday, both according to the new and old reckoning. And I beg that they will transmit to me or my secretary, Mr. Dodsley, a faithful and attested account of the hap that betides them or their acquaintance on each of those days; how often and in what manner they make or are made fools; how they miscarry in attempts to surprise, or baffle any snares laid for them. I do not doubt but it will be found that the balance of folly lies greatly on the side of the old first of April; nay, I much question whether infatuation will have any force on what I call the false April-fool-day. I should take it very kind, if any of my friends, who may happen to be sharpeners, would try their success on the fictitious festival; and if they make fewer dupes than ordinary, I flatter myself that they will unite their endeavours with mine in decrying and exploding a reformation, which only tends to discountenance good old practices and venerable superstitions.

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No. 11.] THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1753.

If we are to believe, universally, that virtue leads directly to happiness, and vice to punishment in this world, I am afraid we shall form very erroneous opinions of the people we converse with; as every melancholy face will appear to be produced by a bad heart, and every cheerful face by a good one. But it will be no discouragement to virtue to say, that the reverse of this is much oftener the case; nay, so obstinate am I in this opinion, that I seldom see a countenance of sincere and settled grief, without concluding it to be the effect of some eminent degree of virtue.

If sickness and bodily pain were, indeed, all the misfortunes incident to our natures, it might be said, with some colour of truth, that virtue was generally its own immediate reward; as every one will allow, that temperance and abstemiousness lead more directly to health and

ease than riot and debauchery. But while we have affections that steal us from our own happiness, to involve us in the misery of those about us, they who have the best hearts will be oftenest made uneasy.

The good man considers the whole human race as his own family; and as such a person, in a world like this, is liable to more disappointments than one who has only himself to care for, his troubles and mortifications will assuredly be greater.

The friends of virtue should therefore be cautious of promising what they are not sure will be performed; lest by a failure in the end, they bring discredit upon the means. It will be always sufficient to say of virtue, that its reward is certain, while it can be said of that reward, that it is happiness eternal.

The following allegory, which is a literal translation from the same old Spanish author, from whom the story of Gonzales de Castro in my first paper was taken, supposes the good man to be unhappy upon earth, only because his goodness is imperfect. I insert it here (though not exactly applicable to my subject) as the most instructive entertainment I am able to give my readers at this season.

If the ladies should happen to conceive any dislike to some little severities in it, they are desired to take notice that the author was a Spaniard, and that he wrote at a time, when it appears by the concurrent testimony of all historians, that the sex was not absolutely without fault.

Jupiter, when he made Man, brought with him from heaven a nymph called Felicia, or Happiness, to be his companion. The better to engage them to each other, he furnished Man with those Passions and Affections which were to feed the mind with perpetual wishes, with a guide, called Reason, to restrain their violence; and to the nymph he gave immortal beauty, together with a certain degree of coyness, which is always sure to engage pursuit and endear possession.

But as if some other power had a malicious design to set this pair at variance, notwithstanding the seeming desire of Jupiter to unite them, Felicia became insensible to every thing but virtue, while the Passions of Man generally hurried him to a pursuit of her by the means of vice. With this difference in their natures, it was impossible for them to agree; and in a short time they became almost strangers to each other. Reason would have gone over to the side of Felicia, but some particular Passion always opposed him; for, what was almost incredible, though Reason was a sufficient match for the whole body of Passions united, he was sure to be subdued, if singly encountered.

Jupiter laughed at the folly of Man, and gave him Woman. But as her frame was too deli-

cately composed to endure the perpetual strife of Reason and the Passions, he confined the former to Man, and gave up Woman to the government of the latter without control.

Felicia, upon this new creation, grew again acquainted with Man. She made him a visit of a month, and at his entreaty would have settled with him for ever, if the jealousy of Woman had not driven her from his roof.

From this time the nymph has led a wandering life, without any settled habitation. As the world grew peopled, she paid her visits to every corner of it; but though millions pretended to love her, not a single mortal had constancy to deserve her. Ceremony drove her from court, Avarice from the city, and Want from the cottage. Her delight, however, was in the last of these places, and there it was that she was most frequently to be found.

Jupiter saw with pity the wanderings of Felicia, and in a fortunate hour caused a mortal to be born, whose name was Bonario, or Goodness. He endowed him with all the graces of mind and body; and at an age when the soul becomes sensible of desires, he breathed into him a passion for the beautiful Felicia. Bonario had frequently seen her in his early visits to Wisdom and Devotion; but as lightness of belief and an over-fondness of mankind were failings inseparable to him, he often suffered himself to be led astray from Felicia, till Reflection, the common friend of both, would set him right, and re-conduct him to her company.

Though Felicia was a virgin of some thousand years old, her coyness was rather found to increase than to diminish. This, perhaps, to mortal old maids may be matter of wonder; but the true reason was, that the beauty of Felicia was incapable of decay. From hence it was, that the fickleness of Bonario made her less and less easy of access. Yet such was his frailty, that he continually suffered himself to be enticed from her, till at last she totally withdrew herself. Reflection came now only to upbraid him. Her words, however, were of service, as by showing how he had lost Felicia, they gave him hopes that a contrary behaviour might, in time, regain her.

The loss of happiness instructs us how to value it. And now it was that Bonario began in earnest to love Felicia, and to devote his whole time to a pursuit of her. He inquired for her among the Great, but they knew her not. He bribed the Poor for intelligence, but they were strangers to her. He sought her of Knowledge, but she was ignorant of her; of Pleasure, but she misled him. Temperance knew only the path she had taken; Virtue had seen her upon the way; but Religion assured him of her retreat, and sent Constancy to conduct him to her.

It was in a village far from town, that Bon-



ario again saw his Felicia; and here was in hopes of possessing her for ever. The coyness with which she treated him in his days of folly, time, and the amendment it had wrought in him, began to soften. He passed whole days in her society, and was rarely denied access to her, but when Passion had misguided him.

Felicia lived in this retreat, with the daughter of a simple villager, called Innocence. To this amiable rustic did Bonario apply for intercession, upon every new offence against Felicia; but too impatient of delay, and out of humour with his advocate, he renewed his acquaintance with a court lady, called Vice, who was there upon a visit, and engaged her to solicit for him. This behaviour so enraged Felicia, that she again withdrew herself; and in the warmth of her resentment, sent up a petition to Jupiter, to be recalled to heaven.

Jupiter, upon this petition, called a council of the gods; in which it was decreed, that while Bonario continued upon earth, Felicia should not totally depart from it; but as the nature of Bonario was fickle and imperfect, his admission to her society should be only occasional and transient. That their nuptials should be deferred till the nature of Bonario should be changed by death, and that afterwards they should be inseparably united in the regions of immortality.

possession of their favourite word, and proceed to the subject of my letter.

You rallied very humorously, a few weeks ago, some of the reigning follies of this various island, under the name of our approaches to nature. I hope you have likewise taken notice how desirous we are of returning to our primeval ignorance, under the notion of *taste*: a name which we are fond of giving to every new folly which starts up, and to every old exploded absurdity which we are charitably pleased to revive. Let but that commanding word go forth, and no chameleon catches his colours quicker than we are ready to imbibe follies from each other. Whereas *taste*, in my opinion, ought to be applied to nothing but what has as strict rules annexed to it, though perhaps imperceptible by the vulgar, as Aristotle, among the critics, would require, or Domenichino, among the painters, practise. People may have whims, freaks, caprices, persuasions, and even second-sights, if they please; but they can have no *taste* which has not its foundation in nature, and which, consequently, may be accounted for.

From a thousand instances of our imitative inclinations I shall select one or two, which have been, and still are, notorious and general. A few years ago every thing was Gothic; our houses, our beds, our book-cases, and our couches, were all copied from some parts or other of our old cathedrals. The Grecian architecture, where, as Dryden says,

Firm Doric pillars found the lower base,  
The gay Corinthian holds the higher space,  
And all below is strength, and all above is grace;

that architecture, which was taught by nature, and polished by the Graces, was totally neglected. Tricks and conceits got possession every where. Clumsy buttresses were to shock you with disproportion; or little pillars were to support vast weights; while ignorant people, who knew nothing of centres of gravity, were to tremble at their entrance into every building, lest the roofs should fall upon their heads. This, however odd it might seem, and however unworthy of the name of *taste*, was cultivated, was admired, and still has its professors in different parts in England. There is something, they say, in it congenial to our old Gothic constitution; I should rather think to our modern idea of liberty, which allows every one the privilege of playing the fool, and of making himself ridiculous in whatever way he pleases.

According to the present prevailing whim, every thing is Chinese, or in the Chinese taste; or, as it is sometimes more modestly expressed, "partly after the Chinese manner." Chairs, tables, chimney-pieces, frames for looking-glasses, and even our most vulgar utensils, are all reduced to this new-fangled standard; and without doors so universally has it spread, that

No. 12.] THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is a great abuse of language, according to Mr. Locke, to make use of words to which we have no fixed and determinate ideas. There is a still greater, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which is the almost continually using words to which we have no ideas at all. I shall only instance in the poor monosyllable *taste*. Who has not heard it frequently pronounced by the loveliest mouths in the world, when it has evidently meant nothing?

I would not be thought to require, like an ill-bred logician, that every pretty woman, or even every pretty man, who makes use of the word *taste*, should define what they mean by it; that would be too cruel; but I should rather choose, when they are really conscious to themselves that they are going to utter it without any idea annexed, that they would be so good as to change it for the word *whim*. However, as my recommendation will, I am sure, have no weight, unless it should be backed by your censorial authority, I shall leave them at present in full



every gate to a cow-yard is in T's and Z's, and every hovel for the cows has bells hanging at the corners.

The good people in the city are, I perceive, struck with the novelty; and though some of them still retain the last fashion, the Gothic, yet others have begun to ornament the doors and windows of their shops with the more modern improvements.

Had this taste prevailed in the latter end of Queen Anne's time, the new churches themselves had doubtless been pagodas; nay, it is expected at present that the Something which is rising on the building at the horse-guards, if ever it should come to a conclusion, will terminate at last "partly after the Chinese manner."

I would beg leave, however, to propose, if our large public buildings are to be executed after Chinese models, that we should pursue the usual methods on such occasions. The inoculation for the small-pox, and other such hazardous experiments, were first executed upon condemned criminals. And, in my opinion, an experiment of this kind should first be tried on an hospital, or a county workhouse. I know it will be said, in answer to this, that conveniency is chiefly to be studied in edifices of charity. But is conveniency to give way to *taste*? Is the honour of a nation to be less considered than the particular exigencies of private persons? It is a thousand pities that the hospitals of Chelsea and of Greenwich are already built; their situations are the very spots one would have chosen for a trial of this sort. What numbers of little lakes might have been let in from the Thames to wander among the pavilions! And how commodiously might we have passed from ward to ward by bridges adorned with triumphal arches!

The encouragement of this taste may be worthy of the consideration of those gentlemen who have great possessions in the isle of Ely, or the fens of Lincolnshire. A Chinese town, happily situated, may attract inhabitants, and make estates in those countries extremely desirable. Marshy grounds, which are now avoided, will become by this means the most sought after of any; and we may live to see the hundreds of Essex crowded with villas. But I only hint these things to those whom they concern, and whose interest it may be to pursue them farther. My intention, you perceive, is to make *taste* useful to somebody at least, and to assign proper places for the exercise of our improved talents.

But while I am promoting the interest and entertainment of some of his majesty's subjects, I would not wilfully offend others, who may be a little infatuated through their zeal to their country. Many good patriots have been greatly alarmed at the spreading of the French language and the French fashions so universally over Europe; and have apprehended, perhaps too

justly, that their modes of religion and government might insinuate themselves in their turns. If any pious Englishman should have the same fears with regard to the Chinese custom and manners, I have the satisfaction to inform him, that nothing of that kind can reasonably be dreaded. We may rest secure that our firm faith will never be staggered by the tenets of Fohi, nor our practice vitiated by the morals of Confucius; at least we may be certain that the present innovations are by no means adequate to such an effect: for on a moderate computation, not one in a thousand of all the stiles, gates, rails, pales, chairs, temples, chimney-pieces, &c. &c. which are called Chinese, has the least resemblance to any thing that China ever saw; nor would an English church be a less uncommon sight to a travelling mandarin than an English pagoda. I think it necessary to say thus much, in order to quiet the scruples of conscientious persons, who will doubtless be more at ease when they consider that our Chinese ornaments are not only of our own manufacture, like our French silks and our French wines, but, what has seldom been attributed to the English, of our own invention.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

H. S.

TO THE PUBLIC.

"Whereas, a subscription for a subsidy for the use of King Theodore was opened at Tully's-Head, in Pall-mall, the twenty-second of last month, This is to give notice, that by order of Mr. Fitz-Adam, the said subscription will be closed on Tuesday the twenty-seventh of this instant March; at which time the subsidy will be paid in.

"ROBERT DODSLEY."

No. 13.] THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1753.

I SHALL make no apology for the following letters, or my own answers to them; having been always of opinion that works of criticism are the chief strength and ornament of a public paper.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

Though you set out with a good grace in the World, I cannot help thinking that a paper now and then upon religion might be very entertaining. I am an officer in country quarters, and as the chaplain to the regiment happens to live altogether in town, I have no opportunity of

knowing any thing of that affair, but from what I hear at church.

I am, &c.

A. Z.

TO MR. A. Z.

SIR,

That no officer in quarters may be under the necessity of going to church, the World for the future, shall be a religious one.

I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I belong to a club of very serious clergymen, and am glad (so is every one of us) that you do not intend to meddle with religion in your paper. It is certainly a subject of too much dignity and importance to be treated of in essays, which seem devoted to humour and the ridicule of folly. In the name of the whole club,

I am, &c.

J. C.

TO MR. J. C.

SIR,

As it will be always my ambition to stand well with the clergy, they may assure themselves that the World shall have no religion in it.

I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I cannot help being offended at your want of correctness in a paper, which, in other respects, deserves approbation. In No. I. you say, *WARN men to goodness*. The verb *warn* is unwarrantable in this place: we are warned *by* or *from*, but not *to*.—The word should be *incite*; and so I have corrected it in my own paper. In No. III. line 2, you have the colloquial barbarism of doing a thing *by* a man instead of *to*. I cannot express how much I am hurt at so vulgar an impropriety. In No. VI. page 10, the verb *display* is used instead of its participle *displaying*. Perhaps it is only an error of the press: pray be careful for the future. I am willing to hope that these gross mistakes are only owing to inadvertency. If so, I rest,

Your admirer,

PHILOLOGOS.

TO PHILOLOGOS.

SIR,

I shall be very careful of mistakes for the future; and do assure you upon my veracity, that

they have hitherto proceeded from nothing but inadvertency.

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,  
A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO ADAM FITZ-ADAM, Esq.

DEAR FITZ,

Lord \* \* \* and I laid hold of a d—d prig of a university fellow yesterday, and carried him to our club; where, when the claret began to mount, your paper of the World happened to come upon the tapis. "That same Mr. Fitz-Adam," says he, "is a very inaccurate writer; peradventure I shall take an opportunity of telling him so in a short time." But, dear Fitz, if the prig should really send you a letter, smoke the parson and be witty. Your inaccuracies, as he calls them, are the characteristics of a polite writer: by these alone our club is sure that you are a man of fashion. Away with pedantry and the grammar! Write like a gentleman, and with Pope, in his essay upon critics,

Snatch a grace beyond the reach of nature.

Yours, A. B.

TO MR. A. B.

SIR,

In compliance with your advice, I shall avoid the pedantry of grammar, and be perfectly the gentleman in my future essays.

I am, your most obedient,  
A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I do not write to you to have the pleasure of seeing myself in print: it is only to give you a little friendly advice. Take care of novels: the town swarms with them. That foolish story of Mrs. Wilson, in your fourth and fifth papers, made me cry out that the World was at an end!

Yours, TOM TELL-TRUTH.

TO MR. TELL-TRUTH.

SIR,

I thank you for the caution, and will write no more novels.

Your most humble servant,  
A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

Your predecessor, the Spectator, did not think his labours altogether useless, which were dedicated to us women. Those elegant moral tales, which make their appearance so frequently in his works, are so many proofs of his regard for

us. From the fourth and fifth numbers of the World we have the pleasure of hoping that the Spectator is revived among us. The story of Mrs. Wilson is a lesson of instruction to every woman in the kingdom, and has given the author of it as many friends as he has readers among the sex.

I am, Sir,

Your real admirer and humble servant,  
L. B.

TO MISS L. B.

MADAM,

As it will be always my chief happiness to please the ladies, I shall devote my future papers entirely to novels.

Your obliged and most obedient servant,  
A. FITZ-ADAM.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

If a plain grave man may have leave to tell you a little truth, I must inform you, that though I like your manner very much, I have great objections to your matter. He who only skims surfaces will gather nothing but straws. If you are the philosopher you would have us think you, give us something that may rest upon the memory, and improve while it entertains.

I am, &c.

AMICUS.

TO AMICUS.

SIR,

The World, for the future, shall be grave and philosophical; the matter shall be regarded, and not the manner.

I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

A MONSIEUR FITZ-ADAM.

Je suis enchanté, mon cher monsieur, de votre Monde. Depuis deux ans que je suis à Londres, j'ai appris assez d'Anglois pour l'entendre parfaitement, mais je ne suis pas si habile que Voltaire, pour l'écrire. Vous avez saisi tout à fait l'esprit François; tant d'enjouement, de legereté, et de vivacité!—Parbleu c'est charmant! Donnez-nous de temps en temps un vaudeville, ou quelque petite chanson à boire, et je me croirai à Paris. Le seul petit défaut que vous avez, c'est que vous sentez trop le Monde sage, il ne vous manque qu'un peu du Monde fou, pour plaire à tout le Monde, et surtout à celui qui a l'honneur d'être, monsieur,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,  
DOURILLAC.

A MONSIEUR DOURILLAC.

Vous pouvez conter, monsieur, qu'il n'y a rien au monde que je ne fasse pour captiver la bien-veillance d'un si aimable homme. Tout ce qu'il a de gai, de volatile, et même évaporé, coulera désormais de ma plume. J'ai l'honneur d'être, monsieur,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,  
FITZ-ADAM.

I have many more letters written in the same spirit of criticism, and consequently many more opinions of my own; but as these may be thought sufficient at one time, I shall borrow an old fable, and conclude this paper.

An old man and a little boy were driving an ass to the next market to sell. What a fool is this fellow (says a man upon the road) to be trudging it on foot with his son, that his ass may go light! The old man, hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by the side of him. Why, sirrah! (cries a second man to the boy) is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking on foot? The father, upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the ass, and mounted himself. Do you see (says a third) how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost crippled with walking? The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him. Pray, honest friend, (says a fourth) is that ass your own? Yes, says the man. One would not have thought so, replied the other, by your loading him so unmercifully. You and your son are better able to carry the poor beast than he you. Any thing to please, says, the owner; and alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and by the help of a pole endeavoured to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it; till the ass, conceiving a dislike to the over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords that tied him, slipt from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the best of his way home, ashamed and vexed that by endeavouring to please every body he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.

No. 14.] THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1753.

I do not doubt but it is already observed that I write fewer letters to myself than any of my predecessors. It is not from being less acquainted with my own merit, but I really look upon myself as superior to such little arts of fame. Compliments, which I should be obliged to



shroud under the name of a third person, have very little relish for me. If I am not considerable enough to pronounce *ex cathedra*, that I Adam Fitz-Adam know how to rally the follies and decide upon the customs of the world with more wit, humour, learning, and taste than any man living, I have in vain undertaken the scheme of this paper. Who would be regulated by the judgment of a man, who is not the most self-sufficient person alive? Why did all the pretty women in England, in the reign of Queen Anne, submit the government of their fans, hoods, hoops, and patches, to the Spectator, but because he pronounced himself the best critic in fashions? Why did half the nation imbibe their politics from the Craftsman, but because Caleb d'Anvers assured them that he understood the maxims of government and the constitution of his country better than any minister or patriot of his time? Throned as I am in a perfect good opinion of my own abilities, I scorn to taste the satisfaction of praise from my own pen—and (to be humble for once) I own, if there is any species of writing of which I am not perfect master, it is the epistolary. My deficiency in this particular is happily common to me with the greatest men; I can even go farther, and declare that it is the fair part of the creation that excels in that province. Ease without affectation, the politest expression, the happiest art of telling news of trifles, the most engaging turns of sentiment or passion, are frequently found in letters from women, who have lived in a sphere at all above the vulgar; while on the other side orators write affectedly, ministers obscurely, poets floridly, learned men pedantically, and soldiers tolerably, when they can spell. One would not have one's daughter write like Eloisa, because one would not have one's daughter feel what she felt; yet who ever wrote so movingly, so to the heart? The amiable Madame de Sevigne is the standard of easy engaging writing; to call her the pattern of eloquent writing will not be thought an exaggeration, when I refer my readers to her accounts of the death of Marshal Turenne: some little fragments of her letters, in the appendix to Ramsay's life of that hero, give a stronger picture of him than the historian was able to do in his voluminous work. If this fair one's epistles are liable to any censure, it is for a fault in which she is not likely to be often imitated, the excess of tenderness for her daughter.

The Italians are as proud of a person of the same sex; Lucretia Gonzago was so celebrated for the eloquence of her letters and the purity of their style, that her very notes to her servants were collected and published. I have never read the collection; and indeed one or two billets that I have met with have not entirely all the delicacy of Madame de Sevigne. In one to her foot-

man, the Signora Gonzago reprehends him for not readily obeying Dame Lucy, her housekeeper; and in another, addressed to the same Mrs. Lucy, she says, "If Livia will not be obedient, turn up her coats and whip her till her flesh be black and blue, and the blood run down to her heels." To be sure this sounds a little oddly to English ears, but may be very elegant, when modulated by the harmony of Italian liquids.

Several worthy persons have laid down rules for the composition of letters; but I fear it is an art which only nature can teach. I remember in one of those books (as it was written by a German) there was a strict injunction not to mention yourself before you had introduced the person of your correspondent: that is, you must not use the monosyllable *I* before the pronoun *You*. The Italians have stated expressions, to be used by different ranks of men, and know exactly when to subscribe themselves the devoted or the most devoted slave of the illustrious or most eminent persons to whom they have the honour to write. It is true, in that country, they have so clogged correspondence with forms and civilities, that they seldom make use of their own language, but generally write to one another in French.

Among many instances of beautiful letters from ladies, and of the contrary from our sex, I shall select two, which are very singular in their kind. The comparison, to be sure, is not entirely fair; but when I mention some particulars of the male author, one might expect a little more elegance, a little better orthography, a little more decorum, and a good deal less absurdity, than seem to have met in one head, which had seen so much of the world, which pretended so much to literature, and which had worn so long one of the first crowns in Europe. This personage was the Emperor Maximilian, grandfather to Charles the Fifth. His reign was long, sometimes shining, often unprosperous, very often ignominious. His fickleness, prodigality, and indigence, were notorious. The Italians called him *Pochi-danari*, or the *pennyless*; a quality no more habitual to him, than his propensity to repair his shattered fortunes by the most unbecoming means. He served under our Henry the Eighth, as a common soldier, at the siege of Terouenne, for a hundred crowns a day; he was bribed to the attempt against Pisa, and bribed to give it over. In short, no potentate ever undertook to engage him in a treaty, without first offering him money. Yet this vagabond monarch, as if the annals of his reign were too glorious to be described by a plebeian pen, or as if they were worthy to be described at all, took the pains to write his own life in Dutch verse. There was another book of his composition in a different way, which does not reflect much more lustre upon his memory than his own

Dutch epic; this was what he called his *livre rouge*, and was a register of seventeen mortifications which he had received from Louis the Twelfth of France, and which he intended to revenge on the first opportunity. After a variety of shifts, breach of promises, alliances, and treaties, he almost duped his vain contemporary Henry the Eighth, with a proposal of resigning the empire to him, while himself was meditating what he thought an accession of dignity even to the imperial diadem: in short, in the latter part of his life, Maximilian took it into his head to canvass for the papal Tiara. Several methods were agitated to compass this object of his ambition: one, and not the least ridiculous, was, to pretend that the patriarchal dignity was included in the imperial; and by virtue of that definition he really assumed the title of Pontifex Maximus, copying the pagan lords of Rome on his way to the sovereignty of the christian church. Money he knew was the surest method, but the least at his command; it was to procure a supply of that necessary ingredient that he wrote the following letter to his daughter Margaret, dutchess dowager of Savoy, and governess of the Netherlands.

“Tres chiere et tres amée fylle, jè entendu l'avis que vous m'avez donné par Guyllain Pingun notre garderoëbes, dont avons encore mieux pensé. Et ne trouvons point pour nulle resun bon que nous nous devons franchement marier, maes avons plus avant mys notre deliberation et volanté de jamès plus hanter faem nue. Et envoyons demain Mons. de Gurce Evesque à Rome devers le pape pour trouver fachen que nous puyssuns accorder avec ly de nous prendre pour ung coadjuteur, affin que apres sa mort pouruns estre assuré de avoer le papat, et devenir prester, et apres estre saint, et que yl vous sera de necessité que apres ma mort vous serés contrainct de me adorer, dont je me trouveré bien glorioëse. Je envoie sur ce ung poste devers le roy d'Aragon pour ly prier qu'y nous vuelle ayder pour à ce parvenir, dont il est aussy content, moynant que je resigne l'empir a nostre comun fyls Charls, de sela aussy je me suys contente. Je commence aussy practiker les Cardinaulx, dont ii C. ou iii C. mylle ducats me ferunt ung grand service, aveque la partialité qui est deja entre eos. Le roy d'Aragon à mandé à son ambaxadeur que yl veulente favyr-yser le papat a nous. Je vous prie, tenés cette matere empu secret, ossi bien en brieff jours je creins que yl faut que tout le monde le sache, car bien mal esti possible de pratiker ung tel sy grand matere secretement, pour laquell yl faut avoer de tant de gens et de argent, succurs et pratike, et a Diù, saet de la main de votre bon pere Maximilian futur pape, le xviii jour de setembre. Le papa a encor les vyvers dubls, et ne peult longement fyvre.”

This curious piece, which it is impossible to

translate (for what language can give an adequate idea of very bad old German French?) is to be found in the fourth volume of letters of Louis XII., printed at Brussels by Fr. Foppens in 1712. It will be sufficient to inform such of my readers as do not understand French, that his imperial majesty acquaints his beloved daughter that he designs never to frequent naked women any more, but to use all his endeavours to procure the papacy, and then to turn priest, and at length become a saint, that his dear daughter may be obliged to pray to him, which he shall reckon matter of exceeding glory. He expresses great want of two or three hundred thousand ducats to facilitate the business, which he desires may be kept very secret, though he does not doubt but all the world will know it in two or three days; and concludes with signing himself *future Pope*.

As a contrast to this scrap of imperial folly, I shall present my readers with the other letter I mentioned. It was written by the Lady Anne, widow of the Earls of Dorset and Pembroke (the life of the former of whom she wrote) and heiress of the great house of Clifford-Cumberland, from which, among many noble reversiones, she enjoyed the borough of Appleby. Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state to Charles the Second, wrote to name a candidate to her for that borough: the brave countess, with all the spirit of her ancestors, and with all the eloquence of independent Greece, returned this laconic answer.

“I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man sha'n't stand.

“ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE,  
“and MONTGOMERY.”

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No. 15.] THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1758.

It has been imagined, that if an ancient inhabitant of this island, some old Saxon for example, or even in later times, a subject of one of our Harrys or our Edwards, could rise from his grave and take a survey of the present generation, he would never suspect us to be the descendants of his contemporaries, but would stare about with surprise, and be apt to fancy himself among a nation of foreigners, if not among a race of animals of a different species. I have sometimes thought that such a person would be no less puzzled to know his country again, than his countrymen; such a change would he find in the natural face of England, as well as in the manners of its inhabitants. The great increase of public and private buildings, the difference of architecture, the frequent navigation of rivers, and above all, the introduction and whimsical variations of gardening, have contributed so ef-



fectually to new dress our island, which before was covered with rude forests and extended marshes, that it would require some time and pains to discover her ancient features under so total a disguise. This is more particularly the case with the counties adjacent to London, over which the genius of gardening exercises his power so often and so wantonly, that they are usually new-created once in twenty or thirty years, and no traces left of their former condition. Nor is this to be wondered at; for gardening, being the dress of nature, is as liable to the caprices of fashion, as are the dresses of the human body; and there is a certain mode of it in every age, which grows antiquated and becomes obsolete and ridiculous in the next. So that were any man of taste now to lay out his ground in the style which prevailed less than half a century ago, it would occasion as much astonishment and laughter, as if a modern beau should appear in the drawing-room in red stockings, or introduce himself into a polite assembly in one of my Lord Foppington's periwigs.

What was the prevailing mode in Milton's days may be guessed from a passage in his *Il Penseroso*, where he describes *RETIRED LEISURE* taking his delight in *trim gardens*. The practice, it seems, was to embroider and flourish over the ground with *curious knots of flowers*, as the same poet calls them in another part of his works; and in this there was something of cheerfulness and gayety at least, though the judicious eye could not help being displeased with the fantastic quaintness of the design.

James the Second was deposed, and the immortal King William came to the crown of these kingdoms; an era as remarkable in the annals of gardening as in those of government; but far less auspicious in the former instance. The mournful family of yews came over with the house of Orange; the sombre taste of Holland grew into vogue; and straight canals, rectilinear walks, and rows of clipped evergreens were all the mode. It was the compliment which England paid her new sovereign, to wear the dress of a Dutch morass. The royal gardens of Kensington, Hampton-court, and Richmond, set the example; and good whigs distinguished their loyalty by fetching their plans from the same country, which had the honour of producing their king; a country never greatly celebrated for taste in any instance, and least of all in the article now under consideration. But such were the errors of the times; our connoisseurs in their zeal all became mynheers; and it would probably have been then esteemed as great a mark of disaffection to have laid out ground different from the true Belgic model, as it would be now to wear a white rose on the 10th of June.

This Dutch absurdity, like all other follies, had its run, and in time expired. The great Kent appeared at length in behalf of nature, de-

clared war against the taste in fashion, and laid the axe to the root of artificial evergreens. Gardens were no longer filled with yews in the shape of giants, Noah's ark cut in holly, St. George and the dragon in box, cypress lovers, laurustine bears, and all that race of root-bound monsters, which flourished so long, and looked so tremendous round the edges of every grass-plot. At the same time the dull uniformity of designing was banished; high walls, excluding the country, were thrown down; and it was no longer thought necessary that every grove should nod at a rival, and every walk be paired with a twin-brother. The great master above-mentioned, truly the disciple of nature, imitated her in the agreeable wildness and beautiful irregularity of her plans, of which there are some noble examples still remaining, that abundantly show the power of his creative genius.

But it is our misfortune that we always run beyond the goal, and are never contented to rest at that point where perfection ends, and excess and absurdity begin. Thus our present artists in gardening far exceed the wildness of nature; and pretending to improve on the plans of Kent, distort their ground into irregularities the most offensive that can be imagined. A great comic painter has proved, I am told, in a piece every day expected, that the line of beauty is an S: I take this to be the unanimous opinion of all our professors of horticulture, who seem to have the most idolatrous veneration for that crooked letter at the tail of the alphabet. Their land, their water, must be serpentine; and because the formality of the last age ran too much into right lines and parallels, a spirit of opposition carries the present universally into curves and mazes.

It was questioned of some old mathematician, a great bigot to his favourite science, whether he would consent to go to heaven in any path that was not triangular? It may, I think, with equal propriety be questioned of a modern gardener, whether he would consent to go thither in any path that is not serpentine? Nothing, on earth at least, can please out of that model; and there is reason to believe that paradise itself would have no charms for one of these gentlemen, unless its walks be disposed into labyrinth and meander. In serious truth, the vast multitude of grotesque little villas, which grow up every summer, within a certain distance of London, and swarm more especially on the banks of the Thames, are fatal proofs of the degeneracy of our national taste. With a description of one of these whimsical nothings, and with a few previous remarks upon the owner of it, I shall conclude this paper.

Squire Mushroom, the present worthy possessor of Block-hill, was born at a little dirty village in Hertfordshire, and received the rudiments of his education behind a writing-desk, under the eye of his father, who was an attorney-



at-law. It is not material to relate by what means he broke loose from the bondage of parchment, or by what steps he rose from primeval meanness and obscurity to his present station in life. Let it be sufficient to say, that at the age of forty he found himself in possession of a considerable fortune. Being thus enriched, he grew ambitious of introducing himself to the world as a man of taste and pleasure: for which purpose he put an edging of silver lace on his servants' waistcoats, took into keeping a brace of whores, and resolved to have a villa. Full of this pleasing idea, he purchased an old farmhouse, not far distant from the place of his nativity, and fell to building and planting with all the rage of taste. The old mansion immediately shot up into Gothic spires, and was plastered over with stucco: the walls were notched into battlements; uncouth animals were set grinning at one another over the gate-posts, and the hall was fortified with rusty swords and pistols, and a Medusa's head staring tremendous over the chimney. When he had proceeded thus far, he discovered in good time that his house was not habitable: which obliged him to add two rooms entirely new, and entirely incoherent with the rest of the building. Thus while one half is designed to give you the idea of an old Gothic edifice, the other half presents to your view Venetian windows, slices of pilaster, balustrades, and other parts of Italian architecture.

A library of books, as it is esteemed an essential ornament in a modish villa, was the next object of the squire's ambition. I was conducted into this apartment soon after its completion, and could not help observing with some surprise that all the volumes on the shelves were in duodecimo: at which expressing a curiosity, I received the following answer, verbatim: "Why Sir, I'll inform you how that matter came to pass: I ordered my carpenter to *tickle me up* a neat fashionable set of cases for the reception of books, and the d—d blundering booby made all the shelves as you see, of a size, only to hold your duodecimos, as they call them; so I was obliged, you know, to purchase books of a *proper dimension*, and such as would fit the places they were to stand in."

But the triumph of his genius was seen in the disposition of his gardens, which contain every thing in less than two acres of ground. At your first entrance, the eye is saluted with a yellow serpentine river, stagnating through a beautiful valley, which extends near twenty yards in length. Over the river is thrown a bridge, *partly in the Chinese manner*, and a little ship, with sails spread, and streamers flying, floats in the midst of it. When you have passed this bridge, you enter into a grove perplexed with errors and crooked walks; where having trod the same ground over and over again, through a

labyrinth of horn-beam hedges, you are led into an old hermitage built with roots of trees, which the squire is pleased to call St. Austin's cave. Here he desires you to repose yourself, and expects encomiums on his taste; after which a second ramble begins through another maze of walks, and the last error is much worse than the first. At length, when you almost despair of ever visiting day light any more, you emerge on a sudden in an open and circular area, richly checkered with beds of flowers, and embellished with a little fountain playing in the centre of it. As every folly must have a name, the squire informs you, that *by way of whim* he has christened this place *little Marybon*; at the upper end of which you are conducted into a pompous, clumsy, and gilded building, said to be a temple, and consecrated to Venus; for no other reason which I could learn, but because the squire riots here sometimes in vulgar love with a couple of orange-wenchs, taken from the purlieus of the play-house.

To conclude, if one wished to see a coxcomb expose himself in the most effectual manner, one would advise him to build a villa; which is the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern impertinence, and the most conspicuous stage which Folly can possibly mount to display herself to the world.

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No. 16.] THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1753.

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It was very well said by Montaigne, "That all external acquisitions receive taste and colour from the internal constitution; as clothes give warmth, not from their own heat, but by covering and keeping close the heat that is in ourselves."

Every man's experience will prove the truth of this observation; as it will teach him, both from what he feels in himself, and observes in others, that without a disposition for happiness, the benefits and blessings of life are bestowed upon him in vain; and that with it, even a bare exemption from poverty and pain is almost happiness enough.

I am led to this thought by the following letter, which I received near two years ago from a very valuable friend. The reader will perceive that it was not written with a view of publication; but as it presents us with a very natural picture of domestic happiness, and instructs us how an elegant little family may live charitably and within bounds upon an income of only fifty pounds a year, I shall give it to the public exactly as I received it. Those who have feeling hearts will call it an entertainment; the rest it is not written.

York, June the 14th, 1751.

DEAR SIR,

The reason that you have not heard from me for these last five weeks is, that the people where I have been have engrossed all my time and attention. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear, that I have lived a complete month with our old friend, the rector of South-Green, and his honest wife.

You know with what compassion we used to think of them; that a man who had mixed a good deal with the world, and who had always entertained hopes of making a figure in it, should foolishly, and at an age when people generally grow wise, throw away his affections upon a girl worth nothing: and that she, one of the liveliest of women, as well as the finest, should refuse the many advantageous offers which were made her, and follow a poor parson to his living of fifty pounds a year, in a remote corner of the kingdom. But I have learned from experience that we have been pitying the happiest couple of our acquaintance. I am impatient to tell you all I know of them.

The parish of South-Green is about seventeen miles from this place, and is in my opinion the most pleasing spot of ground in all Yorkshire.—I should have first told you, that our friend, by the death of a relation, was enabled to carry his wife from London with a neat two hundred and fifty guineas in his pocket; with which sum he has converted the old parsonage-house into a little palace, and fourteen acres of glebe into a farm and garden, that even a Pelham or a Southcote might look upon with pleasure.

The house stands upon an eminence within the bending of a river, with about half an acre of kitchen-garden, fenced in with a good old wall, well planted with fruit trees. The river, that almost surrounds this little spot, affords them fish at all seasons. They catch trout there, and plenty of them, from two to five pounds weight. Before the house is a little lawn with trees planted in clumps; and behind it a yard well stocked with poultry, with a barn, cow-house, and dairy. At the end of the garden a draw-bridge leads you to a small piece of ground, where three or four pigs are kept. Here they are fattened for pork or bacon: the latter they cure themselves; and in all my life I never eat better.

In the seven years of this retirement, they have so planted their little spot, that you can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful. The fields lie all together, with pasture-ground enough for two horses and as many cows, and the rest arable. Every thing thrives under their hands. The hedges, all of their own planting, are the thickest of any in the country, and within every one of them is a sand-walk between a double row of flowering shrubs, hardly ever out of blossom. The produce of

these fields supplies them abundantly with the means of bread and beer, and with a surplus yearly for the poor, to whom they are the best benefactors of any in the neighbourhood. The husband brews and the wife bakes; he manages the farm and she the dairy; and both with such skill and industry, that you would think them educated to nothing else.

Their house consists of two parlours and a kitchen below, and two bedchambers and a servant's room above. Their maid is a poor woman's daughter in the parish, whom they took at eleven years old, and have made the handiest girl imaginable. She is extremely pretty, and might marry herself to advantage, but she loves her mistress so sincerely, that no temptation is strong enough to prevail upon her to leave her.

In this sweet retirement they have a boy and a girl; the boy six years old, and the girl four; both of them the prettiest little things that ever were born. The girl is the very picture of her mother, with the same softness of heart and temper. The boy is a jolly dog, and loves mischief; but if you tell him an interesting story, he will cry for an hour together. The husband and wife constantly go to bed at ten; and rise at six. The business of the day is commonly finished by dinner-time; and all after is amusement and pleasure, without any set forms. They are almost worshipped by the parishioners, to whom the doctor is not only the spiritual director, but the physician, the surgeon, the apothecary, the lawyer, the steward, the friend, and the cheerful companion. The best people in the country are fond of visiting them; they call it going to see the wonders of Yorkshire, and say that they never eat so heartily as of the parson's bacon and greens.

I told you at the beginning of this letter that they were the happiest couple of our acquaintance; and now I will tell you why they are so. In the first place, they love and are delighted with each other. A seven years' marriage, instead of lessening their affections, has increased them. They wish for nothing more than what their little income affords them; and even of that little they lay up. Our friend showed me his account of expenses, or rather his wife's account; by which it appears that they have saved yearly from fifteen shillings to a guinea, exclusive of about the same sum, which they distribute among the poor, besides barley, wheat, and twenty other things. Their only article of luxury is tea; but the doctor says he would forbid that, if his wife could forget her London education. However, they seldom offer it but to their best company, and less than a pound will last them a twelvemonth. Wine they have none, nor will they receive it as a present. Their constant drink is small beer and ale, both of which they brew in the highest perfection.



Exercise and temperance keep them in perpetual health and good-humour. All the strife between them is who shall please and oblige most. Their favourite amusement is reading: now and then, indeed, our friend scribbles a little; but his performances reach no farther than a short sermon, or a paper of verses in praise of his wife. Every birth-day of the lady is constantly celebrated in this manner; and though you do not read a Swift to his Stella, yet there is something so sincere and tender in these little pieces, that I could never read any of them without tears. In the fine afternoons and evenings they are walking arm and arm, with their boy and girl, about their grounds; but how cheerful, how happy! is not to be told you. Their children are hardly so much children as themselves. But though they love one another even to dotage, their fondness never appears before company. I never saw either of them so much as playing with the other's hand—I mean only when they have known I was within sight of them; I have stolen upon them unawares indeed, and have been witness to such words and looks as have quite melted me.

With this couple, and in this retirement, I have passed my time since you heard from me. How happily I need not say: come and be a judge yourself; they invite you most heartily.

One thing I had forgot to tell you of them. It makes no part of their happiness that they can compare themselves with the rest of the world, who want minds to enjoy themselves as they do. It rather lessens than increases it. Their own happiness is from their own hearts. They have every thing they wish for in this fifty pounds a year and one another. They make no boast of themselves, nor find fault with any body. They are sorry I am not as happy as they; but are far from advising me to retire as they have done. I left a bank note of twenty pounds behind me in my room, inclosed in a letter of thanks for their civilities to me; but it was returned *mè* this morning to York, in a manner that pleased me more than all the rest of their behaviour. Our friend thanked me for the favour I intended him; but told me I could bestow it better among the poor. That his wife and he had been looking over the family accounts of last month, and that they found me only a few shillings in their debt. That if I did not think they were a thousand times overpaid by the pleasure I had given them, they would be obliged to me for a pound of tea, and a little of Hardham's snuff when I got to London.

I hope soon to see you, and to entertain you by the week, with the particulars of the parson and his wife. Till then,

I am, &c.

No. 17.] THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1753.

TWICE in every year are solemnized those grand diversions, with which our nobility, gentry, and others, entertain themselves at Newmarket; and as this is the vernal season for the celebration of those curious sports and festivals, and as they are, at this time, likely to be held with the utmost splendour and magnificence, I think it may not be improper to amuse my town readers with one single paper upon the subject.

In this I will endeavour to set forth the usefulness of these anniversary meetings, describing the manner and method of exhibiting such games; and then show what benefit may arise to the kingdom, by horse-races in general, on the one hand; and what detriment may happen from them to the public, on the other, by their spreading too widely over the whole kingdom.

I read in one of the newspapers of last week the following article: "'Tis said that garrets at Newmarket are let at four guineas each, for the time of the meeting." What, said I to myself, are our principal nobility content to lie in garrets, at such an exorbitant price, for the sake of such amusements! Or are our jockey-gentry, and tradesmen, extravagant enough to throw away their loose corn (as I may properly call it on this occasion) so idly and ridiculously? To be sure there is not a more noble diversion than this. In its original, it was of royal institution, and carried on in the beginning with much honour and integrity; but as the best constitution will always degenerate, I am fearful this may be grown too much into a science, wherein the adepts may have carried matters to a nicety, not altogether reconcileable to the strictest notions of integrity; and which may by degrees, by their affecting to become notable in the profession, corrupt the morals of our young nobility. The language of the place is generally to be understood by the rule of contraries. If any one says his horse is a pretty good one, but as slow as a *town-top* (for similes are much in use), you may conclude him to be an exceeding speedy one, but not so good at *bottom*. If he mentions his design of throwing a particular horse soon out of *training*, you may be assured he has a mind to match that horse as soon as he can; and so it is in every thing else they throw out. Foreigners who come here for curiosity cannot be shown a finer sight than these races, which are almost peculiar to this country: but I must confess that I have been sometimes put a little to the blush at incidents that are pretty pregnant in the place. Every body is dressed so perfectly alike, that it is extremely difficult to



distinguish between his grace and his groom. I have heard a stranger ask a man of quality how often he dressed and watered his horses? how much corn, and bread, and hay, he gave them? how many miles he thought they could run in such a number of minutes? and how long he had lived with his master? Those who have been at the place will not be surprised at these mistakes; for a pair of boots, and buckskin breeches, a fustian frock, with a leather belt about it, and a black velvet cap, is the common covering of the whole town: so that if the inside does not differ, the outside of my lord and his rider are exactly the same. There is another most remarkable affectation, which is this: those who are known to have the most, and perhaps best horses of the place, always appear themselves on the very worst, and go to the turf on some ordinary scrub tit, scarce worth five pounds. From persons thus mounted and accoutred, what a surprise must it be to hear a bet offered of a hundred pounds to fifty, and some times three hundred to two, when you would imagine the rider to be scarce worth a groat! In that circular convention before the race begins, at the Devil's Ditch, all are hale fellows well met, and every one is at liberty, tailor, distiller, or otherwise, to offer and take such bets as he thinks proper: and many thousand pounds are usually laid on a side. When the horses are in sight, and come near Choke-Jade, immediately the company all disperse, as if the devil rose out of his ditch and drove them, to get to the turning of the lands, the rest-post, or some other station, they choose, for seeing the push made. Now the contention becomes animating. 'Tis delightful to see two, or sometimes more, of the most beautiful animals of the creation, struggling for superiority, stretching every muscle and sinew to obtain the prize, and reach the goal! to observe the skill and address of the riders, who are all distinguished by different colours, of white, blue, green, red, and yellow, sometimes spurring or whipping, sometimes checking or pulling to give fresh breath and courage! and it is often observed that the race is won as much by the dexterity of the rider, as by the vigour and fleetness of the animal.

When the sport is over, the company saunter away towards the Warren-Hill, before the other horses, left at the several stables in the town, are rode out to take their evening exercise and their water. On this delightful spot you may see at once above a hundred of the most beautiful horses in the universe, all led out in strings, with the grooms and boys upon them, in their several liveries, distinguishing each person of rank they belong to.—This is indeed a noble sight; it is a piece of grandeur, and an expensive one too, which no nation can boast of but our own. To this the crown contributes, not only by a very handsome allowance for keeping horses, but also

by giving plates to be run for by horses and mares at different ages, in order to encourage the breed, by keeping up the price of them, and to make the breeders extremely careful of their race and genealogy.

The pedigree of these horses is more strictly regarded and carefully looked into than that of a knight of Malta. They must have no blemished quarter in the family on either side for many generations; their blood must have run pure and untainted, from the great, great, five times great grandfather and grandam, to be attested in the most authentic and solemn manner by the hand of the breeder. It is this care of the breed, and particularly with an eye to their strength, that makes all the world so fond of our horses. Many thousands are carried out of England every year; so that it is become a trade of great consequence, and brings a vast balance of money to this country annually. The French monarch rides no other horses but ours, in his favourite diversion of hunting. You may at any time see two or three hundred beautiful English geldings in those great and noble stables at Chantilli. Most of the German princes, and many of their nobility, are desirous of having English horses; and, I dare say, his present M—y of P—a, however military his genius may be, had rather mount an English horse at a *review* of his troops, than a *breach* at any siege in Europe.

The country races over the whole kingdom are what, I confess, give me some little disrelish to the sport. Every county, and almost the whole of it, is mad during the time of the races. Many substantial farmers go to them with thirty or forty pounds in their pockets, and return without one single farthing. Here they drink and learn to be vicious, and the whole time is spent in riot and disorder. An honest butcher, that is taken in at a horse-race, is tempted perhaps, in his return, to borrow an ox, or a few sheep, of his neighbour, to make up his losses. An industrious tradesman, or a good farmer, has sometimes turned highwayman, to be even with the rogue that bubbled him at the races. Upon the whole, if I consider only how much time is lost to all the labouring men in this kingdom, by county races, the damage they occasion is immense. Let us suppose it but a week's labour all over England; and (if we consider the number of plates in the different metropolises, besides the lesser country plates) this must be allowed a very moderate computation: and then let those two ingenious gentlemen, Mr. Pond and Mr. Heber, however they may be at variance with each other, join to compute how much the loss must be to the whole kingdom. I dare answer for it, that it must amount to many hundred thousands of pounds.—But as my paper was principally designed in honour of horses, I will not be led to urge any

thing against them. Horses of all kinds have ever been held in the highest esteem. Darius was chosen king of Persia by the neighing of his horse. I question if Alexander himself had pushed his conquests half so far, if Bucephalus had not stooped to take him on his back. An emperor of Rome made his horse a consul; and it will be readily owned that the dignity was as properly conferred upon the beast, as the imperial diadem upon his master.

I shall conclude this paper with a short extract from Churchill's collection of voyages.

"In Morocco the natives have a great respect for horses that have been the pilgrimage of Mecca, where Mahomet was born; they are called Hadgis, or saints. Such horses have their necks adorned with strings of beads, and relics, being wrappings wrapt up in cloth of gold or silk, containing the names of their prophet: and when these horses die, they are buried with as much ceremony as the nearest relations of their owners. The king of Morocco has one of them, whom he causes to be led before him when he goes abroad, very richly accoutred, and covered with these wrappings; his tail being held up by a christian slave, carrying in one hand a pot and a towel, to receive the dung and wipe the posteriors."

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No. 18.] THURSDAY MAY 3, 1753.

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THE following letter had appeared earlier in the World, if its length, or (what at present happens to be the same thing) its merits had not been so great. I have been trying to shorten it, without robbing it of beauties; but after many unsuccessful attempts, I find that the spirit of it is (as the human soul is imagined to be by some ancient philosophers) *totus in toto, et totus in qualibet parte*. I have, therefore, changed the form of my prayer, choosing rather to present my readers with an extraordinary half-sheet, than to keep from them any longer what was sent me for their instruction. At the same time I must beg leave to say, that I shall never think myself obliged to repeat my complaisance, but to those of my correspondents, who, like the writer of this letter, can inform me of their grievances with all the elegance of it.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I consider you as supplemental to the law of the land. I take your authority to begin where the power of the law ends. The law is intended to stop the progress of crimes by punishing them; your paper seems calculated to check the course of follies by exposing them. May you be more successful in the latter than the law is in the former!

Upon this principle I shall lay my case plainly before you, and desire your publication of it as a warning to others. Though it may seem ridiculous to many of your readers, I can assure you, Sir, that it is a very serious one to me, notwithstanding the ill-natured comfort which I might have, of thinking it of late a very common one.

I am a gentleman of a reasonable paternal estate in my county, and serve as knight of the shire for it. Having what is called a very good family-interest, my election incumbered my estate with a mortgage of only five thousand pounds; which I have not been able to clear, being obliged by a good place which I have got since to live in town, and in all the best company, nine months of the year. I married suitable to my circumstances. My wife wanted neither fortune, beauty, nor understanding. Discretion and good humour on her part, joined to good-nature and good manners on mine, made us live comfortably together for eighteen years. One son and one daughter were our only children. We complied with custom in the education of both. My daughter learned some French and some dancing; and my son passed nine years at Westminster school in learning the words of two languages, long since dead, and not yet above half revived. When I took him away from school, I resolved to send him directly abroad, having been at Oxford myself. My wife approved of my design, but tacked a proposal of her own to it, which she urged with some earnestness. "My dear," said she, "I think you do very right to send George abroad, for I love a foreign education, though I shall not see the poor boy a great while: but since we are to part for so long a time, why should we not take that opportunity of carrying him ourselves as far as Paris? The journey is nothing; very little farther than to our own house in the north; we shall save money by it; for every thing is very cheap in France; it will form the girl, who is of a right age for it; and a couple of months with a good French and dancing master will perfect her in both, and give her an air and manner that will help her off in these days, when husbands are not plenty, especially for girls with only five thousand pounds to their fortunes. Several of my acquaintance who have lately taken trips to Paris have told me, that to be sure we should take this opportunity of going there. Besides, my dear, as neither you nor I have ever been abroad, this little jaunt will amuse and even improve us; for it is the easiest thing in the world to get into all the best company at Paris."

My wife had no sooner ended her speech (which I easily perceived to be the result of meditation) than my daughter exerted all her little eloquence in seconding her mother's motion. "Ay, dear Papa," said she, "let us go with



brother to Paris; it will be the charmingest thing in the world; we shall see all the newest fashions there; I shall learn to dance of Marseille; in short, I shall be quite another creature after it. You see how my cousin Kitty was improved by going to Paris last year; I hardly knew her again when she came back; do, dear papa, let us go."

"The absurdity of the proposal struck me at first, and I foresaw a thousand inconveniences in it, though not half so many as I have since felt. However, knowing that direct contradiction, though supported by the best arguments, was not the likeliest method to convert a female disputant, I seemed a little to doubt, and contented myself with saying, "That I was not, at first sight at least, sensible of the many advantages which they had enumerated; but that, on the contrary, I apprehended a great deal of trouble in the journey, and many inconveniences in consequence of it. That I had not observed many men of my age considerably improved by their travels; but that I had lately seen many women of hers become very ridiculous by theirs; and that for my daughter, as she had not a fine fortune, I saw no necessity of her being a fine lady." Here the girl interrupted me, with saying, "For that very reason, papa, I should be a fine lady. Being in fashion is often as good as being a fortune; and I have known air, dress, and accomplishments stand many a woman instead of a fortune." "Nay, to be sure," added my wife, "the girl is in the right in that; and if with her figure she gets a certain air and manner, I cannot see why she may not reasonably hope to be as advantageously married as Lady Betty Townly, or the two Miss Bellairs, who had none of them such good fortunes. I found by all this, that the attack upon me was a concerted one, and that both my wife and daughter were strongly infected with that migrating distemper, which has of late been so epidemic in this kingdom, and which annually carries such numbers of our private families to Paris, to expose themselves there as English, and here, after their return, as French. Inso-much that I am assured that the French call those swarms of English which now, in a manner overrun France, a second incursion of the Goths and Vandals.

I endeavoured as well as I could to avert this impending folly, by delays and gentle persuasions, but in vain; the attacks upon me were daily repeated, and sometimes enforced by tears. At last I yielded, from mere good-nature, to the joint importunities of a wife and daughter whom I loved; not to mention the love of ease and domestic quiet, which is, much oftener than we care to own, the true motive of many things that we either do or omit.

My consent being thus extorted, our setting out was pressed. The journey wanted no pre-

parations; we should find every thing in France. My daughter, who spoke some French, and my son's governor, who was a Swiss, were to be our interpreters upon the road; and when we came to Paris, a French servant or two would make all easy.

But, as if Providence had a mind to punish our folly, our whole journey was a series of distresses. We had not sailed a league from Dover, before a violent storm arose, in which we had like to have been lost. Nothing could equal our fears but our sickness, which perhaps lessened them: at last we got into Calais, where the inexorable custom-house officers took away half the few things which we had carried with us. We hired some chaises, which proved to be old and shattered ones, and broke down with us at least every ten miles. Twice we were overturned, and some of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in France. At length, the sixth day, we got to Paris, where our banker had provided a very good lodging for us; that is, very good rooms, very well furnished, and very dirty. Here the great scene opens. My wife and daughter, who had been a good deal disheartened by our distresses, recovered their spirits, and grew extremely impatient for a consultation of the necessary tradespeople, when luckily our banker and his lady, informed of our arrival, came to make us a visit.—He graciously brought me five thousand livres, which he assured me was not more than what would be necessary for our first setting out, as he called it; while his wife was pointing out to mine the most compendious method of spending three times as much. I told him that I hoped that sum would be very near sufficient for the whole time; to which he answered coolly, "No, Sir, nor six times that sum, if you propose, as to be sure you do, to appear here *honnêtement*." This I confess startled me a good deal; and I called out to my wife, "Do you hear that, child!" She replied, unmoved, "Yes, my dear; but now that we are here, there is no help for it: it is but once, upon an extraordinary occasion; and one would not care to appear among strangers like scrubs." I made no answer to this solid reasoning, but resolved within myself to shorten our stay, and lessen our follies as much as I could. My banker, after having charged himself with the care of procuring me a *carrosse de remise* and a *valet de place* for the next day, which in plain English is a hired coach and a footman, invited us to pass all the next day at his house, where he assured us that we should not meet with bad company. He was to carry me and my son before dinner to see the public buildings, and his lady was to call upon my wife and daughter, to carry them to the genteel shops, in order to fit them out to appear *honnêtement*. The next morning I amused myself very well with seeing, while my wife and



daughter amused themselves still better by preparing themselves for being seen, till we met at dinner at our banker's; who, by way of sample of the excellent company to which he was to introduce us, presented to us an Irish abbé, and an Irish captain of Clare's; two attainted Scotch fugitives, and a young Scotch surgeon who studied midwifery at the *Hotel Dieu*. It is true, he lamented that Sir Harbottle Bumper and Sir Clotworthy Guzzledown with their families, whom he had invited to meet us, happened unfortunately to have been engaged to go and drink brandy at Nucilly. Though this company sounds but indifferently, and though we should have been very sorry to have kept it in London, I can assure you, Sir, that it was the best we kept the whole time we were at Paris.

I will omit many circumstances which gave me uneasiness, though they would probably afford some entertainment to your readers, that I may hasten to the most material ones.

In about three days the several mechanics, who were charged with the care of disguising my wife and daughter, brought home their respective parts of this transformation, in order that they might appear *honnêtement*. More than the whole morning was employed in this operation; for we did not sit down to dinner till near five o'clock. When my wife and daughter came at last into the eating room, where I had waited for them at least two hours, I was so struck with their transformation, that I could neither conceal nor express my astonishment. "Now, my dear," said my wife, "we can appear a little like christians." "And strollers too," replied I: "for such have I seen at Southwark-fair, the respectable Sysigambis, and the lovely Parisatis. This cannot surely be serious!" "Very serious, depend upon it, my dear," said my wife; "and pray, by the way, what may there be ridiculous in it? No such Sysigambis neither," continued she; "Betty is but sixteen, and you know I had her at four-and-twenty." As I found that the name of Sysigambis, carrying an idea of age along with it, was offensive to my wife, I waved the parallel; and addressing myself in common to my wife and daughter, I told them, "I perceived that there was a painter now at Paris, who coloured much higher than Rigault, though he did not paint near so like; for that I could hardly have guessed them to be the pictures of themselves." To this they both answered at once, "That red was not painted; that no colour in the world was *fard* but white, of which they protested they had none." "But how do you like my *pompon*, papa?" continued my daughter; "is it not a charming one? I think it is prettier than mamma's." "It may, child, for any thing that I know; because I do not know what part of all this frippery thy *pompon* is." "It is this, papa," re-

plied the girl, putting up her hand to her head, and showing me in the middle of her hair a complication of shreds and rags of velvets, feathers and ribands, stuck with false stones of a thousand colours, and placed awry. "But what hast thou done to thy hair, child!" said I; "is it blue? Is that painted too by the same eminent hand that coloured thy cheeks?" "Indeed, papa," answered the girl, "as I told you before, there is no painting in the case; but what gives my hair that bluish cast is the gray powder, which has always that effect upon dark-coloured hair, and sets off the complexion wonderfully." "Gray powder, child," said I, with some surprise: "Gray hairs I knew were venerable; but till this moment I never knew that they were genteel." "Extremely so, with some complexions," said my wife; "but it does not suit with mine, and I never use it." "You are much in the right, my dear," replied I, "not to play with edge-tools. Leave it to the girl." This, which was perhaps too hastily said, and seemed to be a second part of the Sysigambis, was not kindly taken; my wife was silent all dinner-time, and, I vainly hoped, ashamed. My daughter, drunk with dress and sixteen, kept up the conversation with herself, till the long wished for moment of the opera came, which separated us, and left me time to reflect upon the extravagances which I had already seen, and upon the still greater which I had but too much reason to dread.

From this period to the time of our return to England, every day produced some new and shining folly, and some improper expense. Would to God that they had ended as they began, with our journey! but unfortunately we have imported them all. I no longer understand, or am understood, in my family. I hear of nothing but *le bon ton*. A French valet de chambre, who, I am told, is an excellent servant, and fit for every thing, is brought over to curl my wife's and my daughter's hair, to *mount a dessert*, as they call it, and occasionally to *announce visits*. A very slatternly, dirty, but at the same time a very genteel French maid, is appropriated to the use of my daughter. My meat too is as much disguised in the dressing by a French cook, as my wife and my daughter are by their red, their pompons, their scraps of dirty gauze, flimsy satins, and black calicoes; not to mention their affected broken English, and mangled French, which, jumbled together, compose their present language. My French and English servants quarrel daily, and fight, for want of words to abuse one another. My wife is become ridiculous by being translated into French, and the version of my daughter will, I dare say, hinder many a worthy English gentleman from attempting to read her. My expense (and consequently my debt) increases; and I am made more unhappy

by follies, than most other people are by crimes.

Should you think fit to publish this my case, together with some observations of your own upon it, I hope it may prove a useful *Pharos*, to deter private English families from the coasts of France.

I am, Sir,  
Your very humble servant,  
R. D.

My correspondent has said enough to caution English gentlemen against carrying their wives and daughters to Paris; but I shall add a few words of my own, to dissuade the ladies themselves from any inclination to such a vagary. In the first place, I assure them, that of all French ragouts there is none to which an Englishman has so little appetite as an English lady served up to him *à la Française*. Next I beg leave to inform them, that the French taste in beauty is so different from ours, that a pretty Englishwoman at Paris, instead of meeting with that admiration which her vanity hopes for, is considered only as a handsome corpse; and if, to put a little life into her, some of her compassionate friends there should persuade her to lay on a great deal of *rouge*, in English called paint, she must continue to wear it to extreme old age; unless she prefers a spot of real yellow (the certain consequence of paint) to an artificial one of red. And lastly, I propose it to their consideration, whether the delicacy of an English lady's mind may not partake of the nature of some high-flavoured wines, which will not admit of being carried abroad, though, under right management, they are admirable at home.

No. 19.] THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE present age is overrun with romances, and yet so strong does the appetite for them continue, that, as Otway says on a less delicate occasion,

—every rank fool goes down.

I am not surprised that any sketch of human nature, howsoever imperfect, should attract the attention of the generality of readers. We are easily delighted with pictures of ourselves, and are sometimes apt to fancy a strong likeness where there is not even the least resemblance. Those great masters of every movement of the human mind, Homer and Shakspeare, knew well this propensity of our dispositions. The latter from the nature of his writings, had more

frequent opportunities of opening the most minute avenues of the heart. The former, though his province was more confined, has let no occasion pass of exerting this affecting talent. He has not only contrasted a vast variety of characters, and given all the passions their full play, but even in the stiller parts of his work, the similes and descriptions, every thing is full of human life. It is the Carian woman who stains the ivory; if a torrent descends from the mountains, some cottager trembles at the sound of it; and the fine broken landscape of rocks and woods by moonlight has a shepherd to gaze at and admire it.

But it is not with such painters as these that I am at present concerned. They drew really from nature; and ages have felt and applauded the truth of their designs. Whereas our modern artists (if we may guess from the motley representations they give us of our species) are so far from having studied the natures of other people, that they seldom seem to have the least acquaintance with themselves.

The writers of heroic romance, or the Loves of Philodoxus and Urania, professedly soar *above nature*. They introduce into their descriptions trees, water, air, &c. like common mortals; but then all their rivers are clearer than crystal, and every breeze is impregnated with the spices of Arabia. The manners of their personages seem full as extraordinary to our gross ideas. We are apt to suspect the virtue of two young people who are rapturously in love with each other, and who travel whole years in one another's company; though we are expressly told, that at the close of every evening, when they retire to rest, the hero leans his head against a knotted oak, whilst the heroine seeks the friendly shelter of a distant myrtle. This, I say, seems to us a little unnatural; however, it is not of dangerous example. There can no harm follow if unexperienced persons should endeavour to imitate what may be thought inimitable. Should our virgins arrive but half way towards the chastity of a Parthenia, it will be something gained; and we, who have had learned educations, know the power of early prejudices; some of us having emulated the public spirit and other obsolete virtues of the old Grecians and Romans, to the age of fifteen or sixteen, some of us later, even to twenty or one-and-twenty.

But peace be to the manes of such authors! They have long enjoyed that elysium which they so frequently described on earth. The present race of romance-writers run universally into a different extreme. They spend the little art they are masters of in weaving into intricacies the more familiar and more comical adventures of a Jack Slap, or a Betty Sallet. These, though they endeavour to copy after a very great original, I choose to call our writers *below nature*; because very few of them have as yet found out



their master's peculiar art of writing upon low subjects without writing in a low manner. Romances, judiciously conducted, are a very pleasing way of conveying instruction to all parts of life. But to dwell eternally upon orphan-beggars, and *servant-men of low degree*, is certainly what I have called it, writing *below nature*; and is so far from conveying instruction, that it does not even afford amusement.

The writers *below nature* have one advantage in common with the writers above it, that the originals they would seem to draw from are nowhere to be found. The heroes and heroines of the former are undoubtedly children of the imagination; and those of the latter, if they are not all of them incapable of *reading* their own adventures, are at least unable to inform us by *writing* whether the representations of them are just, and whether people in their station did ever think or act in the manner they are described to have done. Yet the authors, even in this particular, are not quite so secure as they imagine; for when, towards the end of the third or fourth volume, the He or She of the piece (as is usually the custom) emerges into what they call genteel life, the whole cheat is frequently discovered. From seeing their total ignorance of what they are then describing, we on good grounds conclude that they were equally unacquainted with the inferior parts of life, though we are not able to detect the falsehood. Bath one should imagine the easiest place in the world to get a thorough knowledge of: and yet I have observed in books of this kind several representations of it so excessively erroneous, that they not only showed the authors to be entirely ignorant of the manners of living there, but of the geography of the town.

But it is not the ignorance of these writers which I would principally complain of; though of that, as a censor, you ought to take notice, and should assure our young men and young women that they may read fifty volumes of this sort of trash, and yet, according to the phrase which is perpetually in their mouths, *know nothing of life*. The thing I chiefly find fault with is their extreme indecency. There are certain vices which the vulgar call fun, and the people of fashion gallantry; but the middle rank, and those of the gentry who continue to go to church, still stigmatize them by the opprobrious names of fornication and adultery. These are confessed to be in some measure detrimental to society, even by those who practise them most; at least, they are allowed to be so in all but themselves. This being the case, why should our novel-writers take so much pains to spread these enormities? It is not enough to say in excuse that they write nonsense upon these subjects as well as others; for nonsense itself is dangerous here. The most absurd ballads in the streets, without the least glimmering of

meaning, recommend themselves every day both to the great and small vulgar only by obscene expressions. Here, therefore, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you should interpose your authority, and forbid your readers (whom I will suppose to be all persons who can read) even to attempt to open any novel, or romance, unlicensed by you; unless it should happen to be stamped *Richardson* or *Fielding*.

Your power should extend likewise to that inundation of obscenity which is daily pouring in from France; and which has too frequently the wit and humour of a Crebillon to support it. The gentlemen who never read any thing else, will, I know, be at a loss for amusement, and feel their half-hour of morning hang rather too heavy on their hands. But surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, when they consider the good of their country (and all of them have that at heart) they will consent to meet a little sooner at the hazard-table, or wile away the tedious interval in studying new chances upon the cards.

If it be said that the heroic romances, which I have recommended for their virtue, are themselves too full of passionate breathings upon some occasions, I allow the charge; but am of opinion that these can do little more harm to the minds of young ladies than certain books of devotion, which are put into their hands by aunts and grandmothers; the writers of which, from having suffered the softer passions to mix too strongly with their zeal for religion, are now generally known by the name of the *amorous divines*.

I am, Sir,  
Your most humble servant,  
I. T.

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No. 20.] THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1753.

THOUGH the following letter came a little out of time for this week's publication, yet in compliment to the subject, as well as in respect to the writer, I ordered that a very elaborate essay of my own, already at the press, should withdraw and give place to it.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM

SIR,

It is either an observation of my own, or of some very wise man, whose name I forget, That where true learning is, true virtue cannot be far off. The rigid and exemplary life which every individual in our learned professions is so well known to lead might be sufficient to evince the truth of this observation, if I could content myself with a single argument, where many



are at hand. To descend a little lower than the learned professions, why are all parish-clerks orthodox christians, all apothecaries communicative men, or all justices of the peace upright men, but as their professions are in some degree akin to divinity, physic, and the law?

If we carry our inquiries into the city, we shall find those vocations, where most knowledge is required, to be most productive of the civilities of life. Thus the merchant who writes his letters in French is a better bred man than his neighbour the shopkeeper, who understands no language but his own; while the shopkeeper, who is able to read and write, and keep his accounts in a book, is a more civilized person than his landlord at the Horns, who scores only in chalk.

We shall be more and more of this opinion, if we look a little into the lives and manners of those people who have no pretensions to literature. Who drinks or swears more than a country squire? Who (according to his own confession) has been the ruin of so many innocents as a fine gentleman? Why (according to Pope) is every woman a rake in her heart, or why (according to truth) is almost every woman of fashion a rake in practice, but from the deplorable misfortune of an unlearned education?

But the last and best argument to prove that learning and virtue are cause and effect, remains still to be produced. And here let me ask if, from the beginning of time to this present May, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-three, it has been once known that an author was an immoral man? On the contrary, is it not universally allowed that he is the most virtuous of mankind? To deny that he is the most learned, would be a greater degree of absurdity than I can conceive any person to be guilty of; I shall therefore confine myself to his virtues. What the apostle says of charity, may as truly be said of an author; "He suffereth long, and is kind; he beareth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things." How ignorant is he of the ways of men! How ready to give praise even to the least deserving! How distant from that source of evil, money! How humble in his apparel! How moderate in his pleasures! And above all, how abstemious in diet, and how temperate in wine! It is to the social virtues of an author that the present age is indebted for a paper called the World, which it is not doubted will do more good to these nations than all the volumes, except the sacred ones, which have hitherto been written.

I am not hinting to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that learning is at present in a declining state, and that consequently there is less virtue among us than in former times; on the contrary, when were there more authors than at present? I challenge any age to produce half the number. From hence it appears that learning is in a very

flourishing condition: for though the great have thought proper long ago to withhold their patronage from it, it has pleased Heaven to raise up very able and zealous persons, who are applying all their time and pains to the advancement of it, and to whom its professors may have *weekly* access, and be assured of encouragement and reward in proportion to their merits. Your readers will be, no doubt, beforehand with me in naming these patrons of learning, who, it is very well known, are the honourable and worshipful the fraternity of booksellers.

But though I have the greatest veneration for these gentlemen, I cannot help being of opinion, that if the old patrons, the great, were to unite their endeavours with the new patrons, the booksellers, it might accelerate the progress of virtue through this island. Every body knows the effect which a smile, a nod, a shake of the hand, or even a promise from a great man, has upon the inventive faculties of an author. In all probability he would sit with more serenity, and loll with more grace in a nobleman's chariot, than in his bookseller's easy chair: not to mention that three courses by a French cook, a dessert, and a bottle of champagne, are more apt to exhilarate the spirits than one or two plain English dishes and prosaic port. Provided (as indeed it ought always to be provided) that the servants of this noble patron will condescend to hear him now and then, when he happens to be in want of any thing that is in the province of the sideboard.

Who is there among us so ignorant as not to know, that the two favourite amusements of gaming and adultery would never have found such universal admission, if they had not been honoured with the patronage of people of fashion? The numbers of dressed-up monkeys and dancing-dogs, which have lately contributed so much to our public entertainments, are another proof of what people of fashion may bring about, if they determine to be active. But as a certain great personage, well known in the polite world, was pleased of old time to observe of Job (though the accusation was a false one) *that he did not serve God for nought*; so may it be suggested that the great of this generation will expect to be paid either in pleasure or profit for their services to mankind. It is shrewdly suspected of the booksellers, that they have some interested views in their encouragement of learning; and it is my own opinion, that our nobility and people of fashion are only encouragers of vice and folly, as they happen to be paid for it in pleasure. My design therefore in this letter is, to convince the said people of fashion, that they are losing a great deal of pleasure by shutting their doors against men of learning.

In the article of eating, for instance (that noble pleasure!) who is there so proper to advise with as one who is acquainted with the

kitchens of an Apicius or an Heliogabalus? For though I have a very high opinion of our present taste, I cannot help thinking that the ancients were our masters in expensive dinners. Their cooks had an art amongst them, which I do not find that any of ours are arrived at. Trimalchus's cook could make a turbot or an ortolan out of hog's-flesh. Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, when he was three hundred miles from sea, longed for a John-dory, and was supplied with a fresh one by his cook the same hour. I dare say there are men learned enough in this kingdom, under proper encouragement, to restore to us this invaluable secret. In building and furniture, a man of learning might instruct our nobility in the Roman art of expense. Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, the coal-merchant, had eight hundred thousand pounds' worth of furniture burned in the left wing of his country-house. In the article of running in debt we are people of no spirit; a man of learning will tell us that Milo, a Roman of fashion, owed to his tradesmen and others half a million of money.

The ladies will have equal benefit with the men from their encouragement of learning. It will be told them, that Lollia Paulina, a young lady of distinction at Rome, wore at a subscription masquerade four hundred thousand pounds worth of jewels. It is said of the same young lady, that she wore jewels to half that amount, if she went only in her night-gown to drink tea at her mantua-maker's. Those ladies of fashion who have the clearest skins, and who of course are enemies to concealment, may be instructed by men of learning in the thin silk gauze worn by the ladies of Rome, called the naked drapery. Poppæa, the wife of Nero, who was fond of appearing in this naked drapery, preserved the beautiful polish of her skin by using a warm bath of ass's milk. In short, a man of learning, if properly encouraged, might instruct our people of fashion in all the pleasures of Roman luxury, which at present they are only imitating without abilities to equal.

I have the pleasure of hearing that the gentlemen at White's are at this very time laying their heads together for the advancement of learning; and that they are likely to sit very late upon it for many nights. Their scheme, which is a very deep one, is to alienate their estates; by which alienation it is presumed that their next generation of people of fashion will of necessity be tradesmen; and as the business of a bookseller is supposed to be of a genteeler and more lucrative nature than that of a haberdasher or a pastry cook, it is imagined that the most honourable families will become booksellers, and of course, patrons of learning.

I know but one objection to this scheme, which is, that the children of people of fashion are apt to contract so early an aversion

to books, that they will hardly be prevailed upon, even by necessity itself, to make them the business of their lives.

I am, Sir,  
Your reader and most humble servant,  
H. M.

No. 21.] THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1753.

I SHALL only observe upon the following letters, that the first relates chiefly to myself, that the second has a very serious meaning, and that the third contains a hint to the ladies, which I hope will not be thrown away upon them.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As it is possible I may one time or other be a correspondent of yours, and may now and then perhaps have a strong impulse to pay you a compliment, I am willing to know how far I may go without giving offence; and whether, by the advertisement at the end of your first number, you mean to exclude all allusions to the expression *THE WORLD*, even though the turn of them should be such, as would be rather treating you with civility than otherwise! As for instance:

When a man is just upon the point of committing a vicious action, may he check himself by this thought, "What will the World say of me?" May a man be threatened, that if he does such a thing, "The World shall know it?" May it be said, "That the World esteems a man of merit?" In short, may the praise and censure of the World be made use of without offence, as arguments to promote virtue, and restrain vice?

I am entirely unacquainted with your situation in life; but if you are a married man, I take the liberty to give you one piece of advice. There are certain places of public entertainment, which, though they may chance to be tolerated by law, it were to be wished, for prudential reasons, were more discouraged, and less frequented. Example, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is very prevalent; and the advice I would give you is, that whenever you think proper to go to any such places for your own amusement, you would leave your lady at home; for there is nothing gives greater encouragement than to have it said, "There was all the World and his wife;" from whence it is concluded that all the World and his wife will be there again the next time.

I am, Sir,  
Your admirer and humble servant,  
COSMOPHILUS.



TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

I could wish with all my heart that you and I were a little acquainted, that I might invite you to come and take a Sunday's dinner with me. I name Sunday, because I want you to be a witness of an evil on that day, which possibly, by a constant and sober residence in town, you may not be acquainted with.

It is my misfortune to live in what is called a pleasant village upon one of the great roads within seven miles of London, where I am almost suffocated with dust every Sunday in the summer, occasioned by those crowds of prentice-boys who are whipping their hired hacks to death, or driving their crazy one-horse chairs against each other, to the great dismay of women with child, and the mortal havoc of young children. It is a plain case that neither the fathers nor masters of these young men have any authority over them; if they had, we should find them in their compting-houses, according to the custom of sober citizens on that day, posting their books, and balancing the accounts of the former week. But in my humble opinion, even this is a custom better broke through than continued; for though industry is a very valuable quality, and is commonly the means of making, what is called in the city, a *good man* of a very knavish one, it may be pushed too far; as it most certainly is, when it defeats the end and intention of Sunday, which was ordained and instituted for a day of rest.

I can just remember, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that before christianity was entirely reasoned out of these kingdoms, it was a mighty custom for young folks to go to church on that day; and indeed I should have thought there was no manner of harm in it, if it had not been plainly proved, as well by people of fashion as others, that going to church was the most tiresome thing in the world, and that consequently it was notoriously perverting a day set apart solely for rest.

But while almost every one, in speculation, is averse to labour on a Sunday, how strange is it to see a lethargic citizen drudging at his books, a decrepit old country couple fatiguing themselves to death by walking to church, and their children and grandchildren venturing their necks and harassing their bodies by running races upon the road! I am for the strict observance of all institutions; and as we have happily got rid of the religious prejudices of our forefathers, I know but one way of keeping Sunday as it ought to be kept; but unless what I have to propose be backed by your censorial authority, I see no probability of its taking effect: I could wish, therefore, that you would earnestly recommend to both sexes, of every rank and condition, the lying in bed all that day. This will indeed be making it a day of rest, provided that

all single persons be directed to lie alone, and that permission be given to those who cannot sleep in their beds to go to church and sleep there. If this can be brought about, our churches may still be kept open, and the roads cleared of those noisy and dissolute young fellows, who finding in themselves no inclination to lie still, are disturbing the rest of all other people.

Your taking this matter into consideration will oblige all sober observers of Sunday, and particularly,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN SOFTLY.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is an old saying, but a true one, that a good husband commonly makes a good wife. If it was as true, that a good wife commonly made a good husband, I am inclined to think that Hymen would wear a much brighter countenance among us than we generally see him with.

In all families where I have been an intimate, I have taken particular notice of every occurrence that has tended to the disturbance of the matrimonial tranquillity; and upon tracing those occurrences to their source, I have commonly discovered that the fault was principally in the husband.

I have now in my possession a calculation of Demoivre, made a few years ago, with great labour and accuracy, which proves that the good wives, within the weekly bills, have a majority upon the good husbands of three to one; and I am humbly of opinion, that if the calculation was to be extended to the towns and counties remote from London, we should find the majority at least five times as great. But to those husbands who have never thought of such a calculation, and who have little or no acquaintance with their wives, a majority of three to one may be as much as they will care to swallow; especially if it be considered how many fine ladies there are at St. James's, how many notable wives in the city, and how many landladies at Wapping; all of which, as a friend of mine very justly observes, are exactly the same character.

But though I am convinced of the truth of this calculation, I am not so partial to the ladies, particularly the unmarried ones, as to imagine them without fault; on the contrary, I am going to accuse them of a very great one, which if not put a stop to before the warm weather comes in, no mortal can tell to what lengths it may be carried. You have already hinted at this fault in the sex, under the genteel appellation of moulting their dress. If the necks, shoulders, &c. have begun to shed their covering in winter, what a general display of nature are



we to expect this summer, when the excuse of heat may be alleged in favour of such a display ! I called some time ago upon a friend of mine near St. James's, who, upon my asking where his sister was, told me, " At her toilette, *undressing* for the *ridotto*." That the expression may be intelligible to every one of your readers, I beg leave to inform them, that it is the fashion for a lady to undress herself to go abroad, and to dress only when she stays at home and sees no company.

It may be urged, perhaps, that the nakedness in fashion is intended only to be emblematical of the innocence of the present generation of young ladies ; as we read of our first mother, before the fall, that *she was naked and not ashamed* ; but I cannot help thinking that her daughters of these times should convince us that they are entirely free from original sin, as well as actual transgression, or else be *ashamed* of their nakedness.

I would ask any pretty miss about town, if she ever went a second time to see the wax-work, or the lions, or even the dogs and the monkeys, with the same delight as at first ? Certain it is, that the finest show in the world excites but little curiosity in those who have seen it before. " That was a very fine picture," says my lord, "*but I had seen it before*." " 'Twas a sweet song of the Galli's," says my lady, "*but I had heard it before*." " A very fine poem," says the critic, "*but I had read it before*." Let every lady therefore take care, that while she is displaying in public a bosom whiter than snow, the men do not look as if they were saying, " 'Tis very pretty, *but we have seen it before*."

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

S. L.

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No. 22.] THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1753.

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—Non possum ferre, Quirites,  
Græcam urbem. JUVEN.

Romans, I detest a Grecian city.

Eton School, May 12, 1753.

SIR,

You will be surprised, perhaps, at my presumption in supposing that you will pay any regard to the production of a puerile pen, or that out of the mouth of *babes and sucklings* the public will deign to receive either instruction or amusement ; but however that may be, I cannot forbear acknowledging the obligations I owe you, if it be only to convince you, that gratitude is still a school-boy's virtue. You must know then, that ever since you made your first appearance, I have constantly appropriated the

sum of two-pence, out of my slender allowance of a shilling a week, for the purchase of your paper ; and have often, while my school-fellows were harping on the old thread-bare subjects of Greece and Rome, enriched my exercise from your treasure with some lively strokes on modern manners ; but never so much to my honour as last week, when the scrap of Juvenal prefixed to this letter was our theme. The general topic was, declaiming against that old-fashioned pedantic language called Greek, which, you may imagine, was the most popular turn that could be given to the subject here ; but, for my part, I chose to consider rather the spirit than the letter of my author, and to turn my satire against France, the Greece of our days ; in which view I had an opportunity of introducing the description of the tour to Paris, which is touched with such an inimitable spirit of ridicule by your last week's correspondent. Standard wit, like standard gold, will bear a great deal of alloy without being totally debased ; and the proof of it is, that notwithstanding the disadvantage of appearing under the disguise of my Latin poetry, the tour to Paris *went for the Play*. This expression, Sir,\* will be jargon to the town in general ; but those of your readers who have been educated here will know that it means the highest mark of distinction that an Eton boy is capable of receiving ; when a whole holiday is granted to the school in consideration of the merit of that copy of verses which is judged the best, and to which the panegyric that Horace bestows on poetry in general, when he styles it *laborum dulce lenimen*, is peculiarly applicable. Imagine what exultation of mind the young hero of such a day must feel ; the conscious benefactor of all his little fellow-citizens, who share with gratitude the happiness derived to him from the success of his talents ! The verses too are read, transcribed, repeated ; the homage of admiration and of envy is paid him, and the first emotions of youthful vanity and ambition are fully gratified. In short, not Herodotus, reciting that exercise of imagination which we call his history, whilst all Greece, assembled in the *playing-fields* at Elis, on the whole holiday of the Olympic games, listened with silent applause ; no, nor (to illustrate my idea by a still sublimer image) the great Duke of Marlborough himself, on the thanksgiving-day for Blenheim, could taste a purer and more exalted rapture.

Forgive this sally, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and let me join with your witty correspondent in lamenting the deficiency of our laws, which do not extend to the prevention of the evil he exposes, though I cannot concur in thinking that ridicule will on this occasion supply the place of wholesome regulations.

Whether the remedy I am going to propose will be effectual for this purpose, I will not pre-

tend to determine; but I confess it appears, to me at least, so obvious, that I am amazed it never occurred to any one before. Give me leave to make one or two previous observations, and I will keep you no longer in suspense.

I have often heard it remarked, that a great school is a miniature of the great world, and that men are nothing else but children of a larger size. If this be true, which every day's experience seems to justify, can there be any danger of fallacy in arguing, that the same engines of government which serve to establish order in a school, may be transferred for similar purposes, with great probability of success, to the use of the state? Now I appeal to common sense, whether rambling abroad, and running out of bounds, are not exactly the same offences; only that the one is committed by the great children, the other by the little ones; and if the discipline of birch is found effectual to restrain it in the latter, why should not the experiment be tried at least with the former? The rod, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the rod is the thing, which, if well administered, would serve to deter many a man-child from exposing himself as a Rambler, whose callous sensations the lash of ridicule could make no impression upon. In recommending this, I am sorry to say I have the authority of experience to support me, having had the misfortune to feel, in my own proper person, how efficacious the smart of a little flagellation is, to correct an inordinate passion for travelling: for the rage of travel, Sir, prevails in our little society as in your larger one, and has formerly, when this argument *a posteriori* was not so frequently used to discourage it, manifested itself in perpetual excursions to *foreign parts*; such as Cluer, Datchet, Windsor, &c. at every short interval between school-times, just as the grown children of fashion run over to Paris during a recess of parliament. But the ceremony of an installation was equivalent to a jubilee, and used to occasion almost a total emigration, which, I assure you, was prevented the last time by this salutary terror; a terror which operates so strongly that though there is now and then a clandestine excursion made by some daring genius, yet it is but seldom, and attended with such trepidation when it happens, as to justify the picture which the sweetest of our elegiac poets has drawn of us:

Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

It may possibly be objected that our men-children are too big to be whipt like school-boys; but if the description be just, which I heard a gentleman at my father's give last holidays of our countrymen abroad, I leave you to judge whether they should or not. "Strolling over Europe (these were his words), and staring

about with a strange mixture of raw admiration and rude contempt; both equally the effect of ignorance and inexperience. Insolently despising foreign manners and customs, merely because they are foreign, which yet for the same reason they would fain copy, though awkwardly and without distinction. Untinctured with any sound principles of comparison; unreasonably vain, and, by turns, ashamed of their native country; trifling, sheepish, and riotous." What are these, Mr. Fitz-Adam, but school-boys out of bounds? and shall they not be whipt, severely whipt, when they return? It is beneath the dignity of government to inflict a more serious punishment, and contrary to its wisdom to connive at the offence.

There is a bill, I am told, depending in parliament, the idea of which, if I am rightly informed, is plainly borrowed from our custom of *calling absence*; that is, calling over the list of names, to which each boy is expected to appear and answer; I mean the register bill, which it seems establishes an *absence* to be called annually throughout the kingdom: an admirable institution, calculated, I suppose, as among us, for the detection of these very offenders. Let those patriots then, who have condescended to copy one institution of school-policy, adopt the whole plan; for surely to detect without punishing would be stopping short of the mark. Suppose then that a bill was to be prepared, intituled *An act against rambling*, which may be considered as a proper supplement to the vagrant act; by which a board should be constituted, and called the *home board*; the president and principal members of which are to be chosen out of the laudable society of Anti-Gallicans; to whom the proper officers appointed to *call absence*, pursuant to the register act, shall transmit annually complete lists of absentees in foreign parts, who on their return home shall be liable to be summoned and examined in a summary way before the board, whose sentence shall be final. That all going into foreign parts shall not be deemed *rambling*; but that the legislature may in its wisdom define the offence, and specify certain tokens by which it may be ascertained; such, for instance, as debasing the purity of the English language, by a vile mixture of exotic words, idioms, and phrases; all impertinent and unmeaning shrugs, grimaces, and gesticulations; the frequent use of the word *canaille*, and the least contempt wantonly cast on the roast beef of Old England. These should be deemed sufficient evidence to convict an offender against this statute, who shall be immediately brought to condign punishment, which is to be by *flagellation* after the manner of the schools; for which purpose a block, fashioned like ours, may be erected on the parade, and an additional salary given to the usher of the black rod, to provide a sufficient store of birch, and able-bodied deputies.



The number of lashes to be proportioned to the crime; never less than seven, nor more than one-and-twenty, exclusive of the flying cuts as the criminal rises. The time of execution, for the sake of public example, to be twelve at noon, and some one member of the *home board* always to attend and intermix proper reproofs and admonitions between the cuts, which are to be applied slowly and distinctly.—Provided always, that nothing in this act contained shall extend to persons who cross the seas in order to finish their studies at *foreign universities*; to gentlemen who travel with the public spirited design of procuring singers and dancers for the opera; or to such young patriots who make the tour of Europe, from a laudable desire of discovering the many imperfections of the English constitution, by comparing it with the more perfect models which are to be found abroad.

Such, Sir, are the general outlines of my scheme; and, guarded with these precautions, I should flatter myself it could meet with no opposition. I once thought of a private whipping-room for travelling females, but in consideration of the voluntary penance, which I am told they submit to at their return to England, of exhibiting themselves in public places, made frightful with all the frippery of France, patched, painted, and pomponed, as warnings to the sex, I am willing that all farther punishment should be remitted. To your censure, Sir, I submit the whole of my scheme. If the foundation I have built upon is a weak one, I have the inexperience of youth to plead in my behalf, and the same excuse to allege with the simple swain in Virgil, which, as a school-boy, I beg leave to quote:

Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi  
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem—  
Sic canibus catulos, similes, &c.

I am, Sir,  
Your humble servant.

No. 23.] THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1753.

It is with some degree of pride as well as pleasure that I see my correspondents multiply so fast, that the task I have undertaken is become almost a sinecure. For many weeks past it has been entirely so, allowing only for some little alterations, which I judged it necessary to make in two or three essays; a liberty which I shall never take without the greatest caution, and upon few other occasions than to give a general turn to what may be applied to a particular character. To all men of genius and good humour, who will favour me with their corres-

pondence, I shall think myself both honoured and obliged.

The writer of the following letter will, I am sure, forgive me for the few liberties I have taken with him. The grievance he complains of is a very great one, and what I should imagine needs only to be mentioned to find redress.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

To gratify the curiosity of a country friend, I accompanied him a few weeks ago to Bedlam; a place which I should not otherwise have visited, as the distresses of my fellow-creatures affect me too much to incline me to be a spectator of them. I was extremely moved at the variety of wretches, who appeared either sullen or outrageous, melancholy or cheerful, according to their different dispositions; and who seemed to retain, though inconsistently, the same passions and affections, as when in possession of their reason. In one cell sat a wretch upon his straw, looking steadfastly upon the ground in silent despair. In another the spirit of ambition flashed from the eyes of an emperor, who strutted the happy lord of the creation. Here a fearful miser, having in fancy converted his rags to gold, sat counting out his wealth, and trembling at all who saw him. There the prodigal was hurrying up and down his ward, and giving fortunes to thousands. On one side a straw-crowned king was delivering laws to his people, and on the other a husband, mad indeed, was dictating to a wife that had undone him. Sudden fits of raving interrupted the solemn walk of the melancholy musician, and settled despair sat upon the pallid countenance of the love-sick maid.

To those who have feeling minds, there is nothing so affecting as sights like these; nor can a better lesson be taught us in any part of the globe than in this school of misery. Here we may see the mighty reasoners of the earth, below even the insects that crawl upon it; and from so humbling a sight we may learn to moderate our pride, and to keep those passions within bounds, which, if too much indulged, would drive reason from her seat, and level us with the wretches of this unhappy mansion. But I am sorry to say it, curiosity and wantonness, more than a desire of instruction, carry the majority of spectators to this dismal place. It was in the Easter-week that I attended my friend there; when, to my great surprise, I found a hundred people at least, who, having paid their two-pence a piece, were suffered unattended to run rioting up and down the wards, making sport and diversion of the miserable inhabitants; a cruelty which one would think human nature hardly capable of! Surely if the utmost misery of mankind is to be made a sight



of for gain, those who are the governors of this hospital should take care that proper persons are appointed to attend the spectators, and not suffer indecencies to be committed, which would shock the humanity of the savage Indians. I saw some of the poor wretches, provoked by the insults of this holiday mob into furies of rage; and I saw the poorer wretches, the spectators, in a loud laugh of triumph at the ravings they had occasioned.

In a country where christianity is, at least, professed, it is strange that humanity should, in this instance, so totally have abandoned us: for however trifling this may appear to some particular persons, I cannot help looking upon it as a reflection upon the nation, and worthy the consideration of all good men. I know it is a hard task to alter the wanton dispositions of mankind; but it is not hard for men in power to hinder people from venting those dispositions on the unhappy objects in question, of whom every governor is the guardian, and therefore bound to protect them from so cruel an outrage, which is not only injurious to the poor wretches themselves, but is also an insult upon human nature. I hope, therefore, that for the future the governors of this noble charity will think themselves obliged, in conscience and honour, to rectify an abuse which is so great a discredit to it: or if they continue regardless of it, that you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will pronounce every individual of them to be an accomplice in the barbarity.

And now, Sir, that I am on the subject of madness, give me leave to hint to you an opinion which I have often entertained, and which my late visit to Bedlam has again revived, that the maddest people in this kingdom are not *in* but *out* of Bedlam. I have frequently compared in my own mind the actions of certain persons whom we daily meet with in the world, with those of the inhabitants of Bedlam, who, properly speaking, may be said to be out of it; and I know of no other difference between them, than that the former are mad with their reason about them, and the latter so from the misfortune of having lost it. But what is extraordinary in this age, when, to its honour be it spoken, charity is become fashionable, these unhappy wretches are suffered to run loose about the town, raising riots in public assemblies, beating constables, breaking lamps, damning parsons, affronting modesty, disturbing families, and destroying their own fortunes and constitutions: and all this without any provision being made for them, or the least attempt to cure them of this madness in their blood.

The miserable objects I am speaking of are divided into two classes; the *men of spirit* about town, and the *bucks*: the men of spirit have some glimmerings of understanding; the bucks none: the former are demoniacs, or people pos-

sessed; the latter are uniformly and incurably mad. For the reception and confinement of both these classes I would humbly propose that two very spacious buildings be erected, the one called the hospital for men of spirit, or demoniacs; and the other the hospital for bucks, or incurables. Of these hospitals, I would have the keepers of our Bridewells appointed governors, with full power of constituting such deputies or sub-governors, as to their wisdom should seem meet. That after such hospitals are built, proper officers appointed, and doctors, surgeons, apothecaries, and mad nurses provided, all young noblemen and others within the bills of mortality, having common sense, who shall be found offending against the rules of decency, either in the cases above-mentioned, or in others of a similar nature, shall immediately be conducted to the hospital for demoniacs, there to be exorcised, physicked, and disciplined into a proper use of their senses; and that full liberty be granted to all persons whatsoever to visit, laugh at, and make sport of these demoniacs, without lett or molestation from any of the keepers, according to the present custom of Bedlam. To the buck hospital for incurables, I would have all such persons conveyed that are mad through folly, ignorance, or conceit; there to be shut up for life, not only to be prevented from doing mischief, but from exposing in their own persons, the weaknesses and miseries of mankind. These incurables, on no pretence whatsoever, to be visited or ridiculed; as it would be altogether as inhuman to insult the unhappy wretches who never were possessed of their senses, as it is to make a jest of those who have unfortunately lost them.

The building and endowing these hospitals I leave to the projectors of ways and means; contenting myself with having communicated a scheme, which, if carried into execution, will secure us from those swarms of madmen which are at present so much the dread and disturbance of all public places.

I am, Sir,  
Your constant reader,  
And most humble servant,  
P. P.

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No. 24.] THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1753.

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I SHALL not at present enter into the great question between the ancients and the moderns; much less shall I presume to decide upon a point of that importance, which has been the subject of debate among the learned from the days of Horace down to ours. To make my court to the learned, I will lament the gradual decay of human nature, for these last sixteen centuries,

but at the same time I will do justice to my contemporaries, and give them their due share of praise, where they have either struck out new inventions, or improved and brought old ones to perfection. Some of them I shall now mention.

The most zealous and partial advocate for the ancients will not, I believe, pretend to dispute the infinite superiority of the moderns in the art of healing. Hippocrates, Celsus, and Galen, had no specifics. They rather endeavoured to relieve than pretended to cure. As for the astonishing cures of Æsculapius, I do not put them into the account: they are to be ascribed to his power, not to his skill: he was a god, and his divinity was his nostrum. But how prodigiously have my ingenious contemporaries extended the bounds of medicine! What nostrums, what specifics have they not discovered! Collectively considered, they insure not only perfect health, but, by a necessary consequence, immortality; inasmuch that I am astonished, when I still read in the weekly bills the great number of people who choose to die of such and such distempers, for every one of which there are infallible and specific cures, not only advertised, but attested in all the public newspapers.

When the lower sort of Irish, in the most uncivilized parts of Ireland, attend the funeral of a deceased friend or neighbour, before they give the last parting howl, they expostulate with the dead body, and reproach him with having died, notwithstanding that he had an excellent wife, a milch cow, seven fine children, and a competency of potatoes. Now though all these, particularly the excellent wife, are very good things in a state of perfect health, they cannot, as I apprehend, be looked upon as preventive either of sickness or of death; but with how much more reason may we expostulate with, and censure those of our contemporaries, who, either from obstinacy or incredulity, die in this great metropolis, or indeed in this kingdom, when they may prevent or cure, at a trifling expense, not only all distempers, but even old age and death itself! The *renovating elixir infallibly restores pristine youth and vigour, be the patient ever so old and decayed*; and that without loss of time or business: whereas the same operation among the ancients was both tedious and painful, as it required a thorough boiling of the patient.

The most inflammatory and intrepid fevers fly at the first discharge of Dr. James's powder; and a drop or pill of the celebrated Mr. Ward, corrects all the malignity of Pandora's box.

Ought not every man of great birth and estate, who for many years has been afflicted with the *posteromania*, or rage of having posterity, a distemper very common among persons of that sort: ought he not, I say, to be ashamed of having no issue male to perpetuate his illustrious name and title, when for so small a sum as

three and sixpence he and his lady might be supplied with a sufficient quantity of the *vivifying drops*, which infallibly cure imbecility in men, and barrenness in women, though of never so long standing?

Another very great discovery of the moderns in the art of healing is, the infallible cure of the king's evil, though never so inveterate, by only the touch of a lawful king, the right heir of Adam: for that is essentially necessary. The ancients were unacquainted with this inestimable secret: and even Solomon the son of David, the wisest of kings, knew nothing of the matter. But our British Solomon, King James the First, a son of a David also, was no stranger to it, and practised it with success.

This fact is sufficiently proved by experience: but if it wanted any corroborating testimony, we have that of the ingenious Mr. Carte, who, in his incomparable History of England, asserts (and that in a marginal note too, which is always more material than the text) that he knew *somebody*, who was radically cured of a most obstinate king's evil, by the touch of *somebody*.

As our sagacious historian does not even intimate that this somebody took any thing of the other somebody for the cure, it were to be wished that he had named this somebody, and his place of abode, for the benefit of the poor, who are now reduced, and at some expense, to have recourse to Mr. Vickers the clergyman. Besides, I fairly confess myself to be personally interested in this inquiry, since this somebody must necessarily be the right heir of Adam, and consequently I must have the honour of being related to him.

Our laborious neighbours and kinsmen, the Germans, are not without their inventions and happy discoveries in the art of medicine; for they laugh at a wound through the heart, if they can but apply their powder of sympathy—not to the wound itself, but to the sword or bullet that made it.

Having now (at least in my own opinion) fully proved the superiority of the moderns over the ancients in the art of healing, I shall proceed to some other particulars, in which my contemporaries will as justly claim, and I hope be allowed the preference.

The ingenious Mr. Warburton, in his Divine Legation of Moses, very justly observes, that hieroglyphics were the beginning of letters; but at the same time he candidly allows that it was a very troublesome and uncertain method of communicating one's ideas; as it depended in a great measure on the writer's skill in drawing (an art little known in those days); and as a stroke too much or too little, too high or too low, might be of the most dangerous consequence, in religion, business, or love. Cadmus removed this difficulty by his invention of unequivocal letters; but then he removed it too much; for these



letters or marks being the same throughout and fixed alphabetically, soon became generally known, and prevented that secrecy which in many cases was to be wished for. This inconvenience suggested to the ancients the invention of cryptography and steganography, or a mysterious and unintelligible way of writing, by the help of which none but the corresponding parties who had the key could decypher the matter. But human industry soon refined upon this too; the art of decyphering was discovered, and the skill of the decypherer baffled all the labour of the cypherer. The secrecy of all literary correspondence became precarious, and neither business nor love could any longer be safely trusted to paper. Such for a considerable time was the unhappy state of letters, till the *beau monde*, an inventive race of people, found out a new kind of cryptography, or steganography, unknown to the ancients, and free from some of their inconveniences. Lovers in general made use of it; controversial writers commonly; and ministers of state sometimes, in the most important despatches. It was writing in such an unintelligible manner, and with such obscurity, that the corresponding parties themselves neither understood, nor even guessed at each other's meaning; which was a most effectual security against all the accidents to which letters are liable by being either mislaid or intercepted. But this method too, though long pursued, was also attended with some inconveniences. It frequently produced mistakes, by scattering false lights upon that friendly darkness, so propitious to business and love. But our inventive neighbours, the French, have very lately removed all these inconveniences, by the happy discovery of a new kind of paper, as pleasing to the eye, and as conducive to the despatch, the clearness, and at the same time the secrecy of all literary correspondence. My worthy friend, Mr. Dodsley, lately brought me a sample of it, upon which, if I mistake not, he will make very considerable improvements, as my countrymen often do upon the inventions of other nations. This sheet of paper I conjectured to be the ground-work and principal material of a tender and passionate letter from a fine gentleman to a fine lady; though in truth it might very well be the whole letter itself. At the top of the first page was delineated a lady with very red cheeks, and a very large hoop, in the fashionable attitude of knotting, and of making a very genteel French courtesy. This evidently appears to stand for *madam*, and saves the time and trouble of writing it. At the bottom of the third page was painted a very fine well-dressed gentleman, with his hat under his left arm, and his right hand upon his heart, bowing most respectfully low; which single figure, by an admirable piece of brachygraphy, or short-hand, plainly conveys this deep sense, and stands in-

stead of these many words, "I have the honour to be, with the tenderest and warmest sentiments, madam, your most inviolably attached, faithful humble servant." The margin of the paper, which was about half an inch broad, was very properly decorated with all the emblems of triumphant beauty, and tender suffering passion. Groups of lilies, roses, pearls, corals, suns, and stars, were intermixed with chains, bearded shafts, and bleeding hearts. Such a sheet of paper, I confess, seems to me to be a complete letter; and I would advise all fine gentlemen, whose time I know is precious, to avail themselves of this admirable invention: it will save them a great deal of time, and perhaps some thought; and I cannot help thinking, that were they even to take the trouble of filling up the paper with the tenderest sentiments of their hearts, or the most shining flights of their fancy, they would add no energy or delicacy to those types and symbols of the lady's conquests, and their own captivity and sufferings.

These blank letters (if I may call them so, when they convey so much,) will mock the jealous curiosity of husbands and fathers, who will in vain hold them to the fire to elicit the supposed juice of lemon, and upon whom they may afterwards pass for a piece of innocent pleasantry.

The dullest of my readers must, I am sure, by this time be aware, that the utility of this invention extends, *mutatis mutandis*, to whatever can be the subject of letters, and with much less trouble, and much more secrecy, propriety, and elegance, than the old way of writing.

A painter of but moderate skill and fancy may in a very short time have reams of ready-painted paper by him to supply the demands of the statesman, the divine, and the lover. And I think it my duty to inform the public, that my good friend Mr. Dodsley, who has long complained of the decay of trade, and who loves, with a prudent regard to his own interest, to encourage every useful invention, is at this time learning to paint with most unwearied diligence and application; and I make no doubt but that in a very little time he will be able to furnish all sorts of persons with the very best ready-made goods of that kind. I warned him indeed against providing any for the two learned professions of the law and physic, which I apprehend would lie upon his hands. One of them being already in possession (to speak in their own style) of a more brachygraphical, cryptographic, and steganographical secret, in writing their warrants; and the other not willingly admitting brevity, in any shape. Otherwise what innumerable skins of parchment and lines of writing might be saved in a marriage settlement, for instance, if the first fourteen of fifteen sons, the supposed future issue, lawfully to be begotten of that happy marriage, and upon



whom the settlement is successively made, were to be painted every one a size less than the other upon one skin of parchment, instead of being enumerated upon one hundred, according to priority of birth, and seniority of age; and moreover the elder, by a happy pleonasmus, always to take before, and be preferred to the younger! but this useful alteration is more to be wished than expected, for reasons which I do not at present think proper to mention.

I am sensible that the government may possibly object, that I am suggesting to its enemies a method of carrying on their treasonable correspondences with much more secrecy than formerly. But as my intentions are honest, I should be very sorry to have my loyalty suspected, and when I consider the zeal, and at the same time the ingenuity of the Jacobites, I am convinced that their letters in this new method will be so charged with groves of oaken boughs, white roses and thistles interwoven, that their meaning will not be obscure, and consequently no danger will arise to the government from this new and excellent invention.

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No. 25.] THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1753.

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I HAVE the pleasure of informing my fair correspondent, that her petition, contained in the following letter, is granted. I wish I could as easily restore to her what she has lost. But to a mind like hers, so elevated! so harmonized! time and the consciousness of so much purity of intention will bring relief. It must always afford her matter of the most pleasing reflection, that her soul had no participation with her material part in that particular act which she appears to mention with so tender a regret. But it is not my intention to anticipate her story, by endeavouring to console her. Her letter, I hope, will caution all young ladies of equal virtue with herself against that excess of complaisance with which they are sometimes too willing to entertain their lovers.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I have not the least ill-will to your friend Mr. Dodsley, whom I never saw in my life; but I address myself to your equity and good nature, for a small share only of your favour and recommendation in that new and valuable branch of trade, to which you have informed the public he is now applying himself, and which I hope you will not think it reasonable that he should monopolize. I mean that admirable short and secret method of communicating one's ideas by ingenious emblems and representations of the pencil, instead of the vulgar and old method of

letters by the pen. Give me leave, Sir, to state my case and my qualifications to you: I am sure you will decide with justice.

I am the daughter of a clergyman, who, having had a very good living, gave me a good education, and left me no fortune. I had naturally a turn to reading and drawing: my father encouraged and assisted me in the one, allowed me a master to instruct me in the other, and I made an uncommon progress in them both. My heart was tender, and my sentiments were delicate; perhaps too much so for my rank in life. This disposition led me to study chiefly those treasures of sublime honour, spotless virtue, and refined sentiment, the voluminous romances of the last century; sentiments from which, I thank Heaven, I have never deviated. From a sympathizing softness of soul how often have I wept over those affecting distresses! How have I shared the pangs of the chaste and lovely Mariamne upon the death of the tender, the faithful Tiridates! And how has my indignation been excited at the unfaithful and ungenerous historical misrepresentations of the gallant first Brutus, who was undoubtedly the tenderest lover that ever lived! My drawings took the same elegant turn with my reading. I painted all the most moving and tender stories of charming Ovid's Metamorphoses; not without sometimes mingling my tears with my colours. I presented some fans of my own painting to several ladies in the neighbourhood, who were pleased to commend both the execution and the designs. The latter I always took care should be moving, and at the same time irreproachably pure; and I found means even to represent with unblemished delicacy the unhappy passion of the unfortunate Pasiphaë. With this turn of mind, this softness of soul, it will be supposed that I loved. I did so, Sir; tenderly and truly I loved. Why should I disown a passion, which, when clarified as mine was from the impure dregs of sensuality, is the noblest and most generous sentiment of the human breast? O! that the false heart of the dear deceiver, whose perfidious vows betrayed mine, had been but as pure!—The traitor was quartered with his troop of dragoons in the town where I lived. His person was a happy compound of the manly strength of a hero, and all the softer graces of a lover; and I thought that I discovered in him, at first sight, all the courage, and all the tenderness of Oroondates. My figure, which was not bad, it seems pleased him as much. He sought and obtained my acquaintance. Soon by his eyes, and soon after by his words, he declared his passion to me. My blushes, my confusion, and my silence, too plainly spoke mine. Good gods! how tender were his words! how languishingly soft his eyes! with what ardour did he snatch and press my hand! a trifling liberty, which one cannot

decently refuse, and for which refusal there is no precedent. Sometimes he addressed me in the moving words of Varanes, sometimes in the tender accents of Castalio, and sometimes in the warmer language of Juba; for he was a very good scholar. In short, Sir, a month was not past before he pressed for what he called a proof of my passion. I trembled at the very thought, and reproached him with the indelicacy of it. He persisted; and I, in compliance with custom only, hinted previous marriage: he urged love; and I was not vulgar enough to refuse to the man I tenderly loved the proof he required of my passion. I yielded, it is true; but it was to sentiment, not to desire. A few months gave me reason to suspect that his passion was not quite so pure; and within the year the perfidious wretch convinced me that it had been merely sensual: for upon the removal of his troop to other quarters, he took a cold leave of me, and contented himself with saying, that in the course of quarters he hoped to have the pleasure, some time or other, of seeing me again. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if you have any elegance of soul, as I dare say you have, can better guess than I can express the agonies I felt, and the tears I shed upon this occasion; but all in vain; vain as the thousand tender letters which I have written to him since, and to which I have received no answer. As all this passed within the course of ten months, I had but one child; which dear pledge of my first and only love I now maintain at the expense of more than half of what I have to subsist upon myself.

Having now, as I hope, prepared your compassion and proved my qualification, I proceed to the prayer of my petition; which is, that you will be pleased to recommend me to the public, with all that authority which you have so justly acquired, for a share of this new and beneficial branch of trade. I mean no farther than the just bounds to which the female province may extend. Let Mr. Dodsley engross all the rest, with my best wishes.—Though I say it, I believe nobody has a clearer notion of the theory of delicate sentiments than I have; and I have already a considerable stock in hand of these allegorical and emblematical paintings, applicable to almost every situation in which a woman of sense, virtue, and delicacy, can find herself. I indulged my fancy in painting them, according to the various dispositions of mind which my various fortunes produced. I think I may say, without vanity, that I have made considerable improvements in the celebrated map of the realms of love in Clelia. I have adorned the banks of the gentle and crystalline Tender with several new villages and groves; and added expression to the pleasing melancholic groves of sighs and tender cares. I have whole quires, painted in my happier moments, of hearts united and crowned, fluttering cupids, wanton

zephyrs, constant and tender doves, myrtle bowers, banks of jessamine and tuberose, and shady groves. These will require very little filling up, if any, from ladies who are in the transporting situation of growing loves. For the forsaken and complaining fair, with whom, alas! I too fatally sympathize, I have tender willows drooping over murmuring brooks, and gloomy walks of mournful cypress and solemn yew. In short, Sir, I either have by me, or will forthwith provide, whatever can convey the most perfect ideas of elegant friendship, or pure, refined, and sentimental passion. But I think it necessary to give notice, that if any ladies would express any indelicate ideas of love, or require any types or emblems of sensual joys, they must not apply to,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

PARTHENISSA.

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No. 26.] THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1758.

SIMPLICITY is with justice esteemed a supreme excellence in all the performances of art, because by this quality they more nearly resemble the productions of nature: and the productions of nature have ever been accounted nobler, and of a higher order, in proportion to their simplicity. Hence arises (if the ladies will permit me to philosophize a moment) the superior excellence of spirit to matter, which is evidently a combination of many particles; whereas the first is pure, uncompounded, and indivisible.

But let us descend from lofty speculations and useless metaphysics, into common life and familiar arts, in order more fully to display the beauties of a just simplicity, to which the present age seems not to pay a proper regard in various instances.

Nothing can be more tiresome and nauseous to a virtuoso of a true judgment and a just eye in painting than the gaudy glitter of florid colours, and a vast profusion of light, unsubdued by shade, and undiversified with tints of a browner cast. It is recorded, that some of the capital pieces of Appelles were wrought in four colours only. This excellent artist invented also a kind of darkening varnish, that might temper and chastise all dazzling splendour and unnecessary glare, and might give, as Pliny expresses it, a modesty and austerity to his works. Those who have been unaccustomed to the best models are usually at first more delighted with the productions of the Flemish than the Italian school; and prefer Rubens to Raphael, till they feel by experience, that luscious and gay colouring defeats the very end of the art, by turning



the attention from its principal excellences; that is, from truth, simplicity, and design.

If these observations are rightly founded, what shall we say of the taste and judgment of those who spend their lives and their fortunes in collecting pieces, where neither perspective, nor proportion, nor conformity to nature are observed; I mean the extravagant lovers and purchasers of China and Indian screens. I saw a sensible foreigner astonished at a late auction, with the exorbitant prices given for these splendid deformities, as he called them, while an exquisite painting of Guido passed unnoticed, and was set aside as unfashionable lumber. Happy should I think myself to be able to convince the fair connoisseurs that make the greatest part of Mr. Langford's audiences, that no genuine beauty is to be found in whimsical and grotesque figures, the monstrous offspring of wild imagination, undirected by nature and truth.

It is of equal consequence to observe simplicity in architecture as in painting. A multiplicity of minute ornaments; a vast variety of angles and cavities; clusters of little columns, and a crowd of windows, are what distinguishes meanness of manner in building from greatness; that is, the Gothic from the Grecian; in which every decoration arises from necessity and use, and every pillar has something to support.

Mark how the dread *Pantheon* stands,  
Amid the domes of modern hands!  
Amid the toys of idle state,  
How *simply*, how severely great!

says the celebrated author of the ode to Lord Huntingdon. Nothing therefore offends me more than to behold the revival of this barbarous taste, in several villas, temples, and pleasure-houses, that disgrace the neighbourhood of this metropolis. Nay, sometimes in the front of the same edifice to find a Grecian plan adulterated and defiled by the unnatural and impure mixture of Gothic whimsies.

Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.

HOR.

Whoever considers the latest importations of music and musicians from Italy, will be convinced that the modern masters of that country have lost that beautiful simplicity, which is generally the ornament of every musical composition, and which really dignified those of their predecessors. They have introduced so many intricate divisions, wild variations, and useless repetitions, without any apparent necessity arising either from the words or from any other incident, that the chief ambition of the composer seems to be rather to surprise the ear than to please the judgment; and that of the performer, to show his execution rather than his expres-

sion. It is from these motives that the hearer is often confounded, but not delighted, with sudden and unnatural transitions from the key, and returns to it as unnatural as the transitions themselves; while pathos, the soul of music, is either unknown or totally neglected. Those who have studied the works of Correlli among the modern ancients, and Handel in the present age, know that the most affecting passages of the former owe their excellence to simplicity alone; and that the latter understands it as well, and attends to it as much, though he knows when to introduce with propriety those niceties and refinements, which, for want of that propriety, we condemn in others.

In every species of writing, whether we consider style or sentiment, simplicity is a beauty.

The perfection of language, says the great father of criticism, consists in its being perspicuous but not low. A redundancy of metaphors, a heap of sounding and florid epithets, remote allusions, sudden flashes of wit, lively and epigrammatic turns, dazzle the imaginations and captivate the minds of vulgar readers, who are apt to think the simple manner unanimated and dull, for want of being acquainted with the models of the great antique. Xenophon among the Greeks, and Cæsar among the Romans, are at once the purest and most simple, as well as the most elegant writers, any age or nation can produce. *Nudi enim sunt, recti, et venusti, omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veste, detracto.* Among ourselves, no writer has perhaps made so happy and judicious a mixture of plain and figurative terms as Addison, who was the first that banished from the English, as Boileau from the French, every species of bad eloquence and false wit, and opened the gates of the Temple of Taste to his fellow-citizens.

It seems to be the fate of polished nations to degenerate and depart from a simplicity of sentiment. For when the first and most obvious thoughts have been pre-occupied by former writers, their successors, by straining to be original and new, abound in far-fetched sentiments and forced conceits. Some late instances in men of genius (for none but these are capable of committing this fault) give occasion to us to deprecate this event. I must add, under this head, that simplicity of fable is an indispensable quality in every legitimate drama. We are too much enamoured with what is called intrigue, business, and bustle, in our plays. We are disgusted with the thinness, that is, the unity of a plot. We must enrich it with episodes or under-characters; and we never consider how much our attention is diverted and destroyed by different objects, and our pity divided and weakened by an intricate multiplicity of events and of persons. The Athenians, therefore, who could relish so simple a plot as that of the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, had certainly either more



patience or more good sense (I will not determine which) than my present countrymen.

If we raise our thoughts to a subject of more importance than writing, I mean dress; even in this sublime science, simplicity should ever be regarded. It might be thought presumption in me to censure any part of Miss \*\*\*\*'s dress last night at Ranelagh; yet I could not help condemning that profusion of ornament, which violated and destroyed the unity and τὸ ἓλον (a technical term borrowed from the toilette) of so accomplished a figure.

To finish my panegyric on simplicity in a manner that I know is agreeable to my fair readers, I mean with a stroke of morality, I would observe, that if this quality was venerated as it ought to be, it would at once banish from the earth all artifice and treachery, double-dealing and deceit. Let it therefore be established as a maxim, that simplicity is of equal importance in morals and in taste.

No. 27.] THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM

SIR,

THE forming separate societies in order to exercise the great duty of self-mortification, seems to me to be one of the most general and prevailing tendencies in human nature. For even in those countries where the freedom of the laws, or the ill execution of them, or the licentiousness of manners, has given a sort of public sanction to a less severe discipline, in England itself, what numerous sectaries have subsisted upon this disposition of the human mind!

It is upon this principle that the various and opposite tenets of different systems are built. Mahomet, Confucius, and other religious law-givers; the founders of larger societies, or smaller communities, have availed themselves of this bias in the mind of man; which, at one time or other, is sure to draw him with more than ordinary force.

If ambition occupies, if love monopolizes, if indolence stupifies, if literature amuses, if pride expands, or humility condenses, the immortal spirit of man; if revenge animates, if a softer sensation mollifies, if trifles annihilate, if domestic cares engage, if dress and equipage possess the divine mind of women; these passions will, sooner or later, most certainly subside in both, and give place to that impulse which begets various kinds of mortified communities in different climes and countries. Hence such multitudes, in a neighbouring country, pass the last periods of their lives in the monastic severities of

the strictest devotion; and hence it likewise is, that we see such numbers in our own country expose themselves to midnight damps at Vaux-hall, and to be pressed to death by well-dressed mobs at routs.

Indeed, the more we consider the human species, from the rude savage up to the most polished courtier, the more we shall be persuaded of this general tendency in our natures to acts of voluntary mortification.

But what puts this matter out of all doubt is the erection of three monasteries, within many of our memories, in the most conspicuous parts of this great metropolis.

I hope your country protestant readers will not be too much alarmed; I can assure them that they pay no Peter-pence. They are formed at present of societies composed entirely of males; but we hope it will not be long before they either open the arms of their communities for the reception of females, or that the ladies, excited by their example, and animated by the same principles, will form seminaries for their own sex, and that some departing matron may be prevailed upon to found a charity for this purpose.

For the furtherance of so desirable a community, it may not here be improper to offer a legal clause to be inserted in any last will or testament: viz. "I, A. B. spinster or dowager, being tired of all men, and having no mortal to whom I have reason to wish well; having settled a competent provision on my birds, dogs, and cats, do leave the sum of                pounds, towards the erecting a building, and the establishing a society for the following purposes, &c. &c. &c."

Now as soon as a sufficient number of holy sisters shall be collected, I think they cannot do more wisely than to form their new seminary upon the model of one of those three great monasteries so lately founded; nor would I advise them to vary much from those plans, as the difference of male and female will always be, to those who contemplate things profoundly, a sufficient badge of distinction.

For the direction, therefore, of these future lady abbesses, it will be necessary to give them some account of the three monastic societies before-mentioned; which will appear to owe their rise entirely to that innate love of separate clan-ship and self-mortification, which, according to my present maxim, is universally implanted in the human breast.

There are few women of fashion who have not heard of Harry the Eighth; many of them are perfectly well acquainted with that glorious fountain from which the reformation first sprung, which produced the dissolution of papal monasteries; till some years ago, a little, round, well-spoken man erected a large monastery near Covent Garden, where a brotherhood was soon formed. Here he dealt out indulgences

of all sorts, and extreme (good internal) uncertainties.

But it happened, for diverse reasons, that the aforesaid district was not thought so proper a situation; upon which a new convent was built, near the court-end of the town; the monks removed to it, and from that day have taken upon themselves the name of White Friars.

The difficulty of being admitted into this pious seminary, and the necessary qualifications for that purpose, are sufficiently known. But how severe is their abstinence! For whereas other devout orders in other countries do not scruple to indulge themselves with the wholesome diet of plain fish, vegetables, and oil, it is the established rule of this order not to admit of any eatable but what simple nature abhors, and till the texture of its parts is so totally transubstantiated, that it cannot come under the denomination of fish, flesh, or good red herring.

To such a degree likewise has their spirit of mortification carried them, that, being sensible that the most real indulgence, the most natural and homogeneal beverage to the constitution of man, is pure limpid element, they have therefore banished that delightful liquid from their meals, and freely exposed themselves even to the most excruciating tortures, by daily swallowing certain potions of various kinds, the ill effects of which to the human body are well known; and for their farther penance, they have adopted nauseous medicinal waters, for their miserable inky drink.

But it is in the dead time of the night, when the herd of ordinary mortals repose from their labours, that these devotees perform their greatest acts of self-severity; for the conduct of which, they have three or four established rituals, composed by the celebrated Father Hoyle.

This famous seminary, like that of some colleges, is divided into senior and junior fellows. The juniors, to a certain number at a time, not content with their ordinary acts of probation, exert a most extraordinary effort of devotion.

Imagining that the mortification of the body alone is not sufficient for the pious gratification of their exalted zeal, and considering how meritorious it would be to extend the same severity to the faculties of the mind, they have attained such a spiritual domination over the soul, as to be able to renounce all its most pleasing emotions, and to give it up without remorse, to be tortured by the most painful vicissitudes of hope and fear. Such is the wonderful effect of long habit, unwearied exercise, and abstracted vigils!

In order to facilitate this toilsome penance, and to enable themselves totally to subdue all ideas whatsoever which have no connection with those two passions, they have contrived incessantly to toss about two cubical figures, which are so devised, as to fix the attention, by certain mystical characters, to one or other of the afore-

said passions; and thus they will sit for many hours, with only the light of one large taper in the middle of the altar, in the most exquisite and convulsive agonies of the most truly mortified and religious penitents. In short, neither the Indian nor Chinese bronzes, nor the Italian or Spanish visionaries, in all their various distortions and penances, came up to these. And here, by the way, I cannot but remark with pleasure the great talents of my countrymen for carrying every thing they undertake to greater perfection than any other nation.

The second of these seminaries was founded upon the model of the first, and consists of a number of Grey Friars, remarkable for a rigorous abstinence, and indefatigable devotion. They just preserve their beings with a little chocolate or tea. They are dedicated to the great St. George, and are distinguished by the composure of their countenances, and their extraordinary taciturnity.

The third order is that of St. James; the members of which are known by the appellation of Scarlet Friars. It consists of a multitude of brothers, who are not near so strict as the two former orders; and is likely to become vastly numerous, under the auspices of its great patron, whose bulk is adorned by jollity and good humour; and who is moreover very strictly a good liver.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let me ask you whether these three laudable institutions are not plainly owing to that principle which I have assigned in the beginning of my letter? For what other motive could prompt men to forsake their own elegant houses, to sacrifice domestic and conjugal satisfaction, to neglect the endearing rites of hospitality, in order to cloister themselves among those, with whom they can have no connection but upon the aforesaid principles?

But since such is the general bent of the human mind, it is become a fit subject for the World to consider by what methods these seminaries may be so multiplied, as to comprehend all ranks and orders of men and women. And if fifty new churches were thought few enough to keep pace with the zeal of good Queen Anne's days, I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will not think five hundred large mansions of the kind I am speaking of will be too many for the present. I am,

Yours, &c.

J. T.

No. 28.] THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1753.

— *Pauci dignoscere possunt  
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa.* JUV.

Few can distinguish real from fancied good.

It is a common observation, that though happy



ness is every man's aim, and though it is generally pursued by a gratification of the predominant passion, yet few have acuteness enough to discover the points which would effectually procure the long-sought end. One cannot but wonder that such intense application as most of us bestow on the cultivation of our favourite desires should yet leave us ignorant of the most essential objects of our study. For my part, I was so early convinced of the truth of this observation, that instead of searching for what would contribute most to my own happiness, I have spent great part of my life in the study of what may extend the enjoyment of others. This knowledge I flatter myself I have discovered, and shall now disclose to the world. I beg to be attended to: I beg mankind will believe that I know better than any of them what will ascertain the felicity of their lives. I am not going to impart so great (though so often revealed) a secret, as that it is religion or virtue; few would believe me, fewer would try the recipe. In spite of the philosophy of the age, in spite of the gravity of my character, and of the decency which I hope I have hitherto most sanctoriously observed, I must avow my persuasion, that the sensual pleasure of love is the great cordial of life, and the only specific for removing the anxieties of our own passions, or for supporting the injuries and iniquities which we suffer from those of other men.

"Well! (shall I be told) and is this your admirable discovery? Is this the arcanum that has escaped the penetration of all inquiries in all ages? What other doctrine has been taught by the most sensible philosophers? Was not this the text of the sermons of Epicurus? Was not this the theory, and practice too, of the experienced Alcibiades? What other were the tenets of the sage Lord Rochester, or of the missionary *Saint-Evremond*?" It is very true; and a thousand other founders of sects, nay of religious orders, have taught—or at least practised—the same doctrines. But I pretend to introduce such refinements into the system of sensuality, as shall vindicate the discovery to myself, and throw at a distance the minute philosophers, who (if they were my forerunners) only served to lead the world astray.

Hear then in one word the mysterious precept! "*Young women are not the proper object of sensual love: it is the matron, the hoary fair, who can give, communicate, insure happiness.*" I might enumerate a thousand reasons to enforce my doctrine; as the fickleness of youth, the caprices of beauty and its transient state, the jealousy from rivals, the distraction from having children, the important avocations of dress, and the infinite occupations of a pretty woman, which endanger or divide her sentiments from being always fixed on the faithful lover; and none of which combat the affections of the grate-

ful, tender, attentive matron. But as one example is worth a thousand reasons, I shall recommend my plan by pointing out the extreme happiness which has attended such discreet heroes as are commemorated in the annals of love for having offered up their hearts at ancient shrines; and I shall clearly demonstrate by precedents that several ladies in the bloom of their wrinkles have inspired more lasting and more fervent passions, than the greatest beauties who had scarce lost sight of their teens. The fair young creatures of the present hour will forgive a preference which is the result of deep meditation, great reading, and strict impartiality, when they reflect, that they can scarce contrive to be young above a dozen years, and may be old for fifty or sixty; and they may believe me, that after forty they will value one lover more than they do twenty now; a sensation of happiness, which they will find increase as they advance in years. I cannot but observe with pleasure, that the legislature itself seems to coincide with my way of thinking, and has very prudently enacted, that young ladies shall not enter so early into the bonds of love, when they are incapable of reflection, and of all the serious duties which belong to a union of hearts. A sentiment which indeed our laws seem always to have had in view; for unless there was implanted in our natures a strong temptation towards the love of *elderly* women, why should the very first prohibition in the table of consanguinity forbid a man to marry his *grandmother*?

The first heroine we read of, whose charms were proof against the injuries of time, was the accomplished Sarah: I think the most moderate computations make her to be ninety, when that wanton monarch Abimelech would have undermined her virtue. But as doubtless the observance of that virtue had been the great foundation of the continuance of her beauty, and as the rigidity of it rather exempts her from, than exposes her as an object of my doctrine, I shall say no more of that lady.

Helen, the beautiful Helen, if there is any trusting to classic parish registers, was fourscore when Paris stole her; and though the war lasted ten years after that on her account, Monsieur Homer, who wrote their romance, does not give any hint of the gallant young prince having showed the least decay of passion or symptom of inconstancy: a fidelity, which in all probability was at least as much owing to the experience of the dame, and to her knowledge in the refinements of pleasure, as to her bright eyes, unfaded complexion, or the everlasting lilies and roses of her cheeks.

I am not clear that length of years, especially in heroic minds, does not increase rather than abate the sentimental flame. The great Elizabeth, whose passion for the unfortunate Earl of Essex is justly a favourite topic with all who



delight in romantic history, was full sixty-eight when she condemned her lover to death for elighting her endearments. And if I might instance in our own sex, the charming, the meritorious Antony was not far from seventy before he had so much taste as to sacrifice the meaner passion of ambition, nay the world itself, to love.

But it is in France, that kingdom so exquisitely judicious in the affairs of love, from whence we may copy the arts of happiness, as well as their other discoveries in pleasure. The monarchs of that nation have more than once taught the world, by their example, that a fine woman, though past her grand climacteric, may be but just touching the meridian of her charms. Henry the Second and Louis the Fourteenth will be for ever memorable for the passions they so long felt for the Dutchess of Valentinois, and Madame de Maintenon. The former, in the heat of youth and prospect of empire, became a slave to the respectable attractions of Diana de Poitiers, many years after his injudicious father had quitted the possession of her on the silly apprehension that she was growing old: and to the last moment of his life and reign Henry was a constant, jealous adorer of her still ripening charms. When the age was overrun with astrology, superstition, bigotry, and notions of necromancy, King Henry still idolized a woman, who had not only married her grand-daughter, then a celebrated beauty, but who, if any other prince had reigned, was ancient enough to have come within the description of sorcery: so little do the vulgar distinguish between the ideas of an old witch and a fine woman. The passion of the other monarch was no less remarkable. That hero, who had gained so many battles by proxy, had presided in person at so many tournaments, had raised such waterworks, and shed such streams of heretic blood; and, which was still more glorious, had enjoyed so many of the finest women in Europe; was at last captivated by an old governante, and sighed away whole years at the feet of his venerable mistress, as she worked at her tent with spectacles. If Louis le Grand was not a judge of pleasure, who can pretend to be? If he was, in favour of what age did he give the golden apple?

I shall close my catalogue of ancient mistresses with the renowned Ninon l'Enclos, a lady whose life alone is sufficient to inculcate my doctrine in its utmost force. I shall say nothing of her numerous conquests for the first half of her life: she had wit, youth, and beauty, three ingredients which will always attract silly admirers. It was not till the fifty-sixth year that her superior merit distinguished itself; and from that to her ninetieth, she went on improving in the real arts and charms of love. How unfortunate am I, that she did not live a few years longer, that I might have had the opportunity of wear-

ing her chains! It was in her fifty-sixth year that the Chevalier de Villiers, a natural son whom she had had by the Comte de Gerze, arrived at Paris from the provinces, where he had been educated without any knowledge of his real parents. He saw his mother: he fell in love with her. The increase, the vehemence of his passion gave the greatest disquiets to the affectionate matron. At last, when nothing but a discovery of the truth could put a stop, as she thought, to the impetuosity of his attempts, she carried him into her bed-chamber. Here my readers will easily conceive the transports of a young lover, just on the brink of happiness with a charming mistress near threescore! As the adventurous youth would have pushed his enterprises, she checked him, and pointing to a clock, said, "Rash boy, look there! at that hour, two-and-twenty years ago, I was delivered of you in this very bed!" It is a certain fact, that the unfortunate, abashed young man flew into the garden and fell upon his sword. This catastrophe had like to have deprived the age of the most accomplished mistress that ever adorned the Cytherean annals. It was above twenty years before the afflicted mother would listen to any addresses of a tender nature. At length, the polite Abbé de Gedoyne pressed and obtained an assignation. He came, and found the enchanting Ninon lying on a couch, like the grandmother of the loves, in the most gallant dishabille; and what was still more delightful, disposed to indulge his utmost wishes. After the most charming endearments, he asked her, but with the greatest respect, why she had so long deferred the completion of his happiness? "Why," replied she, "I must confess it proceeded from a remain of vanity: I did pique myself upon having a lover at past fourscore, and it was but yesterday that I was eighty complete."

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No. 29.] THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1753.

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TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I troubled you some time ago with an account of my distress, arising from the female part of my family. I told you that by an unfortunate trip to Paris my wife and daughter had run stark French; and I wish I could tell you now that they were perfectly recovered; but all I can say is, that the violence of the symptoms seem to abate, in proportion as the clothes that inflamed them wear out.

My present misfortune flows from a direct contrary cause, and affects me much more sensibly.—The little whims, affectations, and delicacies of ladies may be both ridiculous and

disagreeable, especially to those who are obliged to be at once the witnesses and the martyrs of them; but they are not evils to be compared with the obstinate wrong-headedness, the idle and illiberal turn of an only son; which is unfortunately my case.

I acquainted you, that in the education of my son I had conformed to the common custom of this country (perhaps I conformed to it too much and too soon); and that I carried him to Paris, from whence, after six months' stay, he was to go on upon his travels, and take the usual tour of Italy and Germany. I thought it very necessary for a young man (though not for a young lady) to be well acquainted with the languages, the manners, the characters, and the constitutions of other countries; the want of which I experienced and lamented in myself. In order to enable him to keep good company, I allowed him more than I could conveniently afford; and I trusted him to the care of a Swiss governor, a gentleman of some learning, good sense, good nature, and good manners. But how cruelly I am disappointed in all these hopes what follows will inform you.

During his stay at Paris, he only frequented the worst English company there, with whom he was unhappily engaged in two or three scrapes, which the credit and good nature of the English ambassador helped him out of. He hired a low Irish wench, whom he drove about in a hired chaise, to the great honour of himself, his family, and his country. He did not learn one word of French, and never spoke to Frenchman or Frenchwoman, excepting some vulgar and injurious epithets, which he bestowed upon them in very plain English. His governor very honestly informed me of this conduct, which he tried in vain to reform, and advised their removal to Italy, which accordingly I immediately ordered. His behaviour there will appear in the truest light to you, by his own and his governor's last letters to me, of which I here give you faithful copies.

*"Rome, May the 3d, 1753.*

"SIR,

"In the six weeks that I passed at Florence, and the week I stayed at Genoa, I never had time to write to you, being wholly taken up with seeing things, of which the most remarkable is the steeple of Pisa: it is the oddest thing I ever saw in my life; it stands all awry; I wonder it does not tumble down. I met with a great many of my countrymen, and we live together very sociably. I have been here now a month, and will give you an account of my way of life. Here are a great many very agreeable English gentlemen; we are about nine or ten as smart bucks as any in England. We constantly breakfast together, and then either go and see sights, or drive about the outlets of Rome in

chaises; but the horses are very bad, and the chaises do not follow well. We meet before dinner at the English coffee-house, where there is a very good billiard-table, and very good company. From thence we go and dine together by turns at each other's lodgings. Then after a cheerful glass of claret (for we have made a shift to get some here) we go to the coffee-house again, from thence to supper, and so to bed. I do not believe that these Romans are a bit like the old Romans; they are a parcel of thin-gutted, snivelling, cringing dogs; and I verily believe that our set could thrash forty of them. We never go among them; it would not be worth while: besides, we none of us speak Italian, and none of those signors speak English; which shows what sort of fellows they are. We saw the pope go by t'other day in a procession; but we resolved to assert the honour of Old England; so we neither bowed nor pulled off our hats to the old rogue. Provisions and liquor are but bad here; and, to say the truth, I have not had one thorough good meal's meat since I left England. No longer ago than last Sunday we wanted to have a good plum-pudding; but we found the materials difficult to provide, and were obliged to get an English footman to make it. Pray, Sir, let me come home, for I cannot find that one is a jot the better for seeing all these outlandish places and people. But if you will not let me come back, for God's sake, Sir, take away the impertinent *mounseer* you sent with me. He is a considerable expense to you, and of no manner of service to me. All the English here laugh at him, he is such a prig. He thinks himself a fine gentleman, and is always plaguing me to go into foreign companies, to learn foreign languages, and to get foreign manners; as if I were not to live and die in Old England, and as if good English acquaintance would not be much more useful to me than outlandish ones. Dear Sir, grant me this request, and you shall ever find me

"Your most dutiful son,

"G. D."

The following is a very honest and sensible letter, which I received at the same time from my son's governor.

*"Rome, May the 3d, 1753.*

"SIR,

"I think myself obliged in conscience to inform you, that the money you are pleased to allow me for my attendance upon your son is absolutely thrown away; since I find, by melancholy experience, that I can be of no manner of use to him. I have tried all possible methods to prevail with him to answer, in some degree at least, your good intentions in sending him abroad; but all in vain; and in return for my endeavours, I am either laughed at or insulted.



Sometimes I am called a beggarly French dog, and bid to go back to my own country and eat my frogs; and sometimes I am *mounseer* Ragout, and told that I think myself a very fine gentleman. I daily represent to him, that by sending him abroad you meant that he should learn the languages, the manners, and characters of different countries; and that he should add to the classical education which you have given him at home, a knowledge of the world, and the genteel easy manners of a man of fashion, which can only be acquired by frequenting the best companies abroad. To which he only answers me with a sneer of contempt, and says, *so be-like-ye, ha!* I would have connived at the common vices of youth, if they had been attended with the least degree of decency or refinement; but I must not conceal from you that your son's are of the lowest and most degrading kind, and avowed in the most public and indecent manner. I have never been able to persuade him to deliver the letters of recommendation which you procured him; he says he does not desire to keep such company. I advised him to take an Italian master, which he flatly refused, saying that he should have time enough to learn Italian when he went back to England. But he has taken, of himself, a music master to teach him to play upon the German flute, upon which he throws away two or three hours every day. We spend a great deal of money, without doing you or ourselves any honour by it; though your son, like the generality of his countrymen, values himself upon his expense, and looks upon all foreigners, who are not able to make so considerable a one, as a parcel of beggars and scoundrels; speaks of them, and if he spoke to them, would treat them as such.

"If I might presume to advise you, Sir, it should be to order us home forthwith. I can assure you that your son's morals and manners will be in much less danger under your own inspection at home, than they can be under mine abroad; and I defy him to keep worse English company in England than he now keeps here. But whatever you may think fit to determine concerning him, I must humbly insist upon my own dismissal, and upon leave to assure you in person of the respect with which I have the honour to be,

Sir,

"Yours, &c."

I have complied with my son's request, in consequence of his governor's advice; and have ordered him to come home immediately. But what shall I do with him here, where he is but too likely to be encouraged and countenanced in these illiberal and ungentleman-like manners? My case is surely most singularly unfortunate; to be plagued on one side by the polite and elegant foreign follies of my wife and daughter, and on the other by the unconforming obstinacy,

the low vulgar excesses, and the porter-like manners of my son.

Perhaps my misfortune may suggest to you some thoughts upon the methods of education in general, which, conveyed to the public through your paper, may prove of public use. It is in that view singly that you have had this second trouble from,

Sir,

Your most humble servant  
and constant reader,

R. D.

I allow the case of my worthy correspondent to be compassionate, but I cannot possibly allow it to be singular. The public places daily prove the contrary too plainly. I confess I oftener pity than blame the errors of youth, when I reflect upon the fundamental errors generally committed by their parents in their education. Many totally neglect, and many mistake it. The ancients began the education of their children by forming their hearts and their manners. They taught them the duty of men and of citizens; we teach them the languages of the ancients, and leave their morals and manners to shift for themselves.

As for the modern species of human bucks, I impute their brutality to the negligence or the fondness of their parents. It is observed in parks, among their betters, the real bucks, that the most troublesome and mischievous are those who were bred up tame, fondled and fed out of the hand, when fawns. They abuse, when grown up, the indulgence they met with in their youth; and their familiarity grows troublesome and dangerous with their horns.

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No. 30. THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1753.

I AM indebted for my paper of to-day to the scrupulous piety of one of my fair correspondents, and to the undeserved, though not uncommon, distresses of another. My readers will, I hope, forgive me the vanity of publishing the compliments paid me in these letters, when I assure them that I had rather what I write should have the approbation of a sensible woman, than that of the gravest and most learned philosopher in England.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

Sir,

The candour which shines so conspicuously in your writings, the deference you express towards the literary productions of women, and the genteel turn you give to every stroke of satire



on our foibles, have encouraged me to offer a few female thoughts on the arbitrary power of fashion; or, as it is more properly and politely rendered, *taste*.

I am not learned enough to define the meaning of the word, much less am I able to tell you all the different ideas it conveys; but according to its common acceptation, I find that it is applicable to every affectation of singularity, whether in dress, in building, in furniture, or in diversions; and the farther we stray from decency or propriety in this singularity, the nearer we approach to taste.

The prevalence of the Chinese taste has been very humorously attacked in one of your papers; and the greater prevalence of the Indian taste among us women, I mean the taste of going uncovered, has been as happily treated in another. But there is a taste at present totally different from this last, the impropriety of which can hardly, I think, have escaped your observation, though it has your censure. It is the taste of attending divine service, and of performing the most sacred duties of our religion, with a hat on. However trifling this may be deemed in itself, I cannot but consider it in a serious light; and have always, for my own part, refused complying with a fashion, which seems to declare in the observers of it a want of that awful respect which is due to the Creator from his creatures.

If temporal monarchs are to be served with an uncovered head, I mean, if the ceremony of uncovering the head be considered and expected by the higher powers as a mark of reverence and humility; surely reason will suggest, that the Supreme over all should be approached and supplicated with at least equal veneration; yet, strange as it may appear to the more thinking part of our sex, this uncouth taste of being hated prevails in almost all the churches in town and country; matrons of sixty adopting the thoughtless whims of girls in their teens, and each endeavouring to countenance the other in this idle transgression against the laws of decency and decorum.

Favour me, Sir, either by inserting this short letter, or by giving some candid admonitions on the subject after your own manner. I am acquainted with many of your female readers, and am assured that your frequent remarks upon the most fashionable follies will have a proper effect. Reproofs are never so efficacious as when they are tempered with good humour; a quality which is always to be found in the lucubrations of Mr. Fitz-Adam; among whose admirers I beg to be numbered, and am, Sir,

Your humble servant,  
CLARISSA.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

To whom, Sir, should the injured fly for redress, but to him who has made the World his province? You will not, I am sure, be offended at my taking this liberty. The Spectator was not above receiving and publishing the epistles of the female sex; nor will you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are writing in the cause of virtue, disdain the correspondence of an innocent young creature, who sues to you for consolation in her affliction, and for one who has broke through all rules of honour and morality. I will make no farther preface, but proceed.

My name and circumstances I need not acquaint you with; let it suffice that I am the daughter of a gentleman, and that my education has been suitable to my birth. It was my misfortune to be left at fifteen without a father; but it was with a mother, who in my earliest infancy had sown the seeds of religion and virtue in my heart; and I think I may without arrogance assure you, that they have not been thrown away upon unprofitable ground. After this greatest of losses, we retired to a country village, some few miles from town; and there it was, Sir, that I first knew to be wretched.

We were visited in this village by a young gentleman, who, as he grew intimate in the family, was pleased to flatter me with an affection which at first I did not imagine to be real—I ought to have told you that his fortune was independent, and himself neither fool nor coxcomb. Young as I was, some little share of experience told me, that gentlemen at his age imagine it a most material branch of politeness to pretend love to every pretty woman they fall in company with: but indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I had a heart that was not to be caught by compliments. I examined his behaviour with the strictest attention; not a grain of partiality or self-love, at least I imagined so, clouded my judgment; the flights of poetry and passion, so common in others, gave place, in him, to modesty and respect; his words, his looks, were subservient to mine, and every part of his conduct seemed to speak the sincerity of his love. The approbation of friends was not wanting; and every one expected that a very little time would unite us to each other.

For my own part, I built all my hopes of happiness upon this union; and I flattered myself, that by an obedient and affectionate behaviour I might make the life of him I sincerely and virtuously loved as happy as my own. But it was not to be! Some common occurrence occasioned our separation; he parted, seemingly, with the greatest regret; asked and obtained permission to write; but some months elapsed without my seeing or hearing from him. Every excuse that partiality could suggest I framed in his favour;

but I had soon more convincing proofs of his neglect of me than either his absence or his silence. On his return, instead of apologizing for his behaviour, instead of accounting for his remissness, or of renewing the subject of all our conversations, he appeared gloomy and reserved; or, whenever he inclined to talk, it was in the praises of some absent beauty, or in ridicule of marriage, which he assured me it should be many, many years before any one should prevail with him to think of seriously. With many such expressions, and a few careless visits, during a short stay in the country, he took his leave with the formality of a stranger, and I have never seen him since. Thus, Sir, did he cancel an acquaintance of two years' standing; the greatest part of which time he had employed in the most earnest endeavours to convince me that he loved me.

If I could accuse myself of any act of levity or imprudence in my behaviour to this gentleman, the consciousness of such behaviour would have prevented me from complaining; but I appeal to his own heart, as well as to all that know me (and he and others who read this letter will know from whom it comes), in vindication of my conduct.

Yet why should I flatter myself that you will take any notice of what I write? This injustice I complain of is no new one; it has been felt by thousands; or, if it had not, I have no invention to give entertainment to my story, or, perhaps, to make it interesting to any but my own family, or a few female friends who love me. They will thank you for it, and be obliged: and to make it useful to your readers, tell them in your own words and manner (for I have no one to correct what I write) that the cruelest action a man can be guilty of is the robbing a young woman of her affections, with no other design than to abandon her. Tell them, Sir, that though the laws take no cognizance of the fraud, the barbarity of it is not lessened: for where the proofs of an injury are such as the law cannot possibly ascertain, or perhaps might overlook if it could, we claim from honour and humanity protection and regard.

How hateful, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among my own sex, is the character of a jilt! Yet men feel not the pangs of disappointed love as we do. From superiority of reason they can resent the injury, or from variety of employments can forget the trifer who inflicted it. But with us it is quite otherwise; we have no occupations to call off our attention from disappointment, and no lasting resentment in our natures (I speak from experience) against him who has betrayed us.

Let me add a word more, and I will have done. If every gentleman of real accomplishments, who has no serious design upon the heart of a woman, would avoid being particular either

in conversation or in the civil offices of good-breeding, he would prevent many a silent pang and smothered sigh. It is, I am sure, from a contrary behaviour, that many a worthy young creature is hurried to her grave by a disease not mentioned in the weekly bills, a broken heart. I am, with great sincerity,

Sir,

Your admirer and constant reader,

W. S.

I cannot dismiss this amiable young lady's letter, without observing, that the injustice it complains of will admit of the highest aggravation, if we consider that it is not in human prudence to guard against it. In cases of seduction, the frail one listens to her passions, and not her reason; and a woman is made miserable for ever, by listening to an offer of being virtuously happy.

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NO. 31.] THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1753.

*Fallit te incantum pietas tua.*

VIRG.

Heedless benevolence has been your ruin.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

You will be told at the close of this letter the reason why you are troubled with it. I am a clergyman; and one, I hope, who has hitherto, as near as the imperfections of his nature would admit, performed the duties of his function. I hope also that I shall give no offence by saying, that I have been more assiduous in teaching the moral duties of christianity, than in explaining its mysteries, or in gaining the assent of men's tongues to what their minds can have no conception of. The great duty of benevolence, as it was always my second care to inculcate, so it was my second delight to practise. But I am constrained by a fatal succession of experience to declare, that I have been unhappy in the same proportion that I have been benevolent; and have debased myself, as often as I have endeavoured to raise the dignity of human nature.

In the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight, when I was curate of a parish in York, the following article appeared in all the London newspapers:

"York, March 25th.—This day William Wyatt and John Simpson were executed here for housebreaking. They behaved in a very penitent manner, but made no confession. At the tree the hangman was intoxicated with liquor; and supposing there were three ordered for execution, was going to put one of the ropes about the parson's neck as he stood in the cart, and



was with much difficulty prevented by the gaoler from so doing.'

This parson, Sir, was myself; and indeed every part of the article was literally true, except that the gaoler was equally intoxicated with the hangman, and that it was not till after the rope was forced about my neck, and the cart just going off, that the sheriff's officers interfered, and rectified the mistake.

Thus was I in danger of an ignominious death by performing the duties of my office, and, from a tender regard to the souls of these poor wretches, watching their last moments in order to soften their hearts, and bring them to a confession of the crime for which they were to suffer. But the indignity offered to me at the gallows was not all. There are in York, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as well as in London, scoffers at the clergy; and I assure you, upon the veracity of my function, that I hardly ever walked the streets of that city afterwards, without being saluted by the name of the *half-hanged parson*.

Time had scarcely taken off the edge of this ridicule, when a worse accident befel me. It was my misfortune to send an advertisement to the Daily Advertiser, setting forth, 'That if a certain young woman' (who happened, though I knew it not, to be the most noted harlot upon the town, and who then kept a coffee-house in Covent-garden) 'would apply to the reverend Mr. W. B.' (which was myself, and my name printed at full length) 'at the Blue-Boar inn, Holborn, she would hear of something greatly to her advantage.'

The occasion of this advertisement was literally, thus. The young woman in question had formerly been a servant at York, and had been basely and wickedly seduced by her master; who dying a few years after, and feeling the utmost remorse for so injurious an act, was willing to make this unhappy creature all the atonement in his power, by putting privately into my hands a hundred pounds to be paid her at his decease; and as he supposed her to be in some obscure service in London, he conjured me in the most solemn manner to find her out, and to deliver the money into her own hands.

It was to acquit myself of this trust that I came up to town, and put the above-mentioned advertisement into the Daily Advertiser. The young woman, in consequence of it, came the same day to my inn, and having convinced me that she was the real person (though I wondered to see her so fine a lady), and having received the donation with great modesty and thankfulness, very obligingly invited me to a residence at her house during my stay in London. I made her my acknowledgments, and the more readily embraced the proposal, as she added that the house was large, and that the young ladies, her lodgers (for she let lodgings, she said, to young

ladies) were particularly pleased with the conversation of the clergy.

I dined with her that day, and continued till evening in the house, without the least suspicion of the occupation of its inhabitants; though I could not help observing that they treated me with extraordinary freedom; that their bosoms were uncovered; and that they were not quite so scrupulous upon certain occasions as our Yorkshire young women; but as I had never been in town before, and had heard great talk of the freedom of London ladies, I concluded it was the fashionable behaviour; which though I did not extremely like, I forbore, through good manners, to find fault with. At about seven in the evening, as I was drinking tea with two of the ladies, I was broke in upon by some young gentlemen, one of whom happened to be the son of a near neighbour of mine at York, who, the moment he saw me, swore a great oath, 'That I was the honestest parson in England; for that the boldest wench of them all would scruple to be sitting in a public room at a bawdy-house with a brace of whores, without locking the door.'

A loud laugh, in which all the company joined, prevented my reproving this young gentleman, as I thought he deserved; but the language and behaviour of the ladies to these gentlemen, and their coarse and indecent jests both upon me and my cloth, opened my eyes to see where and with whom I was. I ran down stairs with the utmost precipitation, and early the next morning took horse for York; where, by the assiduity of the above-mentioned young gentleman, my story arrived before me, and I was ridiculed by half my acquaintance for putting myself to the trouble and expense of a journey to town for a brace of wenchers, when I must undoubtedly have known that a score of them at York would gladly have obliged me for half the money.

It was in vain for me to assert my innocence, by telling the whole story; I was a second time made ridiculous, and my function rendered useless in the place where I lived, by the punctual performance of my duty, in religiously observing the last request of a dying friend.

I quitted York soon after this last disgrace, and got recommended, though with some difficulty, to a curacy in Lincolnshire. Here I lived happily for a considerable time, and became the favourite companion of the squire of the parish. He was a keen sportsman, hearty in his friendships, bitter in his resentments, and implacable to poachers. It so happened, that from about the time of my coming to the parish, this gentleman's park, and the country about it, were so shamefully robbed of hares, that every body was exclaiming against the thief. For my own part, as I thought it my duty to detect knavery of every kind, and was fond of all occasions of testifying my gratitude to my patron, I walked out early and late to dis-



cover this midnight robber. At last I succeeded in my search, and caught him in the very act of laying his snares; and who should he be but the gamekeeper of my benefactor! This impudent fellow, who saw himself detected, had the address to cry out thief first; and seizing me by the collar, late as it was, dragged me to his master's house. I was really so astonished at his consummate assurance, that I heard myself accused without the power of speaking; and as a farther proof of my guilt, there was found, upon searching me, a great quantity of wire and other things, the use of which was sufficiently obvious, and which my wicked accuser had artfully conveyed into my pocket, as he was leading me to my judge.

To be as little prolix as I can, I was imprisoned, tried, and convicted of the fact; and after having suffered the utmost rigour of the law, was obliged at last to take shelter in town, to avoid the thousand indignities that were offered me in the country.

To particularize every misfortune that has happened to me in London, would be to exceed the bounds of your paper. I shall only inform you of the occurrences of last night.

It was past twelve when I was returning to my lodgings from visiting a sick friend. As I passed along the Strand, I heard at a little distance from me the sound of blows, and the screams of a woman. I quickened my pace, and immediately perceived a very pretty young creature upon her knees, entreating a soldier for mercy, who, by the fury in his looks, and his uplifted cudgel, seemed determined to show none. Common humanity, as well as a sense of my duty, impelled me to stop and make my remonstrance to this barbarous man. The effects of these remonstrances were, that I soon after found myself upon the ground, awaked as it were from a trance, with my head broke, my body bruised, my pockets rifled, and the soldier and his lady nowhere to be found.

Alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, if this had been the only misfortune of the night, I had gone home contented, but I had a severer one to undergo. I was comforting myself as I walked along, that I had acted the part of a christian in regard to these wretches; when a loud cry of thieves and murder, and immediately after it the sight of a gentleman struggling with two ill-looking fellows, again alarmed me. All bruised and bloody as I was, I flew without hesitation to his assistance; and being of an athletic make and constitution, in a very few minutes delivered him from their clutches; who, as soon as he saw himself at liberty, made the most natural use of it, by running away. I was now left to the mercy of two street robbers, as I thought them, both of whom had so securely fastened upon me as to prevent my escape. But while I was beginning to tell them that I had been already

robbed, to my utter confusion, they discovered to me that they were bailiffs; that they had arrested the person whom I rescued for thirty pounds; and that I must give security for the debt or go instantly to prison.

To come to the close of my unhappy narration, they carried me to one of their houses; from whence I sent to the landlord where I lodged, who having something more than thirty pounds of mine in his hands (all that I am worth in the world!) was kind enough to bail me. From a principle of conscience (knowing that I had really made myself the debtor), I would have paid the money immediately, if it had not occurred to me that the gentleman whom I delivered would, upon reading these particulars in the World, be honourable enough to remit me the sum I stand engaged for on his account. As soon as I see this letter inserted, I shall make myself known to Mr. Dodsley, to whom I desire that the money may be paid: or if the gentleman chooses to come in person and discharge my bail, Mr. Dodsley will be able to inform him at what place I may be found.

I beg your immediate publication of this letter, and am,

Sir,

Your most faithful servant,

W. B.

P. S. I forbore to make any mention of watchmen in my account of last night, because I saw none. I suppose that it was not a proper time either for their walking their rounds, or for appearing at their stands.

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No. 32.] THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1753.

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TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

Sir,

I WAS greatly surprised, that when in a late paper you were displaying your knowledge in diseases, and in the several specifics for their cure, you should be so very forgetful as never to mention a malady, which at present is not only epidemical, but of the foulest and most inveterate kind. This malady is called by the learned the *cacoethes carpendi*, and by the vulgar *criticism*. It is not more true that every man is born in *sin*, than that he is born in *criticism*. For many years indeed the distemper was uncommon, and not dangerous in its consequences; seldom attacking any but philosophers and men of learning, who, from a sedentary life and intense application to books, were more open to its influence than other men. In time, by the infection of dedications, it began to spread itself among the great, and from them, like the gout,

or a more noble distemper, it descended to their inferiors, till at last it has infected all ranks and orders of men.

But as it is observable that an inhabitant of the fens in Lincolnshire is most liable to an ague, a Yorkshire-man to horse-stealing, and a Sussex-man to smuggling; so it is also observable that the persons most liable to the contagion of criticism are young masters of arts, students in the Temple, attorneys' clerks, haberdashers' prentices, and fine gentlemen.

As I had long ago looked upon this distemper to be more particularly English than any other, I determined, for the good of my country, whatever pains it might cost me, to trace it to its first principles; but it was not till very lately that my labours were attended with any certain success. I had discovered in general that the patient had an acidity of blood, which, if not corrected in time, broke out into a kind of *evil*, which, though no king's-evil, might possibly, I thought, be cured by touching: but it occurred to me that the touch of an oak saplin might be much more efficacious than that of the ingenious Mr. Carte's *somebody*. A linen draper's prentice in the neighbourhood happening at that time to be labouring under a severe fit, I hinted this my opinion to his master, who immediately applied the touch; but I will not wrong my conscience by boasting of its effect, having learned that the lad was seen soon after at a certain coffee-house in the Strand, in all the agonies of the distemper.

Untired by disappointment, I continued my searches with redoubled diligence; and it is this day that I can felicitate myself, as well as thousands of my countrymen, that they have not been in vain.

The cause then of this loathsome distemper is most certainly *wind*. This being pent in the bowels for some time, and the rules of good breeding not permitting it, in public places, to take its natural course, it immediately flies up into the head; and after being whirled about for a while in that empty region, at length discharges itself with great violence upon the organ of speech. This occasions an involuntary motion in that member, which continues with great rapidity for a longer or shorter time, according to the power or force of the original blast, which set it in motion. This volubility, or rather vibration, of tongue, is accompanied with certain unintelligible sounds, which, like the barkings of persons bit by a mad dog, are the most fatal proofs of the malignity of the distemper.

The late Dr. Monro, who was long ago consulted upon the case, gave it as his opinion, that it was a species of madness, known among the Greeks by the name of *κακωβουλία*, and among the Romans by *malevolentia*. It is said of that great and humane man, that from his concern for these poor creatures, he intended, if he had lived

a little longer, to have proposed a new building for their reception, contiguous to that in Moor-fields; and as they are quite harmless things, would charitably have taken them under his own immediate care. The loss of that eminent physician, were it from no other consideration, cannot but be lamented as a public misfortune; his scheme being intended to prevent the contagion of criticism from spreading so universally among his majesty's subjects. For there is one melancholy circumstance attending this disease, namely, that it is of quicker and more certain infection than the plague; being communicated, like yawning, to a large circle of company in an instant of time; and (what is sufficient confirmation of the cause) the congregated vapour which is emitted at such times is more disagreeable and offensive than if it had taken its proper and natural course.

But the doctor's principal reason for conjecturing this distemper to be madness was its being almost continually acted upon by external objects. A man in the hydrophobia will be in agonies at the sight of water or any liquid; and it is very well known that persons afflicted with a criticism will be thrown into equal agonies at the sight of a new book, pamphlet, or poem. But the greatest and most convulsive of all agonies are found to proceed from the representation of a new play. I have myself observed upon this occasion a mob of poor wretches sending forth such dismal groans and such piercing shrieks as have quite moved me: after this they have started up on a sudden, and with all the fury of madmen have torn up the benches from under them, and put an entire stop to an entertainment, which, to pay for a sight of, they have many of them borrowed the money from their masters' tills.

That this has the appearance of madness I cannot deny; yet I have seen a turkey-cock behave with equal fury at the appearance of a woman in a red petticoat; and I have always imputed it to the silliness of the bird, rather than to any disorder in his brain.

But whether this be madness or not, the original cause is most infallibly wind; and to have discovered the cause of any distemper is to have taken the leading step towards effecting its cure; which is indeed the sole end and design of this letter.

Wind then being the undoubted cause of that universal disease vulgarly known by the name of criticism, the patient must enter into an immediate and regular course of carminatives. The herbs angelica, fennel, and cammomile, will be extremely proper for his tea; and the seeds of dill, cummin, anise, carroway, coriander, or cardamum, should never be out of his mouth. These, by the consent of all physicians, are the great dispellers of wind. But that is not all. From whence have they their name of carmin-



atives? Not from this quality; here are no traces of such an etymology; but they are happily possessed of another and more excellent virtue; and that in so eminent a degree, as to take their name from it. This is the power of expelling all the pernicious effects of poetry, verses, songs, carmina; all that farrago of trumpery, which is so strangely jumbled together in the intestines of that miserable invalid who labours under the weakness and disorder of criticism. For it is a great mistake in the learned, that these medicines took their name of carminatives from the ancient jugglers in physic accompanying their operation with verses and scraps of poetry, by way of incantation or charm; they certainly obtained this appellation from their wonderful power of expelling that particular species of wind which is engendered in the critic's bowels by reading of plays, poetry, and other works of wit, too hard for his digestion.

That all persons labouring under an habitual and obstinate criticism may be induced to enter into this course of carminatives, I can assure them with great certainty, that the operation of these medicines, notwithstanding the prodigious discharge of crudities which they occasion, is not attended with the least sickness to the patient himself; he has indeed the appearance of a violent fit of the colic; but, in reality, he has only the trouble of eructation: all the sickness and nausea usual in other cases of the like nature being marvellously, in this, transferred to the by-standers.

But as all medicines have not equal effects on all constitutions; so this, though sufficient in many cases, may possibly be defective in a few: I have therefore in reserve a secret, which I may venture to pronounce will prove of great utility. It is this: Let every man who is afflicted with this scrophulous disease immediately turn author. And if it should so happen (as it is not absolutely impossible) that his compositions should not be adapted to every body's taste, it will infallibly work so upon his stomach as entirely to purge off those indigested particles, to which all this foul wind was originally owing. For it is true to a proverb, that if you hang a dog upon a crab-tree, he will never love verjuice. I am,

Sir,  
Your most humble servant,  
B. D.

I am sorry, in one particular, to differ in opinion with my ingenious correspondent. But I cannot allow that a critic's turning author will cure him of his malevolence; having always found that the most difficult people in the world to be *pleased* are those who know experimentally that they want talents to *please*.

No. 33.] THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1753.

It has lain upon my conscience for some time, that I have taken no notice of those of my correspondents, whose letters to me, for reasons of state, have been withheld from the public. Several of these gentlemen have favoured me with their assistance from the kindest motives. They have discovered that I am growing dull, and have therefore very generously sent me some of their own wit, to restore me to reputation. But as I am not sure of a constant supply of these brilliant epistles, I have been cautious of inserting them: knowing that when once a bottle of claret is set upon the table, people are apt to make faces at plain port.

There are other gentlemen to whom I am no less obliged. These have taken it for granted, that as I declared in my first paper against meddling with religion, I must certainly be an infidel: upon which supposition they have been pleased to shower in upon me what they call their *free thoughts*: but these thoughts, as I have hitherto given no assurances of my infidelity, are rather too free for this paper. And besides, as I have always endeavoured to be new, I cannot consent to publish any thing so common as abuse upon religion.

But the majority of these my private correspondents are politicians. They approve, they tell me, of my neutrality at first; but matters have been so managed lately by those in power, that it is the part of every honest man to become an opposer. The compliments which these gentlemen are pleased to pay my abilities are the highest satisfaction to me. Their letters do me the honour to assure me, that if I will but exert myself, the ministry must do exactly as I would have them; and that the next general election will certainly take whatever turn I have a mind to give it.

I am very far from denying that I have all this power; but I have ever been of opinion that it is greater to save than destroy: for which reason I am willing to continue the present administration a little longer; though at the same time I must take the liberty of declaring, that if I find the popular clamours against a late act of parliament to be true, namely, that it will defeat all the prophecies relating to the dispersion of the Jews; or that the New Testament is to be thrown out of our Bibles and Common-prayer books; or that a general circumcision is certainly to take place soon after the meeting of the new parliament; I say, when these things are so, I shall most assuredly exert myself as becomes a true-born Englishman.

I confess very freely that I had conceived some dislike to the marriage bill; having been assured by the maid-servant where I lodge, that after



the 25th day of next March, no young woman could be married without taking her bible oath that she was worth fifty pounds. But as I have read the bill since, and have found no such clause in it, I am tolerably well satisfied.

To those of my correspondents who are angry with me for not having endeavoured to inculcate some serious moral in every one of these papers, I shall just take notice, that I am writing essays, and not sermons. But though I do not avowedly once a week attack envy, malice, and uncharitableness, I hope that a paper now and then written with pleasantry and good humour, though it should have no direct moral in view, may so amuse and temper the mind, as to guard it against the approaches of those tormenting passions. There is nothing truer than that bad spirits and ill-humour are the parents of misery and mischief; he, therefore, who can lead the imagination from gloom and vapours to objects of cheerfulness and mirth is a useful member of society.

Having now discharged my conscience of its burden, I shall close this paper with a letter which I received yesterday by the penny-post. I insert it here to show, that a late very serious essay of mine, calculated for the support and delight of ladies in years, has done real harm; while others of a gayer nature, and without a moral, have been perfectly inoffensive.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

That you have been the occasion of misery to an innocent woman is as true, as that I hope I may acquit you of any evil intention: you have indeed misled me, but it is another who has wronged me. Yet if I had not used my utmost endeavours, and practised every honest art to get redress from this unjust person, I should neither desire nor deserve a place in your paper.

But, alas! Sir, while I am prefacing my sad story, through a too modest reluctance to begin it, I am fearful that you will mistake me for some credulous young creature, who has yielded up her honour to betraying man. Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am no such person, being at present in my fifty-sixth year, and having always entertained such an aversion to impurity, as to be ready to die with shame even of my very dreams, when they have sometimes happened to tend that way. But how has my virtue been rewarded!—I will conceal nothing from you, Sir, though my cheeks are glowing with shame as well as indignation.—I am wronged, barbarously wronged, and will complain.

The hand that is now penning this letter was three tedious weeks ago given at the altar to the most unworthy of men—Forgive me, Sir, a moment's pause—I cannot think of what I am, without exclaiming, in the bitterness of my

heart, how cruelly I am disappointed! I will be particular in my relation.

My father was a country gentleman of a good estate, which by his death, that happened near two months ago, devolved to me as his only child. It was matter of wonder to our neighbours, that a person so agreeable as I was thought to be, and who had been marriageable a good while (for as I mentioned before, I am in my fifty-sixth year) should be suffered to live single to so ripe an age. To say the truth, I could never account for this wonder, any otherwise than from that excess of delicacy which I always observed in my conversation with the men, and which in all probability prevented them from declaring themselves.

As soon as I had performed the last duties to my father, I came up to town, and took lodgings in Bury-street.—Would it had been in Pall-mall, or a street still wider! for then I might have escaped the observation of a tall well made gentleman from Ireland, who, unfortunately for my peace, lodged directly over the way.

I will not trouble you with the methods he took from his window to engage my attention, or with what passed between us on his being permitted to visit me. All I shall say is, that whatever ground he had gained in my heart, it might have proved a difficult task for him to have carried me without a settlement, if the World of July the 12th, upon the love of elderly women, had not fallen into my hands. Before the reading of that fatal paper, I had suspicions that my person might possibly be less desirable than my fortune; but now I believed, and my wishes assisted my belief, that he languished to possess me. I read the story of Ninon l'Enclos above a dozen times over; and I rejoiced to find myself of the exact age of that lady, when her charms had such an ascendancy over the unfortunate de Villiers.

My lover found me with the paper in my hand. I read it to him; and he confirmed me in my opinion, by wishing himself the Abbé Gedoyne, and his angel, as he called me, eighty years old, that he might be as happy as the Frenchman. In short, being now thoroughly convinced that the only object of a sincere, fervent, and lasting passion in a young man was a woman in years, I made no secret to him of my inclinations; and the very next morning we were publicly married.

Alas! Sir, were you in jest or earnest when you wrote that paper? I have a melancholy reason for believing you were in jest. And is a woman of fifty-five then so undesirable an object? Is she not to be endured? Or are all men deceivers? No; that is impossible; it is I only that am deceived. I dare not say more, unless it be to tell you, that a fortune of thirty thousand pounds is rather too much to be given in exchange for a mere name, when, if you

knew the whole truth, I have no real right to any name but my maiden one. I am, by no name at all,

Sir,

Your most humble servant.

No. 34.] THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1753.

WHEN I declared against meddling with politics in these my lucubrations, I meant only that kind of politics, or art of government, which is so learnedly and logically reasoned upon in all the coffee-houses and barbers' shops of this great metropolis; intending (as it is my province) to take cognizance of any particular act of the legislature, that, contrary to its intention, has been prejudicial to the morals of my fellow citizens.

But it is the repeal of an act of parliament, and not the act itself, that I am now about to complain of. The act I mean is the *witch act*. I am not considering the repeal of this act as affecting our religious belief, according to the Scotch proverb, "Tak' awa the deil, and guid bye to the Lord." I think of it only in a moral light, as it has given such encouragement to witchcraft in this kingdom, that one hardly meets with a grown person, either in public or private, who is not more or less under its influence.

Whoever attends to the sermon at church, or listens to the conversation of grave and good men, will hear and believe that the present age is the most fruitful in wickedness of any since the deluge. Whether these gentlemen have discovered the true reason of this depravity, or whether the discovery has been reserved for me, I will not pretend to determine; but certain it is, that the repeal of an act of parliament, which was meant to restrain the power of the devil, by inflicting death upon his agents, must infallibly give him a much greater influence over us, than he ever could have hoped for during the continuance of such an act.

I am well aware that there are certain of my readers who have no belief in witches; but I am willing to hope they are only those who either have not read, or else have forgot, the proceedings against them, published at large in the State Trials: if there is any man alive who can deny his assent to the positive and circumstantial evidence given against them in these trials, I shall only say that I pity most sincerely the hardness of his heart.

That the devil may truly be said to be let loose among us, by the repeal of this act, will appear beyond contradiction, if we take a survey of the general fascination that all ranks and orders of mankind seem at present to be under.

What is it but witchcraft that occasions that universal and uncontrollable rage of play, by which the nobleman, the man of fashion, the merchant and the tradesman, with their wives, sons, and daughters, are running headlong to ruin? What is it but witchcraft that conjures up that spirit of pride and passion for expense, by which all classes of men, from his Grace at Westminster to the salesman at Wapping, are entailing beggary upon their old age, and bequeathing their children to poverty and the parish? Again, is it possible to be accounted for, from any natural cause, that persons of good sense and sober dispositions should take a freak four or five times in a winter, of turning their houses into inns; cramming every bed-chamber, closet, and corner with people whom they hardly know; stifling one another with heat; blocking up the streets with chairs and coaches; offending themselves, and pleasing nobody; and all this for the vain boast of having drawn together a greater mob than my lady Somebody, or the honourable Mr. Such-a-one? That nothing but witchcraft can be the occasion of so much folly and absurdity must be obvious to the common sense of all mankind.

Another and more melancholy proof of the power of witchcraft is, that a wife may be beautiful in her person, gentle in her manners, fond of her husband, watchful for his quiet, careful of his interest, kind to his children, cheerful to his friends, and obliging to all; yet be yoked to a wretch so blind to his own happiness, as to prefer to her endearments the hired embraces of a diseased prostitute, loathsome in her person, and a fury in her disposition. If this is not witchcraft, I should be glad to know of such a husband what name I may call it by. Among the lower kind of tradesmen (for every dealer even in broken glass bottles has his *fille de joye*) it is a common thing for a husband to kick his wife out of doors in the morning, for his having submitted over-night to a good drubbing from his mistress.

It would be endless to take notice of every argument that suggests itself in proof of witchcraft; I shall content myself with only one more, which I take to be incontestable. This is the spirit of Jacobitism, which is so well known to possess many of his majesty's protestant subjects in this kingdom. That a poor Highlander in Scotland may be a Jacobite without witchcraft, I am ready to allow; zeal for a lost child of the guid house of Stuart may have eaten him up: but that an English country gentleman, who is really no papist in his heart, or that a wealthy citizen of London, who goes to church every Sunday, and joins in the prayers for the present royal family, should be drinking daily to the restoration (as he calls it) of a popish bigot, who would burn him at Smithfield the next week for not going to mass, and whose



utmost merit is his precarious descent from a family, remarkable for little else than pedantry, obstinacy, debauchery, and enthusiasm; that such a person should be a Jacobite, or in other words, an enemy to the best of kings, and the wisest of constitutions, cannot possibly be accounted for but by the power of witchcraft.

From all these considerations, it is much to be wished that a new witch act may take place next session of parliament. *Vox populi est vox Dei* is a wise and a true saying; and that the *vox populi* is in favour of such an act, let the late proceedings at Tring, and some similar occurrences in other parts of England, bear testimony.

That the legislature may be farther induced to take this matter into consideration, I am clearly of opinion, that the passing such an act will go a great way towards silencing the clamours which have gone forth so grievously against the Jew bill: for it is shrewdly suspected that the same people who imagined their religion to be at stake by the repeal of the one, are at present under the most terrible consternation at the passing of the other: and besides it will be a convincing proof to all sorts of persons, that the administration is as well inclined to discourage the devil, as it is to favour the Jews; a circumstance which, as matters stand at present, seems to want confirmation.

In the mean time I entreat all my readers, as much as in them lies, to be upon their guard against witches: for the better discovery of whom (as the law does not admit of the usual trials by fire and water) I shall here set down all I know or have been told upon the subject. If a woman turned of eighty, with grey hairs upon her chin, and a high-crowned hat on, should be seen riding upon a broomstick through the air, or sailing in an egg-shell upon the Thames in a high wind, you may almost swear that she is a witch. If as often as you see any particular old woman you feel a pricking of pins all over you, or if your stomach be sick, and should happen to discharge a great quantity of the said pins, or if while you are speaking to this old woman she should suddenly transform herself into a horse without a head, or any such uncommon animal, you may very fairly conclude that she is no other than a witch. In such cases it will be a happy circumstance if you are able to say the Lord's prayer: for by repeating it three times to yourself she becomes as harmless as a babe.

A lady of my acquaintance, who has often been bewitched, assures me of her having detected multitudes of these hags, by laying two straws one across the other in the path where they are to tread. It is wonderful, she says, to see how a witch is puzzled at these straws: for that after having made many fruitless attempts to step over them, she either stands stock still, or turns back. But to secure yourself

within doors against the enchantment of witches, especially if you are a person of fashion, and have never been taught the Lord's prayer, the only method I know of is, to nail a horse-shoe upon the threshold. This I can affirm to be of the greatest efficacy; insomuch that I have taken notice of many a little cottage in the country, with a horse-shoe at its door, where gaming, extravagance, routs, adultery, Jacobitism, and all the catalogue of witchcrafts, have been totally unknown.

I shall conclude this paper by signifying my intention, one day or other, of hiring a porter, and of sending him with a hammer and nails, and a large quantity of horse-shoes to certain houses in the purlieu of St. James's. I believe it would not be amiss (as a charm against play) if he had orders to fix a whole dozen of these horse-shoes at the door of White's. From St. James's he shall have directions to proceed to the city, and to distribute the remainder of his burden among the thresholds of those doors, at which the witchcraft of Jacobitism has been most suspected to enter.

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No. 35.] THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1753.

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TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THAT you may know who it is that offers you his correspondence, and how qualified I am to make a figure in the World, I shall let you into the secret of my birth and history.

I have the honour to be descended from the ancient family of the Limbertongues, in Staffordshire. My grandfather was of the cabinet with Oliver Cromwell; but unfortunately happening to whisper a secret of some importance to his wife, the affair unaccountably became public, and sentence of dismission was immediately passed upon him. My father was decypherer to King William. It was by his diligence and address that the assassination plot and some other combinations in that reign were brought to light. But being somewhat too officious in his zeal, he was suspected of betraying the secrets of his office (the better, as is supposed, to insinuate himself into those of the opposition), and was discarded with disgrace. With a fortune barely sufficient for support, he retired to his native village in Staffordshire; and soon after marrying the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman in the neighbourhood, he had issue male, the writer of this letter.

My earliest infancy gave indications of an inquisitive mind; and it was my father's care to implant in me, with the first knowledge of words, an insatiable desire to communicate. At



twelve years old I discovered the frailty of a maiden aunt, and brought the curate of the parish into disgrace. A young lady of uncommon discretion, who boarded in the family, was so delighted with the story, that she made me a party in all her visits, to give me new occasions of relating it; but happening one evening to steal a little abruptly upon the retirement of this lady, I discovered her in the prettiest familiarity imaginable with the harlequin of a strolling company.

It was about this time that a fever carried my mother to her grave. My father for some weeks was inconsolable; but making an acquaintance with an inn-keeper's daughter in the village, and marrying her soon after, he became the gayest man alive. By the direction of my new mother, who, for unknown reasons, grew uneasy at my prying disposition, I was sentenced to a grammar school at fifty miles distance. Mortified as I was at first, I began early to relish this change of life. A new world was open to me for discovery: I wormed myself into the secrets of every boy, and made immediate information to the master. Many were the whippings upon these occasions; but as my heart always felt for the mischiefs of my tongue, I was the first to condole with the sufferer, and escaped suspicion by my humanity. But all human enjoyments are transitory. It happened in the course of my discoveries, that by a perverse boy's denying the fact he was charged with, I was unfortunately called up to give evidence against him; and though I delivered it with the strictest regard to truth, I found the whole school in combination against me, and every one branded me with the name of *tell-tale*.

From this unlucky accident, hardly a day passed, but I was called upon to answer facts which I never committed, and was as certainly punished for denying them. I was buffeted and abused by every boy, and then whipped for quarrelling; or if any thing was missing in the school, it was constantly found in one of my coat pockets, or locked up safely in my trunk. During this continued state of persecution, I wrote repeatedly to my father for leave to return home: but the government of that family was transferred, and admittance to it, even at common vacation times, denied me. At the end of five years, however, and, as you will soon be informed, to my utter disgrace, I obtained the favour of passing the Christmas holidays at home.

The morning after my arrival, I perceived at breakfast, by the demure looks of the maid, and now and then a side-wink at her mistress, that there were secrets in the family. It was not long before I discovered some particular familiarities between my mother-in-law and a spruce exciseman in the neighbourhood. The room I

lay in was the next to hers; but unadvisedly attempting a small peep-hole in the wainscot, I unluckily bored through the face of my father's picture, which hung on the other side; by which misfortune I underwent the mortification of a discovery, and the severest discipline I ever felt. Stung with the reproaches I met with from this adventure, I doubled my assiduities, and had the satisfaction of discovering one afternoon in the garden, that the exciseman and my mother were made of the very same flesh and blood with the curate and my aunt. My father happening to be engaged at the next village, I had time to go from house to house to inform the parish of his disgrace: but how great was my surprise, when at my return home, instead of gaining credit to my story, my mother had art enough to turn the mischief upon myself, and to get me driven out of doors as the most wicked of incendiaries.

Enraged as I was at my father's inhumanity, I fell upon my knees in the street, and made a solemn oath never to enter his doors again, whatever misery might be the consequence. With this resolution, and somewhat more than a guinea in my pocket (which I had saved from the benefactions of some particular friends at my return from school), I took the road, by moon-light, for London. Nothing remarkable occurred to me on the way, till the last mile of my journey; when joining company with a very civil gentleman, who was kind enough to conduct me over the fields from Islington, and giving him a history of my life, I found this humane stranger so touched with my misfortunes, as to offer me a bed at his own house, and a supply of whatever money I wanted, till provision could be made for me. Such unexpected generosity drew tears from me. I thanked him for his goodness; and showing him a guinea, which was yet unbroken, I told him the favour of his house would be sufficient obligation. I was indeed a little surprised to find at that very instant my benefactor's pistol at my breast, and a menace of immediate death, if I refused to deliver: but you will imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I could withhold nothing from so kind a friend; and obligations being thus mutual between us, he left me to pursue my way with a few half-pence in my pocket.

To particularize my distresses on my first arrival in town would be to write a volume instead of a letter. In a short time my inquisitive talents were taken notice of, and I commenced business in the post of retainer to a bailiff's follower: but forgetting that secrecy was necessary to my commission, I communicated my errand wherever I was sent upon the look-out, and gave many a fine gentleman time to escape. This employment, though of short duration, got me a natural interest among the lawyers; and by the merit of scholarship, as well as

writing a tolerable hand, I succeeded in time to the smart post of clerk to a solicitor. But here too it was my misfortune to be a little too unguarded in my discoveries; for happening sometimes to be sent abroad with bills of cost for business never done, and fees never paid, I found it impossible to conceal any thing from the clients, and was discarded as a betrayer of my master's secrets. In the course of a few years I was obliged to combat necessity in the various characters of a poet, a ballad-singer, a soldier, a tooth-drawer, a mountebank, an actor, and a travelling tutor to a buck. In this last post I might have lived with ease and profit, if I could have concealed from my pupil that he was the plague of every country he came to, and the disgrace of his own. By gradual progression, and having acquired some knowledge in French, I rose in time to be assistant-secretary to an envoy abroad. Here it was that my inquiring mind began to be of service to me; but happening in a few months to make discovery of certain transactions, not much to the honour of my master, and being detected in transmitting them to my friends in England, I was discarded from my office with contempt and beggary. Upon this occasion my necessities hurried me to an act of guilt, that my conscience will for ever upbraid me with: for being thus deserted in a country where charity was unfashionable, and reduced to the very point of starving, I renounced my religion for bread, and became a brother of the mendicants of St. Francis. Under the sanctity of this habit, and from the example of the brotherhood, I led a life of profligacy and wantonness. But though my conscience was subdued, my tongue retained its freedom: for it was my misfortune, one day, through ignorance of my company, to betray the secrets of a lady's confession to her own husband. The story began to spread; and it was by a sort of miracle that I found the means of escaping with life.

At my return into England, I made a solemn renunciation of my apostacy; and by the favour of a certain great man became of consequence enough for the service of a ministerial writer. My performances for some time were highly applauded; but being a little too fond of communicating objections for the sake of answering them, I was accused of weakening the cause, and ordered to look out for other employment. Enraged at the injustice of this treatment, I devoted my pen to the service of patriotism; but being somewhat indiscreet in my zeal, and occasionally hinting to the world that my employers were only contending for power, I had the sentence of dismissal passed upon me for inadvertency.

Being thus driven from all employment, and neither inclined nor able to conquer the bent of my mind, I began seriously to consider how I

might turn this very disposition to advantage. In the midst of these reflections it occurred to me that the ladies were naturally open-hearted like myself, and that if I tendered them my services, and supplied them with scandal upon all their acquaintance, I might find my account in it. But as wicked as this town is thought to be, and as knowing as I was in what was doing in it, I soon found that the real occurrences of life were too insipid for the attention of these fair ones, and that I must add invention to facts, or be looked upon as a trifler. I accordingly laid about me with all my might, and by a judicious mixture of truth and lies succeeded so well, that in less than two months I carried off a dowager of quality, and am at present a very resigned widower with a handsome fortune.

This, Sir, is my history; and as I cannot keep any thing that I know, and as I know almost every thing that people would wish to keep, I intend myself the honour of corresponding with you often; and am,

Sir,  
Your most humble servant,  
NIC. LIMBERTONGUE.

I accept of Mr. Limbertongue's correspondence with all my heart. The varieties he has experienced will enable him to furnish useful cautions and instructive entertainment. The ladies will be taught to avoid scandal by virtue; and the men either to reform or conceal their vices, while the *tell-tale* is abroad.

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No. 36.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 6, 1753.

I WAS formerly acquainted with a very honest old gentleman, who as often as he was asked at the tavern how his wife did, never failed to assure us, "that he did not come abroad to be put in mind of his wife." I could wish with all my heart that those persons who are married to the town for at least eight months in the year would, upon their removal into the country, forget the amusements of it, and attach themselves to those pleasures which are to be found in groves and gardens, in exercise and temperance. But as fond as we are of variety, and as pleasing as the changes of the seasons are generally acknowledged to be, it is observable that in all the large villages near London the summer seems only to be endured, as it is made to resemble the winter in town. Routs, visits, assemblies, and meetings for drinking, are all the pleasures that are attended to; while the meadows and corn-fields

(Where the milk-maid singeth blithe  
And the mower whets his scythe)

are neglected and despised.



I have received a letter upon this subject, which, for its candour and good sense, I shall lay before my readers for the speculation of to-day.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

In this season of universal migration, when the fire-works of Marybone, and the tin-works of Vauxhall, are deserted for the salutary springs of Tunbridge, Cheltenham, and Scarborough; it would not be amiss, methinks, if you were to give us your opinion of those seats of idleness and pleasure, health and gayety. Or suppose you should extend your views still farther, and tell us what you think in general of summer amusements, and the fashionable employments of rural life? To supply in some measure this defect, give me leave to acquaint you with the principal occurrences that engaged my attention very lately, in a ten days' retirement in the country.

As the friend I visited was a man who had seen much of the world; as his wife and daughters were adorned with all the accomplishments of genteel life; and as they were no less admired for their understandings than their persons; my expectation was raised and flattered with the pleasing, yet reasonable thought of passing my time with no less improvement than delight, in a situation where art and nature conspired to indulge my utmost wishes. But how grievously disappointed was I to find, that whenever I walked out I must walk alone; and even then was sure to be reproached; in the afternoon, for rising before the bottle was out; and in the evening, for breaking a set of cards! The former part of my conduct disoblged the men, and the latter offended the ladies. Scarce could I reach the end of the avenue, before my friend, with a gentle rebuke, summoned me back to give a toast; and hardly could I contemplate the view from the terrace, before Miss Kitty would come running to tell me that the *rubber* was up, and that it was my turn to *cut in*. This, I doubt, is too general a complaint to be soon redressed; yet it is not less a grievance. That persons so well qualified for giving and receiving the pleasures of conversation should thus agree to banish thought (at least, all subjects that are worth the thinking of) must be almost incredible to those who are unacquainted with polite life. That a season, in which all the beauties of nature appear to such advantage, should be thus thrown away, and as much disregarded as the depth of winter, seems utterly inexcusable, and in some degree immoral. 'How,' thought I to myself, 'can talents designed for the noblest purposes be thus perverted to the meanest? Is it the sole province of wit to give toasts, and of beauty to shuffle cards? How are the faculties of reason suspended, while those of passion alone prevail!

Since it is no less certain that the sweetest temper may be destroyed by cards, than that the best constitution may be ruined by wine.' These were my usual reflections as I returned to my company, chagrined and disappointed at the loss of a walk, which, though a solitary one, I should always prefer to the pleasures of the bottle, or a party at whist by daylight, in the best assembly in England.

Be so good, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as to espouse the cause of injured Nature, and remonstrate loudly against this enormous barbarity of killing the summer. Let cards prevail in winter, and in cities only: too much of them do we see in this great town to desire them elsewhere. Let drinking be confined to election dinners and corporation feasts, and not continue (as it too much does) imperceptibly to make havoc of our private families. Assure the ladies, the young ones I mean, that however their mothers may instruct them by example, or whatever they themselves may think, anxiety and disappointment, hope and fear, are no improvers of their beauty: that Venus never kept her court at a rout; and that the arrows of Cupid are not winged with cards. Let them take but one walk, and the milk-maid that gives them a sillabub at the end of it will convince them that air and exercise are the true preservatives of health and beauty, and will add more lively bloom and fresher roses to their cheeks than all the *rouge* of French art, or all the flush of English avarice. Inform the men, if they know it not already, that though they may esteem themselves sober when they are not dead drunk, and possibly may never be in a state of intoxication, yet drinking to any degree of excess will certainly hurt, if not totally ruin their constitutions, and be the sure, though perhaps slow, occasions of rheumatisms, gouts, dropsies, and death itself. Many instances of this will occur in the sphere of every one's acquaintance; and if some of the deceased have lived fifty or sixty years, it is hardly to be doubted, that had this barbarous custom never prevailed, their lives might have been extended to at least seventy or eighty.

In short, while these practices continue, by which every rural delight is entirely lost, country seats may be esteemed an idle expense, and a useless burden. London is certainly the fittest place for either the bottle or cards: it is there that the gentlemen may pursue the one, and the ladies the other, without being interrupted by such troublesome guests as myself, who may be now and then desirous of picking a nosegay, or of listening to the nightingale. For in vain does Nature lavish her charms, if they are thus neglected; in vain do the birds sing, if no one hears them; and in vain do the flowers blow, if

————— they blow unseen,  
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.

But if these polite persons will continue to



reside in the summer at their country seats, merely because it is the fashion, it would be no unfriendly office to spare them the mortification of continually gazing upon unwelcome objects. In order, therefore, to fix their attention to the most important concerns, I would humbly propose (and I doubt not but the proposal would meet with their approbation) that immediately after dinner the windows be closed, and the light of the sun be exchanged for that of wax candles; by which means the gentlemen over their bottle, in one room, may uninterruptedly harangue on hounds and horses, while the ladies in another may be shut up till midnight with cards and counters. And that the latter may be spared the disquiet of having recourse on a Sunday to fields and gardens (I mean if their mammas or husbands should happen to be so enthusiastically rigid as to forbid gaming upon that day) let it be lawful for them to lie a-bed and study Mr. *Hoyle*. I am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

RUSTICUS.

No. 37.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 13, 1753.

THE following letter is written with so much nature and simplicity, that rather than curtail it of its length, I have thought proper (as I once did before) to extend my paper to another half sheet.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am the widow of a merchant, with whom I lived happily, and in affluence for many years. We had no children, and when he died he left me all he had; but his affairs were so involved, that the balance which I received, after having gone through much expense and trouble, was no more than one thousand pounds. This sum I placed in the hands of a friend of my husband's, who was reckoned a good man in the city, and who allowed me an interest of four per cent. for my capital; and with this forty pounds a year I retired, and boarded in a village about a hundred miles from London.

There was an old lady of great fortune in that neighbourhood, who visited often at the house where I lodged: she pretended, after a short acquaintance, to take a great liking to me: she professed a friendship for me, and at length persuaded me to come and live with her.

Between the time of taking this my resolution and putting it into execution, I was informed that this lady whom I shall call Lady Mary, was very unequal in her humours, and treated

her inferiors and dependents with that insolence which she imagined her superior fortune gave her a right to make use of.

But as I was neither her relation nor dependent, and as all that I desired from her was common civility, I thought that whenever her ladyship or her house became disagreeable to me, I could retire to my old quarters, and live in the same manner as I did before I became acquainted with her; and upon the strength of this reasoning, I packed up my clothes, paid off my lodgings, and was conveyed by my Lady Mary, in her own coach, to her mansion-house.

For the first year she treated me with civility and confidence; but in that time I could not help observing that she had no affection for any body. I found out that she did not love her nearest relations, who were highly esteemed by all the rest of the neighbourhood; and therefore I gave but little credit to all the protestations of friendship which she was continually making to me.

She told me all that she knew, and more than she knew; and insinuated to me that I was to look upon the trust she reposed in me as the strongest proof of the highest friendship. But these insinuations lost their effect; for I knew by experience, that there are many people, of which number her ladyship was one, that often have a need to unbosom themselves, who must have somebody to impart their secrets to, and who, when they know any thing that ought not to be told, are never at ease till they tell it.

But to proceed in my story. One day, when her ladyship had treated me with uncommon kindness, for my having taken her part in a dispute with one of her relations, I received a letter from London, to inform me that the person in whose hands I had placed my fortune, and who till that time had paid my interest money very exactly, was broke, and had fled the kingdom.

Lady Mary, in her fits of friendship, had offered me presents, and perhaps the oftener, because I always refused them. She had sometimes told me how desirous she was to do me good in any thing that lay within her power. But in those days I had the inexpressible happiness of having no wish or view beyond what my little fortune could afford me; and I was truly sensible of, and blessed in, the heartfelt satisfaction of independence. Imagine then, Sir, what I felt at the receipt of the above-mentioned letter. All that I shall say to you about what it produced is, that I took my resolution immediately. I carried the letter in my hand to Lady Mary; but before I gave it to her, I told her, that I had never doubted the sincerity of her friendship, and that I was thoroughly sensible of the kindness with which she treated me. I put her in mind of the presents which she had

offered me, and added, that while I was not in want of her assistance, I thought it wrong to accept of them; but that the time was now come when her friendship was likely to become my only support; that it would be unjust in me to suspect that I should not receive it; and that the letter I then gave her would tell her all, and spare my tears.

Her ladyship immediately read it over with more attention than emotion; but after returning it to me, she embraced me, and assured me, in a condoling voice, that however great my misfortunes might be, she could not help feeling some satisfaction in thinking that it was in her power to alleviate them, by giving me proofs of her unalterable friendship; that her house, her table, her servants, should always continue to be mine; that we should never part while we lived, and that I should feel no change in my condition from this unhappy alteration of my circumstances.

To any body that knew her ladyship less than I did, these words would have afforded matter of great consolation; but when I retired to my chamber, and reflected upon my past and present situation, I saw that I had every thing to regret in the one, and very little to hope for from the other; and the following day convinced me of the manner in which I was to lead my future life.

Whenever Lady Mary spoke to me, she had hitherto called me Mrs. Truman; but the very next morning at breakfast she left out Mrs.; and upon no greater provocation than breaking a teacup, she made me thoroughly sensible of her superiority and my dependence. 'Lord, Truman, you are so awkward! Pray be more careful for the future, or we shall not live long together. Do you think I can afford to have my china broke at this rate and maintain you into the bargain?'

From this moment I was obliged to drop the name and character of friend, which I had hitherto maintained with a little dignity, and to take up that which the French call *complaisante*, and the English *humble companion*. But it did not stop here; for in a week I was reduced to be as miserable a *toad-eater* as any in Great Britain, which, in the strictest sense of the word, is a *servant*; except that the toad-eater has the honour of dining with my lady, and the misfortune of receiving no wages.

The beginning of my servitude was being employed in small business in her ladyship's own presence.—Truman, fetch this; Truman, carry that; Truman, ring the bell; Truman, fill up the pot; Truman, pour out the coffee; Truman, stir the fire; Truman, call a servant; Truman, get me a glass of water, and put me in mind to take my drops.

The second part of my service was harder. I was a good housewife; I understood preserving, pickling, and pastry, perfectly well; I was no

bad milliner, and I was very well skilled in the management of a dairy. All these little talents I had frequently produced, sometimes for my own amusement, and sometimes to make my court to my lady. But now what had been my diversion became my employment: my lady could touch no sweetmeat, pickle, tart, or cheese-cake, but what was the work of my hands. I made up all her linen; I mended and sometimes washed her lace; the butter she eats every morning is all of my churning, and I make every slip-coat cheese that is brought to her table; and if any of these my various works miscarry, I am scolded or pouted at, as much as if I was hired and paid for every branch of the different employments to which I am put.

This degradation of mine has not escaped the eyes of the quick-sighted servants. The change in my situation has produced a total one in their behaviour. There is hardly a chambermaid that will bring me up a bottle of water into my room, or a footman that will give me a glass of small beer at dinner.

I must now give you an account of certain regulations which I am enjoined to observe at table. I am absolutely forbid to taste any dish that is eatable cold as well as hot, or that may be hashed for supper. By this I am prevented from eating of most dishes that come before us. I must never taste boiled or roast beef; and ham and venison-pastry are equally contraband. Fowls, chicken, and all sorts of game, come under the article of prohibited goods; and though I see brawn and sturgeon served up every day during the whole winter, I am no more the better for them than Tantalus was for his apples; and really sometimes I eat as little as those who dine with Duke Humphrey, or as Sancho did when he was made governor of Barataria. To this I may add, that I have not tasted a glass of wine in our house for some years, and that punch, bishop, cool tankard, and negus are equally denied me; and I never must touch any fruit, unless when I am to preserve it.

The rewards I receive for the service I do, and the restraint which I submit to, consist in having the enjoyment of the mere necessities of life, provided you exclude money out of the number. I am clothed out of Lady Mary's wardrobe; and I have offended Mrs. Pinup, her ladyship's woman, past all forgiveness, because her ladyship chooses that I should not go naked about the house.

Not being much used to a coach, I am generally sick with sitting backwards in one. This my lady knows perfectly well; but since I entered into my state of dependence, I am constantly obliged to let her sit forwards alone in the daily airings that we take upon the adjacent common.

You have already seen, sir, that I do the work of most of the servants in the house: but I must now descend a little lower, and acquaint you



with some abject employments, which I am forced to submit to.

I have already hinted to you, that my lady has no real friendship for either man or woman. Her affections are settled upon the brute creation, for whom she expresses incredible tenderness. You would take her monkey to be her eldest son by the care she shows of him; and she could not be more indulgent to her favourite daughter than she is to her lap-dog; she has a real friendship for her parrot; and the other day she expressed much more joy at the safe delivery of a beloved cat, than she had done, some months before, at the birth of her grandson.

It is my province to tend, wait upon, and serve this favourite part of the family. I am made answerable for all their faults; and if any of them are sick, it is I that am to blame. It was through my negligence that Pug broke my lady's finest set of china; and my forgetting to give Veny her dinner was the occasion of the dear creature's illness. Poll's silence is often attributed to my ill usage; and the murder of two or three kittens has been most unjustly laid to my charge.

I now come to some grievances of another kind, which I am almost ashamed to own, but which are necessary to be told.

My lady has, for the humour in her eyes (by-the-by I make all her eye-water) three issues; one in each arm, and one in her back. Now it happened that her own woman being one day confined to her bed, I was desired to perform the operation of dressing them in her stead; and unfortunately I acquitted myself of the task so much to my lady's satisfaction, that Mrs. Pinup has been turned out of that office, which is given to me, and I am afraid it is a place for life.

There was another thing happened to me last year which deserves to be inserted in this letter, and which, though it made me cry, will, I am afraid, make other people laugh.

Lady Mary, out of the few teeth she had left, had one that had the impudence to ache and keep her ladyship awake for two nights together; upon this, Mr. Mercy, the surgeon, was sent for, who, upon viewing the affected part, declared immediately for extraction. This put my lady into a terrible agony: she declared she never had a tooth drawn in her life, and that she could never be brought to undergo it, unless she saw the same operation performed upon somebody else in her presence. Upon this, all the servants were summoned, and she endeavoured to persuade them one after another to have a tooth drawn for her service; but they all refused, and chose rather to lose their places than their teeth. Lady Mary addressed herself to me, and conjured me, by the long friendship that had subsisted between us, and by all the obligations I had already to her, and those she was determined to confer upon me, to grant her

this request. I blush to tell you that I yielded, and parted with a fine white sound tooth: but what will you say when I also tell you, that after I had lost mine, Mr. Mercy was at last sent away without drawing her ladyship's.

Lady Mary takes great quantities of physic, and part of my business is to prepare and make up the doses; but what is still worse her ladyship will swallow nothing till I have tasted it in her presence. I also make and administer all the water-gruel that she drinks with her physic, and am forced to attend her with camomile tea, when she takes a vomit. This last is hard duty, as it not only makes me constantly sick, but as often stains my only gown and apron.

I have now, Sir, done with all my bodily hardships, and shall proceed to a grievance, which lies heavier on me than all I have already mentioned; I mean that perpetual sacrifice of truth, which I am forced to make for her ladyship's service.

Lady Mary is about sixty-five, and labours under a vice, which sometimes persons of the same sex and age are subject to; I mean that of telling long and improbable stories. She has a fine invention, which often carries her beyond the bounds even of possibility. She deals largely in the marvellous, and whenever she perceives that she has made the company stare a little too much, she constantly appeals to me for the truth of a fact which I never heard before; but of which I am declared to have been an eye-witness.

Another grievance is, that my lady being much the richest person in the neighbourhood, is thoroughly convinced that nobody of an inferior fortune can ever be in the right in any dispute which may happen between them; and as her ladyship's arguments are generally very weak, so her passions are very strong; and what she wants in reason, she makes up in anger, which sometimes rises to abuse: and in all these disputes, she never fails to apply to me as an equitable judge, for my decision of the contest: which appeal being accompanied with one of Colonel Hernando's looks, sentence is immediately pronounced in her favour; for what can reason or argument do against fear and poverty? These unjust judgments have made all the neighbours my enemies, who imagine also, that, by this behaviour of mine, I must be highly in my lady's good graces, so that they hate what they ought to compassionate, and envy what they should rather pity. It is the same case in every quarrel that happens between her ladyship and her own relations. I am made the witness and judge in every cause; and I own very freely that my testimony is generally false, and my judgment partial: so that upon the whole my neighbours hate me, the family detest me, and my lady herself does not love and cannot esteem me.



You are now, Sir, fully informed of the wretched life I lead; and as I dare say that there are many who pass their days exactly in the same manner, you will do them and me a singular service by printing this letter. My lady takes in your paper, and lends it about to all the neighbours; and there are some features of my condition too strongly drawn to be mistaken by any of my acquaintance. A common likeness would not have been sufficient; but such a caricature as I have painted must strike and be known at first sight, and perhaps may contribute to change my scene for a better. But one thing I am sure of, which is, that no alteration that can happen to me from the publishing this paper can be for the worse.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

MARY TRUMAN.

No. 38.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 20, 1758.

*Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,  
Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus.*—

HOR.

Poor house! where no superfluous wealth's unknown  
To its rich lord, that thieves may make their own.

FRANCIS.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE is a species of luxury, which though you must often have observed, I do not find that you have hitherto taken notice of, I mean that extravagance of expense which people of all ranks and conditions are daily running into in the article of furniture. In the houses of the great (not to mention the profusion of French ornament, and costly glitter of every room) the meanest utensils of the kitchen are all of plate. But it is not upon the follies of other people that I am going to descant; it is of myself and my country-house, or rather of my wife and her villa, that I intend to be particular. The house I am speaking of, together with a very considerable estate, was left me by an uncle in the city with whom I lived from the age of sixteen. As he intended me for trade, you may be sure he gave me no other education (a little school learning excepted) than what was necessary to a counting-house. But finding myself at his death in possession of a plentiful fortune, I resolved to commence gentleman; and accordingly disposed of my effects in business, and took a house at the other end of the town.

Here I became acquainted with a lady of quality, who, though she had the highest notions

of birth, yet from so trifling a circumstance as want of fortune, condescended to give me her hand, notwithstanding the meanness of my family and the difference of our educations. As I thought myself extremely honoured by an alliance with so great a lady, I gave the management of every thing into her hands, and grew as indolent as if I had really been a man of fashion. My wife was a woman of exceeding *fine taste*, as it is called; or in other words, one who liked to have every thing about her in the newest and most expensive manner. As soon as I brought her to my country-house, I thought she would have fainted away at the sight of my furniture; the whole of it (to use her own words) was so frightful, so odious, and so out of taste! Her upholsterer must be sent for that instant! for there was no enduring life in the midst of so much antiquated lumber. I forgot to tell you that I had entirely new-furnished the house about three months before; but though every thing was extremely good and neat, I must do my wife the justice to own there was very little in it but what was of real use. Early the next day down comes the upholsterer. "Lord, Mr. Kifang," says she, "I am glad you are come. Pray rest yourself a little; but I am afraid you can't find a chair fit for a Christian to sit down upon. Such seats! such backs! such legs! such—but they are so of a piece with the rest of the furniture!—Dear Kifang, I am glad you are come!" So without waiting for his reply, or suffering him to sit down, she conducted him through all the apartments, except the offices, which indeed she has never once condescended to visit since her becoming mistress of my family.

Mr. Kifang, who is said to be of Chinese extraction, and who must be allowed to understand his business as well as any man alive, agreed perfectly with her la'ship; and observed, "that such out-of-fashion things might do well enough for a citizen; but that persons of quality and distinction, who had a *taste* and all that, should have something foreign and superb, and quite in another-guess sort of a manner." In short, Sir, by the indefatigable zeal of this Chinese upholsterer, in about four months my house was entirely new furnished; but so disguised and altered, that I hardly knew it again.—There is not a bed, a table, a chair, or even a grate, that is not twisted into so many ridiculous and grotesque figures, and so decorated with the heads, beaks, wings, and claws, of birds and beasts, that Milton's

Gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire,

are not to be compared with them. Every room is completely covered with a Wilton carpet; I suppose to save the floors, which are all new-laid and in the most expensive manner. In each of these rooms is a pair or two of stands, supported

by different figures of men or beasts, on which are placed branches of Chelsea china; representing lions, bears, and other animals, holding in their mouths or paws sprigs of bay, orange, or myrtle; among the leaves of which are fixed sockets for the reception of wax candles, which, by dispersing the light among the foliage, I own, make a very agreeable appearance. But I can see no use for the lions and bears: to say the truth, I cannot help thinking it a little unnatural; for it is well known that all kinds of savages are afraid of fire. But this I submit to you, having observed of late several wild beasts exhibited on the stage, without their showing the least surprise at the lamps, or even at the loud shouts of applause which have been bestowed upon them from the galleries. The upper apartments of my house, which were before handsomely wainscoted, are now hung with the richest Chinese and India paper, where all the powers of fancy are exhausted in a thousand fantastic figures of birds, beasts, and fishes, which never had existence. And what adds to the curiosity is, that the fishes are seen flying in the air, or perching upon the trees; which puts me in mind of a passage I learned at school (for I have not absolutely forgot my Latin)

*Delphinium appingit sylvis*——

the oddness of which, I suppose, was the reason of my remembering it.

The best, or, as my wife calls it, the state bed-chamber, is furnished in a manner that has half undone me. The hangings are white satin, with French flowers and artificial moss stuck upon it with gum, and interspersed with ten thousand spangles, beads, and shells. The bed stands in an alcove, at the top of which are painted Cupids strewing flowers, and sprinkling perfumes. This is divided from the room by two twisted pillars, adorned with wreaths of flowers, and intermixed with shell-work. In this apartment there is a cabinet of most curious workmanship, highly finished with stones, gems, and shells, dispersed in such a manner as to represent several sorts of flowers. The top of this cabinet is adorned with a prodigious pyramid of china of all colours, shapes, and sizes. At every corner of the room are great jars filled with dried leaves of roses and jessamine. The chimney-piece also (and indeed every one in the house) is covered with immense quantities of china of various figures; among which are Talapoins and Bonzes, and all the religious orders of the East.

The next room that presents itself is my wife's dressing-room; but I will not attempt to describe it to you minutely, it is so full of trinkets. The walls are covered round with looking-glass, interspersed with pictures made of moss, butterflies, and sea-weeds. Under a very magnificent Chinese canopy stands the toilette, furnished with a set of boxes of gilt plate for combs, brushes,

paints, pastes, patches, pomatums, powders, white, gray, and blue, bottles of hungary, lavender, and orange-flower water, and, in short, all the apparatus for disguising beauty. Here she constantly pays her devotions two hours every morning; but what kind of divinity she adores may be safer for you to guess than for me to tell. By this time I imagine you will conceive my house to be much fuller of furniture than my head. Alas! Sir, I am but a husband, and my wife is a woman of quality. But I could submit with some degree of patience to all this folly and expense, if my children (and I have two fine boys and a girl) were not either kept close prisoners in the nursery, or driven into the kitchen among the servants, to prevent their playing about the rooms, and making havoc of the crockery.

I have a thousand other curiosities in my house, of which I neither know the uses nor the names. But I cannot help mentioning the gravel-walks, rivers, groves, and temples, which on a grand day make their appearance at the dessert. For you are not to suppose that all this profusion of ornament is only to gratify my wife's curiosity; it is meant as a preparative to the greatest happiness of life, that of seeing company. And I assure you she gives about twenty entertainments in a year to people for whom she has no manner of regard, for no other reason in the world than to show them her house. In short, Sir, it is become so great a sight that I am no longer master of it; being continually driven from room to room, to give opportunity for strangers to admire it. But as we have lately missed a favourite Chinese tumbler, and some other valuable moveables, we have entertained thoughts of confining the show to one day in the week, and of admitting no persons whatsoever without tickets; unless they happen to be acquainted with the names, at least, of some of my wife's relations. For my own part, if every thing in the house was stolen, it would give me less concern than I have felt for many years past at every India sale, or at the shortest visit that she has made at Deard's: for I find to my sorrow, that as my furniture increases, my acres diminish; and that a new fashion never fails of producing a fresh mortgage.

If you think my case may be of service to any of those husbands who are unhappy enough to be married to wives of *taste*, you have free leave to publish it from,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

SAMUEL SIMPLE.

No. 39.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 27, 1753.

I HAVE received no less than four letters from my



friend Nic. Limbertongue, since last Thursday was three weeks, at which time I had the honour of exhibiting his character and history in this paper. But all I dare do with these letters is, to give a short abstract of them to my readers; my friend having entered so minutely into family secrets, and (as he assures me upon his honour) with the strictest regard to truth, that I myself should be the *tell-tale* if I gave them to the public in the manner I received them.

In the first of these letters he gives me the history of the third lying-in of a young lady of fashion near St. James's, who is at present only in her nineteenth year, and who lives with a very pious old aunt, and passes for a pattern of modesty and virtue. He also favours me with the names and characters of two gentlemen, who have the honour, separately, of passing the evening with this young lady, without either suspecting the other of being any thing more than a visiting acquaintance.

The second letter contains the secret memoirs of a woman of quality, whose husband is just upon the point of parting with her for *indiscretion*. Till the reading of this letter, I confess myself to have had a very inadequate idea of the meaning of this word. To be indiscreet, it seems, is for a married woman to listen to the addresses of one, two, or half a dozen lovers; to make assignations with them separately; to declare her hatred to her husband, and to admit her said lovers to every liberty but one. All this, provided the lady be detected in some of her closest familiarities, is to be indiscreet: and though the virtue of such a lady is not to be called in question, yet every body has a right to say that she has been guilty of indiscretions.

My friend's third letter is a good deal too waggish for the sobriety of this paper. It is the history of a parson and his two maids, whom he calls Rachel and Leah. To say the truth, I have another reason for suppressing this letter, which is, that the doctor happens to be the rector of my own parish, and (setting Rachel and Leah, and eating and drinking, out of the question) is really a very continent and abstemious man.

The fourth and last letter is a voyage from Vauxhall to Whitehall, in a dark night, under a tilt, performed by persons of distinction of both sexes. All that I shall inform my readers of this voyage is, that it appears from the journal of it (which was kept by one of the passengers, and communicated to my friend) to have been a very indiscreet one; and that in the latitude of Westminster-bridge, Miss Kitty, a young country beauty of eighteen, was heard to say with great quickness to a colonel of the guards, who sat next to her, "Be quiet, Sir!" and to accompany her words with so smart a slap on the face, that the centre arch rung again; upon which her aunt, who was one of the par-

ty, took occasion to observe, "That her niece would always be a country girl, and know nothing of the world."

Having now taken sufficient notice of my friend Limbertongue's letters, I shall leave my readers to animadvert upon them, and devote the remainder of this paper to a female correspondent.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am a young woman, born to no great fortune, but from the indulgence of my parents, am so happy as to enjoy the advantages of a good education. I have really a handsome face, have a natural gentility about me, walk as well as any body, and am told by my mother, and have heard it whispered a thousand times by the maids, that I am a clever girl.

It was my fortune some time ago, when I was upon a visit in the country, to make a hole in a gentleman's heart, as he sat in the next pew to me at church; and as I am above disguises, I shall confess very freely that I was equally struck. I took a pleasure in looking at him from the first moment I saw him; and it was no trifling satisfaction to me, that as often as I dared squint that way, I found his eyes to be fixed fully upon mine.

As he was known to the lady at whose house I was entertained, it was matter of no great difficulty for him to introduce himself to my acquaintance. I inquired into his character, and was told that he was a gentleman addicted to no kind of vice; that his fortune was a very handsome one; that he had great sensibility and generosity; but that he was extremely quick-sighted to the foibles of women. I was not much pleased with this last information; but having a pretty good opinion of myself, I did not doubt that I should so hamper him with discretion and beauty, that he could not possibly escape me.

To be as short as I can, he soon made proposals to me in form, which, after the usual hesitations, were in form accepted. My parents were written to upon the occasion, and every thing was preparing for our happiness, when Alphonso (for so I shall call him) was unfortunately summoned to a distant part of the country, to attend the last moments of a near relation. There was no disobeying this cruel summons; and with a thousand protestations of unalterable love, away he went.

During his absence, which happened to be much longer than, I believe, either of us wished, the fashion came up among the ladies of wearing their gowns off the shoulders; and though my skin was rather of the brownest, and I had also the misfortune of having a large scar across my bosom, I immediately pared away six inches



of my stays before and behind, and presented myself to him at his return in all the nakedness of the fashion. I was indeed greatly astonished, that as he was running into my arms with all the eagerness of a long absent lover, he stopt of a sudden to survey me, and after giving me only a cold salute, and inquiring how I did, sat himself down for about a quarter of an hour, and then wished me a good night.

It really never occurred to me, to what accident I was to attribute so mortifying a change, till early the next morning I was let into the secret by the following letter:

"MADAM,

"To have but one defect in your whole person, and to display it to the world with so much pains, is to betray a want of that prudence, without which the marriage state is generally a state of misery. I must therefore take the liberty of telling you, that my last visit was paid yesterday, and that my last letter waits only till I have subscribed myself,

"Madam,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"ALPHONSO."

You may imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, into what awkward confusion and distress this letter threw me. At first I reproached the inconstancy of my lover, and called him the basest and most perfidious of men; but when my passion was abated, and I began seriously to reflect upon my incautious behaviour, I could not help allowing that he had reason on his side; though I hope you will be of opinion, that his letter is a little too mortifying, and his resolution too hasty.

Some months have elapsed since I have worn the willow; and I have at present hardly any expectation of being restored to grace; though if Alphonso had thought it worth his while to make any inquiries about me, he would have known that ever since the discovery of that fatal scar (which I can assure him upon my honour was only occasioned by a burn) I have worn my stays as high, and pinned my gown as decently as his hard heart would desire; and notwithstanding the very warm weather we have had this summer, I have never made a visit, or appeared anywhere in public, but in a double handkerchief, and that too pinned under my chin.

I have two reasons, Sir, for troubling you with this letter, and desiring your publication of it. The first is, that my lover may see how penitent I am for my fault; and the second, to do service to two ladies of my acquaintance; one of which has a most disconsolate length of face, which she makes absolutely frightful by wearing the poke of her cap quite back to her pole; the other, with the feet and legs of

a Welch porter, is for ever tripping it along the Mall in white shoes and short petticoats. If I cannot benefit myself, it will be some little satisfaction to have been a warning to my friends.

I am, Sir,

Your most unfortunate humble servant,  
CELIMENA.

P. S. Since my writing this letter, I have some distant hope that my lover may come about again; having been informed of a saying of his to a friend, 'That in spite of the scar upon my bosom, my appearance that night put him in mind of a book lately published, called *Heaven open to all men*.'

No. 40.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1753.

OF all the eastern stories that have hitherto made their appearance in English, there is not one that conveys so perfect and beautiful a moral as that of the Prince Ruzvanschad and the Princess Cheheristany, in the first volume of the Persian Tales. Ruzvanschad was king of China, and Cheheristany princess of an island of Genies. They fell desperately in love with each other, and after the usual delays were married in due form in the island of Cheheristan, where the lady was queen. But before the solemnization of this marriage, the princess of the Genies addressed the king of China in the following manner: 'I am not going,' said she, 'to make your majesty any unreasonable request, though the power I have over you, and the superiority of my nature, claim obedience in all things: I shall only demand a promise from you, that for the honour of your queen, and for our mutual happiness, you will blindly comply with me in every thing I have a mind to do. The Genies are never in the wrong. If, therefore, at any time my actions should happen to appear unaccountable and extravagant, say, within yourself, my wife has reason for what she does: for it is impossible that we should live together in love and harmony, unless you implicitly believe that I am always in the right.' The king, according to the universal custom of lovers, promised very readily to think in all things as his princess would have him; and the marriage was celebrated with all imaginable splendour.

The sequel of the story informs us, that his majesty of China did not absolutely keep his royal promise; for that upon certain trifling occasions, such, for instance, as the queen's flinging her son into the fire, giving her daughter to be devoured by a wild beast, destroying the pro-

visions of his whole army, and the like (which are only allegorical expressions, signifying a mamma's giving up her son to the fire of his passions, carrying her daughter to the masquerade, and consuming the substance of her husband), he not only thought her in the wrong, but had the rashness to tell her so. Here begins the misery of this royal and once happy couple; the queen separates herself from her husband, and at the end of ten whole years consents to cohabitation upon no other terms than a renewal of the old promise, ratified by an oath. The story adds, that the king of China, having seen his error, never failed to acknowledge the wisdom of his queen in all she did, and that they lived to an extreme old age, the happiest monarchs of the East.

If every husband in England was to read this story night and morning till he had got it by heart; and, in imitation of the king of China, if he would consider himself as a mere son of Adam, and his wife of the superior nature of the Genies, the happiness of his life would in all probability be secured; for I am fully persuaded that all the infelicities of the married state are occasioned by men's finding fault with the conduct of their wives, and imagining themselves to be fitter for government than for obedience.

For my own part, I have always looked upon the husband to be the head of his wife, just in the same manner as a fountain is the head of a stream; which only finds supplies for its wanderings, without directing the current which way it shall flow. It may possibly be objected that wives are commanded in a certain book called the Bible, to be obedient to their husbands; but a lady of my acquaintance, who is a great casuist in divinity, seems to have set this matter in a true light, by observing, that as most of the commentators upon the New Testament have agreed that some of its particular commands and prohibitions are merely local and temporary, and intended only as cautions to the Christians against giving scandal to the Jews and heathens, among whom they lived; she makes no manner of doubt that obedience to husbands was among the number of these commands, and that it might be right to observe it in the infancy of Christianity, but not now.

Many persons, as well Christians as others, are of opinion, that to command is neither the province of the wife nor the husband; and that to advise or entreat is all that either has a right to. But this I take to be wrong policy; for as every private family is a little state within itself, there should be a superior and laws, or all will be anarchy and confusion: and as it is indisputable that the wife knows more of family affairs than the husband, there is no reason in the world for taking the command out of her hands.

Every body sees that when men keep mis-

treasures they commence subjects under an absolute tyranny; and that a wife should have less authority is, in my own private opinion, a very hard case, especially if it be considered, that she is not only one flesh with her husband, but as the universal phrase is, his *better part*. Every body knows too, that good humour in a wife is the most necessary of all the virtues to secure the happiness of a husband; and how is her good humour to be preserved, if she is to be under perpetual control? It is no new discovery, that the first wish of a woman is power; if therefore you give the sceptre into her hand, and intreat her to say and do according to her own good pleasure, it would be almost impossible for her to be always out of temper.

But the subordination of husbands will appear to be of greater necessity, if it be considered how unfit almost every man is to govern himself. I have known husbands of hopeful dispositions, who, from being left entirely to their own management, have run into every excess of riot and debauchery; when it has been obvious, that had their wives exerted the proper authority over them, they would have made the soberest and meekest men alive. How thankful therefore ought we to be, that our wives are inclined to take upon themselves the troublesome office of government, and to leave to their husbands the easy duty of obedience, which a child of six years old is as capable of performing as his father of forty!

I have indeed heard it objected, that all women are not sufficiently qualified for the government of their husbands. But by whom is this objection made? By some obstinate old bachelor, who, for want of conversing with the sex, has formed very erroneous opinions of their dignity and abilities. To decide this question, I would only appeal to those husbands who have lived in a constant state of subjection to their wives; and if any one of them dare tell me that he has once wished to be his own master, I will be a bachelor in unbelief. It has also been objected, that the tyranny of a wife may sometimes be a little more absolute than the husband may wish it to be; but it has always been a maxim, that an absolute monarchy is the best, provided that we know, and have a right of choosing our ruler; the husband therefore should be satisfied with a small extension of the prerogative, whose monarch is not only of his own choosing, but one whom he has courted to reign over him.

It is matter of no small satisfaction to me, that by vindicating the sovereignty of the ladies, I am doing service to my king and country; for while men are kept under a continued state of subjection at home, they will submit with more alacrity to the laws, and feel a deficiency of those spirits, which, for want of proper control, might lead them into riots, insurrections, and rebellions. It were to be wished, indeed, that



the ladies would drop the study of national politics, and confine themselves to family government only; for while a husband is no other than the vassal of his wife, a female Jacobite (unless she should happen to be ugly or an old maid) may be a dangerous creature. I shall therefore conclude this paper by recommending it to the administration to have a particular eye to those seminaries of female learning, known by the name of boarding schools. It might not be improper if the oaths of allegiance and abjuration were to be administered to the superiors and mademoiselles of such colleges, or if the head of his present majesty King George was to be worked by every pretty miss at the bottom of her sampler.

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No. 41.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1753.

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As the writers of the two following letters are of a sex for which I have the sincerest regard and veneration, I have made no delay in committing them to the press, not doubting that the evils they complain of will excite the attention of my readers.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am a very hearty old maid of seventy-three; but I have a parcel of impertinent nephews and nieces, who, because I have kept my good humour, will needs have it that I have parted with something else. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, be so kind as to tell these graceless relations of mine, that it is not impossible for a woman to have two virtues at a time, and that she may be merry and chaste, as well as merry and wise. But as I am always to be teased upon this subject, I have some thoughts of renouncing my virginity to secure my good humour; for I am afraid that by contending with them every day for what they say I have lost, I shall run the hazard of losing in reality what they allow me to possess. I beg your advice in this critical affair, and am,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,  
PRUDENTIA HOLDFAST.

In answer to Miss Holdfast, I shall only say that, if I was to be teased out of my virginity, it should be by the most impudent fellow living, sooner than by these undutiful relations.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I am a young woman of fashion, and a great admirer of a town life. But it has been my

misfortune, for these three months past, to be condemned to the odious country, and the more odious diversions of it; and this in compliance to an old-fashioned aunt, who, excepting her two daughters, and the company they keep, is the most odious thing of all. But it is not for the sake of abusing my friends or of ridiculing the country, that I trouble you with this letter; I have really escaped such dangers in this retirement, that I mean it as a caution to my sex against giving up the innocent amusements of a town life, for the destructive pleasures of woods and shades.

I had hardly been a week at my aunt's, before I lost all the delicacy of quality; and from the palest complexion in the world, and no appetite (the best proofs of high birth and of keeping good company), I began to look as rosy as a milk-maid, and to eat like a plough-boy. I shall never forget the awkward compliments that were made me upon those defects; but a new mortification succeeded, which removed me still farther from upper life, and had like to have killed me. I began absolutely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to grow fat. What was to be done now? Why I must walk forsooth! I wondered they did not bid me fly; for to a woman of condition, who had never stirred out of doors but in her chair, flying seemed as easy as walking. But my disease was desperate, and so must be my cure: in short, they taught me how to walk, and in less than a week I verily believe I had travelled a mile.

And now I was teased upon another account. My cousins, who were grown quite intimate with me, and who were what they call neat girls, were perpetually finding fault with the looseness of my morning dress. I really pitied their ignorance, but could hardly forbear laughing when I saw them come down as prim to breakfast, as if they were dressed for visitors. It was in vain for me to tell them that women of fashion were above such regards; I was again forced to comply, and to stick pins into my clothes, as if dressing for a drum.

I am far from denying that air, exercise, and neatness contributes to my health; but I remember with confusion the alteration they produced. I had lived in the polite circle to the age of five-and-twenty without conceiving an idea of the other sex, any farther than what related to their uses in public places, a treat upon the water, or a party at brag. Indeed the perpetual hurry of a town life puts all other things quite out of one's head. But idleness is the root of all evil. In less than a fortnight my heart told me that I had passions as well as appetites. To deal plainly with you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, for want of something to do, I fell desperately in love. With shame I confess it, I was caught I know not how; for my rustic, though he paid me particular regards, and was a handsome fel-



low with a good estate, had no one accomplishment upon earth to recommend him to a woman of fashion. His education had been at the university, where he had pursued nothing but his studies. He knew nobody in town but people whom nobody knows; had been at court but once; detested play, and had no ideas of routs and drums. His virtues (for my aunt and cousins were continually talking of them) reached no farther than a little charity to the poor; a vast deal of what they call good-nature; abundance of duty to the old lady his mother, and a ridiculous fondness for a sister, who was one of the plainest women I ever saw. But in affairs of gallantry, or the fashions of the town, he was as ignorant as a Hotentot. He would sometimes, indeed, make a party with us at whist for half-crowns, which he called deep play; but as to shuffling, fuzzing, changing of seats, hints to a partner, setting up honours without holding them, and the like, which are the essentials of the game, he was an absolute idiot. He considered cards, he said, only as an amusement, and was perfectly indifferent whether he won or lost. Yet in spite of myself, and so contemptible an animal, I was really in love with him. Nay, so entirely did he possess me, that I contrived to be ill, and to keep my chamber three mornings together, to engage him alone. But would you think it, Mr. Fitz-Adam; if he approached to touch my hand, I had such frights and fears about me, that I hardly knew where I was. I trembled at every word he spoke to me; and had he offered at those trifling liberties, which every fine gentleman is admitted to in town, and which the strictest modesty would only cry pish at, I verily believe I should have died. But his country education was the saving of my life. His intentions, I perceived, were, to make a wife of me; a character, which of all characters in the world I had the greatest aversion to; as, in all probability, it would connect me with the cares of a mother, and a thousand ridiculous duties and affections, that a well-bred woman has really no time for. Yet this deplorable creature I had certainly been, if he had not all of a sudden (for what reason I know not, unless he thinks it a crime for a lady to be a little witty upon the Bible) taken a crotchet into his head of treating me like a stranger. The man is most evidently mad; for instead of directing all his discourse to me as usual, he is for ever caballing with my youngest cousin, and talking by the hour in praise of a country education.

But, thanks to my stars, there is a place called London; where, in a very few weeks, the business of play, and the amusements of polite life, shall cure me of my folly, and restore me to my complexion. I shall fly to the brag-table as to an asylum against the passions. It is there that love is never thought of. The men have no designs, nor the women temptations. It puts me

in mind of the state of innocence which our first parents fell from: the sexes may meet naked, and not be ashamed, nor even know that they are naked.

It would take up too much of your paper to enforce the advantages of play, by laying before you the evils it prevents. Scandal was never heard of at a card-table: the question when we meet is not who lost her honour last night? but who her money? We need never go to church to ridicule the parsons, or stay at home to be the plague of husbands or servants. In short, if women would escape the pursuits of men, the drudgery of wives, the cares of parents, and the plagues of home, their security is play. I know of nothing that can be said against it, but that it may possibly lead to ill-nature, quarrels, cheating, and ruin.

I am, Sir,  
Your constant reader,  
and most humble servant,  
SOPHIA SHUFFLE.

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No. 42.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1753.

It is a common phrase, when we speak of a person who has nothing remarkably bad in his disposition, that he is a *good sort of a man*; but of these *good sort of men* there are multitudes to be met with, who are more troublesome and offensive than a swarm of gnats within one's bed-curtains.

A *good sort of a man* is sometimes he, who from shallowness of parts, and a narrow education, believes every action of mankind, that is not calculated to promote some pious or virtuous end, to be blameable and vicious. He prescribes to himself rules for the conduct of life, and censures those who differ from him as immoral or irreligious. Walking in the fields on a Sunday, or taking up a newspaper, is an offence against Heaven. I have heard a young lady severely reprimanded for reading a Spectator upon that day; and I have known it prophesied of a boy of eight years old, that he would certainly be an Atheist, for having written God with a little g, and Devil with a great D. In the opinion of this *good sort of a man*, to say *Lord bless me* is a breach of the third commandment; and to affirm, *upon one's word*, that this or that thing is true or false, is downright swearing.

To such characters as these, the infidelity of others may in some measure be owing. To avoid one extreme we are apt to run into another; and because one man happens to believe a great deal too much, another is determined to believe nothing at all.

During the usurpation of Cromwell, we were a nation of psalm-singers; which is the best rea-

son I can give for the Innundation of bawdy songs that poured in upon us at the Restoration : for though the king and his court were indefatigable in the propagation of wantonness (and every body knows how apt men are to copy the manners of a court) they would have found it a very hard task to debauch the whole kingdom, if it had not been a kingdom of enthusiasts.

Another, though less mischievous *good sort* of a man is he, who upon every occasion, or upon no occasion at all, is teasing you with *advice*. This gentleman is generally a very grave personage, who happening either to have outlived his passions, or to have been formed without any, regulates all his actions by the rule of prudence. He visits you in a morning, and is sorry to hear you call those persons your friends who kept you at the King's-arms last night after the clock had struck twelve. He tells you of an acquaintance of his, of a hundred and two years old, who was never up after sun-setting, nor a-bed after sun-rising. He informs you of those meats which are easiest of digestion, prescribes water-gruel for your breakfast, and harangues upon the poison of made dishes. He knows who caught a fever by going upon the water, and can tell you of a young lady who had the rheumatism in all her limbs by wearing an India persian in the middle of October. If at a jovial meeting of friends you happen to have drank a single glass too much, he talks to you of dropsies and inflammations, and wonders that a man will buy pleasure in an evening, at the hazard of a headach in the morning. That such a person may really be a *good sort* of a man, and that he may give his advice out of pure humanity, I am very ready to allow ; but I cannot help thinking (and I am no advocate for intemperance) that if it was not now-and-then for giving prudence the slip, and for a little harmless playing the fool, life would be a very insipid thing.

A third *good sort* of a man is one who calls upon you every day, and tells you what the people say of you abroad. As how "Mr. Nokes was very warm in your praises, and that Mr. Stiles agreed with him in opinion; but that Mr. Roe and Mrs. Doe, who by-the-by pretend to be your friends, were continually coming in with one of their ill-natured *ifs*. But they are like the rest of the world. You have a thousand enemies, though you do nothing to deserve them. I wonder what could provoke Mr. A. to fall upon you with so much violence before Lady B. : but then to hear Mr. C. and Miss D., who are under such obligations to you, join in the abuse, was what, I own, I did not expect. But there is no sincerity among us : and I verily believe you have not a friend in the whole world besides myself." Thus does he run on, not only lessening you in your own opinion, but robbing

you of the most pleasing satisfaction of life, that of thinking yourself esteemed by those with whom you converse. If you happen to be in any public character, the Lord have mercy upon you ! for unless you can stop your ears to the croakings of these ravens, you must be miserable indeed. There are very few *good sort* of men that are more pernicious than these : for as almost every man in the world is curious of knowing what another thinks of him, he is perpetually listening to abuses upon himself, till he grows a hater of his kind. It is for this reason that dissimulation is often to be ranked among the virtues ; for if every man of your acquaintance, instead of assuring you of his esteem and regard, was to tell you that he did not care a straw for you (which twenty to one is the truth), the motives to benevolence would be entirely destroyed ; and though the "loving those that hate us" be a precept of christianity, it would puzzle me to name a christian of my acquaintance, who has grace enough to practise it.

A fourth *good sort* of a man, and with whom I shall conclude this paper, is the man of ceremony. But as this character is drawn from the life by one of my correspondents who has felt the inconvenience of it, I shall give it to my readers in his own words.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I belong to a club of very honest fellows in the city, who meet once a week to kill care and be innocently merry. Every one of us used to sing his song or tell his story for the entertainment of his friends, and to be good-naturedly jocose upon the foibles of the company. But all our merriment has been at a stand for some time, by the admission of a new member, who, it seems, is a person of very *fine breeding*. You must know that he is our superior in fortune ; from which consideration we show him a great deal of respect. At his entrance into the club-room we all rise from our chairs, and it is not till he has paid his compliments to each of us separately, and kept us standing for near a quarter of an hour, that he entreats us to be seated. He then hopes we are all perfectly well, and that we caught no colds that day se'ennight by walking home from the club ; for that the night was foggy, or it was rainy, or it was cold, or it was something or other, that gave him a good deal of pain till he saw us again. After we have all made our bows, and assured him of our exceeding good healths, the inquiry begins after our ladies and families. He is always so unfortunate as to forget the number and names of our children, for which he most heartily begs pardon, and hopes the dear little creatures, whom he has not the pleasure of knowing, will forgive him for his want of memory. The finishing this ceremony generally takes us up about an



hour; after which, as he is the first man of the club, it is necessary, in point of good manners, that he should find us in conversation; and to say the truth, since his admission into our society, we have none of us a word to say, unless it be in answer to his inquiries. And now it is that we are entertained with the history of a dinner at Lady Fidfad's, at which were present Lord and Lady Lavender, Sir Nicholas Picktooth, and a world of polite company. He names every dish to us in the order it was placed, tells us how the company was seated, the compliments that passed, and, in short, every thing that was said: which, though it may be called polite conversation, is certainly the dullest I ever heard in my life. By this time we generally begin to look upon our watches; a bill is called for, and after a contention of about three minutes who shall go out last, we return to our homes.

This, Sir, is the true history of our once jovial club: and as it is not impossible that this well-bred gentleman may be a reader of the World, I trouble you with this letter, and entreat your publication of it; for with so much good manners as he is undoubtedly master of, he will absent himself from our society when he knows how miserable he has made us.

I am, Sir,  
Your very humble servant,  
FRANCIS HEARTY.

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No. 43.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1753.

I HAVE devoted to-day's paper to the miscellaneous productions of such of my correspondents as, in my own opinion, are either whimsical enough, or witty enough, to be entertaining to my readers.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am an Englishman and a Patriot, but neither a Freeholder nor an Independent Whig. I am neither a Craftsman nor a Fool, but a Free-thinker, and a Plain-dealer; a steady Champion for virtue, and a sharp Protester against vice.

I am a daily Inspector of my neighbours' actions, and take a Monthly Review of my own; yet do not assume the title of Censor, or Guardian; being contented with the office of Monitor or Remembrancer. My enemies nevertheless will call me a Tatler, a Busybody, an Impertinent, &c.

I am a great Reader, and a Lover of polite literature. I am sometimes an Adventurer

abroad, sometimes a Rambler at home, and rove like the Bee from Museum to Musæum, in quest of knowledge and pleasure.

I am an Occasional Writer too; in a fit of gayety I am a Humorist, in a fit of seriousness a Moralist; and when I am very angry indeed, I scourge the age with all the spirit of a Busby.

To conclude, I am not an idle Spectator, but a close Examiner of what passes in the World, and Mr. Fitz-Adam's

Admirer and humble servant,  
PHILOCOSMUS.

This letter puts me in mind of the following advertisement in a late Daily Advertiser:—"Whereas Thomas Toovey, snuffman, who is lately removed from the blackamoor's head in Piccadilly to the shop, late the crown and dagger, three doors lower, and hopes for the continuance of his friends' custom."—And there it ends. I should have been more obliged to my correspondent, if after his Whereas that he was an Englishman, a Patriot, a Freeholder, &c. he had thought proper to inform me to what purpose he was all this. But I have the pleasure of hoping that this epistle is only an introductory discourse to a larger work: and as such I have given it to the public without addition or amendment.

SIR,

If it would not be meddling with religion (a subject which you have declared against touching upon) I wish you would recommend it to all rectors, vicars, and curates of parishes, to omit the prayer, commonly used in the pulpit before sermon, the petition for Jews, Turks, and Infidels. For, as the Jews, since a late act of Parliament, are justly detested by the whole nation; and as it is shrewdly suspected that a bill is now in agitation for naturalizing the Turks, wise men are of opinion that it is no business of ours, to be continually recommending such people in our prayers. Indeed as for the Infidels, who are only our own people, I should make no scruple of praying for them, if I did not know that persons of fashion do not care to hear themselves named so very particularly in the face of the congregation. I have the honour of an acquaintance with a lady of very fine understanding, who assures me that the above-mentioned prayer is absolutely as terrible to her as being churched in public: for that she never hears the word Infidel mentioned from the pulpit, without fancying herself the stare of the whole rabble of believers.

As it is certainly the duty of a clergyman to avoid giving offence to his parishioners; and as our hatred to the Jews, our alarms about the Turks, and the modesty of persons of quality, are not to be overcome, I beg that you will not



only insert this letter in the World, but that you will also give it as your opinion that the petition should be omitted.

I am, Sir,  
Your most humble servant,  
I. M.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

Now the theatres are open, and the town is in high expectation of seeing Pantomimes performed to the greatest advantage, it would not be improper if you would give us a paper upon that subject. Your predecessor the Spectator, and the Tatler before him, used frequently to animadvert upon theatrical entertainments; but as those gentlemen had no talents for Pantomime, and were partial to such entertainments as themselves were able to produce, they treated the nobler compositions with unwarrantable freedom. Happy is it for us, that we live in an age of *taste*, when the dumb eloquence, and manual wit and honour of Harlequin is justly preferred to the whining of tragedy, or the vulgarity of comedy. But it grieves me, in an entertainment so near perfection, to observe certain indelicacies and indecorums, which, though they never fail of obtaining the approbation of the galleries, must be extremely offensive to the politeness of the boxes. The indelicacies I mean are, the frequent and significant wriggings of Harlequin's tail, and the affront that Pierot is apt to put upon the modesty of Columbine, by sometimes supposing, in his searches for her lover, that she has hid him under her petticoats. That such a supposition would be allowable in comedy, I am very ready to own; the celebrated Mrs. Behn having given us in reality what is here only supposed. In a play of that delicate lady's, the wife, to conceal the gallant from her husband, not only hides him under her petticoats, but, as Trulla did by Hudibras, straddles over him, and, holding her husband in discourse, walks backwards with her lover to the door; where, with a genteel love-kick, she dismisses him from his hiding-place. But that the chaste Columbine should be suspected of such an indelicacy, or that Pierot should be so audacious as to attempt the examination of premises so sacred, is a solecism in Pantomime. Another impurity that gives me almost equal offence is Harlequin's tapping the neck or bosom of his mistress, and then kissing his fingers. I am apprehensive that his behaviour is a little bordering upon wantonness; which, in the character of Harlequin, who is a foreigner, and a fine gentleman, and every thing agreeable, is as absurd as it is immodest.

When these reformatations can be brought about, every body must allow that a Pantomime will be a most rational and instructive entertainment; and it is to be hoped that none but prin-

cipal performers will be suffered to have a part in it. How pleased will the town be this winter to read in one of the articles of news in the Public Advertiser, "We hear that at each of the theatres royal there is an entire new Pantomime now in rehearsal, and the principal parts are to be performed by Mr. Garrick, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Mossop, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard, at Drury-Lane: and at Covent-Garden, by Mr. Quin, Mr. Lun, Mr. Barry, Miss Nossiter, &c." It is not to be doubted that a Pantomime so acted would run through a whole season to the politest as well as most crowded audiences. Indeed, I have often wondered at the good-humour of the town, that they can bear to see night after night so elegant an entertainment with only one performer in it of real reputation.

It was very well observed by a person of quality, "That if Mr. Addison, Doctor Swift, and Mr. Pope were alive, and were unitedly to write a Pantomime every winter, provided Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber were to do the principal parts, he verily believed there would not be a hundred people at any one rout in town, except it was of a Sunday." If it be from no other consideration than this, I am for having Pantomimes exhibited to the best advantage: and though we have no such Wits among us as his lordship was pleased to name, we are reckoned to have as good Carpenters as any age has produced; and I take it, that the most striking beauties of pantomimical composition are to be ascribed to the Carpenter, more than to the Wit.

I am, Sir,  
Your constant reader and most  
humble servant,  
S. W.

No. 44.] THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,  
A JUSTLY-admired poet of our own times, speaking in reference to his art, tells us, that

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

The same, it is presumed, may be said of almost every kind of writing. Europe is at present so much enlightened, that it is hardly possible to strike out a single notion absolutely new, or which has never been touched upon by somebody before us. Religion, philosophy, and morality, in particular, have been so thoroughly canvassed, that such as would treat upon those

subjects now have scarce any thing left them, but to set some beaten thought in a different light, and, like a skilful cook, endeavour to make the fare of yesterday palatable again to-day, by a various dressing. If it can be got down and digested, there are always hopes of its conveying some nourishment; and whether it be taken for turtle or venison, pheasant or moor-game, beef or mutton, is not a farthing's matter, so it be relished by the guests. Whether I am possessed of any part of this skill, must be left to the decision of each person's taste. All I dare engage for is, that no unwholesome ingredient shall enter into my composition; and if, on the one hand, it should be insipid, on the other, it shall be as harmless as a bit of dry bread.

But to my subject. The comparison of man's life to a journey, and the conclusions usually drawn from thence, are not the less true for being trite and common. When we reflect, that to be excessively anxious for the wealth, honours, and pleasures of this transitory world, is just as ridiculous as it would be to torment ourselves because our accommodations at an inn (which we are to quit the next morning) are not sufficiently sumptuous, the aptness of the allusion stares us in the face: the assent is extorted while the mind dwells upon it: and people of every persuasion, however they may disagree in other propositions, concur in this, as in a self-evident axiom.

Yet herein do we resemble the case of him, who is said in scripture to *behold his figure in a glass, but straight forgetteth what manner of man he was*; and, as if a fatality hung over us, our memories are still found worst, in the matter that concerns us most; namely, in the acquisition of tranquillity, that *summum bonum* on this side the grave. A heathen could tell us, that this inestimable treasure lies at our feet; but that we giddily stumble over it, in the pursuit of bubbles. On these we bestow all our strenuous exertions; the other has only indolent wishes.

But if we are candidates in earnest for this temporal felicity, and which at the same time leads by the smoothest road to the celestial, the first step should be to discover what that is, which opposes and excludes it: and as it is utterly impossible that two contraries should peaceably inhabit the same breast, let us resolve to drive out the aggressor.

That perturbations of every kind are capital enemies to tranquillity, speaks itself: but it may require some scrutiny to discern that the common parent from whence most of these proceed is pride. I say, *most* of these; for if want, pain, fear, and intemperance be excepted, it is presumed that few obstacles to serenity can be imagined, which are not fairly deducible from this single vice.

The inimitable Mr. Addison, in one of his Spectators, mentions guilt and atheism, as the

only warrantable precluders of cheerfulness; nor is it here intended to controvert his superior judgment: this being merely an essay to prove that Pride is the great source from whence almost every other species of guilt flows. And as for atheism, it may, I think, without much torturing the argument, be placed to the same account.

But let us first try the truth of this proposition, upon actual or practical vices, as distinguished from speculative errors; and thence discover to what degree they may be said to *hold of this lady paramount*; consequently how far we are indebted to her for the miseries which fill the world with complaints.

Sickness, pain, fear, want, and intemperance, have already been excepted, as productive of disorders in the soul, which derive not immediately from this origin: at least, it can hardly with propriety be said that a person is proud of a disease, of cowardice, or of indigence; though it has been observed, that some have had the preposterous folly to glory in being lewd, a drunkard, or a glutton.

Whether human nature be capable of bearing up with cheerfulness and indolence against these evils, (from what cause soever arising) is a question foreign to the present business, which is to excite every thinking person strictly to examine the catalogue of vices, one by one; and then to ask his own heart what resemblance they bear to the prolific parent here assigned them; and it is presumed, that nothing more is necessary than the holding up the progeny to view, in order to ascertain their descent.

It may be gathered from the most authentic testimony, that her first-born was Ambition; brought to light in the days of your namesake Adam, and ever since, whether clad in a red coat, and armed with a scimitar and firebrand, or in the more gentle habit of a statesman, courtier, beau, lawyer, divine, &c. still confesses the kindred in every feature and action. It is not very material in what order the subsequent issue were produced. But that envy, hatred, malice, tyranny, anger, implacability, revenge, cruelty, impatience, obstinacy, violence, treachery, ingratitude, self-love, avarice, profusion; together with the smaller shoots, detraction, impertinence, loquacity, petulance, affectation, &c. do all derive from this *mater familie*, will, I persuade myself, most evidently appear to a curious observer.

To enumerate the infinite disorders and calamities that disperse themselves from this root, intrude into every place, and are incessant plagues to individuals, as well as to society, were an endless task. Who shall tell the secret pangs of the heart in which she is planted? But her baleful influence is discernible, wherever two or three are gathered together. Even at the altar, and whilst the tongue, in compliance with



the ritual, is uttering the most humiliating epithets, you shall perceive her inconsistently tricked out, and by a thousand fantastic airs attracting the worship of the assistants, from the Deity, to herself.

Trace her from the court into the city; and there, from the general trader, to the retailer, mechanic, and pedlar; thence into the country, from the squire, to the farmer and day-labourer: descend as low as to the scavenger, chimney-sweeper, and night-man; still, through all their dirt and filth, you may occasionally discern her.

Nor is her parental dominion confined to the climates or nations called civilized. Travel to the poles, or into the burning zone; among the Bramins, Banians, and Facquars; among the Iroquois, Cannibals, and Hottentots; even there shall you meet with the operations of this *primum mobile*. What but the arrogance of superior merit instigates the first of these to assume a right of domineering over the consciences of their fellows, and damning the souls of those who differ from them? And for the Hottentots, who that reads the accounts of the insolence with which they torment, before they eat their enemies, can doubt whether they are actuated by hunger or haughtiness? In a word, from the feuds that lay waste whole kingdoms, down to the sickly spleen which devours the slighted coquette, or the fine lady superseded in her place, we need look no farther for the author of the griefs which poison our peace.

In relation to matters purely speculative, none who are ever so little conversant in them can be at a loss for numerous instances of the havoc made with learning, truth, and religion, by the dogmatical imposition of hypotheses and systems, invented by men of more power than knowledge; and the no less arrogant prohibition of new lights, which might detect the fallacy, or otherwise clash with an assumed all-sufficiency. Hence was the asserter of the Antipodes persecuted in the inquisition. Hence all the mischiefs arising from enthusiasm, hypocrisy, bigotry, and zeal. Hence—but I am entering into a field too wide for the limits of an ordinary epistle. Yet having mentioned the possibility of accounting for atheism by the same way, I shall here only appeal to your readers, whether that man is simply a fool, or if he must not necessarily be a very *conceited* fool, who says in his heart *there is no God?*

And now, Sir, should it be asked to what purpose this epistle? or where the remedy? it is answered, that the utility of such a discussion (which, for the sake of the World, I could heartily wish had been more accurately handled) must be obvious; for by this means the hydra being reduced to one head, it becomes a more compendious task to cut off that one, than to

vanquish a legion successively sprouting out from different stems: or to change the allusion, the recipe, instead of applying to the infinite variety of symptoms, might be comprised in two words, Banish Pride: as indeed this disease, pregnant of so many others, is most emphatically cautioned against in six words of Holy Writ—*Pride was not made for man.*

I am, Sir, &c.

No. 45.] THURSDAY, NOV. 8; 1753.

————— *Necte coronam*

Postibus ————— JUV.

Bind a garland on the door-posts.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE is hardly a greater instance of ill-nature, or a more certain token of a cruel disposition, than the abuse of dumb creatures; especially of those who contribute to our advantage and convenience. The doing an ill office to one who has intended us no harm is a strong proof of inhumanity: but unkindness to a benefactor is both inhuman and ungrateful.

But it is not my intention at present to animadvert upon our barbarity to the animal creation: if you will accept of so unworthy a correspondent, I may take another opportunity of sending you my thoughts upon that subject: the business of this letter is only to vindicate from a reproach a poor inanimate being, vulgarly called a Post, which every body knows is held in the lowest contempt, yet whose services to mankind entitle it to a very high degree of regard and veneration.

“As stupid as a Post,” is a phrase perpetually made use of. If we want to characterize a fool, or a man absolutely without an idea, the expression is, “as stupid as a Post.” “As dull as a Beetle,” is a term I have no dislike to; nor have I any great objection to “as grave as a Judge,” which I have considered as a synonymous phrase, ever since I saw an old gentleman in company extremely angry at being told he looked grave; when it was observed by a third person, that GRAVE in the dictionary was *vide DULL*. But though it is admitted that the idea of dulness may be illustrated by a Beetle, and the idea of gravity by a Judge, I positively deny that stupidity and a Post have any similitude whatsoever.

It is well known, that the ancients, and more especially the Egyptians, the wisest nation of them all, paid the greatest degree of veneration to several inanimate things. Almost all vegeta-



bles were considered as gods, and consequently worshipped as such. Leeks and onions were particularly esteemed; and there was hardly a garden to be seen that was not overrun with deities. Now I own that I have no such superstitious regard for a Post, as to recommend its deification; nor am I for making it minister of state, as Caligula did his horse; I only think, that when it is undeservedly branded into a proverb of contempt, common justice requires its vindication.

In former ages, how much Posts were esteemed, appears from what Juvenal says of them:

*Ornentur Postes, et grandi janua lauro:*

where we see that they were crowned with laurel. Virgil likewise, in describing the destruction of Troy, says, that the women in the height of despair,

*Amplexæque tenent Postes, atque oscula figunt;*

without doubt to take an affectionate leave of them. And old Ennius, knowing that they were in some measure sacred, employs no less a person than the goddess Discord herself to demolish them:

— Discordia tetra  
*Belli ferratos Postes, portasque refregit.*

But before I consider the service of Posts to mankind in general, I shall take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation which I have personally received from one of them, and which may very possibly bias me in favour of the whole fraternity.

I was travelling very lately, where I was entirely ignorant of the road, in a part of England too far from town for the common people to give that rational direction to a stranger, which they do in and about London; and too near it, as I afterwards found, not to relish strongly of its vices. Coming at last to a place, where the road branched out into different paths, I was quite at a stand, till seeing a country fellow passing by, I inquired the road to Bisley. "To Bisley!" says he, scratching his head, and looking up in my face—"Where did you come from, Sir?" I was nettled a good deal at the fellow's useless and impertinent question, especially as it began to grow dusk; however, that I might get what instruction from him I could, I satisfied him. He then, after having attentively looked round the country, and informed me I might have come a nearer way, gave me to understand, "That he could not well tell, but that I was not above two miles from it." Pox take the fellow! says I, he is as stupid as a Post, and rode on! but I had hardly gone a hundred yards before I discovered a Post, which very good-naturedly held out his finger to show me the road, and informed me in a few words that I had

still three miles to go. I followed the advice of this intelligent friend, and soon arrived at the end of my journey, ashamed and vexed at the ingratitude I had been guilty of, in abusing so serviceable a guide.

If a man reflects seriously with himself, as I did then, he will find that Posts are very far from being so stupid as they are imagined to be. I may safely venture to assert, that they have all negative wisdom. They neither ruin their fortunes by gaming, nor their constitutions by drinking. They keep no bad company; they never interfere either in matters of party or religion, and seem entirely unconcerned about who is in favour at court, or who out. Though I cannot say that their courage is great, they never suffer themselves to be affronted unrevenged; for they are always upon the defensive, though they seldom give the challenge. Drunkards they have a particular aversion to; nor is it uncommon for a man, though the fumes of wine may have made him insensible at night, to feel the effects of their resentment in the morning. In short, they seem devoted to the service of mankind; sleeping neither day nor night, nor ever deserting the station which is assigned them. One thing I own may be justly laid to their charge, which is, that they are often guilty of cruel behaviour to the blind; though I think they amply repay it, by lending support to the lame.

I could enumerate several sorts of Posts, which are of infinite service; such as the Mill-post, the Whipping-post, the Sign-post, and many others: I shall at present content myself with making a few observations on the two last, the Whipping-post, and the Sign-post.

If to put in execution the laws of the land be of any service to the nation, which few I think will deny, the benefit of the Whipping-post must be very apparent, as being a necessary instrument of such an execution. Indeed the service it does to a country place is inconceivable. I myself knew a man who had proceeded so far as to lay his hand upon a silver spoon, with a design to make it his own; but, upon looking round, and seeing a Whipping-post in his way, he desisted from the theft. Whether he suspected that the Post would impeach him or not, I will not pretend to determine; some folks were of opinion, that he was afraid of a Habeas Corpus. It is likewise an infallible remedy for all lewd and disorderly behaviour, which the chairman at sessions generally employs it to restrain, nor is it less beneficial to the honest part of mankind than the dishonest: for though it lies immediately in the high road to the gallows, it has stopped many an adventurous young man in his progress thither.

But of the whole family of the Posts, I know none more serviceable than the Sign-post, which, like a bill of fare to an entertainment, always

stands ready without door, to inform you what you are to expect within. The intent of this has been very much perverted, and accordingly taken notice of by your predecessor the Spectator. He was for prohibiting the carpenter the use of any sign but his saw; and the shoe-maker but his boot; and with great propriety; for the proverb says, *ne sutor ultrà crepidam*. And indeed it is reasonable "every shop should have a sign that bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals:" for otherwise, a stranger may call for a yard of cloth at a bookseller's, or the last World at a linen-draper's. But when these things are adjusted, nothing can be of greater service than a Sign-post; inasmuch as it instructs a man, provided he has money in his pocket, how he may supply all his wants; and often directs the hungry traveller to the agreeable perfumes of a savoury kitchen: from whence it is imagined that the common expression comes, of smelling a Post.

Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you see how much we are indebted to these serviceable things, called Posts: and I think it would be a great instance of your goodness, to endeavour to correct the world's ingratitude to them; since it is grown so very notorious, that I have known several, who owe all they have to a Post, industrious to undervalue its dignity, and make its character appear ridiculous.

I am, Sir,  
Your most humble servant,  
W. R.

N. B. All Posts of honour, Posts in war, letter Posts, and Post the Latin preposition, though they spell their names in the same manner, are of a quite different family; nor do I undertake to plead in their behalf, knowing that most of them are in too flourishing a condition to stand in need of an advocate

No. 46.] THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,  
"WHEN a rich man speaketh," says the son of Sirach, "every man holdeth his tongue; and lo! what he sayeth is extolled to the clouds; but if a poor man speak, they say, What fellow is this?" I had a mortifying opportunity yesterday, of experiencing the truth of this observation.

It is not material that I should tell you who or what I am; it will be enough to say, that though I dine every day, and always make my appearance in a clean shirt, I have no thoughts

of offering myself as a candidate for a borough at the next general election, nor am I quite so rich as a certain man of fashion, who took such a fancy to me this summer in the country, as hardly to be easy out of my company.

This great person came to town last week for the winter; whither I was called upon business soon after; and having received a general invitation to his table, I went yesterday to dine with him. Upon my being shown into the parlour, I found him sitting with two young gentlemen, who, as I afterwards learnt, were persons of great quality, and who, before I was bid to sit down, entered into a short whisper with my friend, which concluded with a broad stare in my face, and the words "I thought so," uttered with a careless contempt, loud enough for me to hear.

I was a little disconcerted at this behaviour, but was in some measure relieved by a message a few minutes after, that dinner was upon the table. We were soon seated according to form; and as the conversation was upon general subjects, or rather upon no subject at all, and as the having something to say enables a man to sit easier in his chair, I now-and-then attempted to put in a word, but I found I had not the good fortune to make myself heard. The play-houses happening to be mentioned, I asked very respectfully if any thing new was to be exhibited this season? Upon which it was observed, "that the winter was come in upon us all at once, and that there had been ice in Hyde-park of near half an inch thick!" Upon my friend's taking notice that there had been a very great court that morning, I took occasion to inquire how the king did? when it was immediately remarked "that the opera this season would certainly be a very grand one." As I was a proficient in music, and a friend to the Italian opera, I hoped to be attended to, by saying something in favour of so elegant an entertainment: but before I had proceeded through half a sentence, the conversation took another turn, and it was unanimously agreed, "that my Lord Somebody's Greenland dog was the finest of the kind ever seen in England." It was now high time for me to have done; I therefore contented myself with playing the dumb man till the cloth was removed, and then took my leave.

At my return to my lodgings, I could not help thinking that it was not absolutely impossible for great men to be very ill-bred; but however that matter may be, I shall eat my dinner at the chop-house to-day, notwithstanding I have just received a card from my friend, to tell me, "that he dines alone, and shall be quite unhappy without me"

I am, Sir,  
Your most humble servant,  
F. L.

Bath, October the 29th, 1753.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

Among the many inventions of this wise and polite age, I look upon the *art of not knowing people* to be one of the greatest. But for fear the term should be a little too technical for many of your readers, I shall explain it at large. What I mean is, that persons of distinction shall meet their inferiors in public places, and either walk, sit, or stand close at their elbows, without having the least recollection of them; whom, but a week or a day before, they have been particularly intimate with, and for whom they have professed the most affectionate regard. As you have taken no notice of this art, in all probability the professors of it have escaped you; but as I have lately been the subject of its fullest exertion, I beg leave to trouble you with a few words upon the occasion.

I am a clergyman of some fortune, though no preferment; and knowing that I had many friends at the Bath this season, I came hither last week to enjoy the pleasure of their conversation. The morning after my arrival I took a walk to the pump-room, where I had the honour of seeing a noble lord, a baronet, and some ladies of quality, with whom I was very well acquainted: but to my great surprise, though I stood at the distance of only two or three yards from them, I did not perceive that any one of them knew me. I have dined several times with his lordship, have frequently drank tea with the ladies, and spent two months this summer with the baronet, and yet am throwing myself in their way every morning, am sitting next them in the rooms every evening, nay, playing at cards with them at the same table, without their having the least remembrance of me. There is also a very genteel family in the place, in which I have been so extremely intimate, that, according to the song,

I have drank with the father, have talk'd with the mother,  
Have romp'd with the sister, and gamed with the brother;

but, for what reason I know not, unless it be in imitation of the lords and ladies above-mentioned, with whom they happened to be acquainted, I do not find that any one of them has the least knowledge of me.

I have looked in the glass above a hundred times, from a suspicion that my face must have undergone some extraordinary change, to occasion this total want of recollection in my friends; but I have the satisfaction to find that my eyes, nose, and mouth are not only remaining, but they stand, as near as I can guess, in the very individual places, as when my friends knew me; and that their forgetfulness is altogether owing to this new-invented art; an art, which

it seems none but persons of fashion, or a few very genteel people who have studied under them, can make themselves masters of. But it is an art that will undo me, if a living which my friend the noble lord has been so good as to assure me of should happen to become void while I am in this place: for how can I suppose that his lordship will give that to an entire stranger, which he has so long ago promised to an intimate acquaintance?

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

I have taken the first opportunity of publishing these letters, not from a conviction that the writers of them have any cause of complaint, but from a desire of removing false prejudices, and of doing justice to the character of great people. As for the son of Sirach, whom the first of my correspondents has thought proper to quote, every body knows that his writings are apocryphal; and as to the matter complained of, namely, that a private man cannot make himself heard among lords and great folks, it is the fault of nature, who, it is well known, has formed the ears of persons of quality only for hearing one another. My other correspondent, who is piqued at not being known, is equally unreasonable; for he cannot but have observed at the play-houses and other public places, from the number of glasses used by people of fashion, that they are naturally short-sighted. It is from this visual defect, that a great man is apt to mistake fortune for honour, a service of plate for a good name, and his neighbour's wife for his own. His memory is in many instances as defective as his sight. Benefits, promises, and payment of debts, are things that he is extremely liable to forget. How then is it to be wondered at, that he should forget an acquaintance? But I have always observed that there is a propensity in little people to speak evil of dignities: and that where real errors are wanting (which is the case at present) they will throw out their invectives against natural defects, and quarrel with the deaf for not hearing them, and with the blind for not seeing them.

I could go near to write a whole paragraph in praise of great men, if I was not restrained by the consideration, that of all things in the world, they hate flattery.

No. 47.] THURSDAY, NOV. 22, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

Dim-sighted as I am, my spectacles have as-



sisted me sufficiently to read your papers. Permit me, as a recompense for the pleasure I have received from them, to send you an anecdote in my family, which till now has never appeared in print.

I am the widow of Mr. Solomon Muzzy; I am the daughter of Ralph Pumpkin, Esq. and I am the grand-daughter of Sir Josiah Pumpkin, of Pumpkin-hall, in South Wales. I was educated with my two elder sisters, under the care and tuition of my honoured grandfather and grandmother, at the hall-house of our ancestors. It was the constant custom of my grandfather, when he was tolerably free from the gout, to summon his three granddaughters to his bedside, and amuse us with the most important transactions of his life. I took particular delight in hearing the good old man illustrate his own character, which he did, perhaps not without some degree of vanity, but always with a strict adherence to truth. He told us, he hoped we would have children, to whom some of his adventures might prove useful and important.

Sir Josiah was scarce nineteen years old, when he was introduced at the court of Charles the Second, by his uncle Sir Simon Sparrowgrass, who was at that time Lancaster herald at arms, and in great favour at Whitehall. As soon as he had kissed the king's hand, he was presented to the Duke of York, and immediately afterwards to the ministers, and the mistresses. His fortune, which was considerable, and his manners, which were extremely elegant, made him so very acceptable in all companies, that he had the honour to be plucked at once into every polite party of wit, pleasure, and expense, that the courtiers could possibly display. He danced with the ladies; he drank with the gentlemen; he sung loyal catches, and broke bottles and glasses in every tavern throughout London. But still he was by no means a perfect fine gentleman. He had not fought a *duel*. He was so extremely unfortunate, as never to have had even the happiness of a *recounter*. The want of opportunity, not of courage, had occasioned this inglorious chasm in his character. He appeared not only to the whole court, but even in his own eye, an unworthy and degenerate Pumpkin, till he had shown himself as expert in opening a vein with a sword, as any surgeon in England could be with a lancet. Things remained in this unhappy situation till he was near two-and-twenty years of age. At length his better stars prevailed, and he received a most egregious affront from Mr. Cucumber, one of the gentlemen-ushers of the privy-chamber. Cucumber, who was in waiting at court, spit inadvertently into the chimney, and as he stood next to Sir Josiah Pumpkin, part of the spittle rested upon Sir Josiah's shoe. It was then that the true Pumpkin honour arose in blushes upon his cheeks.

He turned upon his heel, went 'home' immediately, and sent Mr. Cucumber a challenge. Captain Daisy, a friend to each party, not only carried the challenge, but adjusted the preliminaries. The heroes were to fight in Moor-fields, and to bring fifteen seconds on a side. Punctuality is a strong instance of valour upon these occasions. The clock of St. Paul's struck seven just when the combatants were marking out their ground, and each of the two and thirty gentlemen was adjusting himself into a posture of defence against his adversary. It happened to be the hour for breakfast in the hospital of Bedlam. A small bell had rung to summon the Bedlamites into the great gallery. The keeper had already unlocked the cells, and were bringing forth their mad folks, when the porter of Bedlam, Owen Macduffy, standing at the iron gate, and beholding such a number of armed men in the midst of the fields, immediately roared out, "fire, murder, swords, daggers, bloodshed!" Owen's voice was always remarkably loud, but his fears had rendered it still louder and more tremendous. His words struck a panic into the keepers; they lost all presence of mind; they forgot their prisoners, and hastened most precipitately down stairs to the scene of action. At the sight of naked swords, their fears increased, and at once they stood open-mouthed and motionless. Not so the lunatics; freedom to madmen, and light to the blind, are equally rapturous. Ralph Rogers the tinker began the alarm. His brains had been turned with joy at the Restoration, and the poor wretch imagined that this glorious set of combatants were Roundheads and Fanatics; and accordingly he cried out, "Liberty and property, my boys! down with the Rump! Cromwell and Ireton are come from hell to destroy us. Come, my cavalier lads, follow me, and let us knock out their brains." The Bedlamites immediately obeyed, and with the tinker at their head, leaped over the balusters of the stair-case, and ran wildly into the fields. In their way they picked up some staves and cudgels, which the porters and the keepers had inadvertently left behind, and rushing forward with amazing fury, they forced themselves outrageously into the midst of the combatants, and in one unlucky moment destroyed all the decency and order with which this most illustrious duel had begun.

It seemed, according to my grandfather's observation, a very untoward fate, that two-and-thirty gentlemen of courage, honour, fortune, and quality, should meet together in hopes of killing each other, with all that resolution and politeness which belonged to their stations, and should at once be routed, dispersed, and even wounded, by a set of madmen, without sword, pistol, or any other more honourable weapon than a cudgel.

The madmen were not only superior in

strength, but numbers. Sir Josiah Pumpkin and Mr. Cucumber stood their ground as long as possible, and they both endeavoured to make the lunatics the sole objects of their mutual revenge, but the two friends were soon overpowered, and no person daring to come to their assistance, each of them made as proper a retreat as the place and circumstances would admit.

Many of the other gentlemen were knocked down and trampled under foot. Some of them, whom my grandfather's generosity would never name, betook themselves to flight in a very inglorious manner. An earl's son was spied clinging submissively round the feet of mad Pocklington the tailor. A young baronet, although naturally intrepid, was obliged to conceal himself at the bottom of Pippin Kate's apple-stall. A Shropshire squire of three thousand pounds a year was discovered chin deep, and almost stifled in Fleet-ditch. Even Captain Daisy himself was found in a milk-cellar, with visible marks of fear and consternation. Thus ended this inauspicious day. But the madmen continued their outrages many days after. It was near a week before they were all retaken and chained down in their cells. During that interval of liberty, they committed many offensive pranks throughout the cities of London and Westminster; and my grandfather himself had the misfortune to see mad Rogers come into the queen's drawing-room, and spit in a dutch-ess's face.

Such unforeseen disasters occasioned some prudent regulations in the laws of honour. It was enacted that from that time, six combatants (three on a side) might be allowed and acknowledged to contain such a quantity of blood in their veins, as should be sufficient to satisfy the highest affront that could be offered.

Afterwards, upon the maturest deliberation, as my grandfather assured me, the number six was reduced to four; two principals and two seconds; each second was to be the truest and best beloved friend that his principal had in the world: and these seconds were to fight, provided they declared upon oath, that they had no manner of quarrel to each other; for the canons of honour ordained, that in case the two seconds had the least heat or animosity one against the other, they must naturally become principals, and therefore ought to seek out for seconds to themselves.

Having told you a very remarkable event in my grandfather's life, almost in his own words, and finding that the story has carried me perhaps into too great a length of letter, I shall not mention some curious facts relating to my father, and to poor dear Mr. Solomon Muzzy, of whom I am the unfortunate and mournful relict. But I have at least the honour and consolation to be,

Sir, Your constant reader, and  
most humble servant,

MARY MUZZY.

No. 48.] THURSDAY, Nov. 29, 1753.

THOUGH the demand for this paper has more than answered my expectations, yet the profits arising from it have not been so immense as to enable me, at this present time, to set up the one-horse chair which I promised myself at first setting out. For which reason, and for certain private objections, which I cannot help making to a post-chaise, or a hired chariot, when I am inclined to make an excursion into the country, I either travel on foot, or, if the distance or the weather should make it necessary, I take my place in that sociable and communicative vehicle, called a stage-coach. Happy is the man who, without any laboured designs of his own, finds his very wants to be productive of his conveniences! This man am I; having met with certain characters and adventures upon these rambles, that have contributed more to the enriching my stock of hints towards carrying on this work, than would have ever presented themselves had I drove along the road admiring the splendour of my own equipage, or lolled at my ease in the hired one of another.

Many of these characters and adventures had appeared before now in these essays, if the desire of obliging my correspondents, assisted by a modesty peculiar to myself, that of thinking the productions of others to be almost as valuable as my own, had not inclined me (if I may speak the language of traffic) to turn factor for my friends, and to trade by commission rather than to do business entirely on my own account. And in carrying on this commerce, I have consulted the satisfaction of my customers, as well as my own interest: for though I do not pretend to so much humility as absolutely to allow that any other trader can send such goods to market as my own, or, to drop the allusion, that there is a man now living who can write so wittily, so wisely, and so learnedly as myself; yet the productions of many will probably have more variety than those of a single person, even though that single person should be myself. But I have still a stronger reason for giving place to correspondents; it is the strong propensity which I have always found in my nature to communicate happiness. Every body knows, at least every writer, with what infinite satisfaction a man sees himself in print. For my own part, I shall never forget the flutterings and heart-beatings I felt upon the honour that was done me many years ago by the author of the Gentleman's Magazine, in publishing a song to Cælia, which was the first of my compositions. Indeed there was a small inconvenience attending the pleasure at that particular time; for as my finances were a little low, I almost ruined myself by the many repeated half-dozens which I bought of that magazine to distribute among



my friends for their wonder and admiration. And hence, if I was in haste to set up an equipage, would arise another motive to the inserting the letters of correspondents; but as every pecuniary consideration is of small weight when compared with the pleasure of communicating happiness, I have given it but little of my attention. One thing I must request of my readers before I have done entirely with this subject, which is, that if it should enter into their heads that I have laid before them a dull paper, they will please to impute it to the abundance of my good nature, and not to any laziness in my disposition, or deficiency in my judgment.

But to return to my country excursions. I was coming to town from one of them this week in the Windsor stage-coach, which, as we passed through Brentford, stopped to take up two of the fair sex, inhabitants of that genteel place, one of them at a collar-maker's, and the other at a breeches-maker's. The collar-maker's lady, who was a person of very fine breeding, wished the breeches-maker's lady joy of her coming abroad after her lying-in, and excused herself by illness for not having waited upon her on the occasion: to which the breeches-maker's lady answered, in the politest manner imaginable, "that she should have been extremely glad to have seen her, but that she sent cards to none of her acquaintance, as indeed there was no occasion; for that, excepting herself (meaning the collar-maker's lady) she had been visited at her sitting up by all the *quality of Brentford*."

The quality of Brentford fixed my attention to these ladies; and during so short a journey as to Hyde-park-corner, where I made my compliments of departure, I acquired so much knowledge in the affairs of child-birth, in thrushes, red-gums, and the management of the mouth, that I shall hardly decline a debate upon those subjects with the most experienced nurse at the lying-in hospital in Brownlow-street.

As there are few circumstances too trivial to furnish useful hints to a considerate mind, at my return to my lodgings I could not help looking upon this boast of the breeches-maker's wife, concerning the number and grandeur of her visitors, namely, that they were all the quality of Brentford, to be exactly of a piece with the vanity that possesses almost every individual of mankind.

To mention a stage-coach once more; who is there that has travelled in one but must have heard it observed by the most ordinary of the passengers, that this was the first time in their lives that they had ever suffered themselves to be crowded into so mean a carriage? For my own part, I have always remarked it, that within half a dozen miles of the end of our journey, if there has been a fine-spoken lady in the coach,

though but a country shopkeeper's wife, who imagined herself a stranger to the company, she has expressed great anger and astonishment at not seeing the chaise, the chariot, or the coach coming to meet her on the road. To what is this vanity owing, but to the desire of being thought in her own person one of the quality of Brentford?

If we look into the city, and observe the eating and drinking of almost every common tradesman; the strut of the husband in his gown and hood upon a lord mayor's day; the extravagance of the wife in dress, furniture, and servants; their parties to Vauxhall and Sadler's Wells; their visits and entertainments; the question will occur, whence are all these vanities, but to see and be seen by the quality of Brentford?

The fine gentleman, whose lodgings no one is acquainted with; whose dinner is served up under cover of a pewter plate from the cook's shop in Porridge Island; and whose annuity of a hundred pounds is made to supply a laced suit every year, and a chair every evening to a rout; returns to his bed-room on foot, and goes shivering and supperless to rest, for the pleasure of appearing among people of equal importance with the quality of Brentford.

The confectioner's wife, who lights up her rooms with wax candles, and pays for them with the card money; who borrows chairs, tables, and servants of her neighbours; who sweats under the fatigue of doing the honours of her house, and who is almost stifled to death by the mob she has invited; has no other gratification from her folly than the idle boast of having brought together to her rout all the quality of Brentford.

But to take characters in the group, why is every ordinary mechanic, every pettifogging attorney, every clerk in the office, every painter, player, poet, and musician, or, in short, why is almost every man one knows making a show beyond his income, but from a desire of being ranked among the quality of Brentford?

I shall conclude this paper with a short letter, which I received two days ago from a correspondent, who, if I can form any judgment of his rank by his manner of writing, must be one of the quality of Brentford.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I AM no enemy to humour and irony and all that, but I cannot help thinking that you must have spent the chief part of your time among low people; and this is not only my own opinion, but the opinion of most of the persons of quality with whom I converse. If you are really acquainted with the manners of upper life, be so good as to convince us of it, by copying its language, and drawing your future charac-



ters from that inexhaustible source of politeness and entertainment.

I am,  
Your friend and well-wisher,  
Z.

No. 49.] THURSDAY, DEC. 6, 1753.

THOUGH I am an old fellow, I am neither sour nor silly enough yet to be a snarling *laudator temporis acti*, and to hate or despise the present age because it is the present. I cannot, like many of my contemporaries, rail at the *wonderful degeneracy and corruption of these times*, nor by sneering compliments to the *ingenious*, the *sagacious*, moderns, intimate that they have not common sense. I really do not think that the present age is marked out by any new and distinguished vices and follies, unknown to former ages. On the contrary, I am apt to suspect that human nature was always very like what it is at this day, and that men, from the time of my great progenitors down to this moment, have always had in them the same seeds of virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, of which only the modes have varied, from climate, education, and a thousand other conspiring causes.

Perhaps this uncommon good-humour and indulgence of mine to my contemporaries may be owing to the natural benignity of my constitution, in which I can discover no particles of envy or ill-nature, even to my rivals both in fame and profit, the weekly writers; or perhaps to the superiority of my parts, which every body must acknowledge, and which places me infinitely above the mean sentiments of envy and jealousy. But whatever may be the true cause, which probably neither my readers nor I shall ever discover with precision, this at least is certain, that the present age has not only the honour and pleasure of being extremely well with me, but if I dare say so, better than any that I have yet either heard or read of. Both vices and virtues are smoothed and softened by manners; and though they exist as they ever have done, yet the former are become less barbarous and the latter less rough. Insomuch that I am as glad as Mr. Voltaire can be, that I have the good fortune to live in this age; independently of that interested consideration, that it is rather better to be still alive, than only to have lived.

This my benevolence to my countrymen and contemporaries ought to be esteemed still the more meritorious in me, when I shall make it appear that no man's merit has been less attended to, or rewarded than mine: and nothing pro-

duces ill-humour, rancour, and malevolence so much as neglected and unrewarded merit.

The utility of my weekly labours is evident, and their effects, wherever they are read, prodigious. They are equally calculated, I may say it without vanity, to form the heart, improve the understanding, and please the fancy. Notwithstanding all which, the ungrateful public does not take above three thousand of them a week. Though, according to Mr. Maitland's calculation of the number of the inhabitants in this great metropolis, they ought to take two hundred thousand of them, supposing only five persons, and one paper to each family; and allowing seven millions of souls in the rest of the kingdom, I may modestly say, that one million more of them ought to be taken and circulated in the country. The profit arising from the sale of twelve hundred thousand papers would be some encouragement to me to continue these my labours for the benefit of mankind.

I have not yet had the least intimation from the ministers, that they have any thoughts of calling me to their assistance, and giving me some considerable employment of honour and profit: and having had no such intimations, I am justly apprehensive that they have no such intentions; such intimations being always long previous to the performance, often to the intentions.

Nor have I been invited, as I confess I expected to be, by any considerable borough or county to represent them in the next parliament, and to defend their liberties and the Christian religion, against the ministers and the Jews. But I think I can account for this seeming slight, without mortification to my vanity and self-love; my name being a pentateuch name, which in these suspicious and doubtful times savours too strongly of Judaism; though, upon the faith of a Christian, I have not the least tendency to it; and I must do Mrs. Fitz-Adam (who I own has some influence over me) the justice to say, that she has the utmost horror for those sanguinary rites and ceremonies.

Notwithstanding all this ill usage (for every man may be justly said to be ill used who is not rewarded according to his own estimation of his own merit) which I feel and lament, I cannot however call the present age names, and brand it with degeneracy. Nature, as I have already observed, being always the same, modes only varying. With modes, the signification of words also varies, and in the course of those variations, convey ideas very different from those which they were originally intended to express. I could give numberless instances of this kind, but at present I shall content myself with this single one.

The word *honour*, in its proper signification, doubtless implies the united sentiments of virtue, truth, and justice, carried by a generous mind beyond those mere moral obligations which the

laws require, or can punish the violation of. A true man of honour will not content himself with the literal discharge of the duties of a man and a citizen; he raises and dignifies them into magnanimity. He gives where he may with justice refuse; he forgives where he may with justice resent; and his whole conduct is directed by the noble sentiments of his own unvitiated heart; surer and more scrupulous guides than the laws of the land, which being calculated for the generality of mankind, must necessarily be more a restraint upon vices in general, than an invitation and reward of particular virtues. But these extensive and compound notions of honour have been long contracted, and reduced to the single one of personal courage. Among the Romans, honour meant no more than contempt of dangers and death in the service, whether just or unjust, of their country. Their successors and conquerors, the Goths and Vandals, who did not deal much in complex ideas, simplified those of honour, and reduced them to this plain and single one, of fighting for fighting's sake, upon any, or all, no matter what, occasions.

Our present mode of honour is something more compounded, as will appear by the true character which I shall now give of a fashionable man of honour.

\* A gentleman, which is now the genteel synonymous term for a man of honour, must, like his Gothic ancestors, be ready for and rather desirous of a single combat. And if by a proper degree of wrongheadedness he provokes it, he is only so much the more jealous of his honour, and more of a gentleman.

He may lie with impunity, if he is neither detected nor accused of it: for it is not the lie he tells, but the lie he is told of, that dishonours him. In that case he demonstrates his veracity by his sword, or his pistol, and either kills or is killed with the greatest honour.

He may abuse and starve his own wife, daughters, or sisters, and he may seduce those of other men, particularly his friends, with inviolate honour, because, as Sir John Brute very justly observes, *he wears a sword*.

By the laws of honour he is not obliged to pay his servants or his tradesmen; for as they are a pack of scoundrels, they cannot without insolence demand their due of a gentleman: but he must punctually pay his gaming-debts to the sharers who have cheated him; for those debts are really debts of honour. *As a man of honour*

He lies under one disagreeable restraint: for

\* A gentleman is every man, who with a tolerable suit of clothes, a sword by his side, and a watch and snuff-box in his pockets, asserts himself to be a gentleman, swears with energy that he will be treated as such, and that he will cut the throat of any man who presumes to say the contrary.

he must not cheat at play, unless in a horse-match: but then he may with great honour defraud in an office, or betray a trust.

In public affairs, he may, not only with honour, but even with some degree of lustre, be in the same session a turbulent patriot, opposing the best measures, and a servile courtier, promoting the worst; provided a very lucrative consideration be known to be the motive of his conversion; for in that case the point of honour turns singly upon the *quantum*.

From these premises, which the more they are considered the truer they will be found, it appears, that there are but two things which a man of the nicest honour may not do, which are declining single combat, and cheating at play. Strange! that virtue should be so difficult, and honour, its superior, so easy to attain to.

The uninformed herd of mankind are governed by words and names, which they implicitly receive without either knowing or asking their meaning. Even the philosophical and religious controversies, for the last three or four hundred years, have turned much more upon words and names, unascertained and misunderstood, than upon things fairly stated. The polite world, to save time and trouble, receive, adopt, and use words in the signification of the day; not having leisure nor inclination to examine and analyze them: and thus often misled by sounds, and not always secured by sense, they are hurried into fatal errors, which they do not give their understandings fair play enough to prevent.

In explaining words, therefore, and bringing them back to their true signification, one may sometimes happen to expose and explode those errors, which the abuse of them both occasions and protects. May that be the good fortune of this day's paper! How many unthinking and unhappy men really take themselves to be men of honour, upon these mistaken ideas of that word! And how fatal to others, especially to the young and unexperienced, is their example and success in the world! I could heartily wish that some good dramatic poet would exhibit at full length and in lively colours upon the stage, this modish character of a man of honour, of which I have but slightly and hastily chalked the outlines. Upon such a subject I am apt to think that a good poet might be more useful than a good preacher, as perhaps his audiences would be more numerous, and his matter more attended to. Besides,

Segnius irritant animos, demissa per aurem,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

P. S. To prevent mistakes, I must observe that there is a great difference between a man

of honour, and a *person* of honour. By persons of honour were meant in the latter end of the last century, bad authors and poets of noble birth, who were but just not fools enough to prefix their names in great letters to the prologues, epilogues, and sometimes even the plays with which they entertained the public. But now that our nobility are too generous to interfere in the trade of us poor professed authors, or to eclipse our performances by the distinguished and superior excellency and lustre of theirs; the meaning at present of a person of honour is reduced to the simple idea of a person of illustrious birth.

No. 50.] THURSDAY, DEC. 13, 1753.

*Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?*

VIRG.

What great occasion called you hence to Rome?

DRYDEN.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THOUGH I am a constant inhabitant of this town, which is daily producing some new improvement in the polite and elegant arts, in which I interest myself, perhaps to a degree of enthusiasm, and have always a thousand reasons for not leaving it a single day; yet I cannot help still accosting my friends, upon their first arrival from the country, with the usual question at this time of the year, "Well, Sir, what brings you to town?" The answer has always varied according to the circumstances of the person asked: "To see the new bridge; to put a son to Westminster, the inns of court, the army, &c. to hear the new opera; to look out for a wife; to be in fortune's way at the drawing of the lottery; to print a sermon; a novel; the state of the nation, &c. &c.; to kiss hands for an employment; to be elected fellow of the Royal Society; to consult Dr. Ward; to be witness for Mrs. Squires." In short, the reasons given are infinite, and I am afraid the detail has been already tedious. But I must observe, that the most general motive of the men has been to buy something they wanted, and of the ladies to buy something they did not want.

This year, indeed, that general reason has given place to another, which is not only general but universal; for now, ask whom you will what he is come up for, he draws up all his muscles into a most devout gravity, and with an important solemnity answers you, "To repeal the Jew bill." This religious anxiety brings

to my mind the political zeal, no less warm or universal, in the year ten. I remember I then met with a Welch collier who asked me for a half-penny, telling me he was starving here, as were his wife and children two hundred miles off. As I knew him by his dialect to be of a good family, I expressed to him my surprise that he would leave his principality to come into a country where they paid so little regard to the antiquity of his house, or the length of his pedigree; and desired that he would tell me why he came to London. He immediately swelled with all the pride of his ancestors, put his arms a-kimbo, and answered, "To pull down the French king."

But the worst reason for coming to London that I ever heard in my life was given me last night at a visit by a young lady of the most graceful figure I ever beheld; it was, "to have her shape altered to the modern fashion." That is to say, to have her breasts compressed by a flat, straight line, which is to extend cross-wise from shoulder to shoulder, and also to descend, still in a straight line, in such a manner, that you shall not be able to pronounce what it is that prevents the usual tapering of the waist. I protest when I saw the beautiful figure that was to be so deformed by the stay-maker, I was as much shocked as if I had been told that she was come to deliver up those animated knolls of beauty to the surgeon.—I borrow my terms from gardening, which now indeed furnishes the most pregnant and exalted expressions of any science in being.—And this brings to my mind the only instance that can give an adequate idea of my concern. Let us suppose Mr. Browne should, in any one of the many Elysiums he has made, see the old terraces rise again and mask his undulating knolls, or straight rows of cut trees obscure his noblest configurations of scenery. When Lord Burlington saw the rebuilding of St. Paul's by Sir C. Wren, the remembrance of the front which had been destroyed, and his partiality to the work of his admired Inigo Jones, drew from him the following citation: "When the Jews saw the second temple they wept." I own (though no Jew) I did the same, when I heard that the most beauteous remain of nature's architecture was so soon to be destroyed; and could not help reciting those once admired lines in the Henry and Emma,

No longer shall the *bodice*, aptly laced,  
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,  
That air and harmony of shape express,  
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less;

— An horseman's coat shall hide  
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side.

Observe the force of every word; and as a testimony that this excellent writer was peculiarly happy in the expression, "comeliness of side," the nicest observer of our times, who is now



publishing a most rational Analysis of Beauty, has chosen for the principal illustration of it a pair of stays, such as would fit the shape described by the judicious poet; and has also shown by drawings of other stays, that every minute deviation from the first pattern is a diminution of beauty, and every grosser alteration a deformity.

I hear that an ingenious gentleman is going within these few days to publish a treatise on Deformity. If he means artificial as well as natural deformity, he may make his work as voluminous as he pleases. A few books of travels will furnish him with abundant instances of head-moulders, face-squeezers, nose-parers, ear-stretchers, eye-painters, lip-borers, tooth-stainers, breast-cutters, foot-swathers, &c. &c. all modelled by fashion, none by taste. Whenever taste or sense shall interpose to amend, by a slight improvement, the mere deficiencies in the human figure, we may see by a single instance how it is likely to be received.

A country family, whose reason for coming to London was to have their pictures drawn, and principally that of the hopeful heir, brought him to Sir Godfrey Kneller. That skilful artist, soon discovering that a little converse with the world might, one day or other, wear off the block, which, to a common observer, obscured the man, instead of drawing him in a green coat with spaniels, or, in the more contemptible livery of a fop, playing with a lap-dog,

*Os homini sublime dedit,*

he gave him a soul darting with a proper spirit through the rusticity of his features. I met the mother and sisters coming down stairs the day it was finished, and I found Sir Godfrey in a most violent rage above. "Look there," says he, pointing to the picture, "There is a fellow! I have put some sense in him, and none of his family know him."

Sir Godfrey's consciousness of his own skill was so well known, that it exposed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits his friends. Pope, to play him off, said to him, after looking round a room full of beauties that he had painted, "It is pity, Sir Godfrey, that you had not been consulted at the creation." Sir Godfrey threw his eyes strong upon Pope's shoulders, and answered, "Really I should have made some things better." But the punishment for this profaneness pursued our wit still further.

It is remarkable that the expletive Mr. Pope generally used by way of oath was, "God mend me!" One day, in a dispute with a hackney coachman, he used this expression:—"Mend you!" says the coachman; "it would not be half the trouble to make a new one." If it may be allowable to draw a moral reflection from a ludicrous story, I could heartily wish

that the ladies would every morning seriously address to their Maker this invocation of Mr. Pope; and, after devout meditation on the Divine patronage to which they have recommended their charms, apply themselves properly to pursue all human means for the due accomplishment of their prayer. I flatter myself that this advice may be palatable, inasmuch as it comprehends that celebrated example of uniting religion and politeness, delivered down to us from the ancients in these few words, "Sacrifice to the Graces." And I hope the sex will consider how great a blemish it will be to the present age, if the painter or historian should declare to posterity that the ladies of these times were never known to sacrifice to any god but Fashion.

To conclude the history of my unhappy visit. I must confess I was provoked beyond all patience, reserve, or good breeding; and very rudely flung out of the room, having first told the lady she need not have given herself the trouble of a journey to London, for I would answer for him, the talents of Mr. Square, her Somersetshire staymaker, were sufficient to dress her in the most elegant taste of the modern fashion, or indeed (if he was not an old man) to put her in a way that she could not possibly dress out of it.

I am, as a lover of elegance,

Your admirer and humble servant.

No. 51.] THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1753.

*Quod melicorum est,  
Promittunt melici: tractant fabrilis fabri.*

HOR.

Musicians are to sounds alone confined,  
And each mechanic hath his trade assigned. FRANCIS.

THOUGH there is nothing more pleasing to the mind of man than variety, yet it may be pursued in such a manner as to make the most active and varied life a tiresome sameness. To illustrate this seeming paradox, I shall relate what I learnt from an humble companion of a gentleman of vast spirits (as he is called by his acquaintance) who thinks he has shown his value for time by never having yet enjoyed one moment of it. The active gentleman, it seems, proposed to the other to make the tour of England, and ride daily from house to house, and from garden to garden: which indeed they did in so expeditious a manner, *not to lose time*, that they did not allow the least portion of it for the objects they saw to make any impression on their memories. In the hottest weather they never walked under the shade of the plantation they so much admired, and came on purpose to see; but crossed the scorching lawn for the nearest way to the building they would not rest in,

or the water they refuse to be rowed upon. Thus they flew through the countries and gardens they went to see, with as much fatigue, and not more observation, than a post horse in his stage: and this for the pleasure of variety, and the advantage of improvement.

In what respect does this gentleman's conduct differ from his who seeks a variety of acquaintance? The consequence must be exactly the same; viz. use and enjoyment of none. An unexperienced man, who has happened to see one of this turn eagerly following, or boasting of his acquaintance with the builder, the planter, the poet, the politician, the seaman, the soldier, the musician, the jockey, would naturally suppose he was generally talking with those gentlemen in the several sciences they respectively excelled in. No, this is the only discourse which he studies to avoid.

Before I endeavour to account for this strange absurdity, I would just observe, that the persons I am speaking of are of a very different character from those who, from a mere principle of vanity, are continually numbering among their friends, though upon the slightest grounds, men of high birth and station, and who always bring to my mind Justice Shallow's acquaintance with John of Gaunt, who never saw him but once, and then he broke his head. Equally wide of the question is that character, who from a love of talking avoids the company where his news has been already published, and dreads the man who is better heard than himself on general topics.

Ignorance and an imbecility of attention, if I may be allowed the expression, are the most probable causes of this inconsistent behaviour. To avoid metaphysical disquisitions, let us try if we can set our judgments by comparison. Men of the weakest stomachs are very solicitous of the greatest variety of dishes and the highest sauces, which they constantly reject upon tasting, being, as they confess, too strong for them, though the objects of their desire and expectation before they were brought upon the table. It is also observable, that when gentlemen after a certain age devote themselves to the fair sex, they generally pursue with more fervour, and always express themselves with more warmth, than when in the heat of youth, so long as the game is out of reach; but a nearer prospect of success soon discovers the difference between natural heat and the delusion of false desire and imaginary passion. The sportsman cannot be more apprehensive and concerned for the death of the hare he wishes to save, than the old gallant is at the approaching opportunity of accomplishing his desires; which if he obtain, I am afraid he will sing no other *Te Deum* than that of Pyrrhus—*Such another victory will ruin me.*

—Animasque in vulnere ponunt,

was a famous quotation of Dr. Bentley's on the sudden death of an old bridegroom.

To avoid a dry argument, and as I do not remember to have seen this subject touched upon by any writer, ancient or modern, I have endeavoured to throw it into measure.

Ye sages say, who know mankind,  
Whence, to their real profit blind,  
All leave those fields which might produce  
Fit game for pastime or for use?  
The well-stored warren they forsake,  
And love to beat the barren brake;  
Sooner their pleasures will avoid,  
Than run the chance of being cloy'd.

Damœtas ever is afraid  
Lest merchants should discourse on trade:  
And yet of commerce will inquire,  
When drinking with a country squire.  
Of ladies he will ask how soon  
They think Count Saxe can take a town,  
Or whether France or Spain will treat;  
But if the brigadier he meet,  
He questions him about the sum  
He won or lost at last night's drum.  
Or if some minister of state  
Will deign to talk of Europe's fate,  
Th' important topic he declines,  
To prate of soups, ragouts, and wines;  
Yet he, at Helluo's board, can fix  
On no discourse but politics.

Once were the linguist, and the bard,  
The objects of his chief regard;  
Now with expressive shrugs and looks  
He flies the haunts of men of books:  
Yet o'er his cups will condescend  
To toast the prebend for his friend:  
For depth of reading tell his merit,  
Extol his style for force and spirit:  
Ask where he preach'd, or what his text,  
Inquire what work he'll publish next:  
What depth of matter, how he treats it—  
He can't be easy till he gets it.  
Wet from the press 'tis sent him down,  
Three days before 'tis on the town:  
The title read (for never more is)  
Next having writ *ex don. authoris*,  
He spends at least the time in finding  
A place to suit its size and binding,  
As might have served, if well directed,  
To read the volume thus neglected.

When last with Atticus I dined,  
Damœtas there I chanced to find,  
Who straight address'd me with complaint  
How Polio talk'd of the Levant;  
And how he teased him near an hour  
With the Grand Signior and his power:  
Then Athens' ruin'd domes explain'd,  
And what in Egypt still remain'd.



This talk Dametas could not bear,  
For Pollio had himself been there;  
But from some fellow of a college  
Would think the subjects worth his know-  
ledge.

The table now removed again  
Began Dametas to complain;  
"I knew Eugenius in his prime,  
The best companion of his time;  
But since he's got to yonder board,  
You never hear him speak a word,  
But tiresome schemes of navigation,  
The built of vessels and their station—  
Such stuff as spoils all conversation."

"Good Atticus, repeat the verses,  
You lately said were made by Thyrsis."  
John at that instant introduces  
This very servant of the muses;  
Dametas starts, and in confusion,  
Cursing the d—d ill-timed intrusion,  
Whispers the servant in his ear,  
"John, be so good to call a chair;"  
And flies the spot, alarm'd with dread,  
Lest Thyrsis should begin to read.

And yet, for all he holds this rule,  
Dametas is in fact no fool:  
For he would hardly choose a groom  
To make his chairs or hang his room;  
Nor with th' upholsterer discourse  
About the glanders in his horse;  
Nor send to buy his wife a tête  
To Puddle-dock or Billingsgate;  
Nor if in labour, spleen, or trance,  
Fetch her Sir Thomas for Sir Hans;  
Nor bid his coachman drive o' nights  
To parish-church instead of White's;  
Nor make his party or his bets  
With those who never pay their debts;  
Nor at dessert of wax and china  
Neglect the eatables, if any,  
To smell the chaplet in the middle,  
Or taste the Chelsea-china fiddle.

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No. 52.] THURSDAY, DEC. 27, 1753.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE been betrayed and ruined by the basest of mankind. My father was a merchant of considerable note in this town; but by unavoidable losses and misfortunes, he died two years ago, broken-hearted and insolvent. I was his only child, and the delight of his life. My education, my dress, and manner of living were such as would hardly have discredited a young woman of fashion. Alas! the dear parent, to whose fondness I was indebted for every advantage and

enjoyment, intended to have given me a considerable fortune; but he died, as I have told you, and has left me to lament that I was not a beggar from my cradle.

I was ignorant of his circumstances, and therefore felt not my misfortune in its full force till a month after his death: at which time his creditors entered upon his house, sold all his furniture and effects, and left me nothing but my clothes and trinkets, which they had no right to take from me.

In the days of my prosperity I had a maid-servant, of whom I was extremely fond; and to whom, upon her marriage with a reputable tradesman, I gave a little portion of fifty pounds, which were left me by a relation. This young woman was lately become a widow; and being left in but indifferent circumstances, she hired a large house near the Exchange, and let lodgings for her support. It was to this woman that I flew for shelter; being no more than eighteen years of age, and, as my father used often to tell me, too handsome to have friends.

I do not mention this circumstance, indeed I do not, as any thing to be vain of; Heaven knows that I am humbled by it to the very dust: I only introduced it as the best excuse I could think of for the unkindness of my acquaintance.

I was received by this favourite servant with great appearance of gratitude and esteem. She seemed to pity my misfortunes, and to take every opportunity of comforting and obliging me.

Among the gentlemen that lodged at her house, there was one whom she used to talk of with great pleasure. One day, after I had lived with her about a week, she told me that this gentleman had a great inclination to be known to me, and that, if I had no objection to company, he would drink tea with me that afternoon. She had hardly done speaking, when the gentleman entered the room. I was angry in my heart at this freedom; but his genteel appearance and behaviour soon got the better of my resentment, and made me listen to his conversation with more than common attention. To be as short as I can, this first visit made me desirous of a second, that second of a third, and the third of a thousand more: all of which he seemed as eager to pay as I was willing to receive.

The house was so crowded with lodgers, that the mistress of it had only one parlour for herself and me; and as she had almost constant employment at home, my lover had very few opportunities of entertaining me alone. But the presence of a third person did not hinder him from declaring the most tender and unaltered love for me, nor did it awe me from discovering how pleased and happy I was at the conquest I had made.



In this delightful situation near a twelve-month passed away; during which time he would often lament his dependence upon an old uncle, who, he said, would most assuredly disinherit him, if he married a woman without a fortune.

I wanted no better reason for this delay; and was waiting for an event that promised me the possession of all I wished for, when my happiness was interrupted by the most villainous contrivance that ever was heard of.

I had walked out one morning to buy some shades of silk, in order to finish the covering of a settee, which I was working for my benefactress; and was returning home through a by-court, when, to my inexpressible surprise, I found myself stopt by two men, who, producing what they called a writ against me, hurried me into a coach, and conveyed me, half dead with terror, to a wretched house, whose windows were guarded with iron bars.

As soon as I had power to speak, I desired to know by whom and for what crime I was thus cruelly insulted. They showed me without hesitation their authority; by which it appeared that the woman with whom I lived had ordered me to be arrested for a debt of thirty pounds, which she had sworn I owed her for board and lodgings. "It is impossible!" cried I; "she cannot have served me so! There must be some mistake in this! Send for her this moment! I am sure it is a mistake!" "Very possible, madam," answered one of the fellows with a smile; "but if you would take my advice, it should be to send for a gentleman instead of the plaintiff. A young lady like you, madam, need not stay here for a debt of thirty pounds." "Go where I send you, Sir," said I; "tell her what has happened to me, and bid her hasten to me, if she would save my life." The fellow shook his head as he went out, but promised to do as I directed. His companion asked me what I pleased to call for, and explained his meaning by telling me I was in a public house. I bid him call for what he liked, and charge it to me; he thanked me very civilly, and locking the door after him, left me to myself.

I had now a little leisure to reflect upon this adventure; but the more I thought of it, the greater was my perplexity. I remained in this uncomfortable suspense for near an hour, when I heard the door open with some precipitation, and saw my lover enter the room with an astonishment not to be imagined. "Good God!" said he, snatching me to his arms, "is this an apartment for my charmer?—That inhuman woman!"—"What woman?" said I, interrupting him; "can it be possible?"—"She owns it herself," answered he; "this professing friend, this grateful servant, owns that she has arrested you." I was ready to faint at what I heard; but recovering myself as well as I could, I in-

quired into the motives of this woman's cruelty. "Her motive," he replied, "was avarice; I had some words with her two days ago, and threatened her in jest that I would leave her lodgings. She thought me in earnest; and believing I was soon to marry the angel whom I doted on, she determined to make what money she could of me, by arresting my sweet girl. She was not mistaken when she guessed with what haste I should discharge the debt. Here, Sir," continued he, turning to the bailiff, "is the full sum, and a gratuity for yourself. Come, madam, let us exchange this detested place for apartments more worthy of you."

The coach that brought him to my prison was at the door. He immediately put me into it, and conducted me to a lace-shop upon Ludgate-hill. I remained in the coach while he stepped into the shop, and continued for a minute or two in conversation with the mistress of it; when returning to me with great cheerfulness, he gave me joy of his success, and handed me up stairs into pleasant and convenient apartments. The exact order in which I found every thing in these apartments put me upon observing that the owner of them was a prophetess, and knew that I should have need of them that very morning. My lover made no answer to my remark, but straining me in his arms, and almost pressing me to death, he called them my bridal apartments, and bid me welcome to them as such. He then went down to order dinner and a bottle of champaign from the tavern, and returned to me with so much love and joy in his looks, that I was charmed with him beyond expression. When dinner was removed, and the servant who attended us withdrawn, he said and looked so many fond and endearing things, and mingled such caresses with his words and looks; forcing upon me at the same time three or four glasses of a wine I was not used to, that my heart, warm as it was before with love and gratitude, consented to his desires, and in one fatal moment betrayed me to a villain.

I lived in this guilty commerce till the effects of it made me apprehensive of being a mother in a few weeks. I had often pressed him for the performance of his promises; and was now resolved to be more particularly urgent with him upon that subject; but instead of listening to me as I hoped he would, he called hastily for his sword, and took leave of me till the evening.

I expected his return with the utmost impatience. The evening came; another, and another after that; but I neither saw him nor heard from him. Upon the fourth day of his leaving me, I received a visit from the mistress of the house, who, to my great astonishment addressed me in these words:

"I thought, madam, at your entrance into this house, that you were a married woman.

The lady who hired the lodgings for you two days before, gave me assurance that you were married." "What lady!" cried I. "You amaze me! I heard not of these lodgings till I had taken possession of them. Be quick, and tell me who was this lady?" "Alas!" answered my visitor, "I knew not till this morning that you were fallen into the snares of the worst of women, and the most artful of men." She saw my amazement; but desiring my attention, proceeded thus: "As for the gentleman (if he deserves the name of one) you will never see him more." "How, madam, never see him more!" interrupted I.—My voice failed me as I uttered these words; and leaning backwards in my chair, I fainted away. She recovered me from my swoon, and then went on. "He has just now sent his servant to discharge the lodgings; of whom when I inquired how you were to be taken care of in your approaching hour, his answer was, that he had no commission to speak to such questions. 'Pray, madam,' continued she, "is it true that you were arrested in the street the morning of your entrance into these lodgings?" I told her yes. "The servant then is honest," she replied; "he has given me your whole history. The contrivers of that arrest were the woman where you lodged, and the villain whom you trusted. Their design was to fling you entirely into his power, that he might use it to your destruction. But do not despair madam," added she, seeing me in the utmost affliction; "all women are not monsters. I have compassion upon your youth, and will assist you in your distresses. These apartments are yours, till you desire to resign them: nor shall any thing be wanting that your situation shall require, or that a lady in happier circumstances would wish to be provided with. And hereafter, if you should choose to continue with me, and assist me in my business, I will look upon you as my daughter, and forget every thing which has befallen you."

Oppressed as I was with grief and shame, my heart bounded at this proposal, I fell upon the neck of my benefactress, and bedewed it with my tears; telling her, as well as those tears would permit me, that I was bound to her for ever, and would wish for no other happiness than to love and please her.

Three months are past since I have been the mother of a sweet boy; in all which time I have never seen (and I pray heartily that I never may see) his inhuman father. The generous woman, who supports me, is even kinder to me than her promise. She pays herself, she says, in the comfortable thought that she has been an instrument in the hand of Heaven to save me from destruction. She told me yesterday, that the stratagem by which this monster got me into his power, with every particular of his behaviour to me before and after it, is his favour-

ite subject in all companies. To deprive him, therefore, of his principal pleasure, I have thought proper to take the story out of his hands, by telling it myself.

I am, Sir,  
Your most humble servant,  
AMANDA.

No. 53.] THURSDAY, JAN. 3, 1754.

THERE are very few employments which require a greater degree of care and circumspection than that of conducting a public paper. Double meanings are so much the delight of all conversations, that people seldom choose to take things in their obvious sense; but are putting words and sentences to the torture, to force confessions from them which their authors never meant, or if they had, would have deserved a whipping for.

For this reason I take all the pains I can to be understood but one way. And, indeed, were I to publish nothing in these papers but what I write myself, I should be very little apprehensive of double constructions. But, it seems, I have not been sufficiently guarded against the subtleties of my correspondents. Amanda's letter in my last paper has been discovered to be a manifest design to remove the lace-trade from Ludgate-hill to Duke's-court. Some people make no conscience of declaring that I am the author of it myself, and that I received a considerable bribe for writing it. Others are of opinion that it is the production of a very pretty journey-woman in Duke's-court, who is entering into partnership with her mistress in the lace-trade, and has taken this method to bring custom to the shop. But whoever is the writer of this letter, or whatever was the design of it, all people are agreed that the effect is certain: it being very observable that the virtuous women have been seen, for this week past, to crowd to the lace-shops in Duke's-court, and that scarcely half a dozen of them have appeared upon Ludgate-hill since they were apprised by this paper that such a person as Amanda was known to be housed there.

From at least half a dozen letters which I have received upon this occasion, I shall only publish the two following:

"TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

"SIR,

"I beg to be informed if the letter signed Amanda in your last paper be reality or invention. If reality, please to tell me at which of the lace-shops the creature lives, that I may



avoid the odious sight of her, and not be obliged to buy my laces of a milliner, or to murder my horses by driving them upon every trifling occasion to the other end of the town.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

"REBECCA BLAMELESS.

*"Cheapside, Dec. 29th, 1753."*

"MR. FITZ-ADAM,

"I beg that you will do me the justice to inform the public that I have not had a lying-in in my house since I was brought to bed of my fourteenth child, which is five years ago next Lady-day; and that the young woman who has assisted me in the lace-trade for these last three months is not called Amanda, but Lucretia.

"I am,

"Your very humble servant,

"WINNEFRED BOBBIN.

*"Ludgate-hill, Dec. 30th, 1753."*

I wish with all my heart that it was as easy for me to make amends for what has happened, as it is to vindicate myself from any interested design in the publication of Amanda's letter. It was sent to Mr. Dodsley's by the penny-post, written in a very pretty Italian hand, and will be shown to as many of the curious as are desirous of seeing it.

I will not deny that I ought to have cancelled this letter; as I might reasonably have supposed that no lady who entertained a proper regard for her virtue would be seen at a lace-shop upon Ludgate-hill, while there was a bare possibility of her being served by Amanda. Indeed, to confess the truth, I have always been of opinion, that every young creature, who has been once convicted of making a slip, should be compelled to take upon her the occupation of street-walking all her life after.

It is a maxim among the people called Quakers (and a very laudable one it is) not to suffer a convicted and open knave to be one of their body. They have a particular ceremony, by which they expel him their community: and though he may continue to profess the opinions of Quakerism, they look upon him to be no member of their church, and no otherwise a brother, than as every man is descended from one common father.

I make no doubt but that the Quakers have copied this piece of policy from the ladies: but as most copies are observed to fall short of the spirit of their originals, this industrious, prudent, and opulent set of people will, I hope, excuse me, if I prefer a first and finished design to an imperfect imitation of it.

The Quakers have never, that I know of, excommunicated a member for one single failure; nor upon frequent repetitions of it have they so

driven him from the commerce of mankind, as to make him desperate in vice, or to kill him with despair. How nobly severe are the ladies to the apostates from purity! To be once frail, is for ever to be infamous. A fall from virtue, however circumstanced, or however repented of, can admit of no extenuation. They look upon the offender and the offence with equal detestation; and postpone business, nay, even pleasure itself, for the great duty of detraction, and for consigning to perpetual infamy a sister who has dishonoured them.

This settled and unalterable hatred of impurity cannot be sufficiently admired, if it be considered how delicately the bosoms which harbour it are formed, and how easy it is to move them to pity and compassion in all other instances: especially if we add to this consideration, its having force enough to tear up by the roots those sincere and tender friendships, which all handsome women, in a state of virtue, are so well known to feel for one another.

Nothing can so strongly convince me of the truth of these female friendships, as the arguments which shallow and superficial men have thought proper to bring against them. They tell us that no handsome woman ever said a civil thing of one as handsome as herself: but, on the contrary, that it is always the delight of both to lessen the beauty and to detract from the reputations of each other.

Admitting the accusation to be true, how easy is it to see through the good-natured disguise of this behaviour! These generous young creatures are so apprehensive for their companions, that they deny them beauty in order to secure them from the attempts of libertines. They know that the principal ornament of beauty is virtue; and that without both a lady is seldom in danger of an obstinate pursuit: for which reason they very prudently deny her the possession of either. The lady thus obliged is doing in return the same agreeable service to her beautiful acquaintance; and is wondering what the men can see in such trifling creatures to be even tolerably civil to them. Thus, under the appearance of envy and ill-nature, they maintain inviolable friendships, and live in a mutual intercourse of the kindest offices. Nay, to such a pitch of enthusiasm have these friendships been sometimes carried, that I have known a lady to be under no apprehensions for herself, though pursued by half the rakes in the town, who had absolutely fainted away at seeing one of these rakes only playing with the fan of her hand some friend.

The same discreet behaviour is observed by almost every lady in her affairs with a man. I she would express her approbation of him, the phrase is, "What a ridiculous animal!" When approbation is grown into love, it is, "Lord how I detest him!" But when she rises to



solemn declaration of "I'll die a thousand deaths rather than give him my consent," we are then sure that the settlements are drawing, or that she has packed up her clothes, and intends leaping into his arms without any ceremony whatsoever.

There may possibly be cavillers at this behaviour of the ladies, as well as unbelievers in female friendship; but I dare venture to affirm that every man will honour them for their extraordinary civilities and good-humour to the seducers of their sex. Should a lady object to the company of such men, it would naturally be said that she suspected her own virtue, and was conscious of carrying passions about her, which were in danger of being kindled into flames by every spark of temptation. And this is the obvious reason why the ladies are so particularly obliging to these gentlemen both in public and private. Those gentle souls, indeed, who have the purity of their sex more at heart than the rest, may good-naturedly intend to make converts of their betrayers; but I cannot help thinking that the meetings upon these occasions should be in the presence of a third person: for men are sometimes so obstinate in their errors, and are able to defend them with so much sophistry, that for want of the interposition of this third person, a lady may be so puzzled as to become a convert to those very opinions which she came on purpose to confute.

It is very remarkable, that a lady so converted is extremely apt, in her own mind, to compassionate those deluded wretches, whom a little before she persecuted with so much rigour. But it is also to be remarked, that this softness in her nature is only the consequence of her depravity: for while a lady continues as she should be, it is impossible for her to feel the least approaches of pity for one who is otherwise.

as these produce novelty, they furnish the basis of our speculations.

The pride of our ancestors distinguished them from the vulgar, by the dignity of *taciturnity*. If we consult old pictures, we shall find (suitable to the dress of the times) the beard cut, and the features composed to that gravity and solemnity of aspect, which was to denote wisdom and importance. In that admirable play of Ben Jonson's, which, through the capacity and industry of its reviver, has lately so well entertained the town, I mean *Every Man in his Humour*, a country squire sets up for high-breeding, by resolving to be "proud, melancholy, and gentleman-like." In the man of birth or business, *silence* was the note of wisdom and distinction; and the haughty peeress then would no more vouchsafe to talk to her equals, than she will now to her inferiors.

In those times, when talking was the province only of the vulgar or hireling, fools and jesters were the usual retainers in great families: but now, so total is the revolution, voices are become a mere drug, and will fetch no money at all, except in the single instance of an election. Riches, birth, and honours, assert their privileges by the opposite quality to silence; insomuch, that many of the great estates and mansion-houses in this kingdom seem at present to be held by the tenure of perpetual *talking*. Fools and jesters must be useless in families, where the master is no more ashamed of exposing his wit at his table to his guests and servants, than his drunkenness to his constituents. This revolution has obtained so generally all over Europe, that at this day a little dwarf of the king of Poland, who creeps out after dinner from under the trees of the dessert, and utters impertinences to every man at table, is talked of at other courts as a singularity.

Happy was it for the poor talkers of those days that so great a revolution was brought about by degrees; for though I can conceive it easy enough to turn the writers at Constantinople into printers, and believe it possible to make a chimney-sweeper a miller, a tallow-chandler a perfumer, a gamester a politician, a fine lady a stock-jobber, or a blockhead a connoisseur, I can have no idea of so strange a metamorphosis as that of a talker into a hearer. That hearers, however, have arisen in later times to answer in some degree the demand for them, is apparent from the numbers of them which are to be found in most families, under the various denominations of cousin, humble-companion, chaplain, led-captain, toad-eater, &c. But though each of these characters frequently officiates in the post of hearer, it will be a great mistake if a hearer should imagine he may ever interfere in any of their departments. When the toad-eater opens in praise of musty venison, or a greasy ragout; when the led-captain and chaplain com-

No. 54.] THURSDAY, JAN. 10, 1754.

*Hoc novum est aucupium—*

*Postremo imperavi egomet mihi*

*Omnia assentari. Is questus nunc est multo uberrimus.*

TER.

This is a new way of getting money—I am at last resolved to humour every man—that trade has now become by far the most lucrative.

THAT an essay on *hearers* has not been given us by the writers of the last age, is to be accounted for from the same reasons that the ancients have left us no treatise on tobaccoists or sugar-planters. The world is continually changing by the two great principles of revolution and discovery:

mend prickt-wine, or any other liquors, such as the French call *chasse-cousin*, the hearer must submit to be poisoned in silence. When the cousin is appealed to for the length of a fox-chase, and out-lies his patron; when the squire of the fens declares he has no dirt near his house, and the cousin swears it is a hard gravel for five miles round; or when the hill improver asserts that he never saw his turf burn before, and turning short, says, "Did you, cousin?" in such cases as these the answers may give a dangerous example: for if a raw whelp of a hearer should happen to give his tongue, he will be rated and corrected like a puppy.

The great duty therefore of this office is silence; and I could prove the high antiquity of it by the Tyros of the Pythagorean school, and the ancient worship of Harpocrates, the tutelary deity of this sect. Pythagoras bequeathed to his scholars that celebrated rule, which has never yet been rightly understood, "Worship, or rather study the echo;" evidently intending thereby to inculcate, that hearers should observe, that an echo never puts in a word till the speaker comes to a pause. A great and comprehensive lesson! but being, perhaps, too concise for the instruction of vulgar minds, it may be necessary to descend more minutely into particular hints and cautions.

A hearer must not be drowsy; for nothing perplexes a talker like the accident of sleep in the midst of his harangue: and I have known a French talker rise up and hold open the eyelids of a Dutch hearer with his finger and thumb.

He must not squint; for no lover is so jealous as a true talker, who will be perpetually watching the motion of the eyes, and always suspecting that the attention is directed to that side of the room to which they point.

A hearer must not be a seer of sights: he must let a hare pass as quietly as an ox; and never interrupt narration, by crying out at sight of a highwayman or a mad dog. An acquaintance of mine, who lived with a maiden aunt, lost a good legacy by the ill-timed arrival of a coach and six, which he first discovered at the end of the avenue, and announced as a most acceptable hearing to the pride of the family: but it happened unluckily to be at the very time that the lady of the house was relating the critical moment of her life, when she was in the greatest danger of breaking her vow of celibacy.

A hearer must not have a weak head: for though the talker may like he should drink with him, he does not choose he should fall under the table till himself is speechless.

He must not be a news-monger: because times past have already furnished the head of his patron with all the ideas he chooses it should be stored with.

Lastly, and principally, a hearer must not be a wit. I remember one of this profession being told by a gentleman, who, to do him justice, was a very good seaman, that he rode from Portsmouth to London in four hours, asked, "if it was by Shrewsbury clock?" It happened the person so interrogated had not read Shakespeare: which was the only reason I could assign why the adventurous querist was not immediately sent aboard the Stygian tender.

But here we must observe, that silence, in the opinion of a talker, is not merely a suppression of the action of the tongue; it is also necessary that every muscle of the face and member of the body should receive its motion from no other sensation than that which the talker communicates through the ear.

A hearer therefore must not have the fidgets: he must not start if he hears a door clap, a gun go off, or a cry of murder. He must not snuff with his nostrils if he smell fire, because, though he should save the house by it, he will be as ill rewarded as Cassandra for her endeavours to prevent the flames of Troy, or Gulliver for extinguishing those of Lilliput.

There are many more hints which I should be desirous of communicating for the benefit of beginners, if I was not afraid of making my paper too long to be properly read and considered within the compass of a week, in which the greatest part of every morning is necessarily dedicated to mercers, milliners, hair cutters, voters, levees, lotteries, lounges, &c. I shall therefore say a word or two to the talkers, and hasten to a conclusion.

And here it would be very impertinent, and going much out of the way, were I to interfere in the just rights which these gentlemen have over their own officers and domestics. I would only recommend to them, when they come into other company, to consider that it is expected the talk of the day should be proportioned among them in degrees, according to the acres they severally possess, or the number of stars annexed to their names in the list printed from the public funds: that hearing is an involuntary tribute, which is paid, like other taxes, with a reluctance increasing in proportion to the riches of the person taxed: that it is a false argument for a talker to say to a jaded audience he will tell a story that is true, great, or excellent; for when a man has eat of the first and second course till he is full to the throat, you tempt him in vain at the third, by assuring him the plate you offer him is one of the best *entremets* Le Grange ever made.



No. 55.] THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1754.

*Extinctus amabitur.* HOR.

When dead, shall prove

An object worthy of esteem and love.

FRANCIS.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM one of those benevolent persons, who having no land of their own, and not being free of any one corporation, like true citizens of the world, turn all their thoughts to the good of the public, and are known by the general name of projectors. All the good I ever did or thought of was for the public. My sole anxiety has been for the security, health, revenue, and credit of the public, nor did I ever think of paying any debts in my whole life, except those of the public. This public spirit, you already suppose, has been most amply rewarded; and perhaps suspect I am going to trouble you with an ostentatious boast of the public money I have touched; or that I am devising some artful evasion of an inquiry into the method by which I amassed it. On the contrary, I must assure you that I have carried annually the fruits of twelve months deep thought to the treasury, pay-office, and victualling-office, without having brought from any one of those places the least return of treasure, pay or victuals. At the admiralty the porters can read the longitude in my night-gown, as plainly as if the plaid was worked into the letters of that word. And I have had the mortification to see a man with the dullest project in the world admitted to the board, with no other preference than that of being a stranger, while I have been kept shivering in the court.

After this short history of myself, it is time I should communicate the project I have to propose for your particular consideration.

My proposal is, that a new office be erected in this metropolis, and called the *extinguishing office*. In explaining the nature of this office, I shall endeavour to convince you of its extraordinary utility: and that the scope and intent of it may be perfectly understood, I beg leave to be indulged in a few philosophical remarks.

There is no observation more just or common in experience, than that every thing excellent in nature or art has a certain fixed point of perfection, proper to itself, which it cannot transgress without losing much of its beauty, or acquiring some blemish.

The period which time puts to all mortal things is brought about by an imperceptible decay; and whatever is once past the crisis of maturity, affords only the melancholy prospect of being impaired hourly, and of advancing through the degrees of aggravated deformity to its dissolution.

We inconsiderately bewail a great man, whom death has taken off, as we say, in the bloom of his glory; and yet confess it would have been happier for Priam, Hannibal, Pompey, and the Duke of Marlborough, if fate had put an earlier period to their lives.

Instead of quoting a multitude of Latin verses, I refer you to that part of the tenth satire of Juvenal, which treats of longevity: but I must desire particularly to remind you of the following passage:

Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres  
Optandas. —

It is to a mature reflection on the sense of this passage that I owe the greatest thought which ever entered the brain of a projector: and I doubt not, if I could once establish the office in question, of being able to strike out from this hint a certain method of practice that would be as beneficial to mankind, as it would be new and extraordinary.

It has been the usual custom, when old generals have worn out their bodies by the toils of many glorious campaigns, beauties their complexions by the fatigues of exhibiting their persons, or patriots their constitutions by the heat of the house, to send them to some purer air abroad, or to Kensington Gravel-pits at home: but as there is nothing so justly to be dreaded as the chance of surviving good fame, I am for sending all such persons in the zenith of their glory to the fens in Essex.

As it is with man himself, so likewise shall we find it with every thing that proceeds from him. His plans are great, just, and noble; worthy the divine image he bears. His progression and execution, to a certain point, answerable to his designs; but beyond it, all is weakness, deformity, and disgrace. To be assured of this point, it is as necessary to consult another, as the sick man his physician to know the crisis of his distemper: but whom to apply to, is the important question. A friend is of all men living the most unfit, because good counsel and sincere advice are known to produce an immediate dissolution of all social connexions. The necessity of a new office is therefore evident; which office I propose shall be hereafter executed by commission, but first (by way of trial) by a single person, invested with proper powers, and universally acknowledged by the style and title of *sworn extinguisher*. To explain the functions of this person, I shall relate to you the accident which furnished the first hint for what I am now offering to your perusal.

Whenever I have been so happy as to be master of a candle, I have observed that though it has burnt with great brightness to a certain point, yet the moment that the flame has reached that point, it has become less and less bright, rising and falling with great inequalities, till at last it has expired in a most intolerable stink. In



other families, where poverty is not the directress, the candle lives and dies without leaving any ill odour behind it; and this by the well-timed application of a machine called an extinguisher.

It is the use of this machine that I am desirous of extending: and what confirmed me in the project was, my happening one Sunday to drop into a church, where the top of the pulpit was a deep concave, not very unlike the implement above-mentioned. The sermon which had begun and proceeded in a regular uniform tenor, grew towards the latter end extremely different; now lofty, now low, now flashy, now dark—In short, the preacher and his canopy brought so strongly to my mind the expiring candle and its extinguisher, that I longed to have the power of properly applying the one to the other; and from that moment conceived a project of suspending hollow cones of tin, brass, or wood, over the heads of all public speakers, with lines and pulleys to lower them occasionally.

I carried this project to a certain great man, who was pleased to reject it; telling me of several devices which might answer the purpose better; and instancing, among many other practices, that of the Robin Hood Society, where the president performs the office of an extinguisher by a single stroke of a hammer. In short, the arguments of this great man prevailed with me to lay aside my first scheme, but furnished me at the same time with hints for a more extensive one.

At the play-house the curtain is not only always ready, but capable of extinguishing at once all the persons of the drama. How many new tragedies might be saved for the future, if the curtain was to drop by authority as soon as the hero was dead! or how happily might the languid, pale, and putrid flames of a whole fifth act be extinguished by the establishment of such an office.

In applying it to epic poetry, I could not but felicitate the author of the *Iliad*. The extinguisher of the *Æneid* deserves the highest encomiums—Happy Virgil! but O wretched Milton! more unhappy in the blindness of thy commentators, than in thy own! who, to thy eternal disgrace, would preserve thy two concluding lines, with the same superstition with which the Gebers venerate the snuff of a candle, and cry out sacrilege if you offer to extinguish it.

I perceive I shall want room to explain my method of extinguishing talkers in private companies; but that I may not appear to you like those quacks who boast of more than they can perform, let me convince you that the attempt is not impracticable, by reminding you of Apelles, who, standing behind one of his pictures, listened with great patience while a

shoemaker was commending the foot; but the moment the mechanic was passing on to the leg, stepped from his hiding-place, and extinguished him at once with the famous proverb in use at this day, "The shoemaker must not go beyond his last."

But whenever this office is put into commission, I propose, for this last-mentioned branch, to take in a proper number of ladies; I mean such as dress in the height of the mode; who being equipped with hoops in the utmost extent of the fashion, are always provided with an extinguisher ready for immediate use. By the application of this machine to the above-mentioned purpose, I shall have the farther satisfaction of vindicating the ladies from the unjust imputation of bearing about them any thing useless. And as the Chinese knew gunpowder, the ancients the loadstone, and the moderns electricity, many years before they were applied to the benefit of mankind, it will not appear strange if a noble use be at length found for the hoop, which has, to be sure, till now, afforded mere matter of speculation.

I now extinguish myself, and am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

A. B.

*P. S.* If the above project meets with your approbation I shall venture to communicate another of a nature not very unlike the foregoing, and in which the public is at least equally interested.

Galenical medicines, from the quantity with which the patient was to be drenched, have excited of late years so universal a loathing, that the faculty must have lost all their practice, if they had not hit upon the method of contracting the whole force and spirit of their prescriptions into one chemical drop or pill.

From this hint I would propose to erect a new chamber, with powers to abridge all arts and sciences, history, poetry, oratory, essays, &c. into the substance of a maxim, apophthegm, spirit of history or epigram. And as a proof of the practicability of this project, I will make yourself the judge, whether your last paper on hearers may not be fully comprised in the following four lines:

Our sires kept a fool, a poor hireling for state,  
To enliven dull pride with his jesting and prate:  
But fashion capriciously changing its rule,  
Now my lord is the wit, and his hearer the fool.

NO. 56.] THURSDAY, JAN. 24, 1754.

*Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut, audit.* HOR.

—Like captives, stretch the listening ear  
His tedious tales of history to hear. FRANCIS.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

*Caer Caradock, Jan. 16, 1754.*

SIR,

YOUR paper upon *hearers* gave me that pleasure which a series of truths must always afford to him who can witness for every one of them.

I was born and brought up in the principality of Wales, which from time immemorial must have been productive of the most thorough-bred, seasoned, and staunch hearers, since every gentleman of that country holds and asserts his right to be a talker by privilege of birth. I would not have you conclude from what I have said above, that I am not as good a gentleman as the best (I mean of as good a family) though poverty and ill-fortune have doomed me to be for ever a hearer.

I was left an orphan in my earliest years; but I am not going to trouble you with the many misfortunes which constantly attended me to the age of forty; at which time I was a school-master without boys to teach, or bread to eat. At this period of my life I was advised by the parson of our parish to go and enter myself in some large and wealthy family to be an *uncle*; which is a known and common term in Wales, of like signification with *hearer* in England; the duties and requisite qualifications being nearly the same, as will appear from the following short instructions given me by my adviser; viz. never to open my lips, except for the well-timed utterance of indeed! —surprising! —prodigious! —most amazing! But these only to be used at the proper intervals of the talker's fetching his breath, coughing, or at other pauses; and the length of the admiration to be always adapted to, and particularly never to exceed, the aforesaid intervals.

But in order to explain the method he took to qualify me still farther, and inure me to patience, I must give you a short history of this worthy parson. He was truly, what he was called, a good sort of a man; if charity, friendship, and good-humour can entitle a man to that character. I must not conceal the meanness of his education, in which he discovered, however, as great a genius as could possibly arise out of a stable and a kennel. He was a thorough sportsman, and so good a shot, that the late squire took a fancy to him, made him his constant companion, and gave him the living. But that he might not be lost in study and sermon-making, he contrived to marry him to the daughter of the late incumbent, who had been taught by her father Latin and metaphysics, and exercised from twelve years old to forty in making themes and sermons. As she was by nature meagre and deformed, by constitution fretful and complaining, by education conceited and disputatious; by study pale and blear-eyed, and by habit

talkative and loud, the friendship of the good parson suggested her as the fittest person in the world to exercise my patience for a few months, and inure me to the discipline of my future function. In this station I made a vast progress in a little time; for I not only heard above a thousand sermons, but the strict observance of my vow of attention having made me a favourite, I was complained to whenever any thing went amiss in the family, and often scolded at for the husband, whose office grew into a sinecure; insomuch, that if I had not known the sincerity and uprightness of his heart, I should have suspected him of bringing me into his house to supply for him all those duties which he wanted to be eased of. But he had no such interested views; for as soon as he found his help-mate had transfused into me a necessary portion of patience and long-suffering, he recommended me to my fortune, giving me, generous man! a coat and wig, which formerly himself, and before him the squire, had worn for many years upon extraordinary days. Having thus equipped me, he resumes the duties of his family, where he officiates to this day, with true Christian resignation.

My first reception was at the house of a gentleman, who in the early part of his life had followed the study of botany. Nature and truth are so pleasing to the mind of man, that they never satiate. Alas! he happened one day to taste, by mistake, a root that had been sent him from the Indies: it was a most subtle poison, to which his experience in British simples knew no antidote. Immediately upon his death, a neighbouring gentleman, who had his eye upon me some time, sent me an invitation. His discourse was upon husbandry; and as he never deceived me in any thing but where deceived himself, I heard him also with pleasure.

These were therefore my halcyon days, on which I always reflect with regret and tears. How different were the succeeding ones, in which I have listened to the tales of old maids running over an endless list of lovers they never had; of old beaux who boasted of favours from ladies they never saw; of senators who narrated the eloquence they never spoke! giving me such a disgust and nausea to lies, that at length my ears, which were at that time much too quick for my office, grew unable to bear them. But prudently considering that I must either hear or starve, I invented the following expedient for qualifying a lie. While I assented by some gesticulation, or motion of the head, eyes, or muscles of the face, I resolved to have in reserve some inward expression of dissent. Of these I had various; but for the sake of brevity, I shall only trouble you with one.

A younger brother, who had served abroad all his life, as he would frequently tell us, and who



came unexpectedly to the estate and castle where he found me with a good character, took so kindly to me that he seemed to desire no other companion ; and as a proof of it, never sent to invite or add to our company any one of the numerous friends he so often talked of, of great rank, bravery, and honour, who would have gone to the end of the world to have served him. I could have loved him too, but for one fault. He would lie without measure or disguise. His usual exaggeration was—and *more*. As thus : “ At the siege of Monticelli,” (a town in Italy, as he told us) “ I received in several parts of my body three-and-twenty shot, and *more*. At the battle of Caratha (in Turkey) I rode to death eighteen horses and *more*. With Lodamio, the Bavarian general, I drank hand to fist, six dozen of hock, and *more*.” Upon all such occasions I inwardly anticipated him, by substituting in the place of his last two words, the two following—or *less*. But it so happened one unfortunate evening, as he was in the midst of the sharpest engagement ever heard of, in which with his single broad-sword he had killed five hundred, and *more*, that I kept my time more precisely than silence : for unhappily the qualifying or *less*, which should have been tacitly swallowed for the quieting my own spirit, was so audibly articulated to the inflaming of his, that the moment he heard subjoined to his five hundred—or *less*, the fury of his resentment descended on my ear with a violent blow of his fist. By this slip of my tongue I lost my post in that family, and the hearing of my left ear.

The consequences of this accident gave me great apprehensions for a considerable time : for the slightest cold affecting the other ear, I was frequently rebuked for misplacing my marks of approbation. But I soon discovered that it was no real misfortune ; for experience convinced me, that absolute silence was of greater estimation than the best-timed syllable of interruption. It is to this experience that I shall refer you, after having recounted the last memorable adventure of my unfortunate history.

The last family that received me was so numerous in relations and visitors, that I found I should be very little regarded when I had worn off the character of stranger ; though as such I was as earnestly applied to as any high court of appeals. For as the force of liquor co-operated with the force of blood, they one and all addressed themselves to me to settle the antiquity of their families ; vociferating at one and the same time above a score of genealogies. This was a harder service than any I had ever been used to ; and the whole weight of the clamour falling on my only surviving ear, unhappily overpowered it, and I became from that instant totally deaf.

Had this accident happened a few years sooner, it would have driven me to despair : but my experience, assuring me that I am now much

better qualified than ever, gives me an expectation of making my fortune : I therefore apply to you to recommend me for a *hearer* in a country where there is better encouragement, and where I doubt not of giving satisfaction.

I shall not trouble you with enumerating the advantages attending a deaf *hearer* : it will be enough for me to say, that as such, I am no longer subject to the danger of an irresistible smile : nor will my squeamish dislike to lies bring me again, into disgrace. I shall now be exempt from the many misfortunes which my ungovernable ears have formerly led me into. What reproving looks have I had for turning my eyes when I have heard a bird fly against the window, or the dog and cat quarrelling in a corner of the room ! How have I been reprimanded, when detected in dividing my attention between the stories of my patron, and the brawls of his family ! “ What had I to do with the quarrels of his family ?” I own the reproof was just ; but I appeal to you, whether any man who has his ears can restrain them, when a quarrel is to be heard, from making it the chief object of his attention ?

To conclude. If you observe a *talker* in a large company, you never see him examining the state of a man's ear : his whole observation is upon the eye ; and if he meet with the wandering or the vacant eye, he turns away, and instantly addresses himself to another. My eyes were always good ; but as it is notorious that the privation of some parts add strength and perfection to others, I may boast that, since the loss of my ears, I found my eyes (which are confessedly the principal organs of attention) so strong, quick, and vigilant, that I can, without vanity, offer myself for as good a hearer as any in England.

Yours, &c.

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No. 57.] THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1754.

OF all the passions of the human mind, there is not one that we allow so much indulgence to as *contempt*. But to determine who are the proper objects of that passion may possibly require a greater degree of sagacity and penetration than most men are masters of. Whoever conforms to the opinion of the world, will often be deceived ; and whoever contradicts the opinion of the world which I am now about to do, will as often be despised. But it is the duty of a public writer to oppose popular errors ; a duty which I imposed upon myself at the commencement of this work, and which I shall be ready to perform, as often as I see occasion.

It is not my present intention to treat of individuals, and the contempt they are apt to entertain for one another : my design is an exten-



sive one; it is to rescue no less than three large bodies of men from the undeserved contempt of almost all the good people of England, and to recommend them to the said good people for their pity and compassion. The three large bodies I am speaking of, and which collectively considered, make up at least a fourth part of his majesty's subjects, are *parsons*, *authors*, and *cuckolds*. I shall consider each of these classes in the order in which it stands, beginning with the parson, as the most respectable of the three.

And though there is no denying that this profession took its rise from so exploded a thing as religion, the belief of which I do not intend to inculcate, having conceived an opinion that these my lucubrations have admission into families too polite for such concerns; yet I have hopes of showing, to the satisfaction of my readers, that a parson is not absolutely so contemptible a character as is generally imagined.

I know it has been urged in his favour, that though unfortunately brought up to the trade of religion, he entertains higher notions in private, and neither believes nor practises what by his function he is obliged to teach. But allowing this defence to be a partial one, and that a parson is really and to all intents and purposes a believer, I do not admit, even in this case, that he deserves all the contempt that people are inclined to throw upon him; especially if the extreme narrowness of his education be duly inquired into.

While the sons of great persons are indulged by tutors and their mothers' maids at home, the intended parson is confined closely to school; from whence he has the misfortune to be sent directly to college, where he continues, perhaps, half a score years drudging at his courses, and where, for want of money, he may exclaim with Milton, that

—————Ever-during dark

Surrounds him: from the *cheerful ways* of men

Cut off; and for the *book of knowledge* fair,

Presented with an universal *blank*.

Which is as much as to say, that he is totally in the dark as to what is doing abroad, and that while other men are going on in the *cheerful ways* of wenching, drinking, and gaming, and improving their minds by Mr. Hoyle's *book of knowledge*, the whole world is a *blank* to the poor parson, who in all probability grows old in a country cure, and owes to the squire of the parish all his knowledge of mankind. That such a parson, even though he should believe every article of christianity, and should practise up to his belief, is not, in every respect, an object of contempt, is really my opinion. For though the *demonstrations* of a Tindal, a Toland, and a Woolston may have reached him at his

cure, yet they do not always appear to be demonstrations, but to those who read them in town; and even there, a man must have kept good company, and entered thoroughly into the fashionable amusements (which few parsons are able to do), before he can be certain that they are demonstrations.

The author comes next to be considered. And here it imports me to be extremely cautious; lest, being myself an author, I betray a partiality in favour of the fraternity. But whatever mankind have agreed to think of an author, he is not absolutely and at all times an object of contempt. On the contrary, if it may be proved (which I believe no man living will deny) that at the time of his commencing author his choice would have led him to turn his hand to business, but that he had neither money to buy, nor credit to procure, a stool, brushes, and black-ball; I hope he may be admitted among the objects of compassion. A question indeed may occur, that if ever he has been so fortunate as to have saved three shillings by his writings, why he has not then set about buying the above-mentioned implements of trade? But, supposing him to have acquired so much wealth, the proverb of "Once a whore, and always a whore," is less significant than "Once an author, and always an author;" insomuch that a man convicted of being a wit is disqualified for business during life; no city apprentice will trust him with his shoes, nor will the poor beau set a foot upon his stool, from an opinion that for want of skill in his calling, his blacking must be bad, or for want of attention, be applied to the stocking instead of the shoe. That almost every author would choose to set up in this business, if he had wherewithal to begin with, must appear very plainly to all candid observers, from the natural propensity which he discovers towards blackening.

Far be it from me, or any of my brother authors, to intend lowering the dignity of the gentlemen trading in black-ball, by naming them with ourselves: we are extremely sensible of the great distance there is between us; and it is with envy that we look up to the occupation of shoe-cleaning, while we lament the severity of our fortune, in being sentenced to the drudgery of a less respectable employment. But while we are unhappily excluded from the stool and brush, it is surely a very hard case that the contempt of the world should pursue us, only because we are unfortunate.

I proceed lastly to the cuckold: and I hope that it will not be a more difficult task to rescue this gentleman from contempt, than either the parson or the author. In former times indeed, when a lady happened now and then to prefer a particular friend to her husband, it was usual to hold the said husband in some little disesteem; for as women were allowed to be the best judges of men, and as in the case before us the wife

only preferred one man to another, people were inclined to think that she had some private reason for so doing. But in these days of freedom, when a lady, instead of one friend, is civil to one-and-twenty, I am humbly of opinion that her cuckold is no more the object of contempt for such a preference, than if he had been robbed by as many highwaymen upon Hounslow-heath. Two to one, says the proverb, are odds at football; and every one in the present case ought to make proportionable allowance for much greater odds.

But to do honour to cuckolds, I will be bold to say that they ought oftener to excite envy than contempt. How common is it for a man to owe his fortune to the frailty of his wife! Or though he should reap no pecuniary advantage from her incontinency, how apt are the caresses of a score or two lovers to sweeten her temper towards her husband! A lady is sometimes apt to pay so great a regard to her chastity, as to overlook the virtues of meekness and forbearance: rob her of that one virtue, and you restore her to all the rest, as well as her husband to his quiet.

But waving every thing I have said, there still remains a reason for holding cuckolds in esteem; and this is, the regard and veneration which we owe to great men. If our betters are not ashamed of being cuckolds, it does not become their inferiors to treat them with disrespect.

I shall close this paper with observing upon the three characters which I have here endeavoured to befriend, that while we are obliged to the parson for a butt, the author for abuse, and to the cuckold for his wife, it is the highest degree of ingratitude to hold any one of them in contempt.

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No. 58.] THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 1754.

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TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HARDLY know a more unfortunate circumstance which can happen to a young man than that of being too handsome: it is a thousand to one that in the course of his education he loses the very dignity of his sex and nature. During his infancy his father himself will be too apt to be pleased with the delicacy of his features; his mother will be in raptures with them; and every silly woman who visits in the family will continually lament that master was not a girl, "for what a fine creature would he have made!" If he goes to school, he will be perpetually teased by the nick-name of Miss Molly; and if he has

not great resolution, be obliged to become the most mischievous imp of the whole fraternity, merely to avoid the harder imputations of fear and effeminacy. When he mixes amongst men, the imperfections of his education will stick close to him; the bar itself will hardly cure him of sheepishness, or the cockade defend him from the appearance of cowardice. His very excellences (if he has them) will seem virtues out of nature; they will be the wisdom of a Cornelia, or the heroism of a Sophonisba. Nay, were we to see him mount a breach, I am afraid that instead of those noble eulogies and exclamations which should properly attend a hero in such circumstances, we should only cry out, with Mrs. Clerimont, in the play, "O the brave pretty creature!"

Such are the calamities, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which almost necessarily attend on male beauty; and so pernicious sometimes are its consequences, that I have more than once been tempted to wish some method could be found out which might extirpate it entirely. What statesmen, what generals, what prelates may we have lost, merely by the misfortune of a fine complexion! it is with infinite concern that I frequently look round me in public assemblies, and see such numbers of well-dressed youths, who might really have been of use to themselves, and to mankind, had their parents taken the Indian method of marking their faces to distinguish their quality. As it is, their unlucky persons have led them astray into pertness and affectation, under a notion of politeness; and what ought to have been sense and judgment, is at best but a genteel taste in trifles. Thoughtless man! (have I sometimes said to myself, when the melancholy mood was on) how blind is he to futurity! Little do these flutterers think, while their summers are dancing away in dangling to Ranelagh with Lady Biddy and Lady Fanny, that the cold uncomfortable winters of their life must at last terminate in prattling scandal, and playing at quadrille with Lady Bridget and Lady Frances!

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—Their way of life

Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,  
And that, which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
They must not look to have.

Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the preventing such misfortunes might very well become your care, if not that of the legislature. Every body knows that there was a time, even in a Roman army, when "aim at their faces" was as dreadful a sound, and attended with as fatal consequences as "keeping your fire" was on a late glorious occasion. Now, though I would by no means insinuate that a beau must be a coward; nay, though the world has furnished us with many examples of very finical men who were very

great heroes; yet as it might perhaps be better, even in time of peace, that men should not attend so entirely to their persons, I would endeavour to strike at the root of the evil. It is, I believe, admitted as a truth in inoculation, that the part where the incision is made is usually the fullest of any part of the body. I would propose, therefore, with regard to our male children, that we should follow the original Circassian manner, and "aim at their faces." A general practice of this kind might be extremely useful to the state: the literary world would I am sure be the better for it; for what mother could be averse to having her sons taught to read, when perhaps the eye-lashes were gone, and the eyes themselves no longer worth preserving? Considerations of this sort will I hope induce some projector by profession to undertake the affair, and draw up, what may properly enough be styled, "a scheme for raising men for the service of the public."

I must however do justice to the fair youths of the present age, by confessing that many of them seem conscious of their imperfections; and, as far as their own judgments can direct them, take pains to appear manly. But, alas! the methods they pursue, like most mistaken applications, rather aggravate the calamity. Their drinking and raking only make them look like old maids. Their swearing is almost as shocking as it would be in the other sex. Their chewing tobacco not only offends, but makes us apprehensive at the same time that the poor things will be sick. When they talk to common women as they pass them in the Mall, they seem as much out of character as Mrs. Woffington in Sir Harry Wildair, making love to Angelica. In short, every part of their conduct, though perhaps well intended, is extremely unnatural. Whereas if they would only spend half the pains in acquiring a little knowledge, and practising a little decency, we might perhaps be brought to endure them; at least we should be less shocked with their beauty.

When I look back on what I have written, I am a little afraid that my zeal for the public may have hurried me too far; for as we are taught to pity natural defects, we ought to be tender of blaming the errors they occasion. But what shall we say, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to another set of animals, whom nature certainly designed for men and made, as Mr. Pope says, "*their souls bullet, and their bodies buff*?" When these louts of six feet high, with the shoulders of porters, and the legs of chairmen, affect "*to lisp, and to amble, and to nick-name God's creatures*," surely we may laugh at such incorrigible idiots. The fair youths of a less gentle deportment aim at least at what they imagine to be manly: but these dairy-maids in breeches leave their sex behind them at their first setting out, and give up the only qualities which they could possibly be admired for.

Any one who is conversant in the world must have seen numbers of this latter sort; some of them tripping, others lolloping in their gait (if I may be allowed such expressions), and many of them so very affected, that they cannot even see with their eyes, but at most pinker through the lashes of them, when they would languish in public at some mistress of theirs and the whole town's affections. Their voices too have a peculiar softness, and are scarce ever raised, unless it be at the play-house to make an appointment for the King's arms, or to despatch an orange-wench on a message to a balcony.

In short, Mr. Fitz-Adam, what with natural and acquired effeminacy, the present age seems an age of affectation. The whole head is weak, and the whole heart sick. And yet (that I may not leave your readers with disagreeable ideas in their minds) notwithstanding these alarming appearances, the eye of a philosopher can still trace out something to counterbalance this amazing degeneracy. However desperate the vulgar may think our situation, we, who see the fervour of the torrid zone sweetly compensated by copious dews, and everlasting breezes, and the whole system of nature admirably adjusted; we, I say, see likewise that this human defect is not left without its remedy. However delicate our men are become, we may still hope that the rising generation will not be totally enervated. The assured look, the exalted voice, and theatrical step of our modern females, pretty sufficiently convince us that there is something *manly* still left amongst us. So that we may reasonably conclude, though the male and female accomplishments may be strangely scattered and disposed of between the sexes, yet they will somehow or other be jumbled together in that complicated animal, a man and his wife.

I am, Sir,  
Your humble servant,  
S. H.

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No. 59.] THURSDAY, FEB. 14, 1754.

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TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a constant reader of your papers, and congratulate you upon the men of-wit you have for your correspondents. I do not pretend to add to the number, and shall only attempt to furnish you with a few hints, which considered and formed into order by a writer of your ability may possibly be productive of entertainment (at least) to the public.

Your letters upon the modern taste in gardening are, in my judgment, excellent in their kind; and so indeed are those upon architecture, as far



as they go: but methinks you have not carried your observations quite far enough; nor have you any where remarked the injustice and ingratitude with which those worthy patriots are treated, who ruin their estates, or lay out the fortunes of their younger children on their seats and villas, to the great embellishment of this kingdom, which (if it is not already one great and complete garden) contains at least more sumptuous country-houses, parks, gardens, temples, and buildings, than all the rest of Europe. If you are in danger of losing yourself on the vast and dreary wastes of some comfortless heath and are directed on your course by a friendly beacon of prodigious height, you are told that this is such a gentleman's Folly. The munificence of a man of taste raises at an immoderate expense a column or turret in his garden, for no other purpose than the generous one of giving delight and wonder to travellers: and the ungrateful public calls it his Folly. Nay, were her late majesty Queen Anne, of pious memory, to reign again, and fifty new churches to be really built, I doubt if in this dissolute age this also might not be called her majesty's Folly.

But notwithstanding these discouragements, I am daily entertained with new beauties; and it is with great impatience that I wait the completion of a Chinese temple, now rising on the top of a very elegant villa upon the road-side near Brompton. I have often too, with great satisfaction, beheld a structure of this kind, on the top of a very handsome green-house, now in the possession of a noble foreigner at Turnham-green; which, as I am informed, is a matter of great curiosity to his countrymen who frequent it; nothing of this sort being to be met with in the environs of Paris, or indeed of Pekin itself, or in any country but this. A most majestic peacock, as big as the life, on the spindle of a weather-cock, adds also to its merit; which with all the beauty of the bird itself, has not its disagreeable vociferous quality; and though it does not foretell by its noise a change in the weather, it informs you with more certainty of the variation of the wind.

I am somewhat of an invalid, and being sensible how much exercise conduces to health, I seldom fail, when the weather does not allow me the use of my physician, a trotting-horse, to take a flurry (as it is elegantly called) in a hackney-coach; which affords exercise to the imagination as well as the body, and creates thinking (if I may be allowed the expression) as much as it does an appetite. The air of business in the crowds that are constantly passing; the variety of the equipages, and the new and extraordinary sights, that still present themselves in this great metropolis, the centre of trade, industry, and invention, fill my mind with ideas, which if they do not always instruct, at least amuse me.

I take great pleasure in guessing at the ranks and professions of men by their appearance; and though I may now and then be mistaken, yet I am generally in the right. Once indeed I mistook a right reverend divine, on the other side Temple-bar, for a Jew, till the mitre on his coach convinced me of my error; as I also did a Jew, by the decorations on his chariot, for a peer of the realm. And indeed Mr. Fitz-Adam since the herald's-office has suspended its authority, it is surprising what liberties are taken with the arms of the first families in the kingdom; insomuch that a man must have a quick eye who can distinguish between the pillars, flower-pots, and other inventions of the curious painter, and the supporters of the nobility. But what most of all perplex me are the ornaments, after the Chinese manner, over the arms by way of coronet: and were not these distinctions confined solely to Europe, I should sometimes be in danger of mistaking an Indian director for a Mandarin.

It has not escaped your notice how much of late we are improved in architecture; not merely by the adoption of what we call Chinese, nor by the restoration of what we call Gothic; but by a happy mixture of both. From Hyde-park to Shoreditch scarce a chandler's-shop or an oyster-stall but has embellishments of this kind; and I have heard that there is a design against the meeting of the new parliament to fit up St. Stephen's chapel with Chinese benches, and a throne, from the model of that on which the eastern monarch distributes justice to his extensive empires. It is whispered also that the portico to Covent-garden church is to give place to one of the Gothic order. But before I leave the city, let me not neglect to do justice to that excellent engineer, the great pastry-cook in St. Paul's church-yard. My good fortune conducted me thither on Twelfth-day; when seeing a vast concourse of people assembled, my ruling passion, curiosity, engaged me to quit my vehicle to partake in the satisfaction so visible in all their countenances. But how shall I describe the pomp and parade of so noble an appearance? The triumph of a lord-mayor's day is nothing to it; though, if I mistake not, those brave and faithful guardians of the wealth and safety of the city, the train-bands and militia, make a most comely and warlike appearance: for not to mention the flags shining with silver and gold; troops innumerable of gingerbread, both horse and foot, finer in their uniforms than the French king's household; there was not even the smallest mince-pie, but for its strength and just proportion was equal at least to the *chef-d'œuvre* of a Vauban or a Cohorn. But what above all excited my praise and admiration was a citadel of an enormous magnitude, that would have appeared impregnable to a whole army of Dutchmen, had it not been for several breaches

that had been made in it by some small field-pieces of copper : but this indeed astonished me the less, having been told that the towns in Flanders which cost so much blood, which were so stubbornly disputed in the former war, and which fell so easily into the hands of the immortal Saxe in seventeen hundred and forty-four, were chiefly obtained by an ordnance of this kind, though somewhat heavier in its quality.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if I was not afraid of troubling you with more observations, I should lead you again into the country. But were I to expatiate on the hermitages and sylvan temples, formed like the earths of those instructive builders, the badgers (from whom the hint was taken), and furnished with ivy, moss, cobwebs, and straw beds, with all the elegance of primitive simplicity, contrasting the magnificent structures of our most favourite architects, I fear my letter would exceed your patience. I shall therefore defer, at least, these most important subjects, till I find how these my observations have been received; and whether you do them justice or not, I shall continue

Your constant admirer.

No. 60.] THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1754.

*Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?*

VIRG.

Can lords be checked when servants are so bold?

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

OF all the advantages and superior excellences which this nation has confessedly over many others, I know of none to which we may more fairly lay in our claim than the spirit of generosity which is so eminently exerted amongst us. I question whether our great attribute of bravery deduces more real honour on us, or is more deservedly celebrated. But there is a certain limit which true valour never exceeds; and it is from this excess that a just distinction is made between courage and rashness, magnanimity and fool-hardiness. In the same manner, liberality differs from profusion. When this amiable quality of benevolence is perverted from its high and noble uses, when it is applied to no meritorious services, but is degraded into the indiscriminate overflowings of the purse, the appellation that accompanies it is by no means a desirable part of a character.

What led me into this turn of thinking was

an incident in one of my morning walks. Passing by the house of a noble lord with my friend, he raised my attention by assuring me that in that house he spent a great deal of money every week : and I do not doubt, added he, that we shall in a short time be able to raise a very comfortable subsistence for the family. I was somewhat astonished at the easy freedom of his expression, and could not help expostulating with him upon the terms he had used. He continued his humour, and increased my admiration by assuring me, that he dined there very often, and found his dinners more expensive to him than in any house in London. We pay, says he, as we do at our club at the St. Alban's, so much a head : but as we know the people of the house very well, and can depend upon their honesty, we do not trouble ourselves at all with a bill. As I was very well convinced his lordship kept no tavern, I began to imagine that my friend, who has naturally a great share of wit and vivacity, had a mind to impose upon the belief and ready assent that I always pay to his conversation. While I was in this state of suspicion, Come, says he, my honest country gentleman, I will explain all the mystery that seems to perplex you : and as you have too good a spirit to be under an obligation to persons you cannot well make a return to, I will teach you how you may pay for a dinner when you dine with a duke.— You must know then, that this noble lord, like others of his quality, keeps a great number of servants ; which servants, when you sit down to table, his lordship, out of great complaisance, immediately makes over to you ; and they become your servants, *pro tempore*. They get about you, are very diligent, fetch you whatever you call for, and retire with the table-cloth. You see no more of them, till you want to go away. Then they are all ready again at your command : and instead of that form which you observed them standing in at table, they are drawn into two lines, right and left, and make a lane, which you are to pass through before you can get to the door. Now it is your business to discharge your servants ; and for this purpose you are to take out your money, and apply it first on your right hand, then on your left, then on your right, and then on your left again, till you find yourself in the street. And from hence comes that common method, which all regular people observe in money-dealings, of payment as you go. I know not, continues my friend, so ridiculous a personage as the master of the house upon these occasions. He attends you to the door with great ceremony ; but is so conscious of the awkward appearance he must make as a witness to the expenses of his guests, that you can observe him placing himself in a position, that he would have it supposed conceals from him the inhospitable transactions that are going on under his roof. He wears the silly look of an innocent



man, who has unfortunately broke in upon the retirement of two lovers, and is ready to affirm with great simplicity, that he has seen nothing.

I already concurred with the observations of my friend, thanked him for his intelligence, and blessed myself that I was that day to dine cheaply at a tavern. But during my stay in London I have been obliged to fall in with the customs of that place; and have learnt to my cost, that egression, as well as admission, must be purchased. I am at length, however, with many more of my acquaintance, reduced to a disagreeable necessity of seeing my friends very seldom; because I cannot afford (according to a very just and fashionable expression) to *pay* a visit to them.

Every man who has the misfortune to exceed his circumstances must, in order to recover himself, abstain from certain expenses, which in the gross of his disbursements have made the most formidable articles. The economist of the city parts with his country-house; the squire disposes of his hounds; and I keep other people's servants in pay no longer. But having an earnest desire of mixing with those friends whom an early intimacy has most endeared to me, and preferring the social hours that are spent at their tables to most others of my life, I cannot at all times refuse their invitations, even though I have nothing for their servants. And here, alas! the inconveniences of an empty pocket are as strongly exhibited, as in any case of insolvency that I know of. I am a marked man. If I ask for beer, I am presented with a piece of bread. If I am bold enough to call for wine, after a delay which would take away its relish were it good, I receive a mixture of the whole side-board in a greasy glass. If I hold up my plate, nobody sees me; so that I am forced to eat mutton with fish-sauce, and pickles with my apple-pie.

I observe there is hardly a custom amongst us, be it what it will, that we are not as tenacious and jealous of as of any national privileges. It is from this consideration, that I expect rather to see an increase than an abolition of our follies; an improvement rather than a change. I should not, therefore, conclude my subject, without injustice to my friend above-mentioned, if I did not reveal a new method, which, he says, he intends to propose to some of the leaders of fashion, and which he has no doubt, he assures me, of seeing soon in practice. Let every artificer that has contributed to raise the house you have the honour to dine in make his appearance when the company is going away. Let the mason, the painter, the joiner, the glazier, the upholsterer, &c. arrange themselves in the same order as the gentlemen in and out of livery do at such conjunctures; and let every guest consider, that he

could not have regaled himself that day within his friend's walls, if it had not been for the joint labours of those worthy mechanics. Such a generous reflection would produce three good effects: liberality would have a fresh and noble subject for its exertion; the tradesmen (a numerous and discontented race) would be satisfied to their utmost wishes; nor could the payment of bills any more than of wages, with reason or propriety, be demanded of the master.

I am, Sir,  
Your humble servant,  
O. S.

Though my ingenious correspondent has treated this subject with great vivacity and humour, I cannot dismiss his letter without saying a word or two in favour of servants.

It is well known that many of them are engaged in the services of younger brothers, whose total inattention to the payment of wages can only be remedied by the bounty of those ladies of quality, who are fond of a cold chicken at the lodgings of their said masters.

That others have the honour to serve ladies of fashion; where the card money at their routs and drums, which of right belongs to the servants, is appropriated by many of the said ladies to the defraying the expenses of tea, coffee, and wax-candles for the said routs and drums.

That a very great number are the domestics of persons of quality, in whose services they have so little to do, from the crowds maintained in them, that they find themselves under a necessity of spending a great part of their time in ale-houses and other places of resort, where, in imitation of their masters, they divert themselves with the fashionable amusements of gaming, wenching, and drinking; which amusements, as they are always attended with considerable expense, require more than their bare wages to support.

That others, who live in the city, and are the servants of grocers, haberdashers, pastry-cooks, oil-men, pewterers, brokers, tailors, and so forth, have such uncertain humours to deal with, and so many airs of quality to submit to, that their spirits would be quite broken, but for the cordial of vails; which I humbly apprehend they have a better title to than any other of the fraternity, as the maid-servants in such places happen to be as great traders as their masters, and are rarely to be dealt with but at extravagant prices.

That a third part, at least, of the whole body of servants in this great metropolis, who for certain wise reasons pass with their masters for single men, have wives and families to maintain in private; and if it be considered that the common advantages of such servants, without the addition of vails, are too insignificant to support



the said wives and families in any degree of elegance, it is presumed that their perquisites ought in no wise to be abridged.

For these and many other reasons, too tedious to be here set down, I am not only for continuing the custom of giving money to servants, but do also publish it as my opinion, that in all families where the said servants are no more in number than a dozen or fifteen, it is mean, pitiful, and beggarly, in any person whatsoever, to pass from table without giving to all.

No. 61.] THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1754.

THOUGH the following letters are written upon more serious subjects, and in a graver style and manner than are common to this paper, which is professedly devoted to the ridicule of vice, folly and false taste, yet as they are intended for public benefit, and may contain some useful hints and informations, I shall present them to my readers without farther preface.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

His majesty having frequently recommended to his parliament to consider of proper means to put a stop to the numerous robberies and murders amongst us, I shall want no apology for sending you my thoughts upon that subject. Many persons have been of opinion that severe punishments were necessary in these cases; but constant experience proves the contrary, and that the consequence is only making rogues more desperate, and thereby increasing the danger instead of providing for the security of honest men. One thing only I think might safely be done with respect to punishments, which is, that no criminal (except in very particular circumstances) who is clearly convicted, should escape by transportation or otherwise. The lenity of the government suffers this in hopes of an amendment; but when the mind is once corrupted to so great a degree, it is seldom capable of any virtuous sentiments: and the case of such persons is, that they generally return from transportation in a short time, and fall immediately into the same company and profligate course of life as before. Such kind of pardons are considered by rogues no otherwise than as giving them hopes of perpetrating their crimes with impunity, and consequently must produce a very bad effect. I am confirmed in this opinion by Monsieur Secondat, who, in his excellent treatise upon the Spirit of Laws, says, "That if we inquire into the cause of all human corruptions, we shall find that they proceed from the impunity of crimes, and not from the moderation of punishments." But then I must add, that if the pu-

nishment for robbery is made more certain, there ought to be a distinction (unless hanging in chains is thought a sufficient one) between that and murder, lest the robber, seeing the punishment the same, and equally certain, may be tempted to kill, in order to his concealment. However, it is the business of every legislature rather to make good regulations for preventing crimes, than to contrive punishments for them.

The ingenious Mr. Fielding, in a very sensible pamphlet upon this subject, attributes the number of robberies in a great measure to the luxury and extravagance of the nation: but it appears to me that these are only remoter causes; for though luxury and extravagance reign in all our principal towns, yet the robberies are chiefly in and about London; and even when they happen in the country, they are generally committed by rogues, who make excursions out of London to fairs, horse-races, and other public meetings; which clearly and evidently points out the true cause of them to be the *overgrown size of London*, affording infinite receptacles to sharpers, thieves, and villains of all kinds. Our magistrates have lately exerted themselves, with a very becoming spirit, in suppressing houses of gaming and debauchery; but I am afraid the number of these houses is so great, that all their endeavours will not produce any considerable benefit to the public. The buildings in London have been increased prodigiously within these thirty years; and the ill consequences of this increase seem not to have been enough considered: but it is certain that a large metropolis is the greatest evil in any country, and the source and fountain of all the corruption that is in it. It appears from the bills of mortality that the burials in London vastly exceed the christenings. This annual surplus, supplied in a great measure from the several counties, is a continual drain from the people, and an immense loss to the nation: and I cannot help recommending it to those gentlemen who are for increasing the number of our people by a general naturalization bill, to provide in the meantime for the security and preservation of those we have already.

The monstrous size of our capital is one great cause of the excessive luxury that prevails amongst us. The infinite number of people that resort hither naturally rival each other in their tables, dress, equipage, furniture, and, in short, extravagancies of all sorts. Notwithstanding the late necessary regulations, a continual round of amusement and entertainment is invented for every day in the week; and by this means the mind is kept in a constant hurry and dissipation, and rendered unfit for any serious employment. Can mothers of this turn, immersed in vanity and folly, be supposed capable of any domestic concerns? What a prospect is here of the morals of the rising age! And, what is worse, this love of pleasure is carried into the country, and a ge-

neral dissoluteness spreads itself through the whole kingdom. Hence it is that gentlemen even of small fortunes are impatient of the country, and crowd to the diversions of London, contracting an expensive taste, and ruining their families. Nor is this love of pleasure confined only to genteel life; the common people easily follow the example of those above them; and as they have no fund to support them without labour, the consequence of idleness, in them, is immediate poverty; which necessarily throws them into sharpening, robbery, and all kinds of dishonesty. So that I believe it may truly be affirmed, that the luxury and corruption of any nation is just in proportion to its wealth, and the largeness of its metropolis.

Thuanus tells us, that in the reign of Henry the Second there was an edict made to prohibit any buildings in the suburbs of Paris; and in Queen Elizabeth's time a bill passed to prevent the increase of London; but like other good laws, it soon grew obsolete, and lost its effect.

In what manner our metropolis may be reduced without injury to the proprietors of houses and ground-rents, I do not pretend to determine; but it seems absolutely necessary that a stop should be put to any farther building; and if, besides this, the ruinous houses in the back parts of the town, such as Hockley in the Hole, &c. which are the grand receptacles for sharpers and pickpockets, and which might be purchased at an easy rate, were annually to be bought up, the materials sold, and the ground thrown into open fields, the town in a few years would be considerably reduced, the health of the people very greatly improved, and the number of gamblers, thieves, lewd women, &c. gradually diminished.

I am, &c.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As you profess not only to amuse but to instruct; and as the early grounding of youth in true fortitude and the love of their country are objects worthy of the most serious attention; give me leave to caution parents and guardians through your channel against an evil they seem insensible of, the evil of sending youths unacquainted with the world, even raw from school, to French academies; where no sooner are they got together, than those who preside in the councils of that kingdom, ever attentive to sow the seeds of dissension in these nations, detach a number of Irish officers, who by speaking our language, and introducing these heedless boys into the pleasures of the place, easily insinuate themselves into their good graces; and then, with no less art than judgment, gradually instil into their vacant minds the poisons of popery and disaffection. I speak by experience. If any

one doubts the truth of this assertion, let him inquire into the present condition of a French academy in a neighbouring maritime province, where these measures will be found to be at this hour warmly pursuing. Are there not other countries, countries of liberty, where the French tongue and the exercises which contribute to fashion the exteriors, are to be acquired with equal success? Doubtless there are; and those parents who, by the advantage of their own education, are capable of directing that of their children, never hazard them among these dangerous people, till by reading, travel, and an acquaintance with mankind, they are proof against such unhappy impressions.

If the inserting this short letter saves but one Briton from perdition, you and I, Mr. Fitz-Adam, shall not esteem it as a useless precaution.

I am, Sir

Your most humble servant.

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No. 62.] THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE somewhere read of the saying of a philosopher, I believe it was in the Spectator, "That every one ought to do something in the world to show that he has been in it." I am, therefore, though a woman, desirous of leaving behind me the following testimony of my existence, and of convincing posterity that in point of birth I have had the start of them.

It is of late grown into a fashion among the men to treat the business of *visiting* with great disrespect: they look upon it as a mere female recreation, and beneath the dignity of their superior natures. Yet notwithstanding their contempt of it, and the odious name of *gadding* which they have given it, I do not find that they fail in their appearance at any of our assemblies, or that they are better able than us women to shut themselves up in their own houses, when there is any thing to be done or seen abroad. If they would content themselves with finding fault with the name and not the thing, I should have no quarrel with them; the word *visit* being of so various and uncertain a signification, that I am always at a loss in what sense to understand it.

A sister-in-law of mine, who lives about ten miles from town, sent me some time ago a very pressing letter, desiring my assistance, and that of my cook-maid, for a few days; her house, as she said, being likely to be put into great hurry and confusion from the preparations they were



making for the reception of my Lord Whimsey, who had sent my brother a card that he intended him a visit the week following. I set out accordingly with my cook; and when every thing was got ready in the best and genteel manner that my brother's fortune would afford for the entertainment of so noble a guest, down comes my lord as expected; who, upon alighting from his chariot, gave orders to his coachman to keep the horses in motion, for that his stay should not exceed fifteen minutes. His lordship took a walk through the garden; seemed greatly pleased with the situation and design; very politely excused himself from making a longer stay, and took his leave with saying, that he hoped soon to do himself the pleasure of making him a second visit.

It would be taking up too much of your time to enter minutely into the family distress upon so vexing a disappointment; let it suffice to tell you, that it was near a fortnight before my poor sister perfectly recovered it, or before she left off her hourly repeated question of, "What shall we do with all this load of victuals?" My lord next day at White's was giving high encomiums on my brother's seat, and the goodness of the air in that part of Surrey, and was pleased to say that he thought it the completest thing of its size within twenty miles of London. Upon which Sir Humphry Hobling, a distant relation of ours, proposed being of my lord's party at his next visit. Accordingly in about three weeks a second card informs my brother of a second visit.

By this time I and my maid, together with two or three supernumerary assistants and female humble cousins, were dismissed, after having stayed a fortnight, by particular desire, to help to eat up the pasties, pies, tarts, jellies, sillabubs, &c. which had been provided for my lord, and were now looked upon as mere drugs in a family, which usually contented itself with two substantial dishes, or one and a pudding.

It was not in the least doubted that my lord's second visit would be of the same nature with the first; his lordship's card being conceived exactly in the same words: there was therefore no need of fuss or preparation; my sister too had pretty well worn off the dread of making her appearance before so great a man. According to his appointment my lord arrived, and with him Sir Humphry and Colonel Shuffle, a great favourite of my lord's, and a number of servants with portmanteaus, guns, pointers, setters, spaniels, &c.—My poor dear sister!—I wish you were a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and had kept house in the country, that you might know how to pity her. The rumour of my lord's arrival having soon spread itself, several of the neighbouring gentlemen came the next day to dine with my brother, and to pay their compliments to his lordship; the greater

part of whom, by Sir Humphry's incessantly pushing about the claret, were rendered utterly incapable of returning to their homes that night. To shorten my story, my lord and the colonel, finding the air to agree with them every day better than the other, continued there a fortnight; and Sir Humphry, having drank himself into a fit of the gout, is, with his lady and family (whom he sent for to attend him) at this day upon his visit.

I have heard much of the copiousness of the English language, and would fain know why it is that people can find no term to express their design of staying fifteen days at your house, different from that which signifies fifteen minutes? Have they no way of expressing the time of their continuance but by the one word *visit*? Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a more correct and intelligible method of conveying upon cards or otherwise the visitor's design upon the visited might be found out: giving him to understand at sight what he has to do towards a proper reception: whether it be to order a fire in the best parlour; to see if the death-warrant for poultry, roasting pigs, &c. be to be signed; if sheets, beds, and chambers are to be aired, or a month's provision to be laid in. All this, I conceive, may be easily effected by a method, which, for the good of all masters and mistresses of families, I am now going to communicate.

When a fine lady, having a new-fashioned suit of clothes, or a new piece of scandal to circulate, finds it necessary to call upon forty or fifty of her acquaintance in one day; or when a fine gentleman chooses to signify his intention of making a short visit, like my Lord Whimsey's first; I am for an abridgment of the word, and only calling it a *vis*. When a gentleman or lady intends taking a family dinner with a country friend, or a dish of tea with a town one, I would have that called a *visit*. But when a person proposes spending some days, weeks, or months at a house, I would call that a *visitation*. So that for the future cards might very properly be written in the following form: "Lady Changeherfriend's compliments to Lady Fiddlefaddle, and intends to *vis* her ladyship this evening." "Lord Stiff's compliments to Sir Gregory Quibus at his house at Hampstead, and intends to *visit* him the first fair day." "Captain Fearaball's compliments to Ralph Hardhead, Esq. at his seat near Burford-downs, and intends him a *visitation* the beginning of next month, to take a crack of hunting with him." Thus, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will the terms of *vising*, *visiting*, and *visitationing*, always carry an exact meaning with them, and be such as the lowest capacity cannot fail of understanding. I am, with great esteem,

Dear Sir,

Your constant reader and admirer,

SUSANNA FRETABIT.



P. S. If this letter should happen to please you, who are all the world to me, I may very shortly send you a few necessary remarks upon each of these three *visitments*; in which I may observe at large, that the *vis* seems to be chiefly confined within the bills of mortality, or to the inhabitants of large towns, and is applicable to the transacting of business in general. The *visit* is more particularly for still-life and set compliments. The *visitation* is looked upon generally in a very indifferent light, and oftener thought a plague than a pleasure by the receiver; it is chiefly the invention of the worthy tribe of hearers (of whom you gave us lately so lively a description), led-captains, younger brothers brought up to no business, humble cousins, &c. The visited in these cases, or more properly speaking, the *patients*, have invented on their parts several curious hints towards shortening the length of a visitation, besides those stale and thread-bare ones, of bringing out after a certain time the brown loaf, and ordering the groom to say, that the corn is all out. My uncle Toby Fretabit, having received a *visitation* from a gentleman and his lady, who were his relations, and finding it continued to the seventeenth morning, hit upon the expedient of calling aloud to his groom, under their chamber window, to be sure to feed his cousins' horses well, and get their chaise cleaned: "For very likely, Tom," says he, raising his voice, "my cousins will embrace so fine a morning to go home in; for you know so very fine a day one seldom sees in a whole month at this time of the year." His cousins, it seems, took the hint, and very civilly decamped a few hours after.

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No. 63.] THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1754.

*Animi cultus quasi quidam humanitatis cibus.* TULL.

The culture of the mind is, as it were, the food of human nature.

If the love of indolence did not sometimes as entirely possess me as the love of fame, I should no doubt feel myself a little piqued at being in a manner compelled to withdraw my own wit, in order to publish that of my correspondents. For many weeks past I have considered myself as a mere postmaster, whose only employment is to receive and distribute letters. But what most mortifies me is, that I do not find my readers to be at all clamorous about my resuming the pen. I am particularly hurt by my correspondent of this day, who, under the friendly appearance of favouring me with his assistance, has sent me what I am afraid will cast a shade upon my own papers. I could have forgiven the injury,

if he had left me room to alter a single word in his essay, when I might have assured my acquaintance that it was partly written by myself.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

Every one knows how liable the body is to decay, unless it be supported by proper nourishment. The unlearned labourer is as well skilled in this doctrine as the most profound philosopher: for the stomach, by certain monitory twitches, informs them both equally of how great importance eating is, not only to their well-being, but to their being at all. The peasant labours that he may eat, and eats that he may labour; and his very labouring contributes also to the health of his body. Now, Sir, I beg leave to inform certain of your readers, who, by the circumstances of their birth, education, and fortune, are unhappily exempt from bodily labour, and who are idle because they have leisure, that the mind likewise requires sustenance, and that for want of food and exercise, it will as naturally fall into decay as the body.

This is daily seen in what is called the polite world, which is chiefly composed of such whose sleek countenances and active limbs discover all the signs of vigorous, bodily health, but whose minds are so feeble, puny, and half-starved as to be scarce able to support themselves.

Vauxhall and Ranelagh are generally crowded with objects of this sort; for that such naturally have recourse to public places and company may be learned from Tully's account of the idle fellows of Rome: *Videmus, cum re nullâ impediuntur necessariâ, aut alveolum poscere, aut quærere quempiam ludum, aut sermonem aliquem requirere; cumque non habeant ingenuas ex doctrinâ oblectationes, circulos aliquos et sessunculas consecrari.* As this morsel of Latin may possibly stick with such of your readers as have had leisure enough to neglect the improvement of their school learning, to make it go down more glibly, I will dress it for them after the English manner. *The idle, as they have no occupation or business to employ them, resort either to a gaming-table, or a cricket-match, or mother Midnight's oration; and, as they have not, for want of learning, any of the amusements of a gentleman, become members of clubs and frequenters of coffee-houses.* From the illustrious convention at White's down to those who assemble on birth-days at the Black; whether they rejoice in champaign and ortolans, or tripe and porter; whether they are employed at a hazard-table or a shovel-board; the mind in each fraternity seems to be alike provided for, and has little else to subsist upon than the scraps and broken pieces of knowledge picked up from the common newspapers.

We cannot wonder, if, with such miserable

fare, the mind should be impaired in its strength, and grow languid in its motions; but we may well wonder that men, who are far above the ordinary rank of life, who are proud of their abilities to distinguish themselves from the vulgar in their clothes, tables, furniture, in short, in all the conveniences of mere living, even to luxury, should take up with so poor a diet; should be contented with diversions, which even the lowest mechanic may aspire to. Is it no mortification to their pride to find men of low birth, mean fortune, and no education, on a level with themselves in their amusements? Is it no reproach to them to look upon a picture of Raphael, or a Medicean Venus, with the same stupid eye of indifference as the labourer who ground the colours, or who dug in the quarry? Yet many there are, and men of taste too, as the phrase goes, who, through a shameful neglect of their mind, have little or no relish of the fine arts; and I doubt whether, in our most splendid assemblies, the royal game of goose would not have as many eyes fixed upon it as the lately published curiosity of the ruins of Palmyra. I mention this work not only to inform such of your readers, as do not labour under a total loss of appetite for liberal amusements, what a sumptuous entertainment they may sit down to, but also to give it as a signal instance, how agreeably men of ingenious talents, ample fortune, and great leisure, may amuse themselves, and laudably employing their leisure time, do honour to their country.

Among the polite and idle, there are none whom I behold with more compassion than those meagre and half-famished souls whom I meet every day, in fine clothes and gay equipages, going about from door to door, like common beggars; and, like beggars too, as commonly turned away; with this difference, that the porter gives the ragged stroller a surly *no*, and a civil dismissal to the vagrant in embroidery. The former, to excuse his idleness, says, "Nobody will employ me;" the latter does as good as say, "I cannot employ myself." This in high life is called visiting; which does not imply any friendship, esteem, or the least regard towards the person who is visited, but is the effect of pure generosity in the visitor, who, having more time upon his hands than he knows what to do with, prodigally bestows some of it upon those whom he cares not one farthing for. I look upon visiting to be the art of squandering away time with the least loss of reputation: a very great invention indeed! and as the other ingenious arts have been produced by hungry bellies, so this owes its rise to the emptiness of the mind.

But the hunger of the mind for the most part creates a constant restlessness, frequent indisposition, and sometimes, that worse than bodily disease, the spleen; which happens when, by

low keeping, it is reduced to the necessity of gnawing and preying upon itself. Every man who does nothing, because he has nothing to do, feels himself more or less subject to these disorders. And can his flying to places of pastime and diversion remove them? Should we not condemn a mother as unnatural, who, when her child cries for bread and butter, should carry it abroad to a puppet-show? Yet full as absurdly does every man act, who, regardless of the cravings of his mental appetite, stands gaping at vertical suns or a painted waterfall.

I have heard that the master of Vauxhall, who so plentifully provides beef for our bodily refreshment, has for the entertainment of those who visit him at his country house, no less plentifully provided for the mind; where the guest may call for a scull, to chew upon the instability of human life, or sit down to a collation of poetry, of which the hangings of his room of entertainment take up, as I am told, many yards. I wish that this grand purveyor of beef and poetry would transfer some of the latter to his gardens at Vauxhall. Odes and songs pasted on the lamp-posts would, I believe, be much more studiously attended to than the prices of cheese-cakes and custards; and if the unpictured boxes were hung round with celebrated passages out of favourite poets, many a company would find something to say, who would otherwise sit cramming themselves with silent stupidity. I am led to this thought by an observation I once made at a country church, where the walls were set out with several plain dishes of good wholesome doctrine. It happened that the pastor of the flock, who was round and fat, by the heaviness of his discourse, and the lazy manner of delivering it, laid to sleep three-fourths of his audience. Upon inquiry, I found that the sleepers were those only who could not read, and that the rest kept themselves awake by feeding on the walls. In the waking part of the congregation I had a proof of the advantage of reading; in the languid preacher an instance of a decayed habit of mind: which certainly would not have been in so weak a condition, if, instead of cold ham and venison-pasty, he had now and then taken for breakfast a luncheon of Barrow, or a slice of Tillotson.

Yours, &c.

L. M.

No. 64.] THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1754.

—*Animum picturâ pascit inani.*

VIRG.

—With an empty picture fed his mind.

DRYDEN

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I READILY agree with your correspondent of last



week in his conclusion, that books, or more properly that learning, is the food of the mind; and as what happened to me lately was occasioned by giving my mind a meal, I beg leave to relate it to you. You must know, Sir, I labour under a misfortune, common to many in this great metropolis, which is, to have a very good appetite, and very little to eat. This lays me under the necessity of spunging upon my friends: my calamity indeed sits lighter upon me, as I do not practise the little arts and shifts of many fine gentlemen, who drop in as it were by chance at dinner-time; who saunter about the town in hopes of meeting with some generous master of a family; or who in a morning visit protract the conversation till it is too late for them to dine any where else. No, Sir; I have a mind above such low contrivances, and openly avow my spunging without any reserve or shamefacedness.

With the view of getting a breakfast, I waited the other morning on Lord Finical, who is remarkable for having a very elegant library. The familiarity of his conversation with me in public places gave me courage to make him the first visit; and as I knew that his time of rising was about twelve, I was at his door by nine; where, after the fashion of mumpers, I gave but one single knock, for fear of disturbing him. After some time, the door was opened to me by a slipshod footman, who, asking my honour's pardon for having made me wait so long, showed me into the library. Here I found my lady's woman, with a damask napkin in her hand, taking down the books one by one, and after wiping them as tenderly as if they had been glass, putting them into their places again. She very politely hoped I would excuse her; said she should soon have done; that to be sure the books were in a great dishabille, and not fit to be seen in that pickle: "For you must know, Sir," said she, "that this is the largest room in the house: and my lady gave a ball here last night, well knowing that my lord would not leave White's till the dancers were gone." This she desired me to keep to myself. I told her, I thought there was no great harm in making use of a room which would otherwise be useless. "True, Sir," said she; "but as my lady knows that my lord does not choose it, and as my lady would not willingly offend my lord, she has strictly ordered all the servants not to blab, and desired me to be up thus early to wipe the books, for fear the dust upon them should occasion a discovery: for you know, Sir, if my lord knows nothing of the matter, it is just the same thing as if there had been no dancing at all." As I did not controvert so eminent a doctrine, her conversation ended with wiping the last book; and after having received an assurance from me of keeping secret what she had no

occasion to entrust me with, she very graciously dismissed herself.

I was now left by myself, and was going as I thought to sit down to a most delicious repast; but I found myself in the state of a country booby at a great man's table, who sits gaping and staring at the richness of the plate and elegance of the service while he should eat his dinner. I stood astonished at the gay prospect before me: the shelves, which at the bottom were deep enough to contain just a folio, tapered upwards by degrees, and ended at the dimension of a small duodecimo. All the books on the same shelf were exactly of the same size, and were only to be distinguished by their backs, which were most of them gilt and lettered, and displayed as great a variety of colours as is to be seen in a bed of tulips: for the bindings of some were red, some few black, others blue, green, or yellow; and here and there, at proper intervals, was stuck in one in vellum covering, as white as a curd, and lettered black, in order to make a stronger contrast of the colours on each side of it.

Hitherto I stood at some distance, to take with more advantage a general view of the beauty of the whole; but curiosity leading me to a closer inspection of each individual, I had the pleasure to find myself surrounded by the best authors in ancient or modern learning. I took down several of them by way of tasting (for, as Lord Bacon observes, "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested"); and by the sticking together of the leaves, occasioned by the marbling and gilding of the edges, I found that not one of them had been opened since they came out of the hands of the book-binder.

I now fell to with a good appetite, intending to make a full meal; and while I was chewing upon a piece of Tully's philosophical writings, my lord came in upon me. His looks discovered great uneasiness, which I attributed to the event of his last night's diversion; but good manners requiring me to prefer his lordship's conversation to my own amusement, I replaced his book, and by the sudden satisfaction in his countenance, perceived that the cause of his perturbation was my holding open the book with a pinch of snuff in my fingers. He said he was glad to see me, for he should not have known else what to have done with himself: I returned the compliment, by saying I thought he could not want entertainment amidst so choice a collection of books. "Yes," replied he, "the collection is not without elegance; but I read men only now; for I finished my studies when I set out on my travels. You are not the first who has admired my library; and I am allowed to have as fine a taste in books as any man in England." Hereupon he showed me a Pas-



tor-fido bound in green, and decorated with myrtle-leaves: he then took down a volume of Tillotson, in a black binding, with the leaves as white as a law book, and gilt on the back with little mitres and crosiers; and lastly a Caesar's Commentaries, clothed in red and gold, in imitation of the military uniform of English officers. He reflected with an air of satisfaction upon the usefulness of making observations in travelling abroad; and acknowledged that he owed the thought to his having seen, in a French abbé's study at Paris, all the Dauphine editions of the classics with gold dolphins on the back of them. *Num vesceris ista, quam laudas pluma?* was frequently at my tongue's end; but good-breeding restrained me from taking the liberty of a too familiar expostulation.

We now sat down at the table, and my lord having ordered the tea-water, begged the favour of me to reach out my hand to the window-seat behind me, and give him one of the books, which lay flat one upon another, the backs and leaves alternately. I did so; and endeavouring to take the uppermost, I found that they all clung together. His lordship seeing my surprise, laughed very heartily, saying it was only a tea-chest, and that I was not the first by many whom he had played the same trick upon. On examining it, I found that the upper book opened as a lid, and the hinges and key-hole of the lock were concealed so artfully, as they might easily escape common observation. But it was with great concern that I beheld the backs of these seeming books lettered *Pope's Works*. Poor Pope! with what indignation would he have swelled, had he lived to see but the mere phantom of his works become the vehicle of grocery! His lordship, observing my eyes fixed with attention on the lettering, gave me the reason of it: "What could I do?" said he; "the credit of my library required the presence of the poet; but where to place him was the difficulty; for my shelves were all full long before the last publication of him, and would have lost much of their beauty by any derangement; so to get clear of the *embarras*, I thought it might be as well to have Mr. Hallet's edition as Mr. Knapton's." I perfectly agreed with his lordship, reserving to myself my meaning as to his own particular. Mr. Cash the banker being now introduced, after hearing a joke or two upon Mr. Cash's books, which his lordship was pleased to call a more valuable library than his own, I left them to their private business.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, for the sake of many, who, like Lord Finical, have a fine taste in books, and not the least relish for learning; and for the convenience of many more, who are fond of the appearance of learning, and can give no other proof of it than that of possessing so many books, which are like globes to a cunning man; I desire you will give a hint to Mr.

Bromwich to form a paper-hanging, representing classes of books, which may be called for at his shop by the name of *learned*, or *library-paper*, as he pleases. That ingenious gentleman, whose gains and reputation have risen equally with our paper-madness, will exert his fancy in so many pretty designs of book-cases, or pieces of ornamental architecture, accommodated to the size of all rooms, in such richness of gilding, lettering, and colouring, that I doubt whether the Chinese-paper, so much in fashion in most of our great houses, must not, to his great emolument, give place to the learned: I think the library-paper will look as pretty, *may* be made as costly, and I am sure will have more meaning. The books for a lady's closet must be on a smaller scale, and may be thrown into Chinese-houses; and here and there blank spaces may be left for brackets to hold real China ware and Dresden figures. It is to be observed that the lettering should not be put on till the paper is hung up: for every customer ought to have the choosing and the marshalling his own books; by this means he may have those of the newest fashion immediately after their publication; and besides, if he should grow tired of one author or one science, he may be furnished with others at reasonable rates, by the mere alteration of the lettering.

I make no apology to Mr. Dodsley on this occasion, as I do not think he will lose a single customer by this compendious, yet comprehensive method of *performing* libraries.

Yours, &c.

L. A.

No. 65.] THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1754.

*Campestres melius Scythas,  
Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos.* HOR.

Happy the Scythians, houseless train!  
Who roll their vagrant dwellings o'er the plain.

FRANCIS.

THAT experience is the best, and should be the only guide of our conduct, is so trite a maxim, that one can hardly offer it without an apology; and yet we find the love of innovation and the vanity of invention carrying men daily to a total neglect of it. In a country where mode and fashion govern every thing, we must not be surprised that men are ruled by no fixed principles, but rather should expect they will frequently act in direct opposition to every thing that has been long established. The favourite axiom of the present times is, that our ancestors were barbarous; therefore whatever differs from the ignorance of their manners must be wise and right.

To show the folly of an overweening opinion of inventive wisdom, and to bring the foregoing remarks to the purpose and subject of this day's paper, I shall give an instance from Garcilasso de la Vega, who tells us that when the Spaniards began to settle in Peru, and were erecting large stone buildings, the Indians stood by and laughed at them, saying they were raising their own tombs, which on the first heaving of the earth would fall and crush them. Yet big with their European improving genius, they despised the light cabins of the Americans, and at length became the victims of their own opinionated pride. Equally ridiculous would be the Peruvian in England, who, disregarding the old established models of strength and solidity, should build himself a hut after the fashion of his own country, and adapted only to the temperature of that climate.

As I would willingly pay my countrymen the compliment of supposing all their actions to be founded in reason, when I cannot demonstrate the contrary, I have imputed the number of slight wooden edifices with which we see our parks and gardens so crowded to the extravagant fears with which it may be remembered the inhabitants of more solid structures were seized at the time of the late expected earthquake. If such a time of universal panic should again occur, I doubt not but the builders of these asylums, who had mercenary views, would see good interest for their money, while the generous and benevolent would enjoy the greatest of pleasures, that of making numbers easy and happy. But even in this case, how have they acted against experience! For as a storm of wind is a much more usual phenomenon in this climate than an earthquake, it is evident that the expense of erecting these occasional receptacles (though not indeed very considerable) must be totally thrown away; unless we are to believe those refiners in practical arithmetic, who assert that these retreats have contributed as much to the service of the public in the *increase* of its inhabitants, as they could have done in the *preservation* of them, according to their original institution.

The same spirit which influences men to despise and neglect ancient wisdom leads them to a hasty and precipitate imitation of novelty. Thus many ignorant of the original design of these slight shelters, and not imagining there could possibly be any use in them, concluded that they must imply ornament and beauty; and recollecting the proverb, that, "every thing that is little is pretty," dotted their parks with sections of *hogsheads*. The first I saw of these gave me a high opinion of the modesty of its owner. A wise man of Greece, thought I to myself, was immortalized for his self-denial and humility in occupying the whole of that mansion, of which my wiser countryman is con-

tented with the half. But upon looking round me, and seeing this new old whim propagated all over his park, and these philosophical domiciles so numerous as to make a town big enough to hold all the wise men upon earth, I soon changed my opinion of the founder, and concluded him rather to be possessed with the ambitious madness of an Alexander, who coveted *more worlds*, than with the moderation of the Cynic, who, as Hudibras observes, expressed no manner of solicitude about a *plurality of tubs*.

The whole world was not half so wide  
To Alexander, when he cried,  
Because he had but one to subdue,  
As was a narrow paltry tub to  
Diogenes: who is not said  
(For aught that ever I could read)  
To whine, put finger i' th' eye and sob,  
Because he had ne'er another tub.

The situations usually destined for these monuments of taste are not in covered valleys, embosomed in groves, or in some sheltered dell; (there indeed we have the modesty to place our wood-piles, bone-stacks, cinder-heaps, and other more heavy fabrics, composed of rubbish, oyster-shells, and sometimes more glittering worthlessness, under the ennobling title of grottos, hermitages, &c. &c.) to make them conspicuous, they are placed on eminences in the bleakest exposures; insomuch that I have overheard an assembly of modern improvers condoling with one another at a drum on a windy night, like a company of merchants at Jamaica, who had a rich fleet in the harbour at the time of a hurricane.

The moveable houses of the Scythians, described in my motto, are worthy our admiration. We must acknowledge them to be the perfection of all works, since they will stand the criticism of Momus himself; having that requisite, for the want of which he condemned all other houses; they are upon wheels, and can move from bad neighbours, or be conveyed to shelter from the fury of the winds, or the scorching of the sun. What a satisfaction must it be to a man of fortune to be told that such houses are a manufacture of this age and country, and that he may be supplied with a very complete one, at the common and moderate price of three hundred pounds! It is to be presumed that no gentleman whom this intelligence may reach will hereafter litter his park with huts, tubs, cribs, sentry-boxes, &c.

The taste of the present age is universally for annuals. Their politics, books, plantations, and now their buildings, must be all annuals; and it is to be apprehended, that in a few years large trees and substantial structures will be nowhere to be found, except in our deserts; unless we could be as sanguine in our expectations as a certain schemist, of whom I shall relate some particulars.



This gentleman, whose Chinese temple had been blown down a few weeks after it was erected, was comforting himself that he had found in Hanway's travels a model never yet executed in this part of the world, which, from the advantage of its form, must stand against the most violent gusts of wind on the highest mountains. This was, it seems, a *pyramid of heads*, after a genuine plan of that great improver, Kouli Khan. He immediately contracted with the sexton of his parish for a sufficient supply of human skulls, and was preparing the other materials, when the scheme was prevented by the over-scrupulous conscience of the sexton's wife. The schemist was extremely mortified, yet remained pertinacious in the execution of his design, and, as I am told, set out the next morning for Cornwall to obtain a seat in parliament, in order to bring in a bill for the erecting a pyramid in every county, with niches for the reception of all criminals hereafter to be executed. He is in no pain for the success of his motion; for though the legislature has found objections to every scheme for making malefactors of *use*, he doubts not of their ready concurrence in a proposal for making them an *ornament* to their country.

In former times the *great house* was the object to which the stranger's admiration was particularly invited. For this purpose lines of trees were planted to direct, and walls built to confine your approach, in such a manner that the eye must be constantly employed in the contemplation of the principal front. Now it is thought necessary to *change all this*; you are therefore led by round-about serpentine walks, and find your progress to be often intercepted by invisible and unexpected lines and intrenchments, and the mansion purposely obscured by new plantations, while the noblest trees of the old grove are tumbled down to give you a peep now and then at an out-building of about ten feet square of plaster and canvas. So different from this was the practice of our ancestors, that whenever they erected such little edifices (which they did only from necessity) they constantly planted before them yews, laurels, or aquatics, according as the soil was moist or dry; and I could venture to promise any modern improver, who delights in laying all things open, that he might in one morning fall down the populous part of the Thames, and with his single hatchet among the willows lay open as many masked edifices of the true modern size and figure, as, properly disposed and fancifully variegated with fresh paint, might make Hounslow-heath a rival to many an admired garden of this age.

A philosopher would not suppose that the master of the place assumed any merit to himself from such trifles: he would hardly imagine that even the most elegant of palaces could add any degree of worth to the possessor, whose

character must be raised and sustained by his own dignity, wisdom, and hospitality; remembering the maxim of Tully, "*Non domo dominus, sed domino domus honestanda est.*" But to judge with the common observer, and to reason with the general race of improvers, if it be absolutely necessary for every man to show his taste in these matters, let him endeavour to compass solidity, duration, and convenience in the mansion he inhabits; and not attempt to display his magnificence in a number of edifices, which, whatever they may seem to imitate, are *unnecessary-houses*.

No. 66.] THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

To confess an unfashionable kind of truth, I am a woman who now and then think a little; and when I do, I sometimes turn my reflections on my own sex. Man, you know, is said to be "a creature formed for society;" and I do not deny it to be in general true; but then pray what is woman? To say that she too is "a creature formed for society," is saying nothing at all; she is a great deal more than all that. Shall I tell you what she is? Woman is "a creature formed for crowding, and for being crowded."

Mr. Pope, who you know thought it worth his while to write a whole epistle about us, declares, after he thinks he has analyzed us to the bottom, that the love of pleasure and the love of sway are the general ruling passions of the whole sex. In direct contradiction to which I assert, that the love of crowding and of being crowded is a passion infinitely more general and predominant. It will be alleged, probably, that this passion is included in one of the former; but I answer, No; it is absolutely distinct from either of them: for as to the love of pleasure, ask a woman of fashion in the midst of a crowded assembly (and thanks to the taste of the age we live in, you may make the experiment in this dear town any evening you please) ask her, I say, if she takes any pleasure in being crowded?—"No," she will tell you, "she hates and detests it; it breaks her hoop, tears her ruffles, puts her in a horrid fluster, makes her a fright in short, and she wonders what could persuade her to come there." A plain proof this, that it does not result from her love of pleasure: and that it is not a consequence of our love of sway, is still more obvious; for the very idea of a crowd excludes all notion of superiority and distinction. But if you want an experimental proof of this too, go to the same assem-



bly, and observe the lady of the house herself: she is distinguished indeed, but in a manner quite opposite to what you would expect; for it is only by bustling through the crowd she has herself raised, with all the hurry and vulgar obsequiousness of a coffee girl.

All then that can be said in your friend Pope's defence is, that he did not live long enough to see this predominant female passion display itself in that full strength and vigour which it does at present. Yet one might think too, from what one has heard of the ring and other fashionable amusements in his time (for I do not remember them myself), that he had, even then, sufficient opportunity given him to discover this truth; but as he has totally omitted it in all his essays, I shall (without making apologies for my inferior abilities, for I hate apologies) endeavour to demonstrate, that this very passion is superior to all our other passions put together.

First, as to our love of play. Let us in the first place, to proceed methodically, consider what play is. Play is a science, or rather a science and an art put together; the former of which has been rendered systematical, by the philosophic pen of Mr. Hoyle; the other, though perhaps as well understood as the former, has yet been honoured with no distinct treatise; though I am told indeed, that a gentleman, now in the Old Bailey, has, at his leisure hours, completed an essay, which, when published, will render the whole of this matter clear to the meanest capacity. But this, *en passant*. Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, whether we consider gaming as a science that employs the head, or as an art which exercises the hand of its fair professors; whether we suppose it a matter of judgment or ingenuity; we must agree, that a private room, and a small party, would be infinitely more eligible for the purpose (that is, if a woman loved play for its own sake) than a full assembly; for if she plays with judgment, I would presume that a noise and tumult about her would certainly disturb her: and if she plays with skill, I should imagine a number of lookers-on might possibly disconcert her: yet this is not the case; to *game in a crowd* is the thing; and rather than not game so, she is willing either to be beat or to be smoked, either to lose her money or her reputation.

Having proved, I think to my satisfaction, and I hope, Sir, to yours, that even the love of play is a secondary passion to the love of crowding, I will just touch upon our love of dress. That this is made subservient to it also is evident to any person that will please to contemplate that most important part of our dress, the hoop; a piece of apparel, or to speak more properly, a piece of machinery, which owes its very being and existence to this passion: for since that invention, a lady is enabled to make a crowd

even by herself; and thirty women can now cram a room as completely as a hundred would do, if deprived of so necessary an auxiliary. On this principle too we may account for that seeming paradox, why the hoop, contrary to the fleeting and short-lived nature of all other parts of dress, holds its place in the realms of fashion so much longer than any other mode was ever known to do; and while our caps have, from the size of a china plate, dwindled away to the breadth of a half-crown, and then entirely vanished, our hoops, on the contrary, continue to enlarge their circumference gradually, and keep pace with our ruling passion. So that I shall venture to assert, that this part of our dress will be immortal; for so long as women are women, so long must they wear large hoops.

Again, as to our love of music; ask any woman of fashion, if the opera sounds as well on a Tuesday as a Saturday, and she will stare at your question, and answer coolly, "No; she does not think it does." And why, pray? For this short reason, that Saturday is the crowded night.

The thing is now so very plain, that I might spare myself all farther trouble; yet to proceed, let me ask why we prefer gallantry to love, and general acquaintance to particular friendship? Because the one goes on full as well in a crowd (excepting indeed some necessary short intervals with regard to gallantry) as in any other place. But should a woman condescend to cultivate love or friendship, she would be frequently seduced into solitude, or what is as bad, be obliged sometimes to undergo the insupportable *ennui* of a grave *tête-à-tête*.

Lastly, I would fain ask, why does that small part of our sex, that think at all about the matter, prefer enthusiasm to religion, and Mr. Whitfield to their parish priest? For no other reason in the world, but because Mr. Whitfield of all men living has the greatest knack of gathering a crowd about him.

Now that I am talking of religion, I have heard of an author who wrote a treatise to prove, that the place of future punishment was the centre of the earth; which since it could not fairly hold half the inhabitants that would be assigned to it, he supposed the principal torment would consist in squeezing. I believe indeed the doctrine was soon exploded; and it was fit it should: for surely, Sir, it would have a manifest bad tendency in point of female morals; for who can think that we should have any dread of squeezing in the next life, when we love so dearly to be squeezed to death in this?

Yet though I have hitherto endeavoured to prove that this love of crowding is the ruling passion of the female world, I would not have it inferred, that it does not sometimes also predominate in man. I know myself various instances to the contrary; many young fellows of

my acquaintance are at present warm borough hunters : now as most of them are infinitely too ignorant to suffer one to imagine they do it with a view of serving their country, and much too negligent and *degagé* to aim at serving themselves, I charitably conclude, in order to give them some motive for action, that they commence candidates purely from this principle, as wanting only to push themselves into a present momentary crowd at the ensuing election, and to secure to themselves a septennial crowd, by getting into parliament. I could enumerate many more instances of the same kind, but really I have scribbled till I am tired : I have however one word to say to your friends the poets before I conclude. You know, Sir, they frequently make similes about us women, and are particularly fond of taking them from the feathered part of the creation : for instance, if a woman is constant (as perhaps some women have formerly been), they compare her to a turtle ; if she sings well, they instantly clap a nightingale into her throat ; and if she is fair, the swan's plumage immediately becomes dirty by comparison. Now all these similes may do well enough in the confined way they use them ; but they never yet found out any single bird that could be made use of as a general symbol of the whole sex. I have, Mr. Fitz-Adam ; and I shall give it them to put into verse if they please ; assuring myself, that if they are convinced of the truth of my foregoing reasonings, they will think it a just one : not to keep them or you longer in suspense, it is a *wild-goose*.

I am,

Among the crowd of your admirers,

M. B.

No. 67.] THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ ADAM.

SIR,

ALL the fashionable part of mankind set out with the ambition of being thought men of *taste*.

This is the present universal passion ; but the misfortune is, that, like sportsmen, who lose their hare and start conies, which lead them over warrens, where their horses break their legs, and fling their riders ; so in the affair of taste, we frequently see men following some false scent, with the same ardour that they would have pursued the proper object of a chase, and with much greater inconveniences.

Of all the various subjects that have yet exercised the geniuses of modern writers, that of taste has appeared to be the most difficult to

treat ; because almost all of them have lost themselves in endeavouring to trace its source. They have generally indeed referred us for its origin to the polite and imitative arts ; whereas those are rather its offspring than its parents. Perhaps their mistakes in treating this delicate subject may have arisen from the great resemblance which false taste bears to true, which hasty and inaccurate observers will find as difficult to distinguish, as to discern Pinchbeck's metal from genuine gold at the first transient glance. To the end, therefore, that the ideas of our fine gentlemen may be somewhat more precisely adjusted upon this important article, I shall venture to assert, that the first thing necessary for those who wish to acquire a true taste is, to prepare their minds by an early pursuit and love of moral order, propriety, and all the rational beauties of a just and well regulated conduct.

True taste, like good breeding in behaviour, seems to be the easiest thing in nature to attain ; but yet, where it does not grow spontaneously, it is a plant, of all others the most difficult to cultivate. It must be sown upon a bed of virgin-sense, and kept perfectly clean of every weed that may prevent or retard its growth. It was long erroneously thought to be an exotic ; but experience has convinced us that it will bear the cold of our most northern provinces. I could produce instances to confirm this assertion, from almost every county of Great Britain and Ireland.

The folly is, that every man thinks himself capable of arriving at perfection in this divine accomplishment : but nature hath not dispensed her gifts in such profusion. There is but one sun to illuminate our earth, while the stars that twinkle with inferior lustre are innumerable. Thus those great geniuses that are the perfect models of true taste are extremely rare, while thousands daily expose themselves to ruin and ridicule by vain and awkward imitations.

Perhaps to arrive at taste in one single branch of polite refinement might not be altogether so fruitless an ambition ; but the absurdity is, to aim at a universal taste. Now this will best appear by observing what numbers miscarry even in the most confined pursuit of this difficult accomplishment. One seeks this coy mistress in books and study ; others pursue her through France, through Italy, nay, through Spain ; and after all their labours, we have frequently seen them ridiculously embracing pedantry and foppery with the raptures due alone to taste. Thus it happens with many deluded travellers in the field of gallantry, who enjoy fancied familiarities with women of the first rank, whose names and titles strumpets have assumed, to deceive the vain, the ignorant, and the unwary.

It is thought the *Bona Dea* of the Romans



was nothing more than the goddess of taste. Ladies alone were admitted to her mysteries. The natural indelicacy, indeed, of the stronger sex seems to countenance this opinion; women in general having finer and more exquisite sensations than men; and it is a thorough acquaintance with the virtues and charms of that most amiable part of our species which constitutes the most essential quality of a man of taste. Who indeed ever knew a mere soldier, a mere politician, a mere scholar, to be a man of taste?

Were we to erect a temple to taste, every science should furnish a pillar, every virtue should there have an altar, and the three Graces should hold the high-priesthood in commission.

We daily see pretenders to this quality endeavouring to display it in a parade of dress and equipage; but these, alas! can only produce a beau. We see others set up for it amongst cards and dice; but these can create nothing better than a gamester. Others in brothels, which only form a debauchee. Some have run for it at Newmarket; some have drank for it at the King's-arms; the former, to their great surprise, have acquired only the title of good jockeys, the latter of jolly bucks. There are many who aim at it in literary compositions, and gain at most the character of intruding authors.

However, this general pursuit of taste has its uses; those numbers who go in quest of it, where it is never to be found, serve at least as so many marks that teach us to avoid steering the same unsuccessful course.

The plain truth of the matter is, a house filled with fine pictures, the sideboard loaded with massy plate, the splendid equipage, with all the hey-dukes, pages, and servants that attend it, do not entitle the possessor to be called a man of taste: they only bring with them either anxiety or contempt to those whose rank and fortunes are not equal to such ostentation. I will be bold to say, therefore, notwithstanding some of your readers will doubtless look upon me as an unpolished Vandal, that the best instance any man can give of his taste, is to show that he has too much delicacy to relish any thing so low and little as the purchase of superfluities at another's cost, or with his own ruin. At least the placid satisfaction of that man's heart who prudently measures his expenses, and confines his desires within the circle of his annual revenue, begets that well-ordered disposition of mind, without which it is impossible to merit the character of a man of just refined taste.

Certain it is, that he best discovers the justness of his taste who best knows how to pursue and secure the most solid and lasting happiness. Now where shall we look for this, with so much probability of finding it, as in temperance and tranquillity of mind, in social and domestic enjoyments? Are not these the first and most es-

sential objects of taste? Certainly they are; and when a man has once acquired these, he may, if fortune and nature have properly qualified him, launch out into a more extensive compass, and display his genius in a larger circle.

But it will be difficult, I fear, to persuade those young men of the present generation, who are ambitious for establishing a character for taste, to advance towards it by so slow and regular a progression. They seem, in general, to be possessed with a kind of epic madness, and are for hurrying at once into the midst of things. But perhaps you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may be able, by reason or by ridicule, to call back their attention to the previous steps; to persuade them to learn to walk, before they attempt to run; to convince them, that profusion in architecture, in gardening, in equipage, in dress, &c. can serve no other purpose but to disturb their imaginations, and to give them a general distaste of themselves, and of every thing around them.

It is by no means, however, surprising that this character of taste should be so universally sought after; as true taste is doubtless the highest point of perfection, at which human nature, in this her state of frailty, can possibly arrive. A man endowed with this quality possesses all his senses, in the manner best adapted to receive the impression of every true pleasure, which Providence has scattered with a liberal hand for the delight of its creatures. There is nothing intrinsically beautiful which does not furnish him with perpetual delight; as every thing ill-fashioned and deformed affects him with disgust and abhorrence. That is, in a word, the avenues of his mind are open only to those enjoyments that bring with them the passports of truth and reason.

Philaethes is a man of taste, according to the notion I have here given of that quality. His conduct is influenced by sentiment as well as by principle; and if he were ever so secure of secrecy and impunity, he would no more be capable of committing a low or a base action, than of admitting a vile performance into his noble collection of painting and sculpture. His just taste of the fine arts, and his exquisite delicacy in moral conduct, are but one and the same sense, exerting itself upon different objects; a love of beauty, order, and propriety, extended to all their various intellectual and visible exhibitions. Accordingly Philaethes is consistent in every part of his character. You see the same elegant and noble simplicity, the same correct and judicious way of thinking, expressed in his dress, his equipage, his furniture, his gardens, and his actions.

How different is Micio from Philaethes! Yet Micio would be thought a man of taste. But the misfortune is, he has not a heart for it. I say a heart, however odd the expression may sound: for as a celebrated ancient has defined



an orator to be *vir bonus decendi peritus*, so I must insist upon it, that a good heart is an essential ingredient to form a good taste. When I see Micio, therefore, dissipating his health and strength in lewd embraces and midnight revels; when I see him throwing away over night at the gaming table, what he must refuse the next morning to the just clamours of his injured tradesmen; I am not the least surprised at his trimmed trees, his unnatural terraces, his French *traillage*, his Dutch parterres, his Chinese bells, and his tawdry equipage.

In fine, though every man cannot arrive at the perfection of this quality, yet it may be necessary that he should be sufficiently instructed, not to be deceived in his judgment concerning the claim of it in others. To this end the few following queries may be applied with singular advantage. Is the pretender to taste proud? Is he a coxcomb? Is he a spendthrift? Is he a gamester? Is he a slanderer? Is he a drunkard? Is he a bad neighbour? a sham patriot? or a false friend? By this short catechism every youth, even of the most slender capacity, may be capable of determining who is *not* a man of taste.

I am, &c.

J. T.

No. 68.] THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE kind reception which you gave to my letter of November last makes me take the liberty of sending you some farther anecdotes of my family.

As my grandfather, Sir Josiah Pumpkin, had made a considerable figure in King Charles's court, his only son, Ralph, my honoured father, was no less conspicuous for his valour, towards the latter end of King William's reign. Although the race of kings was changed, the laws of honour still remained the same. But my grandfather had retired with his family to Pumpkin-hall, about a year and a half before the Revolution, much discontented with the times, and often wishing that Judge Somebody (I forget his name) had been a militia colonel, that he might have run him through the body, or cut off one of his cheeks with a broad-sword. In the same strain he frequently wished Father Peters, a life-guard-man, that he might have caned him before the court-gate of Whitehall. "These fellows," said he, "put me in mind of murderers in popish countries, who, if they run into a church after cutting a throat, are secured

from all danger of punishment. Our English ruffians too, are frequently safe, if they can but show a lawyer's gown, or a priest's cowl." My grandmother, Lady Pumpkin, was a prudent woman, and, not without some difficulty, persuaded Sir Josiah to content himself with drinking constant bumpers of prosperity to the church and state, without fighting duels or breaking heads in defence of the British constitution. Indeed he might well be content with the glory he had obtained, having been once shot through the leg, and carrying the marks of seven-and-twenty wounds in different parts of his body, all boldly acquired by single combats, in defence of nominal liberty, and real loyalty, during King Charles the Second's reign.

My father was returned for a borough, in Wales, in the second parliament of King William. This drew him every winter to London; and he never took his leave of Sir Josiah without receiving a strict command to do some brave act, becoming a man of honour and a Pumpkin. As he was remarkably an obedient son, and indeed as we were all, not only as Pumpkins, but as old Britons, very choleric and fiery, my father scarce ever returned home without some glorious achievement, the heroism of which generally reached Pumpkin-hall before the hero. Of his several exploits, give me leave only to mention three; not so much in regard to his honour, as that they carry in them some particular and remarkable circumstances.

There was an intimacy between my father and Major John Davis of the foot-guards. Their first acquaintance and friendship had begun when the major was quartered at a market-town near Pumpkin-hall. Their regards had continued towards each other with the greatest strictness for several years; when one day at dinner with a large company at a tavern, my father jocularly in discourse said, "Ah! Major! Major! you still love to ride the fore-horse;" alluding to his desire of being foremost in all parties of pleasure. Major Davis immediately changed colour, and took the earliest opportunity of calling Mr Pumpkin aside, and demanding satisfaction. My father asked for what? The major made no reply but by drawing his sword. They fought, and the major was soon disarmed. "Now, Jack," says my father, "pray tell me what we fought for." "Ah, Ralph," replied the major, "why did you reproach me with having been a postilion? It is true I was one; but by what means did you know it, and when you did know it, why would you hint it to the company, by saying that I still loved to ride the fore-horse?" My father protested his ignorance of the fact, and consequently his innocence of intending any affront. The two friends were immediately reunited as strongly as before; and the major ever afterwards was

particularly cautious how he discovered his original, or blindly followed the folly of his own suspicions.

One of my father's tavern companions, Captain Shaddow, who was very young, very giddy, and almost as weak in body as in mind, challenged him on a supposed affront, in not receiving the return of a bow which he had made to my father in the play-house. They were to fight in Hyde Park; but as the captain was drawing his sword with the fiercest indignation, it luckily occurred to his thoughts that the provocation might possibly have been undesigned, or if otherwise, that the revenge he had meditated was of too cruel and bloody a nature; he therefore begged pardon of his adversary, and made up the affair.

I wish this had been the last of my father's combats; but he was unhappily engaged in a duel with a French officer, who had taken the wall of him; and in that duel he received a wound, which, after throwing him several months into a languishing, miserable condition, at last proved fatal by ending in a mortification. He bore his long illness with amazing fortitude; but often expressed an abhorrence of these polite and honourable murders; and wished that he might have lived some years longer, only to have shown that he durst not fight.

I leave you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to make your moral reflections on these several stories; but I cannot conclude my letter without giving you an account of the only duel in which my poor dear husband, Mr. Solomon Muzzy, was engaged; if a man may be said to be engaged who was scarce ever awake.

Mr. Muzzy was very fat, and extremely lethargic. To be sure, he had courage sufficient for a major-general; but he was not only unwieldy, but so lethargically stupid, that he fell asleep even in musical assemblies, and snored in the play-house, as bad, poor man! as he used to snore in his bed. However, having received many taunts and reproaches from my grandfather (who was become by age very tart and peevish), he resolved to challenge his own cousin-german by the mother's side, Brigadier Truncheon, of Soho-square. It seems the person challenged fixes upon the place and weapons. Truncheon, a deep-sighted man, chose Primrose-hill for the field of battle, and swords for the weapons of defence. To avoid suspicion, and to prevent discovery, they were to walk together from Piccadilly, where we then lived, to the summit of Primrose-hill. Truncheon's scheme took effect. Mr. Muzzy was much fatigued and out of breath with the walk. However, he drew his sword; and, as he assured me himself, began to attack his cousin Truncheon with a valour which must have charmed my grandfather, had he been present. The brigadier went back; Mr. Muzzy pursued; but not having his

adversary's alacrity, he stopped a little to take breath. He stopped, alas! too long: his lethargy came on with more than ordinary violence: he first dozed, as he stood upon his legs, and then beginning to nod forwards, dropped by degrees upon his face in a most profound sleep. Truncheon, base man! took this opportunity to wound my husband as he lay snoring on the ground; and he had the cunning to direct his stab in such a manner as to make it supposed that Mr. Muzzy had fled, and in his flight had received a wound in the most ignominious part of his body. You will ask what became of the seconds? They were both killed upon the spot; but being only two servants, the one a butler, the other a cook, they were buried the same night; and by the power of a little money properly applied, no farther inquiry was ever made about them.

Mr. Muzzy, wounded as he was (the blood trickling from him in great abundance), might probably have slept upon that spot for many hours, had he not been awakened by the cruel bites of a mastiff. The dog began first to lick his blood, and then tearing his clothes, fell upon the wounded part as if it had been carrion. My poor husband was thoroughly awakened by the new hurt he had received; and indeed it was impossible to have slept, while he was losing whole collops of the fattest and most pulpy part of his flesh! so that he was brought home to me much more wounded, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the teeth of the mastiff, than by the sword of his cousin Truncheon.

This, Sir, is the real fact, as it happened; although I well knew that the Truncheon family take the liberty of telling a very different story, much to the dishonour of my husband's memory. Permit me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by your means, to do public justice to Mr. Muzzy's character, and at the same time to assure you that I am,

Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient  
humble servant,

MARY MUZZY.

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No. 69.] THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1754.

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For the entertainment of those of my readers who love variety, and to oblige those of my correspondents whose epistles to me are too short to be published singly, I have set apart this paper for miscellaneous productions.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

If you are a strong-bodied man, be so kind as to open your arms to your fair readers, and lift

them down safely from their high-heeled shoes. I am really in pain when I see a pretty woman tottering along, uncertain at every step she takes whether she shall stand or fall. If the ladies intend by this fashion to display the leg to greater advantage, to be sure we are obliged to them; but I cannot help being of opinion, that the shortness of the modern petticoat might fully answer this desirable purpose.

Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, favour us with your thoughts upon this matter; and if you can reduce this enormity, and take the ladies down (I will not say in their wedding only, but) in all their shoes, you will oblige every husband and father, whose wives and daughters may be liable, from walking in stilts, to make false steps.

I am, &c.

T. H.

SIR,

As almost every session convinces us that it is not beneath the wisdom of parliament to spend much time and consideration in the enacting and amending laws for the preservation of the game, and to determine who should and who should not be his own butcher or poulterer in the fields; it is much to be wondered at, that the same vigilant care has not extended to the employment of leisure and opulence in town; and to determine what estate or place should qualify a man to play at cards or dice: how much he must be possessed of to sit down to a game of all-fours: how much more to cut in at whist, or to make one at a party of brag: or how much more still to punt at faro, or to sit down at a hazard-table: always reserving to privy counsellors, and members of either house, an exclusive privilege of ruining themselves at any game they shall think proper to play at.

I dare say, Mr. Fitz-Adam, a bare hint of this will be sufficient to get it carried into a law; especially if it be added, that till such a law is made, my lord and the chairman are upon a level in their amusements; except that his lordship is losing his estate with great temper and good-breeding at White's, and the chairman begging his family with oaths and curses in a night-cellar.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

W. X.

SIR,

Your paper upon servants put me in mind of a passage in the life of the Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Ormond, which I believe will not be unentertaining to your readers.

The marquis having been invited by a French nobleman to pass some days at his house in St. Germain en Laye, in compliance with an inconvenient English custom, at his coming

away, left with the *maître d'hôtel* ten pistoles, to be distributed amongst the servants. It was all the money he had, nor did he know how to get credit for more when he reached Paris. As he was on the road ruminating on this melancholy circumstance, and contriving how to raise a small supply for present use, he was surprised at being told by his servant, that the nobleman at whose house he had been entertained was behind, driving furiously, as if he was desirous of overtaking him.

The marquis, it seems, had scarce left St. Germain, when the distribution of the money he had given caused a great disturbance amongst the servants; who, exalting their own service and attendance, complained of the *maître d'hôtel's* partiality. The nobleman, hearing an unusual noise in his family, and, upon inquiry into the matter, finding what it was, took the ten pistoles, and, causing horses to be put to his chariot, made all the haste that was possible after the Marquis of Ormond. The marquis, upon notice of his approach, got off his horse as the other quitted his chariot, and advanced to embrace him with great affection and respect; but was strangely surprised to find a coldness in the nobleman which forbade all embraces till he had received satisfaction in a point which had given him great offence. He asked the marquis if he had reason to complain of any disrespect or defect which he met with in the too mean, but very friendly entertainment which his house afforded: and being answered by the marquis, that his treatment had been full of civility; that he had never passed so many days more agreeably in his life, and could not but wonder that the other should suspect the contrary: the nobleman then told him, "That the leaving ten pistoles to be distributed amongst the servants was treating his house as an inn, and was the greatest affront that could be offered to a man of quality: that he paid his own servants well, and hired them to wait on his friends as well as himself: that he considered him as a stranger who might be unacquainted with the customs of France, and err through some practice deemed less dishonourable in his own country; otherwise his resentment should have prevented any expostulation: but as the case stood, after having explained the nature of the affair, he must either redress the mistake by receiving back the ten pistoles, or give him the usual satisfaction of men of honour for an avowed affront." The marquis acknowledged his error, took back his money, and returned to Paris with less anxiety about his subsistence.

Your readers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may learn from this story, that all our fashions are not borrowed from France.

Yours, &c.

A. Z.



HONOURED SIR,

This is to acquaint you that I am a gentleman's servant, and that I have read the letter upon servants, signed O. S. in the World of the 21st of February last: and though I admit the charge brought against us in that letter to be true, namely, that those who have nothing to give may go whistle for a clean plate or a glass of wine; yet I do not agree that a poor poet (for I am sure he must be a poet that wrote that letter; if he had been a gentleman, he would have done as gentlemen do); I say, that I do not agree that a poor poet has any right to abuse those that are his betters. A good servant, and one who knows his business, will endeavour all he can to keep low people from intruding at his master's table: and yet so far are many of us from holding poets in contempt, that they are always welcome to dinner in the hall with the best of us, and have free leave to read their verses or sing their songs for the entertainment of the company.

If this same Mr. O. S. had been a philosopher or a man of deep learning, he might have had some sort of reason to find fault; for it is not to be denied that we are a little apt to overlook such sort of gentry; but not so much because they have nothing to give, as from an absence of mind which we constantly observe in these philosophers and men of deep learning, who, if they ask for bread, beer, or wine, are as well contented with oil, vinegar, or mustard, or any thing else that happens to be readiest at hand.

I beg pardon for troubling you with this letter, which is only to set these matters in a clear light, and to request that you will publish no more papers about servants, but let things go on in their old way; and in so doing you will oblige us all in general, and in particular,

Honoured Sir,

Your dutiful servant to command,

I. K.

As I am desirous of being a peace-maker upon all occasions, I shall comply with the request of this correspondent, and conclude my paper with a hint to all gentlemen in livery, that as poets, philosophers, and men of learning, will be sometimes intruders at their masters' tables, let them consider them as brethren, and treat them with humanity.

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No. 70.] THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1754.

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Υγίης Ιατρικόν.—Physic for the soul.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

Sir,

Your correspondent in your sixty-third paper

has, I must confess, shown no less ingenuity than the Duke de Vivonne did wit in his celebrated answer to Louis the Fourteenth, upon that king's asking him at table, *Mais à quoi s'en de lire? La lecture*, said the duke, *fait à l'esprit ce que vos perdrix font à mes joües*. But whatever new doctrines these gentlemen are pleased to broach, that books are the food of the mind. I must beg leave to say, that they have from time immemorial been called *physic*, not food; and for this I appeal to the famous inscription on the Alexandrian library, which I have placed at the head of my letter, *Physic for the soul*.

For my own part, I can truly say, that I have considered all books as *physic* from my earliest youth; and so indeed have most of my schoolfellows and acquaintance, and nauseated them accordingly: nor can any of us at this time endure the sight or touch of them, not even when present from the author, unless it be as though roughly gilt as the most loathsome pill, or qualified and made palatable by the syrup of a deduction.

Those who have endeavoured to conquer this disgust have given the most forcible proofs of the truth of my argument: many of them, venturing to prescribe to themselves, have injudiciously taken their potions, that their minds have been thrown into various ill humours and disorders. Some have fallen into so lax a state, that they could neither digest nor keep a thing whatsoever. Nay, I have been acquainted with such as have taken the most innocent and salutary of these medicines, but by overdosing themselves, and making no allowance for their own corrupt and acrimonious humours, have fallen into the most violent agitations, discharging such a quantity of undigested and unresolvent matter, that they have poisoned their neighbourhood round. Some, only upon taking the quantity of a few pages, have stared, raved, foamed at the mouth, and discovered all the symptoms of madness; while the very same dose has had the contrary effect upon others, operating only as an opiate.

The true and genuine food of the mind is news. That this is incontestable appears from the number of souls in this metropolis who subsist entirely upon this diet, without the least addition of any other nourishment whatsoever. In all ages and countries the poets have constantly described the avidity with which it is taken, by the figurative expressions of eating or drinking. Shakspeare uses a more general term:

With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news.

Another witty author calls news the manna of the day; alluding to that food with which Israelites were supplied in the wilderness from day to day, and which in a very little time

came stale and corrupt: as indeed Providence has in its wisdom ordained that all kinds of sustenance shall be in their nature corruptible, to remind man continually of the dependency of his state on earth. Whereas physic (particularly of the modern chemical preparation) preserves its efficacy and virtues uncorrupted and unimpaired by time; a property it has in common with books, which never suffer by age, provided they are originally well composed, and of good ingredients. The principal of these ingredients is generally thought to be wit; and I fancy, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the quantity of it with which you now and then season your speculations, that you have adopted that opinion. But let me tell you, Sir, that though my supposition should be true, you are in the wrong to rely upon it too much: for though this seasoning should happen to preserve them for the admiration of future times, it is certainly your business to accommodate yourself to the taste of the present. If therefore you would make sure of customers, give us news; for which there is as constant a demand as for daily bread: and as for your wit, which is a luxury, treat it as the Dutch do their spices; burn half of it, and you may possibly render the remaining half of some value. But if you produce all you have for the market, you will soon find it become a mere drug, and bear no price.

I am,

Your friend and well-wisher,

A. B.

I have published this letter just as I received it: and as a proof that my correspondent is not singular in his opinion of wit, I must observe that the sagacious author of the late excellent abridgment of the history of France expresses a doubt that the present age may depreciate wit, as the last exploded learning, "*Prenons garde que le 18<sup>me</sup> siècle ne decrie l'esprit, comme le 17<sup>me</sup> avoit decrie l'erudition.*"

The sixteenth century produced the greatest number of men of the most profound erudition: and notwithstanding those of the seventeenth despised them for their laborious application, it is evident that it was owing to those labours that their successors attained knowledge with so much ease.

Towards the end of the last century, some possessed, and many affected, a pure taste in literature; and setting up for a standard the writings of the ancients, very liberally rewarded those who imitated them the nearest in chastity of composition. But no sooner had Monsieur Galland translated the Arabian Tales, than the whole French nation ran mad, and would never after read any thing but wretched imitations of

their most wild extravagances; for it ought to be observed; that some of those original stories contain useful morals and well-drawn pictures from common life: and it may be to those stories, perhaps, that we owe that species of writing which is at once so entertaining and instructive; and in which a very eminent wit, to the honour of this nation, has shown himself so incomparably superior in drawing natural characters. But these were not the parts which had the fortune to please; the enchantments, the monsters and transformations engaged all their attention: insomuch that the famous Count Hamilton, with a pleasant indignation at this folly, wrote a tale of wonders, with design to ridicule these idle books by an aggravated imitation: but with an effect so directly contrary to his intention, that to this day France is continually producing little pieces of that extravagant turn; while England, that land of liberty, equally indifferent to works of wit, and encouraging the licentiousness of the old comedy, can relish nothing but personal character, or wanton romance. Hence arises that swarm of memoirs, all filled with abuse or impurity, which, whatever distinctions my present correspondent may make with relation to food and physic, are the poison of the mind.

The best antidote to this poison, and the most salutary in every respect, is that species of writing which may properly be termed regimen; which, partaking of the qualities both of physic and food, at once cleanses and sustains the patient. Such have I studied to make these my papers; which are therefore neither given daily for sustenance, nor occasionally as medicine, but regularly and weekly as an alternative. I have been extremely careful in the composition, that there shall not be wanting a proper quantity of sweet, acid, and salt; yet so justly proportioned, as not to cloy, sour, or lacerate the weakest stomach. The success I have met with will be better proved by the attestations of my patients than by any boasts of my own. Out of many hundreds of these attestations, I shall content myself at present with only publishing the following.

*Extract of a letter from Bath.*

SIR,

I can assure you with the greatest truth, that my three eldest daughters were for more than a whole winter most strangely affected with a nakedness in the shoulders, insomuch that the thinnest and slightest covering whatsoever was almost insupportable, especially in public. The best advice in the place was procured, but the disease increased with so much violence, that many expressed their opinion that every part of the body was in danger of the infection. At



last, when nothing else would do, they were prevailed upon to enter into a regular course of your papers, and in a very few weeks, to the surprise of every body in the rooms, were perfectly cured. I therefore beg of you, good Sir, to let the bearer have thirty dozen of the papers; for which he will pay you.

I am, Sir, &c.

The original letter, sealed with a coronet, may be seen at Mr. Dodsley's in Pall-Mall.

No. 71.] THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1754.

*Ne scutica dignum horribili sectère flagello.* HOR.

—Nor let the wretch be flayed  
Who scarce deserved the lash.— FRANCIS.

I FLATTER myself it must have been frequently remarked, that I have hitherto executed the office I have undertaken without any of that harshness which may deserve the name of satire, but, on the contrary, with that gentle and good-humoured ridicule, which rather indicates the wishes of paternal tenderness than the dictates of magisterial authority. My edicts carry nothing with them penal. After I have spent five pages out of six to show that the ladies disfigure their persons, and the gentlemen their parks and gardens, by too much art, I make no other conclusion, than by coolly informing them, that each would be more beautiful, if nature was less disguised.

A certain great traveller, happening to take Florence in one of his tours, was much caressed and admired by the Great Duke. The variety of countries he had seen, and his vivacity in describing the customs, manners, and characters of their inhabitants, rendered him highly entertaining. But it happened a little unfortunately that he had taken a fancy to adopt one of the fashions of the East, that of wearing whiskers, which he did in the fullest and largest extent of the mode. The Great Duke could by no means relish this fashion; and as constantly as he finished his second bottle, his disgust would break out, though never with greater harshness than in the following words: "Signor Giramondo, I am not Duke of Tuscany while you wear those whiskers." In like manner I say I am not Adam Fitz-Adam while the ladies wear such enormous hoops, such short petticoats, and such vast patches near the left eye; or while gentlemen ruin their fortunes and constitutions by play, or deform the face of nature by the fopperies of art.

The moderation of the Duke of Tuscany, who, with the help of a pair of scissors, might so easily have removed the object which at once offended and degraded him, is greatly to be preferred to the tyranny of Procrustes, whose delicate eye for proportion was apt to take such offence at an overgrown person, that he would order him to be shortened to the just standard by cutting off his feet. But a tyrannical system cannot be lasting: and violent measures must destroy that harmony which I am desirous should long subsist between me and those whom I have undertaken to govern, even were it probable that I could carry such measures into execution. But nothing exposes weakness so much as threats which we are not able to enforce. It is told us in the Acts, "that forty of the Jews bound themselves under a curse, that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul." We hear no more of those Jews, though the apostle survived their menaces. I flatter myself that I have no less zeal for the abolishing folly and false taste; yet I am so far from uttering any such threats, that I very frankly confess I intend to eat and drink as heartily as if there was no such thing as folly remaining in the world. My enemies indeed have been pleased to throw out that it is owing to my desire of continuing to gratify those appetites, that I have not long ago entirely suppressed all folly whatsoever. They make no scruple of asserting, that there would not have been so much as a patch, pompon, or Chinese rail, remaining amongst us, if I had not thought proper to borrow a piece of policy from the rat-catchers, who suffer a small part of the vermin to escape, that their trade may not be at an end. But I must take the liberty of acquainting these gentlemen, that they know as little of me as of human nature, the chase after folly being like hunting a witch; if you run her down in one shape, she starts up in another, so that there is no manner of danger that the game will be destroyed. And I most solemnly declare, that wherever I have seen a beautiful face, or a fine garden, very grossly deformed by injudicious attempts at amendment, I have laboured with the greatest earnestness to effect a reformation. But where the conduct of my pupils, though sometimes faulty in itself, has been harmless in its consequences, I have constantly forbore, and will as constantly forbear, an officious reprehension of it, however disagreeable such forbearance may appear in the eyes of these gentlemen.

It is upon this plan that I have suppressed innumerable complaints from splenetic and ill-humoured correspondents: as a specimen of which complaints I shall lay before my readers the beginnings of some of their letters.



SIR,

I am greatly offended at the inconsistent behaviour of a lady of my acquaintance. You see her in a morning at St. James's church, and in the evening at the play-house in Drury-lane. One would think that either religion should drive plays out of her head, or plays religion. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, tell her how absurd—

SIR,

I trouble you with this letter to make my complaints of a very great evil, and to desire your animadversions upon it. I returned yesterday from a month's visit to a family in the country, where, in every particular but one, we passed our time as became reasonable beings. When the weather was good, we walked abroad; when bad, we amused ourselves within doors, either with entertaining conversation, or instructive books. But it was the custom of the family (though in all other respects very worthy people) constantly to play at cards for a whole hour before supper. Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this method of killing time—

SIR,

I am shocked at the indecency of the modern head-dress. Do the ladies intend to lay aside all modesty, and go naked?—

This is the manner in which undistinguishing zeal treats things that are in themselves indifferent: for is it not matter of absolute indifference whether a lady wears on her head a becoming ornament of clean lace, or her own hair? Or if there be any preference, would it not be shown both from nature and experience to be on the side of the hair?

Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,  
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes  
Permutare velis crini Liciniæ?

Horace, we see, prefers a beautiful head of hair to the riches of a king. But I cannot help giving it as my opinion, that Licinia's hair flowed in natural ringlets, without being tortured by irons, or confined by innumerable pins. Yet though I have seen with patience the cap diminishing to the size of a patch, I have not with the same unconcern observed the patch enlarging itself to the size of a cap. It is with great sorrow that I already see it in possession of that beautiful mass of blood which borders upon the eye. Should it increase on the side of that exquisite feature, what an eclipse have we to dread! But surely it is to be hoped the ladies will not give up that place to a plaster, which the brightest jewel in the universe would wantre to supply.

I find that I am almost insensibly got upon the only subject which is likely to move my indignation, and carry me beyond the bounds of

that moderation which I have boasted of above. I shall therefore conclude this paper with offering terms of composition to those of my fair readers who are willing to treat with me. The first is, that all those young ladies, who find it difficult to wean themselves from patches all at once, shall be allowed to wear them, in what number, size, and figure they please, on such parts of the body as are, or should be, most covered from sight. The second (and I shall offer no more) is, that any lady, who happens to prefer the simplicity of such ornaments to the glare of her jewels, shall, upon disposing of the said jewels for the benefit of the Foundling or any other hospital, be permitted to wear (by way of publishing her good deeds to the world) as many patches on her face as she has contributed hundreds of pounds to so laudable a benefaction. By pursuing this method, the public will be benefited, and patches, though no ornament, will be an honour, to the sex.

No. 72.] THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1754.

*Ne cures ea quæ stulte miraris et optas,  
Disce, et audire et meliori credere non vis.* HOR.

That which with splendour false allures your eyes,  
Did you but know it better, you'd despise.

It is an observation of the Duke de Rochefaucault, "that there are many people in the world who would never have been in love if they had never heard talk of it." As strange as this assertion may appear, there is nothing more certain, than that mankind pursue with much greater ardour what they are talked into an admiration of, than what they are prompted to by natural passions; nay, so great is the infatuation, that we frequently see them relinquishing real gratifications, for the sake of following ideal notions, or the accidental mode of thinking of the present times.

The story of the Princess Parizade, in the Arabian Tales, is a proper illustration of what I have here advanced. I shall give my readers a short abstract of this story, as it may furnish matter for reflection, and a very useful moral, to such of them as regulate their whole conduct, and even their desires, by fashion.

This princess, the happiest as well as most beautiful of her sex, lived with her two beloved brothers in a splendid palace, situated in the midst of a delightful park, and the most exquisite gardens in the East. It happened one day, while the princes were hunting, that an old woman came to the gate, and desired admittance to the oratory, that she might say her prayers. The princess no sooner knew of her request than she granted it, giving orders to her attend-

ants, that after the good woman's prayers were ended, they should show her all the apartments of the palace, and then bring her into the hall where she herself was sitting. Every thing was performed as directed; and the princess, having regaled her guest with some fruits and sweetmeats, among many other questions, asked her what she thought of the palace.

"Madam," answered the old woman, "your palace is beautiful, regular, and magnificently furnished; its situation is delightful, and its gardens are beyond compare. But yet, if you will give me leave to speak freely, there are three things wanting to make it perfect."—"My good mother," interrupted the Princess Parizade, "what are those three things? I conjure you in God's name to tell me what they are; and if there be a possibility of obtaining them, neither difficulties nor dangers shall stop me in the attempt." "Madam," replied the old woman, "the first of these three things is the Talking Bird, the second is the Singing Tree, and the third is the Yellow or Golden Water." "Ah, my good mother," cried the princess, "how much am I obliged to you for the knowledge of these things! They are no doubt the greatest curiosities in the world, and unless you can tell me where they are to be found, I am the most unhappy of women." The old woman satisfied the princess in that material point, and then took her leave.

The story goes on to inform us, that when the two princes returned from hunting, they found the Princess Parizade so wrapt up in thought, that they imagined some great misfortune had befallen her, which when they had conjured her to acquaint them with, she only lifted up her eyes to look upon them, and then fixed them again upon the ground, telling them that nothing disturbed her. The entreaties of the two princes, however, at last prevailed, and the princess addressed them in the following manner.

"You have often told me, my dear brothers, and I have always believed, that this house, which our father built, was complete in every thing: but I have learnt this day that it wants three things: these are, the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water. An old woman has made this discovery to me, and told me the place where they are to be found, and the way thither. Perhaps you may look upon these rarities as trifles; but think what you please, I am fully persuaded that they are absolutely necessary; and whether you value them or not, I cannot be easy without them."

The sequel tells us, that after the Princess Parizade had expressed herself with this proper spirit upon the occasion, the brothers, in pity to her wants, went in pursuit of these necessities, and that failing in the enterprise, they were one after another turned into stone.

The application of this tale is so universal, that the enumerating particulars is almost an unnecessary labour. The whole fashionable world are so many Parizades; and things not only useless in their natures, but also ugly in themselves, from having been once termed *charming* by some fashionable leaders of modern taste, are now become so necessary that nobody can do without them.

But though this story happens to be told of a lady, the folly it particularizes is chiefly to be found in the other sex: I mean, in respect to the pernicious consequences attending vain and chimerical pursuits.

If we enter into the strictest examination of these idle longings in the women, we shall find that they seldom amount to any thing more than a dissipation of their pin-money, without any other ill consequence than that of turning their thoughts from some real good, which they actually possess, to an imaginary expectation. The passion for shells, old china, and the like, is confessedly trifling; but it is only blameable in proportion to the anxiety with which it is pursued: but what is this in comparison of the desolation of ambition, the waste of magnificence, and the ruin of play?

Madame Montespan's coach and six mice was not a more idle, though it was a less mischievous folly than the armies of her lover, Louis the Fourteenth. The ambition of that monarch to emulate the conquerors of antiquity; of Caesar to rival Alexander; of Alexander to resemble the hero of his darling poem the Iliad; the designs of Pyrrhus, and the project of Xerxes; what were they but counterparts to a passion for the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water?

To descend a little into private life, how many do we see daily talked into a rage for building, gardening, painting, and divers other expenses, to the embarrassing a fortune which would more than sufficiently supply the necessities of life? Among the numbers who have changed a sober plan of living for one of riot and excess, the greatest part have been converted by the arguments in a drinking song. Thousands have taken the same fruitless and expensive journey, because they have heard that it is very John Trott not to have visited France, and that a person who has not been abroad has seen nothing. I was once told by a gentleman, who had undone himself by keeping running horses, that he owed his ruin to a strong impression made upon him, when a boy, by his father's butler, who happened to declare in his hearing, "that it was a creditable thing to keep good cattle; and that if he was a gentleman, he should take great pleasure in being always well mounted."

But to apply our fable to the most recent instance of this species of infatuation: How often have we seen an honest country gentle-



man, who has lived a truly happy life, blessed in his family, amused with his farms and gardens, entertained by his own beneficence, usefully employed in the administration of justice, or in reconciling the differences of his litigious neighbours; but who being talked into an opinion of the great service a man might do his country, as well as honour to himself, by getting into parliament, has given up all his real enjoyments and useful occupations for this imaginary phantom, which has only taught him by experience, what he might have learnt from example, that the family interest, as it is called, is too often the destruction of the family estate.

As to all those gentlemen who have gained their elections, I most sincerely wish them joy: and for those who have been disappointed, and who now may have leisure to turn their thoughts from their country to themselves, I beg leave to recommend to them the pleasures, and I may add, the duties, of domestic life; in comparison of which all other advantages are nothing more than the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water.

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No. 73.] THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1754.

—*Ille potens sui*  
*Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem*  
*Diriss', Vixi: cras vel atra*  
*Nube polum Pater occupato:*  
*Vel sole puro: non tamen irritum*  
*Quodcumque retro est, efficiet.*—

HOR.

Happy the man, and he alone,  
Who, master of himself, can say,  
To-day at least hath been my own,  
For I have clearly lived to-day:  
Then let to-morrow's clouds arise,  
Or purer suns o'erspread the cheerful skies.

Not Jove himself can now make void  
The joy that wing'd the flying hour;  
The certain blessing, once enjoyed,  
Is safe beyond the Godhead's power.

FRANCIS.

It was the saying of Epaminondas, upon being asked which of all his friends he esteemed most, that "they must all die before such a question could be answered." But if Epaminondas had lived in this country, and in these times, he would have known that the greatest heroes at their deaths, are frequently those who have been the greatest villains in their lives. And yet most men are apt to think like Epaminondas, and to pass their judgments upon a man's life from what he has said and acted in the last scene of it; that season being thought the season of sincerity, because dissimulation is to no purpose, and because the conscience finds ease in disclosing crimes which can no longer profit us,

and which threaten us with destruction in the state to which we are hastening, unless truly confessed and repented of in this. But of those who die in their beds, as well as malefactors, I have known and heard of many debauched and dissolute men who have met death with the utmost patience and resignation; while the pious and moral christian, whose life has been spent in the constant exercise of religion and virtue, has beheld its approaches with confusion; and from a consciousness of not having done exactly as he ought to have done upon every occasion, has died fearful and desponding.

From hence it will appear that those who judge of men's lives by their behaviour at their deaths will be sometimes mistaken. The contempt of death may be owing in many to insensibility; in some to a brutal courage; in others to the dislike of life; in a few to philosophy; as well as in many to a well-grounded hope of a happy hereafter. The jest of Sir Thomas More, upon the scaffold, who, after laying his head upon the block, bade the executioner stay till he had put aside his beard, because that had committed no treason, was no more a proof of the goodness of his life (if there had been no other voucher) than that of the murderer at the gallows, who entreated the hangman not to touch his neck with his fingers, because he was ticklish. The thief, for the reputation of dying hard, as it is called, and the philosopher, to support the doctrine he has taught, that death is no evil, will rush into eternity with an affected bravery, and offend Heaven rather than confess their apprehensions of dissolution.

Men are sometimes hypocrites in their last moments through pride, as they have been all their lives through interest; nor will it appear strange that they are so: for as every man is desirous (if it can be done without much trouble) of leaving a good name behind him, he is unwilling to confess at his death that he has been a rogue all his life. Upon principles like these have the worst of criminals gone to the gallows with as much triumph and exultation as the martyrs of old did to the stake for the cause of heaven and religion.

For my own part (and I hope it will not be imputed to me as presumption) I should think of death with much greater terror than I do, if I considered it as the final end of being. The thought of annihilation to one whose life had not been marked with any of the capital vices, and whose frailties, he humbly hopes, are no more than those which are incident to humanity; who has been unprofitable to his maker because he was human, and to mankind because unfriended by fortune; and whose connections in this life have been such as to make him desirous of their eternal duration; I say, to one who thus thinks, and who hopes he has thus lived, the thought of annihilation would make death most terrible. And yet in the circle of my own ac-



quaintance, I have found a man of a decent life and conversation, who wished well to every body, and who loved and enjoyed his friends, but who, through a tedious and painful illness, had conceived sleep to be so great a blessing as to make him wish for an eternity of it; and having taken pains to believe that death was such a sleep, he talked of it with pleasure, and within a very few hours of his exit, as a confirmation that he died in the opinion he had professed, he wrote the following epitaph upon himself, and directed it to a friend with his own hand.

Beneath this stone, to worms a prey,  
(Himself as poor and vile as they)  
Eugenio lies in hopes of rest,  
Who deem'd all farther hope a jest:  
Who ne'er on Fancy's wings could rise  
To heaven-built domes above the skies:  
Content from whence he sprung to lie,  
Nor wish'd to live, nor fear'd to die.

I shall only observe upon the writer of this epitaph, that as I believe him to have been honest and sincere, it is but charity to hope that he is now rejoicing in his mistake.

There is nothing more true in the general than that those people are the most averse to death, who have had the least enjoyment of life; as, on the contrary, those who have enjoyed life most have been the least anxious about dying. To many of my readers such an assertion as this may appear strange and unaccountable: but a very little inquiry will, I believe, convince them of the fact.

Men who, through necessitous circumstances, gloomy dispositions, or sickly habits of body, have lived in perpetual discontent, are apt to flatter themselves that life is in arrears to them: that as their days have hitherto passed without enjoyment, every thing is to be made up to them before they come to die. They look upon riches, pleasure, and health, to be blessings that never tire, and consider the possessors of them as living in a state of uninterrupted happiness, which they long to taste, and cannot bear the thoughts of dying before they have enjoyed. Thus are the miserable in love with life, and afraid of death. Hope still flatters them with happy days; and death, that would inevitably cut off that hope, is beheld by them as the cruellest of all enemies.

Let us cast an eye now to those in happier situations; to those who are contented with their lot, and who (if there are any such) have lived all their days in health, cheerfulness, and affluence. What can to-morrow bring to such as these that they have not known before, unless it be misfortune? It is from this consideration that such persons are more resigned to dying. We part more easily with what we possess than with our expectations of what we wish for: the

reason of it is, that what we expect is always greater than what we enjoy. And hence it is that the enjoyment of life makes us less desirous of its continuance, than if it had hitherto given us nothing, and fed us only with expectation.

I have waved in this place all consideration of a future existence, and have considered the happy and unhappy only in regard to this life. If we take religion and a future state into the question, the happy here will have a thousand times stronger reasons for being resigned to death than the unhappy. Pain, sickness, and misfortune, as they do not wean us from a love of life, so neither do they beget in us a proper frame and temper to prepare for death. It is the enjoyment of life that calls forth our gratitude to Him who gave it; that opens the heart to acts of kindness and benevolence; and, by giving us a taste here of the happiness of heaven, excites in us a desire of securing it through eternity; and by thus securing it, makes us eager to embrace it; enabling us to resign with joy the happiness which is uncertain and temporal, for that which is without change and without end.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that those who make religion to consist in the contempt of this world and its enjoyments are under a very fatal and dangerous mistake. As life is the gift of Heaven, it is religion to enjoy it. He therefore who can be happy in himself, and who contributes all that is in his power towards the happiness of others (and none but the virtuous can so be and so do), answers most effectually the ends of his creation, is an honour to his nature, and a pattern to mankind.

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No. 74.] THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1754.

*Dicetur merita Nox quoque nœnia. Hon.*

Night shall be honoured with a worthy song.

I HAVE lately got a set of new correspondents; and have had the favour of letters from various persons, with whom I have not the honour to be in the least acquainted. They seem, indeed, to be of another order of beings, as they seldom make their appearance till the ordinary race of mortals are asleep in their beds. It is astonishing to think how much business these people carry on in this populous city, at that season which nature has allotted for rest: for it must be owned of these children of the night, that they are as diligent in their several callings as those of the day.

For the entertainment of my readers I shall

lay before them the contents of some of these extraordinary despatches: and as I look upon the watchmen, by virtue of their office, to have the right of precedency among these sons of darkness, I shall give them the preference in this paper.

One of these gentlemen, who calls himself king of the night, complains of the great increase of riots and disturbances which happen nightly in the streets of this metropolis. He commends his majesty for the paternal care he has shown his people by recommending it to his parliament to provide means of putting a stop to these disorders; and declares he will use his utmost endeavours to assist him in so good a work.

Another of this venerable fraternity, who, it seems, has been lately disciplined by a set of bucks, acquaints me with the antiquity and dignity of his office, and of the high esteem in which those who watch for the public safety have always been held by the people. He complains of the insult which, in his person, has been offered to the dignity of magistracy, and the sacredness of office; and concludes, that as he has served his country faithfully in this public capacity many years, he intends, after the example of other great men, to return to his private calling of a cobbler. A link-boy, indeed, who begs my honour would prefer him to the post of a watchman, does not seem to have so high a notion of the dignity or usefulness of that ancient order: for he says, if he should be so happy as to obtain his desire, he shall have nothing to do but to sleep at his stand; whereas, in his present calling, he is obliged to be upon the watch all night long.

Whether the author of the following advertisement is in jest or earnest, I am unable to determine; however, at his request I have inserted it.

"Whereas W. Y. who lately kept the Roundhouse in the parish of \* \* \*, well known to several of the quality, gentry, and others, is lately removed to the Knave of Clubs in the same street; this is to entreat all such gentlemen and ladies as used to honour him with their company to continue their favours; and to assure them of the same civility and good usage as formerly.

"N. B. There are private rooms for those who play deep."

Innumerable are the letters, cards, and messages, which I have received from places of the most polite resort. In particular I must confess my obligations to a venerable matron in Covent-Garden, who invites me to spend an evening at her house, where she assures me none but people of the best fashion are admitted. She speaks much in my praise for my endeavours to promote virtue; and is extremely severe upon the low and dirty houses of intrigue which have

brought that part of the town into so much disrepute. She adds very obligingly, in a postscript, that she has a very fine creature of sixteen, who has never seen company, and whom she reserves purposely for Mr. Fitz-Adam.

I cannot omit to mention the honour Mr. \* \* \* has done me by inviting me to the next masquerade, and offering me a domino for that purpose. But as I can see no reason why people, whose intentions are honest, should be ashamed to show their faces, I have declined his invitation. His argument for the morality of these midnight meetings, viz. "that by reducing all mankind to a level, they teach the great a useful lesson against pride," is, I own, ingenious; though I am apt to think as men's manners are generally borrowed from their outward circumstances, a lady of quality, when she finds herself degraded to the rank of a milk-maid, may be tempted to familiarities, which she never would have suffered in her exalted sphere.

But the most extraordinary of all the invitations I have been favoured with is from a society in St. Giles's. This letter is written in a fair hand by the secretary, who tells me he has the misfortune to be stone blind; but I must not wonder at that, he says, for the most active young fellow among them is a poor old cripple, who plies all day long in the Mews. He assures me, that notwithstanding their miserable looks by day, I shall find them at night a set of the merriest fellows in the world; and as to drinking, wenching, gaming, and the like fashionable amusements, no gentleman can go beyond them.

I have letters by me from people of all ranks and conditions, giving an account of the different employments and diversions of the night; so that, was it not for fear of disturbing the peace of reputable families, I could make as many pleasant discoveries as the ingenious author of the Devil upon Two Sticks.

I have the morning adventures of a noted buck, and the midnight rambles of a female rake. A lady who writes to me from Bridges-street complains of the insufferable insolence of watchmen and constables; inasmuch that she can hardly walk along the streets about her lawful occasions without being stooped and questioned by these Jacks in office.

There is something so reasonable in Lady Betty Moonlight's proposal, that I cannot refuse giving it to my readers. Her ladyship complains that her first sleep is constantly broke by the noise of carts, drays, and hackney-coaches, or by the vociferous cries of small-coal, brick-dust, kitchen-stuff, &c. She thinks it very hard that people of quality should be disturbed at such unseasonable hours; and therefore hopes that the parliament should take it into consideration. She proposes, that as they have already

altered the year, an act may be passed next session to turn night into day; which, she observes, will be more agreeable to their own times of doing business.

As I have adapted the former part of this paper more particularly to the taste of those who frequent the polite circles in this town, I shall now consider my grave readers, and present them with the following composition on the same subject.

### ODE TO NIGHT.

The busy cares of day are done;  
In yonder western clouds the sun  
Now sets, in other worlds to rise,  
And glad with light the nether skies.  
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,  
And slowly leaves the mountain tops, and gild-  
ed spires.

Yon azure cloud, enrobed with white,  
Still shoots a gleam of fainter light:  
At length descends a browner shade;  
At length the glimm'ring objects fade;  
Till all submit to Night's impartial reign,  
And undistinguish'd darkness covers all the  
plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak  
Resounds beneath the woodman's stroke.  
Now Silence holds her solemn sway;  
Mute is each bush, and every spray;  
Nought but the sound of murmuring rills is  
heard,  
Or from the mould'ring tower, Night's solitary  
bird.

Hail, sacred hour of peaceful rest!  
Of power to charm the troubled breast!  
By thee the captive slave obtains  
Short respite from his galling pains;  
Nor sighs for liberty, nor native soil;  
But for a while forgets his chains, and sultry  
toil.

No horrors hast thou in thy train,  
No scorpion lash, no clanking chain.  
When the pale murderer round him spies  
A thousand grisly forms arise,  
When shrieks and groans arouse his palsied  
fear,  
'Tis guilt alarms his soul, and conscience wounds  
his ear.

The village swain whom Phillis charms,  
Whose breast the tender passion warms,  
Wishes for thy all-shadowing veil,  
To tell the fair his lovesick tale:  
Nor less impatient of the tedious day,  
She longs to hear his tale, and sigh her soul  
away.

Oft by the covert of thy shade  
Leander woo'd the Thracian maid:  
Through foaming seas his passion bore,  
Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.

The conscious virgin from the sea-girt tower  
Hung out the faithful torch to guide him to her  
bower.

Oft at thy silent hour the sage  
Pores on the fair instructive page;  
Or, wrapt in musings deep, his soul  
Mounts active to the starry pole:  
There pleased to range the realms of endless  
night,  
Numbers the stars, or marks the comet's devious  
light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,  
When sprightly wit and reason meet:  
Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,  
But fairer still with reason join'd.  
Such is the feast thy social hours afford,  
When eloquence and Granville join'd the friend-  
ly board.

Granville, whose polish'd mind is fraught  
With all that Rome or Greece e'er taught;  
Who pleases and instructs the ear,  
When he assumes the critic's chair,  
Or from the Stagirite or Plato draws  
The arts of civil life, the spirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ  
The hour of mirth and social joy!  
And glean from Granville's learned store  
Fair science and true wisdom's lore.  
Then will I still implore thy longer stay,  
Nor change thy festive hours for sunshine and  
the day.

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NO. 75.] THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1754.

I HAVE hinted more than once in the course of these papers, that the present age, notwithstanding the vices and follies with which it abounds, has the happiness of standing as high in my opinion as any age whatsoever. But it has been always the fashion to believe, that from the beginning of the world to the present day, men have been increasing in wickedness; and though we have the Bible to turn to, which gives us the history of mankind before the flood, and of the Jews after it, we have still the humility to retain this opinion, and to lament the amazing degeneracy of the present times. But the eye of a philosopher can penetrate into this false humility, and discover it to be mere peevishness



and discontent. The truth is, that the present times, like our wives and our other possessions, are our own, and therefore we have no relish of them.

Many of my readers may possibly object to these encomiums on the times, imagining they may tend to make men satisfied with what they are, instead of inciting them to become what they ought to be. But it was always my opinion (and I believe it to be universally true) that men are more likely to be *praised* into virtue, than to be *railed* out of vice. It is a maxim in every body's mouth, that reputation once lost is never to be recovered. He therefore to whom you give an ill name will have little or no encouragement to endeavour at a good one, as knowing that if a character of infamy is once fixed, no change of behaviour can have power to redeem it. On the contrary, the man to whom you give a good name, though he should have merited a bad one, will find in his commerce with the world the advantages of such a name, and from conviction of those advantages be so solicitous to deserve it, as to become in reality the good man you have called him. People may reason away the merit of such a person's behaviour if they please, by ascribing it solely to self-love; they may add too, if they choose (and they have my hearty leave), that all virtue whatsoever has its source in that passion; if this be true (though the revealers of such truths cannot be complimented on their intention to promote virtue) can there be a stronger argument for goodness, than that it is necessary to our happiness? It is said of that sagacious insect the bee, that he extracts honey from poison: and a mind, rightly turned, may draw instruction even from these gentlemen. But to return to my subject.

If people, when they are railing against the present times, instead of asserting in the gross that they are more wicked than the past, would content themselves with pointing out what are really the vices that have gathered head amongst us; if, for instance, they were to say that luxury and gaming are at present at a much higher pitch than formerly, I should be far from contradicting them. These are indeed the vices of the times; but for the first of them, I am afraid we must content ourselves with complaints instead of offering at a remedy: for as luxury is always owing to too much wealth, Providence in its wisdom has so ordered it, that in due course of time it will destroy itself. The cure therefore of luxury is poverty; a remedy which, though we do not care to prescribe to ourselves, we are preparing at great pains and expense for those that are to come after us. Of gaming I shall only observe, that, like luxury, it will in time work out its own cure; and at the rate it goes on at present, one should imagine it cannot last long.

I know of but one evil more that seems to have gathered any degree of strength in these times, and that is corruption: for, as to extravagance and a love of pleasure, I include them in the article of luxury. And perhaps the evil of corruption, as it is now practised, may admit of palliation: for though it has been asserted by certain writers upon ethics, that it is unlawful to do evil, that good may ensue, yet something may be said in favour of a candidate for a seat in parliament, who, if he should be tempted to commit the small evil of bribing a borough or a few particulars in a county, it is, no doubt, in order to effect so great a good as the preservation of the liberty, the property, the happiness, the virtue, and the religion of a whole nation.

As to all other vices, I believe they will be found to exist amongst us pretty much in the same degree as heretofore, forms only changing. Our grandfathers used to get drunk with strong beer and port; we get drunk with claret and champagne. They would lie abominably to conceal their wenching; we lie as abominably in boasting of ours. They stole slyly in at the back-door of a bagnio; we march in boldly at the fore-door, and immediately steal out slyly at the back-door. Our mothers were prudes; their daughters coquettes. The first dressed like modest women, and perhaps were wantons; the last dress like women of the town, and perhaps are virtuous. Those treated without hanging out a sign; these hang out a sign without intending to treat. To be still more particular; the abuse of power, the views of patriots, the flattery of dependents, and the promises of great men, are, I believe, pretty much the same now as in former ages. Vices that we have no relish for, we part with for those we like; giving up avarice for prodigality, hypocrisy for profligacy, and lewdness for play.

But as I have instanced in this essay the particular vices of the times, it would be doing them injustice if I neglected to observe, that humanity, charity, and the civilities of life, never abounded so much as now. I must also repeat, what has already been taken notice of in these papers, that our virtues receive a lustre, and our vices a softening, by manners and decorum.

There is a folly indeed (for I will not call it a vice) with which the ladies of this age are particularly charged: it is, that not only their airs and their dress, but even their faces are French. I wish with all my heart that I could preserve my integrity, and vindicate my fair countrywomen from this imputation; but I am sorry to say it, what by travelling abroad, and by French milliners, mantua-makers, and hair-cutters at home, our politest assemblies seem to be filled with foreigners. But how will it astonish many of my readers to be told, that while

they are extolling the days of good Queen Bess, they are, complimenting that very reign in which these fashions were originally introduced! But because in a matter of so much consequence no man's bare word should be taken, I shall make good my assertion by publishing an authentic letter, written by that subtle minister Sir William Cecil (afterwards Lord Burleigh) to Sir Henry Norris, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of France. This letter was originally printed in the year sixteen hundred and sixty-three, among a collection of state letters called *Scrinia Ceciliana*, or *Mysteries of Government*, and is as follows:

"SIR,

"The queen's majesty would fain have a tailor that had skill to make her apparel both after the French and Italian manner: and she thinketh that you might use some means to obtain some one such there as serveth the queen, without mentioning any manner of request in the queen's majesty's name. First to cause my lady your wife to use some such means to get one, as thereof knowledge might not come to the queen's mother's ears, of whom the queen's majesty thinketh thus; that if she did understand that it were a matter wherein her majesty might be pleased, she would offer to send one to the queen's majesty: nevertheless if it cannot be so obtained by this indirect means, then her majesty would have you devise some other good means to obtain one that were skilful.

"Yours in all truth,

"W. CECIL."

I shall only observe upon this letter (which I confess to be a masterpiece for subtlety and contrivance) that if by the introduction and increase of French fashions, our religion and government are also in time to be French (which many worthy patriots and elderly gentlewomen are in dreadful apprehension of), we ought no doubt to throw off all regard to the memory of Queen Elizabeth, and to lament that her minister was not impeached of high treason, for advising and encouraging so pernicious an attempt against that *Magna Charta* of dress, the old English ruff and fardingale.

raising his share of dust on the public roads, in order to feast his lungs with fresh air, and his eyes with novelty, I am led to consider a modern character, scarce ever touched upon before, and which hitherto has obtained no other name from the public than the general one of an *improver*.

In former times, when the garden was made for fruit, the water for fish, and the park for venison, the servants presided in their several departments, and the lord of the manor and his guests had nothing to do but to sit down and cram themselves with the products of each. But since the genius of taste has thought fit to make this island his principal residence, and has taught us to enjoy the gifts of nature in a less sensual manner, the master of the place thinks it incumbent on him to change the old system, to take all under his own care, and to see that every thing be of his own doing. Alteration therefore must of necessity be the first great principle of an improver. When he shows you a plantation, it is constantly prefaced with "Here stood a wall." If he directs your eye over an extent of lawn, "There," says he, "we were crowded up with trees." The lake, you are told, was the spot where stood the old stables or the kitchen garden; and the mount was formerly a horsepond. When you have heard this, you are next of all to know how every thing is to be altered still farther: for as the improver himself never enjoys the present state of things, he labours to disturb the satisfaction you express, by telling you that on the mount is to be a building; that the water is to be altered in shape, size, and level, and must have a cascade and a bridge; that the largest trees in the plantation must be cut down, to give air and sunshine to shrubs and flowers. In short, the description of what is to be continues through the whole evening of your arrival; and when he has talked you to sleep, and it is evident that you can hear no longer, he compassionately dismisses you to rest, knowing that late hours are incompatible with his designs upon you in the morning. Innocent of these designs, you enjoy the quiet of your chamber, comforting yourself that you must have seen and heard all, and that the bitterness of improvement is over. Or if you are suspicious of any remaining fatigue, and are therefore prepared with the proper remonstrances and evasions, they will avail you nothing against an old practised improver: for the instant you have breakfasted, he proposes your taking a turn or two in the bowling-green for a little fresh air; to which you readily assent; and without imagining there can be any occasion for stepping out of your slippers, you advance with him to the end of the green, where a door in a sunk fence unexpectedly opens to the park. And here, as he assures you *the grass is short*, you are led through all the pleasures of uncon-

No. 76.] THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1754.

*Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.* HOR.

Now high the building raise;  
Now pull it down; nor round, nor square can please.  
FRANCIS.

At this season of the year, when every man is



nected variety, with this recommendation, that it is but a little way from the Palladian portico to the Gothic tower; from the Lapland to the Chinese house; or from the temple of Venus to the Hermitage. By this time you are insensibly enticed to a great distance from the house; when on a sudden he shows you over the park-wall a number of labourers mending the highway; and, *since you are got so far*, wishes you to go a little farther, that he may take this opportunity to give a few necessary instructions, and that the road may be mended with the advantage of your opinion and concurrence. In vain do you pull out your watch; in vain remonstrate to him how late it is, or how rude it will be to make the ladies wait dinner: in vain do you try to move him by stroking your chin, and showing him a most persuasive length of beard, or implore his compassion on your Morocco slippers, pleading that if you had expected so long a walk, you would have put on your strong shoes.—He knows that if you had apprehended a walk of half the distance, he never could have moved you from your easy chair; and being thoroughly sensible that it will not be in his power to get you so far again, is resolved to make his advantage of the present opportunity; so leads you to every ditch that is emptying, or brick-kiln that is reeking for him; to his barn that is to be turned into a church, or to his farm that is to be made a ruin for the sake of his prospect; till at length he brings you so late home, that you are obliged to sit down undressed to a spoiled dinner with a family out of humour.

I remember the good time, when the price of a haunch of venison with a country friend was only half an hour's walk upon a hot terrace; a descent to the two square fish-ponds overgrown with a frog-spawn; a peep into the hogsty, or a visit to the pigeon-house. How reasonable was this, when compared with the attention now expected from you to the number of temples, pagodas, pyramids, grottoes, bridges, hermitages, caves, towers, hot-houses, &c. &c. for which the day is too short, and which brings you to a meal fatigued and overcome with heat, denied the usual refreshment of clean linen, and robbed of your appetite!

Having now sufficiently warned the visitor of what he is to guard against, it is but just I should give some few hints for the service of the improver, whom I must always consider (a little vanity excepted) as acting upon principles of benevolence, and from a desire of giving pleasure. It is this principle that blinds and misleads his judgment, by suggesting to him that he shall find from the visitor and others, who come to see his works, returns of equal civility and good-humour. But it will be expedient for him to reflect that these gentlemen do not always bring with them that desire to be

pleased, which, by his own disposition, he is too apt to suppose, and which, one would think, should be essential to every part of pleasure; for (exclusive of that natural inclination to censure, which so generally attends all exercise of the judgment) on these occasions, every occurrence of the day will probably administer to the spleen of the critic. If the weather be too hot, or too cold, for him; if it be windy or showery; if he has slept ill the night before; if he is hungry, or sick; if he is tired or sore; if he has lost a bet upon the road; if he has quarrelled with his friend; if he has been rebuked by his wife; or, in short, if any thing has offended him, he is sure to take revenge in full, by finding fault with every thing that was designed for his entertainment. In this disposition of mind, there is nothing safe but the shady gravel walk, with the few plain and necessary resting-places, which leads to the undisguised farm, or the navigable river. He will be sure to allow you no postulatium. He absolutely denies the existence of hermits, mandarins, and the whole heathen system of divinities. He disputes the antiquity of your ruin, and the genuineness of your hermitage: nay, he will descend to cavil at the bell with which the hermit is supposed to ring himself to prayers. He is so cruel as to controvert your supposition that the new made water is a river, though he knows it must have cost you an immense sum, and that it covers the richest meadow-ground you are master of. He leads the company to every sunk fence which you choose should be unobserved. If he suspects a building to be new-fronted, he finds out a private way to the decayed side of it; happy if he can discover it to have been a stable, or a pigsty. His report of your place, after he has left it, is exactly of a piece with his behaviour while there. He either describes it as a bog that will not bear a horse, or as a sand that cannot produce a blade of grass. If he finds in reality neither bog nor barren sand, his wishes supply his belief, and he labours to persuade himself and others that one of these defects is the characteristic of your soil, but that you hate to be told of it, and always deny it.

One cannot but admire his ingenuity in particular cases, where it has been judged impossible to find a fault. If you lead him to a knoll of uncommon verdure, varied with the fortunate disposition of old oaks, commanding the most rural scenes, and, at a proper distance, the view of a large city, he shrugs up his shoulders, and tells you it wants water. If your principal object be a lake, he will strain a point to report it green and stagnated; or else take the advantage of a thunder storm to pronounce it white or yellow. If you have a stream, he laments the frequency of floods; if a tide-river, the smell of mud at low water. He detects your painted cascade; misconstrues your inscriptions, and



puns upon your mottos. Within doors he doubts if your pictures are originals, and expresses his apprehensions that your statues will bring the house down.

As I wish most sincerely to reconcile these gentlemen to each other, I shall recommend to the improver the example of a particular friend of mine. It is said in Milton, that before the angel disclosed to Adam the prospect from the hill in paradise, he

— purged with euphrasy and rue  
His visual nerve, for he had much to see:

so this gentleman (borrowing the hint from Milton, but preferring a modern ophthalmic) upon the arrival of his visitors, takes care to purge their visual nerves with a sufficient quantity of champaign; after which, he assures me, they never *see* a fault in his improvements.

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No. 77.] THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM the daughter (I will not say of a gentleman, but) of one, who, by a constant attention to gain, and many lucky circumstances in life, from a very mean condition, arrived at the highest character of gentility amongst his neighbours in a part of this island, where farmers are almost the only, and without dispute the proudest gentry. Being tolerably handsome, and a favourite child, I was sent very early to a country boarding-school; and was allowed to bring from it some tendencies to elegance and politeness, rather exceeding those that are generally acquired in such places; and which, for want of a better name, I shall call a kind of half good-breeding.

Thus accomplished, you may imagine I soon had many admirers; but being young and unexperienced, I prudently left the choice of the happy man to my father's decision; which choice, after due caution, he made: but though exceeding notable himself, yet happening to engage with an old gentleman more notable, it is said, and I believe with truth, that he was outwitted. In the holy estate of matrimony I lived a few years, without any thing to relieve the dulness and insipidity of a husband's conversation, but now and then a visit from his relations, and a game at cards.

When my widowhood commenced, then opened the scene. And though my jointure was not equal to the fortune my father had paid, yet having many good prospects, the value of which

I had learned to calculate with great accuracy, I resolved to regulate my conduct accordingly.

And now it was that I engaged in the strangest project that ever entered a whimsical woman's head. It was this: to collect all the most haughty and insolent forms that I had ever heard to have been practised in the rejection of lovers; to enter those forms in my pocket-book; to get them by heart, and to use them occasionally as circumstances might admit; arguing with myself, that I should hasten the succession of lovers in proportion to the number of pretenders I baffled and discarded.

The first who offered me his addresses in my new situation was Mr. Twist the mercer. He made his visit in about two months after my husband's decease; and upon being shown into my parlour, really surprised me with so strange and ridiculous a figure of a man, that it was not without the utmost difficulty I was able to preserve any composure of countenance. Pale, trembling, looking askance, and out of breath, he muttered over something in broken words and half sentences, about "cruel delays—decencies—boldness—and," at last, "his ambition of being admitted my most humble servant." Fixing my eyes full upon him, I answered, "That I was very sorry he should come at so unseasonable a time; for that I had no thoughts of parting with my footman: but if he should be out of place when I had a vacancy, and would call again, I might perhaps prefer him to my service." The poor man, unable to bear such a shock, fell into the most violent distortions of face, and left me, with precipitation, to enjoy my triumph alone.

The next who honoured me with an application of the same kind, but without the same dismal and rueful grimaces, was Mr. Frankly, an under officer in his majesty's customs. He approached me with a pretty good air, and with an easy unconstrained utterance declared, "That he had long been charmed with the agreeableness of my person and behaviour; that they had made the deepest impressions on his heart; and that he did not despair of finding in my fair bosom something susceptible of the same tender and elegant sentiments." Piqued and amazed at the confidence of the man, my memory and presence of mind had almost failed me: but recovering in an instant, I made him a curtesy, and assured him, "That, though he knew it not, I was really the mistress of that house; but that my maid Mary was in the kitchen, who would no doubt be highly pleased with so fine a speech, which I hoped he had got by heart, and would be as capable of repeating to his mistress as he had been to me." I looked to see if my gentleman was not sinking into the floor; but to my utter confusion, he made me a low bow, and with a most significant glance protested, "That he was become perfectly sensible of his mistake,

and that his next visit should be to my maid; for that it was impossible for Mrs. Mary to return an answer to any thing he might say to her, so utterly destitute of good sense and good manners." As soon as he was gone I had recourse to my pocket-book, crossed out my two first common-places, and wrote in the margin, "N. B. Too much alike, and not to use either of them again on any account whatsoever."

My third inamorato was Mr. Smart, a young attorney, very spruce and very much a coxcomb. As he lived in the neighbourhood, we had a slight acquaintance. One evening he came to my house, stayed supper, and after drinking a glass or two of wine, began a rhapsody of nonsense about flames, darts, killing eyes, wounds, and death. It is enough that I was able to comprehend his meaning: and therefore putting on an air of seriousness and concern, I assured him, "That I was most prodigiously sorry to see him so flustered: I supposed that he had been drinking before he came to my house; for otherwise it was impossible he should be disguised to such a degree. I hoped it was only an accidental thing, and that he would take care not to contract habits so extremely prejudicial to his character and complexion." He looked so tame and foolish that for the life of me I could not forbear pursuing my blow; and therefore ordering my servant to light him home, I recommended strongly to him to clear his stomach with a quart or two of warm water before he went to rest: and in the morning I sent a card with compliments and inquiries after his health; hoping he was as well as could be expected after his last night's irregularity. He kept my man two hours, and then returned me the following answer, fairly engrossed upon a clean queen of hearts.

"Mr. Smart's compliments to Mrs. G—, and thanks for her kind message. He shall not contend that he is in his sober wits: no, he is proud to own himself drunk with the large draughts of love drawn from her bright eyes."

This I thought was pretty enough; I therefore put the card between the proper pages in my book, and under the common-place to which it related wrote, "Memorandum, a good thing, and may do again, with a little variation."

My fourth humble servant was Doctor Scarfe, the minister of the parish. He was really a good sort of a gentleman; and to say the truth, I had for a long time played my artillery directly at him, as I imagined without success, but not without a most vexatious chagrin at his seeming insensibility. However, when I least expected any such thing, I perceived I had conquered his stubborn heart: and then I resolved to take some revenge for the trouble it had cost me. His advice and assistance, which were

useful to me in the management of my affairs, gave him a claim to a more frequent and familiar reception than I vouchsafed to any other male visitant. One day, upon my thanking him, in civil terms, for a considerable service he had done me, he hastily interrupted me with "Madam, you are too obliging; I beg you to say nothing more upon the subject; 'tis I am the indebted person; indebted for the favour of your esteem and confidence: I wish I could merit them: to be able to give you the least satisfaction is the highest pleasure of my life. You know in what manner I have transacted these little matters; put my zeal and sincerity to a nobler test: allow me not casual but continual occasions of expressing, in a tender way, my regard to your interests, my affection to your person, which is dearer to me than all the interest upon earth." "Why now, doctor," says I, "what I have long dreaded is, I find, come to pass. I have often desired you to use more exercise, and not to sit perpetually poring upon books. The intenseness of your studies has impaired your understanding: and all I can do at present is to advise you to go directly home, and take a little of something for your head. If you neglect your disorder, you will soon be subject to more violent ravings." "Madam," he replied, "I see you are disposed to make merry with my pain: I did not expect such treatment at your hands: but I heartily wish you a good night." The deliberation with which he spoke fully convinced me that I had lost both a lover and a friend: and the reflection on my folly filled me with shame. However, I concealed it as well as I could, and wrote in my pocket-book, under this common-place, "N. B. Not to be repeated."

It would make a history, Mr. Fitz-Adam, instead of a letter, to relate all my achievements in this way. In short, my character became in time so extraordinary and formidable, that I remember to have seen but three lovers in the last seven years, and two of the three were gentlemen from Ireland.

It is owing to this timidity in the men that I trouble you with this letter, and desire its publication. They have no doubt imagined from my behaviour that I have made a vow against marriage: but whatever my intentions may be, I can assure them I have made no such vow; and if any gentleman under forty—But I am not advertising for a husband neither; yet for fear you should think so, it is high time to take my leave by subscribing myself, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

A. G.

I have complied with this lady's request in publishing her letter, and shall recommend to her perusal the following song, which I received a few days ago from an unknown correspondent:

## SONG.

## I.

A nymph there lives, whom many a swain  
Has sigh'd for oft, but sigh'd in vain,  
And borne the insults and disdain  
Of proud but handsome Molly.  
Around her throng'd the wits and beaus ;  
With cringes, compliments, and bows,  
And dress, and oaths, and lies, and vows,  
And strove for lovely Molly.

## II.

The charms that deck'd this fav'rite maid,  
In verse and prose were sung or said :  
(For wits will write, and beaus may read)  
O happy, happy Molly !  
But see triumphant beauty's pride !  
In vain was wit and nonsense tried,  
Beaus, fops, nay flatterers were denied  
By haughty, haughty Molly.

## III.

Too long coquetted the vain fair :  
Time, that e'en beauty scorns to spare,  
Stole o'er the eyes, the cheeks, the hair,  
Of silly, heedless Molly.  
Paint, powder, patches, are apply'd——  
No arts the sad disgrace can hide :  
The fops forsake, the wits deride  
Their once-loved, charming Molly.

## IV.

Unheeded now at ball or play,  
She hates the pretty, blames the gay——  
Ah ! who one tender thing will say  
To poor deserted Molly ?  
Yet still she ling'ring haunts the scene,  
Where once she acted beauty's queen,  
And every simple heart had been  
The slave of tyrant Molly.

## V.

At length, with fruitless hope worn out,  
She quits the giddy youthful rout,  
And turns so monstrously devout,  
No saint was e'er like Molly.  
Yet while this solemn garb she wears,  
Each world by turns employs her cares ;  
And slander, sermons, cards, and prayers,  
Divide still wretched Molly.

No. 78.] THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1754.

*Inventio similium facilis erit, si quis sibi omnes res animatas  
et inanimatas——frequenter ante oculos potest po-  
nere : et ex his aliquam venari similitudinem, quæ aut  
ornare, aut docere, aut apertiores rem facere possit.*

CICERO.

It would be easy to trace affinities, if one could fre-  
quently take a general view of animate and inanimate ob-  
jects; and from them extract comparisons which would  
embellish, instruct, or illustrate.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM of opinion that a very pleasing method of  
instruction might be drawn from the affinity  
which the more liberal arts and sciences have to  
manners and behaviour. The following pre-  
cepts, which are equally calculated to direct the  
young painter's hand, and the young lady's con-  
duct, contain an imperfect specimen of the me-  
thod I am proposing; and which I am induced  
to communicate to Mr. Fitz-Adam, because I  
am assured that fine arts, good manners, and the  
fair sex, are, and ought to be, the principal care  
of the World.

It is impossible to arrive at any eminent de-  
gree of excellence either in painting or behaviour,  
without a long course of discipline in the school  
of imitation. The character of a valuable ori-  
ginal can never be procured without condescend-  
ing first of all to the humble employment of the  
copyist. The *carte blanche* of a youthful mind  
will be as imperfectly adorned by the first rudiments  
of politeness, as a scholar's lesson-book by the  
first principles of design: but care and practice  
may soon correct the awkwardness of a first  
attempt; and it may be the pupil's fault, if  
every new day, as well as every new leaf, does  
not produce some proof of amendment. But  
however similar the mind and hand may be with  
regard to their advances towards perfection, yet  
it is to be observed that the accomplishments of  
the one are much more requisite and important  
than those of the other, and that an irregular  
action is not so easily reformed as a negligent  
stroke.

To resolve the whole of beauty into a fine  
complexion, a just symmetry of shape, and a  
nice regularity of features, is altogether as ab-  
surd as it would be to reduce all the qualifica-  
tions for good painting to a manual skill of mix-  
ing colours for the pallet, and sketching out the  
contours of single portraits. There must be a  
certain gracefulness and uniformity in every part  
of a lady's character to make her appear amiable  
to a man of discernment; just as a consistent  
design and a proper combination of figures in a  
history-piece can alone recommend the painter  
to a critical observer.

The extravagances of the prude and coquette  
are analogous to a timid exactness and a disso-  
lute licentiousness of style in painting. A degree  
of freedom, far beyond a cheerful affability,  
shall, in some ladies, be attended with many a  
striking charm, and affect one, like Paulo's dar-  
ing stroke, with warmer and more animated  
sentiments, than could have been excited by the



cold and spiritless efforts of a deliberate regularity. There are others, in whom a delicate reserve, bordering almost on the confines of a prudish shyness, shall appear extremely engaging to men of a nicer turn, and easily captivate all such fancies as are delighted with the chastised refinement of a Corregio's pencil. Nor do we want a third sort of ladies, who are endowed with an admirable talent for gaining themselves admirers by an odd affectation of capricious levities, and a whimsical singularity of carriage: I know several who can give as happy proofs of their expertness in this fantastic art as ever Le Piper could of his excellence for grotesque representations, and who are qualified to trifle with as much success as that artist has been known to do with a piece of charcoal upon a wall. But it is to be observed that these are privileges only suited to peculiar characters, and can never produce any good effect, unless they derive their power from some inbred gift, and flow directly from the genuine source of nature.

There may be as great a variety in the modes of right behaviour, as in the styles of good painting. Many pictures may be worthy of admiration besides those of the most celebrated masters; and many a lady may deserve to be classed amongst the lovely, the polite, and accomplished, though she be not a perfect Lady \*\*\*. It is not requisite for us to show a general disregard to the examples of others, in order to be distinguished for something peculiar to ourselves: all we are to be cautioned against is, a ridiculous imitation of such as are either inconsistent with our genius, or above the reach of our capacities.

The propriety of attitude and drapery depends so much on characters, circumstances, and designs, that they cannot well be reduced to any fixed and determinate regulations. There is no one, I believe, but will readily allow that the airs and movements of an Italian dancer on the theatre must appear almost as unbecoming in an English lady dancing at a ball, as the picture of a Venus in the antic posture of a Mercury. Yet there can be no more danger in a lady's making too free a use of her limbs, while she keeps clear of all boydening and affected gestures, than there is of a painter's having too great a knowledge of anatomy, so long as it is only made a secret guide to him in his designs. Nor can either be remarkably faulty in point of drapery, provided they do but pay a due regard to shape, quality, and custom.

There is so strict an agreement between the disclosing art in dress, and the carnation art in painting, that I believe it would be difficult to find out a fault or excellence in the one, that could not be paralleled with some corresponding beauty or defect in the other.

There is no woman where there's no reserve,  
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve,

says the witty and ingenious Dr. Young: and it is very well known by all good critics and proficient in painting, that an uncommon share of skill and judgment is requisite for the production of every part of the naked. Nor is it hard to assign a reason why it should be so; for if it be not extremely delicate in texture and complexion, it will of course appear disgusting; and if it be not extremely modest in posture and design, it must needs be thought indecent: whereas the most imperfect concealment, a covering even thinner than the thinnest gauze, will not only be sufficient to relieve the offended eye, but will likewise enable the fancy to improve into beauty every thing it hides. As the propriety of dress is so much more dependent on fashion than nature, I am cautious of affirming that a woman ought always to be mistress of a pretty face, before she has the confidence to appear in public with a bare bosom. But allowing that, under the sanction of fashion, she may display so distinguishing a characteristic of her sex, without danger of incurring an immodest reputation; yet she cannot possibly do it without forfeiting all pretensions to discretion: for as she cannot be ignorant how the beauty of a new gown decreases with the frequency of its appearance, she ought always to know how little value the men place in a privilege of surveying ever so pretty an object in itself, if it be constantly exposed to the familiar gaze of the multitude. It is not natural for us to regard any thing that is held too apparently cheap in the estimation of the proprietor: and I am well satisfied that a lady cannot take a worse method of gaining particular admirers, than by making general treats. If your fair readers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will take my word for it, I can assure them that the men are ten times more affected with an accidental momentary glance, than with a designed exposure for a whole hour together.

Upon the whole; as Mr. Pope has shown us that he could collect hints enough for the composition of an ingenious treatise, even from one single fragment in the literary lining of a band-box; and as Leonardo da Vinci has observed that the spots on an old mouldy wall, forming a confused resemblance of different objects, may be sufficient to supply an improving fancy with a fine assemblage of the most perfect images; so it is to be hoped that the World may, in the same manner, be able to collect a great deal of instruction from these random and undigested reflections of its

Sincere admirer, and most humble servant,  
PHILOCOSMOS.

P. S. It may not be improper to tell you, that  
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I have been some time engaged in drawing up a system of rules for the ladies' dress, in order to determine how far personal beauty, as the work of nature, is capable of being improved by the assistance of art. In these rules I shall endeavour to fix the proper standards of decorum, and to circumscribe the authority of fashion within the reasonable limitations of modesty and discretion : and as this attempt is principally calculated to reform the present nakedness of the ladies, I intend to publish it under the title of *Canons for the Toilet*.

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No. 79.] THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1754.

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TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

You cannot do a greater service to the world than by promoting the real happiness of the best part of it, the fair sex ; for whose sake I beg you will publish the following animadversions upon an error in education, which the good sense of the present age, with all its attachments to nature, has not totally eradicated. The error I mean is putting *romances* into the hands of young ladies ; which being a sort of writing that abounds in characters nowhere to be found can at best be but a useless employment, even supposing the readers of them to have neither relish nor understanding for superior concerns. But as this is by no means the case, and as the happiness of mankind is deeply interested in the sentiments and conduct of the ladies, why do we contribute to the filling their heads with fancies, which render them incapable either of enjoying or communicating that happiness ? Why do we suffer those hearts, which ought to be appropriated to the various affections of social life, to be alienated by the mere creatures of the imagination ? In short, why do we suffer those who were born for the purpose of living in society with men endued with passions and frailties like their own to be bred up in daily expectation of living out of it with such men as never have existed ? Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam (much as the age of nature as this is thought to be), I know several unmarried ladies, who in all probability had been long ago good wives and good mothers, if their imaginations had not been early perverted with the chimerical ideas of romantic love, and themselves cheated out of the charities (as Milton calls them) and all the real blessings of those relations, by the hopes of that ideal happiness, which is nowhere to be found but in romances.

It is a principle with such ladies, that it matters not if the qualities they ascribe to the heroes of these books be real or imaginary : upon which principle, a footman may as well be the hero as

his master ; for nothing, it seems, is necessary to dub him such, but the magic power of a lady's fancy, which creates chimeras much faster than nature can produce realities.

Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this doctrine of ideal happiness is calculated for the meridian of Bedlam, and ought never to be received beyond the limits of Moor-fields. For if we should admit that the monarch in his cell is as happy as the monarch on his throne, while both their objects are ambition ; yet the happiness of society must depend only on the reasonableness of individuals. A father is by this pernicious doctrine frequently robbed of the comfort he expected in his child ; a daughter is deprived of the protection and support she might otherwise have claimed from her father ; and society is interrupted in forming its general system of happiness, which those relations should contribute to establish.

These, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are almost the necessary consequences of reading romances : and as human nature is apt to be more influenced by example than precept, I shall beg leave to enforce the truth of what I have advanced by the following history.

Clarinda was the only child of a wealthy merchant, who placed all his happiness in the expectations of her merit, and the rewards of it. Nature had encouraged him in that expectation, by giving her a very liberal portion of her favours ; and he determined to improve it by every means which the fondness of a parent could suggest to him. But, unfortunately for Clarinda, her father's good intentions were not guided by a judgment equally good : for it happened to her, as it too often happens in the education of young women, that his endeavours were rather directed to grace her person than to adorn her mind ; and whatever qualifications he might wish the latter to possess, he seemed solicitous only of such as might recommend the former. Dress, dancing, and music, were the whole of her accomplishments : and they so immoderately softened the natural effeminacy of her mind, that she contracted an aversion to every kind of reading which did not represent the same softness of manners. Every hour which was not appropriated to one of these accomplishments was spent in the ensnaring practice of reading novels and romances ; of which *Clelia* was her favourite, and the hero of it continually in her head.

Whilst Clarinda was thus accomplishing herself, the father was studying to reward the merits of his daughter with a husband suitable to her rank and fortune. Nor was he unsuccessful in his care : for Theodore, the son of a neighbouring gentleman in the country, was chosen for this honour. But though all who knew him declared him to be worthy of it, unhappily for Clarinda, she alone thought otherwise. For notwithstanding he loved her with



a sincerity hardly to be equalled; yet as he did not approach her in heroics, nor first break his passion to her in shady groves, he was not the hero she expected: he neither bowed gracefully, moved majestically, nor sighed pathetically enough to charm a heart which doted on romantic grimace: in short, he was not the hero which *Clelia* had impressed on Clarinda's imagination. But, what was still more unfortunate, Theodore's valet de chambre was completely so. That happy hero was a Frenchman, who to an imagination little less romantic than Clarinda's, had added all the fantastic levity of his country; which happening first to discover itself in those very shades where she used to meditate on the hero of *Clelia*, so captivated her heart with Monsieur Antoine the valet, that her imagination instantly annihilated every circumstance of his rank and fortune, and added every enchanting accomplishment to his mind and person.

There is no resisting the impetuosity of romantic love. Like enthusiasm, it breaks through all the restraints of nature and custom, and enables, as well as animates its votaries, to execute all its extravagant suggestions. A passion of this sublime original could have none of those difficulties in discovering itself to its subject, which are apt to oppose the rash wills of vulgar mortals; and therefore it was not long before Clarinda gave Antonio (for so she chose to soften the unharmonious name of Antoine) to understand that love, like death, levelled all distinctions of birth and fortune, and introduced the lowest and highest into Elysium together.

Antonio, who had been almost as conversant with romances as Clarinda, received the first intimations of the lady's passion for him with a transport that had less surprise than joy in it; and from the first discovery of it, there arose an intercourse between them, which entirely defeated the pretensions of Theodore, and confirmed Clarinda's passion for his valet.

But as much a hero as Antonio appeared to be both to Clarinda and himself, during the first part of this tender intercourse, in the progress of it he discovered that he wanted one principal ingredient in the composition of that ideal character: he had not courage enough to be a martyr. For though he doted on Clarinda's person whilst her fortune was annexed to it, yet he could not bring himself to starve with an angel: and this he soon perceived must be his fate, if he possessed the one without the other. Such a disappointment from a Hero to a Dido, or to any woman who expected a natural gratification of her passion, would have excited resentment and aversion. This would have been nature, which romantic love has no knowledge of: it never changes any of those ideas with which it first captivates a fantastic heart: therefore Clarinda, though she most pathetically lamented her

disappointment in Antonio, yet charged it all upon her stars, and accused only them and the gods of cruelty. Her father at the same time declared his resolution to disinherit her, if she persisted in her folly: and the more effectually to prevent it, he bribed Antonio to leave England; which so inflamed Clarinda's passion (who considered him as banished on her account) that she made a solemn vow never to marry any other man.

To conclude; the consequence of this vow was, that the father settled an annuity on his daughter, and entailed his estate on his next kindred. This annuity she still lives to enjoy; and in the fifty-fifth year of her age prefers the visionary happiness of reading *Clelia* and thinking on her Antonio, to the real blessings of those social relations, which in all probability she had enjoyed through life, if she had never been a reader of romances.

I am, &c.

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No. 80.] THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

FROM the indulgence you have so often shown to the productions of female correspondents, I am encouraged to hope that you will not refuse this epistle a place in your paper.

You must know, Sir, that with a tolerable person, a very good fortune, and lovers in abundance, I have a particular humour to live and die a maid. This way of thinking, I protest, does not arise from disappointed love, but, on the contrary, from my never having seen any one man who has been possessed of those accomplishments which I think necessary for a husband.

You will imagine, perhaps, that I hardly know myself what sort of a man I would have; but to convince you of the contrary, I am going to give you a description of one, whom, notwithstanding my present humour, I would willingly marry, and reward with a fortune of ten thousand pounds. Such a declaration as this, while there are so many fortune-hunters, witty sparks, pretty fellows, and grave widowers about town, will undoubtedly strike some hundreds with a flattering hope that I am easily to be carried off; but to silence their pretensions all at once, here follows the description of the only man in the world that I will consent to marry; and whom I shall beg leave to entitle

THE MAID'S HUSBAND.

Notwithstanding it is a fatal maxim among



women, "To please the eye, though they torment the heart," yet I am so far an advocate for pleasing the eye, that the man I have an idea of must have a person graceful and engaging. The features of his face must be regular; and though regular, agreeable; which as yet I hardly remember to have seen, having generally observed that where nature is most exact, she is least engaging. His eyes must be lively, sparkling, and affecting; and over the whole face there must be a clear complexion, health, cheerfulness, and sensibility. His stature must be inclining to the tall; his motion easy and genteel; free from the short pert trip of the affected beau, or the haughty tragic step of the more solemn fop. His behaviour serious, but natural; neither too open nor too reserved. His look, his laugh, his speech, and his whole manner, must be just without affectation, and free without levity.

Thus much for his person. I now come to the endowments of his mind; without which, grace, beauty, and agreeableness will avail him nothing. His genius must be fanciful: his knowledge extensive. Men, as well as books, must have been his study. Learning, freedom, and gallantry, must be so blended in him, as to make him always the improving friend, the gay companion, and the entertaining lover. In conversation he must say nothing with study, nor yet any thing at random. His thoughts must flow from him naturally, yet not without that delicacy of expression, which is necessary to give them a genteel turn. To the talents of his mind let me add (if I may be allowed the distinction) the qualities of his soul. He must be generous without prodigality; humane without weakness; just without severity; and fond without folly. To his wife he must be endearing; to his children affectionate; to his friends warm; and to mankind benevolent. Nature and reason must join their powers, and to the openness of the heart add the virtue of economy; making him careful without avarice, and giving him a kind of unconcernedness without negligence. With love he must have respect; and by a continued compliance always win upon the inclination. He must take care to retain his conquest by the means he gained it, and eternally look and speak with the same desires and affections, though with greater freedom.

It has been observed by experienced people, that the soul contracts a sort of blindness by loving; but the man I am speaking of must derive his sentiments from reason; and the passion, which in others is looked on as the mark of folly, be in him the true effect of judgment.

To these qualities I must add that charm which is to be considered before all the rest, though hard to be met with in this libertine age, religion. He must be devout without supersti-

tion, and pious without melancholy: far from that infirmity which makes men uncharitable bigots, infusing into their hearts a morose contempt of the world, and an antipathy to the pleasures of it. He must not be such a lover of society as to mix with the assemblies of knaves and blockheads, nor yet of an opinion that he ought to retire from mankind to seek God in the horror of solitude: on the contrary, he must think that the Almighty is to be found amongst men, where his goodness is most active, and his providence most employed. There it is that religion must enlighten, and reason regulate his conduct, both in the cares of salvation, and the duties of life.

With such a man, a woman must enjoy those pleasures in marriage which none but fools would ridicule. Her husband would be always the same, and always pleasing. Other wives are glad if they can now and then find with their husbands one agreeable hour; but with this a disagreeable minute would be impossible. On whatever occasions we should see or speak to each other, it must be with mutual pleasure, and assured satisfaction.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let your dressing, scribbling, handsome young fellows, whether of the Temple, of the university, of the army, or of the city, who would be glad of a woman of five-and-twenty, not disagreeable in her person, and with ten thousand pounds in her pocket, read this character: and if any one of them will assert and prove it to belong to himself, my heart, hand, and fortune are entirely at his service. But I believe, Sir, that instead of a man, I have been describing a monster of the imagination; a thing that neither is, was, nor ever will be. I am therefore resigned to my condition, and can think without repining of dying a maid (and I hope an old one) since I am not to expect a husband to the wishes of,

Sir, Your humble servant,  
reader, and correspondent,

A. B.

Though I doubt not but my fair correspondent is thoroughly deserving of the husband she knows so well how to describe, yet I could have wished, for her own sake, as well as for the sake of some happy man, that she had added a qualifying postscript to her letter, signifying that she was willing to make some little abatement in her demands. When gentlemen build houses, it is usual with them either to give up convenience for a prospect, or prospect for convenience. In this manner should a lady act in the choice of a husband; if she sets her heart upon a face, she should have no dislike to a coxcomb; or if she falls in love with a mind, a sloven should appear charming: for the odds are against her, that the handsome man is the one, and the man of knowledge the other.

Exclusive of myself, I know of no such character as the lady has described: nor dare I say a word of my own person and accomplishments, being unfortunately near seventy, and a married man. It has also been hinted to me (for I scorn to deceive any body) that I have a small stoop in my gait, and that I am not quite so well bred upon all occasions as a young lady might expect me to be.

I am also cautious of recommending any of those gentlemen who are daily advertising for wives in the public papers: for whether it be owing to their extreme modesty, or whether they have really no other accomplishments than they usually set forth to the world, their descriptions of themselves amount to no more than "that they are tall, well made, and very agreeable; that they have healthy constitutions, have had liberal educations, and are of sober morals." But as these descriptions are by no means particular enough, I cannot be certain that the publishers of them will answer exactly the idea of the *maid's husband*. Besides, I have lately received letters from particular ladies, who, either as principals or friends, have examined these gentlemen, which letters assure me that they do not at all come up to the idea given of themselves, even in their own modest advertisements.

But before I take leave of my ingenious correspondent, I promise her to give notice in this paper of the first maid's husband that falls within my knowledge; and if she pleases to signify where and when she will be waited on by any such gentlemen, her commands shall be executed with the nicest punctuality. Or (as it is very considerably expressed in an advertisement now before me) *if the lady does not choose to appear personally for the first time, may send any other proper lady of her acquaintance to the place appointed.*

No. 81.] THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1754.

THE following letters need no apology. With regard to the first, it may be proper to observe, that the complaint contained in it is a very just one: of the second I shall say nothing till I have given it to my readers.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I can assure you with great truth, that you are the first man I ever wrote a letter to, or wished to correspond with, except my father and my brother. I am the youngest of three sisters, am not quite twenty-one, love dress, and love fashions, but cannot consent to appear in the

public walks like a woman of the town. I am sorry to say it, but it is really my opinion, that if the common prostitutes were to walk in the Park with no other covering than a shift of Paris net, half the young ladies of my acquaintance would come into the fashion.

My two sisters may take it as they please, but they are so far gone into the mode, that I hardly ever go abroad with them that we are not addressed by gentlemen who are utter strangers to us, in the most familiar (and sometimes the most indecent) terms imaginable. No longer ago than last week we were mobbed in Spring-gardens, from my eldest sister's having affronted a couple of gentlemen, who would fain have entertained us with a glass of wine at the Cardigan. For my own part, I tell them both very frankly, that while they endeavour to look like women of the town, it is a great mistake in them to be above their business.

Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, favour us with a World upon this subject; for, as the youngest sister, my opinion goes for nothing; and besides, I want to have them mortified a little; for they neither love nor esteem me, because I am said to be handsomer than they, and am better received by all our relations and acquaintance.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

SARAH MEANWELL.

SIR,

I am a very good-hearted honest girl; but from my situation in life, I am afraid people think me otherwise. It is my unhappiness that from too high a birth, and too low a fortune, I am obliged to live constantly with the great; and to tell you the truth, I am really handsomer than most of the women I mix with. From this circumstance I am looked upon with envy by many of my acquaintance; but indeed, Sir, when you know my heart, you will rather think me an object of pity.

Though I have the best spirits in the world, and am as gay as innocence will suffer me to be, I am called a queer creature by the men, and a prude by the women. And all this for what? Truly, because I have more modesty than the company I keep. And yet so prevailing is example, and so necessary to a dependent state are good humour and compliance, that I have not been able at all times to be quite as modest as I should be. I do not mean that I have been downright wicked, or that I ever wished to be so; but if my grandmother was to rise from the grave, and to be witness to the *sentiments* I have drank, and the romps I have played, she would certainly box my ears, and call me by a name too coarse for me to mention.

If you are an old man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will hardly understand me; and as I am a young woman, I dare not come to a particular explana-



tion. But if you will be so kind as to convince the people of fashion that decency is a virtue, it would save me from many a rent in my clothes, and make my evenings at home, as well as my parties abroad, much pleasanter to me.

I think I may be allowed to speak a little plainer. The privilege of high birth is to do every thing you have a mind to do. It is a maxim with men to attempt every thing, and with the women to refuse but one thing. The attacks that are made upon a lady's honour are considered only as compliments to her beauty; and she is the most flattered, who is oftenest insulted. Your correspondent, Mrs. Shuffle, never said a truer thing in her life, than that 'cards were an asylum against the dangers of men;' and I really grow fond of routs and drums, because their designs, at such parties, are only against my purse.

But if women in the most elevated situations, either from their own levity, or the impudence of men, are liable to these fashionable attacks, how must it fare with a poor girl, who has no fortune to awe these libertines into respect, and no example among her companions to authorize her resentment? They construe my very complaints into design—"The prude would take us in, would she? She had better be one of us, or egad we'll blow her."—This, with a little plainer swearing, and coarser threatening, has been said of me in my own hearing.

What shall I do, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to live comfortably, and preserve my reputation? My fortune, which is no more than two thousand pounds, is hardly sufficient to maintain me even in the country; and I see nothing but ruin before me, if I continue where I am. I have always considered the marriage state as a woman's surest happiness; and I verily believe I have every qualification, except money, to make it easy to him who may choose me. But unless I transport myself to the East or West Indies for a husband, I have no hopes of one. I neither expect nor desire a man of fashion; for a clergyman I am too poor; a country squire would beat me, and an honest tradesman, who knew my education, might imagine I should beat him. Neither of these would be my choice; but if you know of any private gentleman, who has seen enough of the world to despise the follies of it; one who could support me decently, and think himself rewarded by love and gratitude; who could share with me in domestic pleasure, or lend me his arm for a visit to a friend; who at his leisure hours would be pleased with my prattle, and with a look of delight could tell me that he was happy;—if you know of such a man, you may honestly assure him, that though I have lived all my life among the great, I am as clean in my person, and as modest in my inclinations, as if I had never seen good company. You may also add, and with equal truth, that excepting a

hobble in my gait, and a small propensity to talk loud in public, I have not the least tincture of quality about me.

I am, Sir,  
Your most humble servant,  
M. A.

The true spirit of irony which so plainly appears in this letter, must no doubt be highly pleasing to the polite part of my readers. But as there are many dull people in the world, who have no conceptions beyond the literal meaning of what they read, I shall subjoin a few remarks of my own, to prevent the aforesaid dull people from mistaking a very fine panegyric for an insolent libel against the chastest and most valuable part of mankind.

This young lady seems to have formed her plan upon the inimitable Dr. Swift, who of all men that wrote understood irony the best; and who had the happiest art of conveying compliment under the disguise of abuse. Her whole epistle is irony; which (as my sagacious friend Mr. Nathan Bayley, in his etymological dictionary, defines it) is a figure in rhetoric, by which we speak contrary to what we think. We are therefore to understand by the above letter, that the nicest decorum and the most exemplary chastity are the distinguishing characteristics of our young men of fashion: that they live in a constant practice of all the virtues; and are the shining examples of temperance, modesty, and true politeness. By the *sentiments* which are given by the ladies over a glass of wine, my correspondent very genteelly hints, that young women of condition are the only persons in the world who can be merry and wise: that the bottle, which is too apt to intoxicate the vulgar, can inspire these ladies with the most refined ideas of men and things; which ideas are poured forth in sentiments, that Plato, Socrates, and all the sages of antiquity never thought of.

I shall only add, that the notions which mean and ignorant women commonly conceive of matrimony are finely ridiculed in this letter. The writer very humorously supposes, that the domestic endearments of private life are more eligible than the separate beds and separate pleasures of people of condition; and with an archness peculiar to herself, prefers the husband who can be the companion of his wife, to the man of rank, who is the companion of all other women.

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No. 82.] THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1754.

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TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is a received opinion among the politicians,



that the spirit of liberty can never be too active under a constitution like ours. But though no lover of his country would desire to weaken this principle, which has more than once preserved the nation, yet he may lament the unfortunate application of it when perverted to countenance party violence, and opposition to the most innocent measures of the legislature. The clamour against the alteration of the style seemed to be one of these instances. The alarm was given, and the most fatal consequences to our religion and government were immediately apprehended from it. This opinion gathered strength in its course, and received a tincture from the remains of superstition still remaining in the counties most remote from town. I know several worthy gentlemen in the west, who lived many months under a daily apprehension of some dreadful visitation from pestilence or famine. The vulgar were almost every where persuaded that nature gave evident tokens of her disapproving these innovations. I do not indeed recollect that any blazing stars were seen to appear upon this occasion, or that armies were observed to be encountering in the skies : people probably concluding that the great men who pretended to control the sun in his course would assume equal authority over the inferior constellations, and not suffer any aerial militia to assemble themselves in opposition to ministerial proceedings.

The objection to this regulation, as favouring a custom established among papists, was not heard indeed with the same regard as formerly, when it actually prevented the legislature from passing a bill of the same nature; yet many a president of a corporation club very eloquently harangued upon it, as introductory to the doctrine of transubstantiation, making no doubt that fires would be kindled again at Smithfield before the conclusion of the year. This popular clamour has at last happily subsided, and shared the general fate of those opinions which derive their support from imagination.

In the present happy disposition of the nation, the author of the following verses may venture to introduce the complaints of an ideal personage, without seeming to strengthen the faction of real parties, without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen, or bringing a scandal on the political character of Mr. Fitz-Adam, by making him the publisher of a libel against the state. This ideal personage is no other than the Old May-Day, the only apparent sufferer from the present regulation. Her situation is indeed a little mortifying, as every elderly lady will readily allow ; since the train of her admirers is withdrawn from her at once, and their adoration transferred to a rival, younger than herself by at least eleven days.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

E. L.

## THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours  
And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May ;  
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers  
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dew were  
bright,

And amorous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast :  
With every shifting gleam of morning light  
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns graced her smiling form,  
A golden key and golden wand she bore :  
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,  
And that unlocks the summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,  
The grateful honours of mankind to taste :  
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,  
And blend fresh triumphs with her glories  
past.

Vain hope ! No more in choral bands unite  
Her virgin votaries, and at early dawn,  
Sacred to May and Love's mysterious rite,  
Brush the light dew-drops \* from the spang-  
led lawn.

To her no more Augusta's wealthy pride †  
Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine :  
Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,  
A purer offering at her rustic shrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around  
To valour's games th' ambitious youth ad-  
vance ;

No merry bells and tabor's sprightlier sound  
Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in sportive sadness droop'd her head,  
Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson  
died.—

' O ! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled ?  
My maiden honours, whither gone ? ' she  
cried.

' Ah ! once to fame and bright dominion born,  
The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,  
With time coeval and the star of morn,  
The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

Then, when at Heaven's prolific mandate  
sprung

The radiant beam of new-created day,  
Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,  
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me  
May.

\* Alluding to the country custom of gathering May-dew.

† The plate garlands of London.

Space in her empty regions heard the sound,  
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and valleys  
rung ;  
The sun exulted in his glorious round,  
And shouting planets in their courses sung.

For ever then I led the constant year ;  
Saw Youth, and Joy, and Love's enchanting  
wiles ;

Saw the mild Graces in my train appear,  
And infant Beauty brighten in my smiles.

No winter frown'd. In sweet embrace allied,  
Three sister seasons danced th' eternal green ;  
And Spring's retiring softness gently vied  
With Autumn's blush, and Summer's lofty  
mien.

Too soon, when man profaned the blessings  
given,  
And Vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,  
With bright Astrea to my native heaven  
I fled, and flying saw the Deluge rage :

Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,  
While sounding billows from the mountains  
roll'd,  
With bitter waves polluting all my streams,  
My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands  
of gold.

Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,  
Their forests floating on the watery plain :  
Then famed for arts and laws derived from Jove,  
My Atalantis \* sunk beneath the main.

No longer bloom'd primeval Eden's bowers,  
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' Hesperian  
steep :  
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and  
flowers  
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd,  
Yet oft descending to the languid earth,  
With quick'ning powers the fainting mass  
sustain'd,  
And waked her slumbering atoms into birth.

And every echo taught my raptured name,  
And every virgin breathed her amorous vows,  
And previous wreaths of rich immortal fame,  
Shower'd by the Muses, crown'd my lofty  
brows.

But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,  
My Albion's favour'd realms, I rose adored ;  
And pour'd my wealth to other climes denied,  
From Amalthea's horn with plenty stored.

Ah me ! for now a younger rival claims  
My ravish'd honours, and to her belong  
My choral dances, and victorious games,  
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say what yet untasted beauties flow,  
What purer joys await her gentler reign ?  
Do lilies fairer, violets sweeter blow ?  
And warbles Philomela a sweeter strain ?

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise ?  
Does evening fan her with serener gales ?  
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies ?  
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales ?

Ah ! no ; the blunted beams of dawning light  
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day ;  
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,  
Through clouds embattled faintly wings her  
way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,  
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flower ;  
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings  
When Silence listens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder, man, that nature's bashful face,  
And opening charms her rude embraces fear :  
Is she not sprung from April's wayward race,  
The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year ?

With showers and sunshine in her fickle eyes,  
With hollow smiles proclaiming treacherous  
peace ;  
With blushes, harbouring, in their thin disguise,  
The blasts that riot on the Spring's increase ?

Is this the fair invested with my spoil  
By Europe's laws, and Senates' stern com-  
mand ?  
Ungracious Europe ! let me fly thy soil,  
And waft my treasures to a grateful land :

Again revive, on Asia's drooping shore,  
My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain ;  
Again to Afric's sultry sands restore  
Embowering shades, and Libyan Ammon's  
fane :

Or haste to northern Zembla's savage coast,  
There hush to silence elemental strife ;  
Brood o'er the regions of eternal frost,  
And swell her barren womb with heat and  
life.

Then Britain'—Here she ceased. Indignant  
grief,  
And parting pangs her faltering tongue  
suppress :  
Veiled in an amber cloud, she sought relief,  
And tears, and silent anguish, told the rest.

\* See Plato.

No. 83.] THURSDAY, AUG. 1, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ ADAM.

SIR,

WHEN the studies of the learned and philosophical men are employed in extending the commerce and improving the manufactures of their country, they cannot be held in too high a degree of estimation by a trading people.

The perfection at which our home manufactures are arrived we impute in a great measure to the ingenuity of our ordinary handicrafts, to the industry of our merchants, and to the honesty and integrity of our trading companies. But in my humble opinion, if our natural philosophers had not kindly stepped in to the assistance of the said handicrafts and others, our manufactures would scarcely have been carried to so great a degree of excellence above those of the ancient as well as of the modern world. For by as much as we are before all other countries in the knowledge of natural philosophy, by just so much are all other countries behind us in the goodness of their manufactures.

It is by the head of the philosopher that the hand of the mechanic is put in motion: and though the ancients and a few nations of the moderns may have produced some good hands, yet their having made so mean a figure in trade must be owing to their want of philosophical heads.

The manufacture of glass-porcelain and cephalic snuff were absolutely unknown to the ancients; and they had very little knowledge in the making thunder and lightning, which our own countrymen, from the sagacity of our philosophers, and the help of electrical experiments, are now able to make in very considerable quantities, to the great honour and emolument of these kingdoms.

I am not afraid of asserting, that from this manufacture alone (provided it were under proper regulations, and honoured with a parliamentary encouragement) we might have it in our power to be the most potent, the most wealthy, and the happiest people in the whole universe. It would enable us to pay off our national debt in six months: it would secure us from our enemies without the expense either of fleet or army: or we might conquer France, whenever the common people of England shall order it to be done, without the assistance of allies, or paying one penny to the land-tax. These, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I think, are considerations which deserve the attention of the public; at least, they are considerations which have induced me to be very particular in my thoughts upon this valuable commodity.

When electrical experiments were first exhi-

bited to the curious, I did not hear that the professors proposed any advantages to mankind, except, that with the help of their curious engine, they could give a patient a pretty smart blow on the elbow, without the use of any other weapon. It is true that a small crab-stick might have performed the operation; but then it would have been effected by a method common and vulgar. We were informed, indeed, that the electrical engine had been made use of in several distempers; but I do not recollect to have heard that they had any great success in that way, except that some very few mean people were made blind, that three or four necks were dislocated, and that a child of five years old was frightened into fits. But these cases not being sufficiently attested, and the same sort of cures having been tolerably well performed by many regular-bred surgeons and apothecaries in this town, I was glad to learn that our philosophers had confined all their experiments to the manufacture above-mentioned; the process of which is so clear and easy, (all the ingredients being to be found in our own country, and none of them liable to any duty) that I make no doubt of our being able to bring thunder and lightning to market at a much cheaper price than common gunpowder.

I am informed by a friend, who for these last five years has applied himself wholly to electrical experiments, that the most effectual and easy method of making this commodity is, by grinding a certain quantity of air between a glass ball and a bag of sand; and when you have ground it into fire your lightning is made; and then you may either bottle it up, or put it into casks, properly seasoned for that purpose, and send it to market. My friend very honestly confesses, that what he has hitherto made is not of a sufficient degree of strength to answer all the purposes of natural lightning; but he assures me that he shall very soon be able to effect it, and that he has already brought it to a very surprising degree of perfection, insomuch that, in the presence of several of his neighbours, he has produced a clap of thunder which blew out a candle, accompanied with a flash of lightning which made an impression on a pat of butter as it stood upon the table. He also assures me that in warm weather he can shake all the pewter upon his shelf, and that he expects, when his thermometer is at sixty-two degrees and a half, he shall be able to sour all the small-beer in his cellar, and break his largest pier-glass. If he accomplishes the two last, he flatters himself that it will be strong enough to kill a young child; but he is obliged to defer that experiment till his lady is brought to bed.

If these facts are true, which I do not in the least doubt, we may soon see this manufacture in a very flourishing condition. For if from a glass ball of one foot and a half diameter, which is the size of my friend's, we can produce a suf-



sufficient quantity of lightning to destroy a child, it follows that a ball of four times that diameter will kill a man in perfect health and vigour; which must be a great advantage to the public, and save a considerable sum of money which is yearly given to apothecaries and doctors. And if the wheel, thus increased in its diameter, increases the power; by increasing it still farther you will make lightning enough to split a church steeple.

As for example. Suppose A, fig. the 1st, to be a glass ball 4672 feet diameter, turned upon the spindle B, being in length 5792 feet, by the handle C, against the sand-bag a a a a, which suppose to be fixed to the side of Richmond-hill. The quantity of air ground in an hour will be equal to XX, which will produce of pure lightning, 1,694,753 tons; the force of which being applied to St. Bride's steeple, will make the crack GH, in fig. the 2d. If this should not be intelligible to those who are unacquainted with the mathematics, I will at any time at a day's notice attend and explain it to them.

I can think of but one objection to the erecting the machine above described, which is the greatness of the expense, as being too heavy for any private person. But it is to be hoped that some public company will undertake it, or that our governors will favour it with their consideration, and order it to be erected at the public expense. I, who have only the good of my country before me, will most readily agree to inspect the workmen, and see that the money shall be laid out with the strictest economy, without desiring a shilling for my trouble.

But lest some malicious persons should suggest that I am writing merely to recommend a job to myself, I solemnly declare, that full a week before I had any thoughts of addressing the public by your paper, I applied myself to a club of Anti-Gallicans, of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member, and proposed in a speech, that our laudable society should take this infant manufacture into their guardianship and protection. And as we have lately discovered that nothing excites mankind to good and virtuous actions so much as honourable and pecuniary gratuities, it was unanimously agreed that the society should order premiums to be given out of their public stock, for the encouragement of those who should make experiments for the improvement of this manufacture; and the following advertisement was ordered to be published:

"Cat and Fiddle Lodge, July 21, 1754.

"Present, the Vice-Grand.

"Ordered, that for the encouragement of the making thunder and lightning, the following premiums be given by this society, to be paid by their secretary within twelve months after the same shall be respectively adjudged to the several claimants:

"To any person or persons who shall on or before Christmas-day next, by a clap of electrical thunder, accompanied by a sufficient quantity of lightning, beat down and destroy the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, 20s.

"To ditto for ditto, the Monument on Fish-street-hill, 15s.

"Covent-Garden church, 7s. 6d.

"Westminster hall in Term-time, 5s.

"Westminster bridge, 2s. 6d.

"For the first man under forty, and the first woman with child, killed by the said thunder and lightning; and for the first hay-rick of thirty load and upward, burned and consumed, 1s. each."

When, from the above encouragement, these useful works shall be performed, we may conclude the manufacture brought to perfection: and then there will remain a few queries most humbly to be submitted to the wisdom of the legislature.

I. Whether when we have got a stock in hand, more than sufficient for our own consumption, we should suffer any to be exported?

II. What market will it be likely to meet with abroad?

And III. Whether it will be most prudent to trust this commodity in private hands, or in the hands of the ministry, the city of London, or the crown?

In regard to the first of these queries, I am of opinion that we may safely venture to export whatever is more than sufficient for our home consumption, provided it be shipped on board our vessels, and insured by the French.

As to query the second, it is not to be doubted that the commodity will meet with a good foreign market. I have conversed with several merchants upon the subject, and know of two who have already received orders from their correspondents at Jamaica to send twenty tons to Barbadoes, to make a hurricane in that island, and there are orders from Barbadoes to send more than double the quantity to Jamaica. I am also assured that a certain Spanish governor, who is to pass his accounts next spring, has offered ten thousand pounds for a tornado, provided it can be sent over before Christmas.

The last of these queries is, I own, the most difficult to be answered: I shall therefore submit it to the public, with only observing, that as a good patriot I am against giving it into the hands of the crown, from an opinion that his present Majesty will forbid the use of it in his own dominions, and command the whole of it to be sent abroad amongst our most inveterate enemies.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

M. D.

No. 84.] THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1754.

I AM indebted to a correspondent for the following allegory. The manner in which it is written, and the moral it contains, will be a better recommendation of it than any compliment of mine. I shall therefore lay it before my readers without farther preface.

Prosperity and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phenician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and cheerful as the spring; but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remains only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lots; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process

of time he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel and loses itself among the valleys, unless confined by banks; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by economy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to, but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps; and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Libyan Syrtes; and, to complete all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted had deserted his creditors and retired into Sicily. Collecting, therefore, the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

"I am sent," said she, "by the gods to those alone whom they love: for I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive with a greater relish all such moderate enjoyments as are not



inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates, and Timoleon, to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. Prosperity, my smiling but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish and Despair; while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her to the blissful habitations of Tranquillity and Content."

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and at last, he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher, "That those who want the fewest things approach nearest to the gods, who want nothing." She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendour; and in his addresses to the gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner.

"As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you, to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity, whom if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy."

As she pronounced these words she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandise; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had

bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honey-suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inscription:

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,  
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.  
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,  
What palace can display so fair a train?

He lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

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No. 85.] THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a young country bride of eighteen (if I may call myself a bride after having been married a month and two days); and if my husband, who every body says is the handsomest and best made man in the county, does not flatter me, I am as agreeable as youth, health, good features, a clear skin, and an easy shape can make me. We both married for love; and I may venture to say that no couple in the world have been happier than we. But alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, within this week the dear man has appeared to be unusually thoughtful and low-spirited; and the day before yesterday he came booted to me at breakfast, and told me that a sudden and unexpected affair had made it necessary for him to set out that morning for his estate in Berkshire.

As I thought it my duty not to pry into more than he had a mind to tell me, I only wished him a safe journey and a speedy return, and saw him take horse.

I amused myself as well as I could the first day of his absence by looking into family affairs. The second day I was visited by a widow lady in the neighbourhood, who from a vast flow of spirits, and a particular freedom of speech, is thought by our sober country people to be a very odd kind of a lady. "My dear creature!" said she, running up to me and saluting me, "I heard you were alone, and thought it would be a charity to visit the forsaken and afflicted." "Indeed, madam," answered I with a sigh, "I am foolishly out of spirits." "Nay," says she,



"my dear, I am far from blaming you; the absence of a husband a month after marriage is as bad as his death would be some years hence." "How, madam," interrupted I, "do you think—?" "Nay, nay, no grave faces," she replied, "I only speak for myself. I had not been married to Major Machoney three weeks before he was ordered away with his regiment to Flanders; and I assure you that the news of his death four months after did not shock me half so much as our first parting." "You are not in earnest!" cried I with astonishment. "Why not?" said she. "But I should have told you, my dear, that he had lost a leg and an arm the week before; so that I was quite prepared: and indeed it was always a sentiment of mine, that a brave man had better be dead than disabled. But pray," continued she, smiling and looking oddly with her eyes, "where is your husband, child?" I told her business had called him into Berkshire. "Yes, yes," says she, "we all know his business. Have you never heard of his having an uncle in that county? Depend upon it, my dear, he is gone to see his uncle."

I was greatly surprised at hearing of my husband's uncle, having never received the least hint from him that he had any such relation; and of this Mrs. Machoney would give me no other information, than by assuring me, that to her certain knowledge he was gone to see his uncle.

A particular friend of my husband dropped in upon us at this instant, who, upon my inquiring after this uncle, and if he had heard his friend talk of making him a visit, seemed to be of the widow's opinion, though he could not take upon him to assert that he had ever seen him, or so much as knew in what part of Berkshire he lived.

I began now to grow uneasy; for as I had been married in the face of the world, and as none of my own relations were strangers to my husband, I thought it a little odd that any of his should be so to me. But I was soon eased of this perplexity by being thrown into a greater. As I have constantly taken in your papers, it occurred to me all at once, that this uncle whom my husband was gone to see was no other than a Welsh uncle, who, according to the fifty-sixth number of the World, is one who officiates in genteel families in the capacity of a *hearer*. And now it went to my very heart to think that I had so tired my husband by my talkativeness, as to compel him to take a journey into Berkshire in search of a hearer. It is impossible to tell you what pain it gave me. Yet surely some allowance should be made for the prattling of a wife, who has a thousand things to say to a husband, which she durst not to her lover. But whatever excuses may be made for me, either from my youth, my sex, my fondness, or my love of talking, it gives me the most piercing concern to know that I am the sole cause of his taking this

journey; and it is to tell him of this concern, and the amendment it has produced, that I trouble you with this letter; which if it should find him in his retreat (for the World I am told is in almost every part of England) may hasten him to his home again, where he shall find me for my whole life to come the most willing of all hearers.

I assure you, Sir, I am not myself when I think on what I have done. Good Heaven! I cry twenty times an hour, that in the very first month of our marriage I should have sent the dear creature upon a visit to an uncle! I would do any thing, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to prevent the frequency of these visits; and that he may know more of my mind than I can have courage to tell him any other way, I beg your immediate publication of this letter; which as it cannot be an entertainment to your readers, will be a proof of your great good-nature, and the highest obligation to,

Sir,

Your most humble servant, and admirer,  
S. W.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

Your attempt in your fifty-seventh paper to rescue parsons, authors, and cuckolds, from the contempt which the generality of mankind are too apt to entertain of them, was extremely generous and praise-worthy. It is in the triple capacity of parson, author, and cuckold, that I write this letter. By the will of my parents, I am a parson; by my own wants, I am an author; and by the wants of my wife, I am a cuckold. So that were all or either of these professions in reality contemptible, as I am neither of them by choice, I ought in justice to escape the obloquy that attends them.

In regard to my parents (who are now at rest in their graves) I acquit them of any evil intention in making me a parson. Of myself I can truly say, that my wants were so urgent, I must either have starved or turned author; and as to my wife, every body who knows her will acknowledge her wants to have been equally urgent, by the pains she has taken to get them supplied.

But notwithstanding all these circumstances in my favour, and what is still more, the honour you have done us by espousing our cause, I do not find that I am one jot the better treated. As a parson, I am preaching every Sunday to an audience fast asleep: as an author, the squire of the parish, and all those that hunt with him are removing their handkerchiefs from the pocket that is next me as often as I sit down at table with them: and as a cuckold, the very children in the streets are taught to hold up their fingers to their foreheads, and butt at me as I pass by them.

No longer ago than yesterday, I overheard

my daughter Jenny, a girl of six years old, inquiring of her mother what made papa be such a cuckold; for that Miss Maddox, and Miss Tomlinson, and all the misses at school, said, that to be sure he must be a sad man to be such a cuckold. And two days ago my little boy, who is but a year older than his sister, ran crying into the kitchen as I was chiding him for not saying his catechism, and told the maid that papa had tossed him with his horns. A neighbour's daughter indeed, who is just entering into her teens, tells me that she should like a cuckold for a husband of all things, for that I am so pure and good humoured nothing can be like it. To say the truth, I have hardly a friend in the world, out of my own family, except this girl, and an officer of the blues, whose quarters are within a few doors of us, and who often talks to my wife about a living which is in his father's gift, and which upon the death of the present incumbent he assures her shall be mine. I know of no obligations that this gentleman is under to me, except that he has been remarkably lucky in horse-flesh since his coming into these parts; and which it is said he ascribes solely to his acquaintance in my family. But though I may now and then have given him my opinion, his success that way has been more owing to his own skill than any judgment of mine.

But I am running my letter into length, when I only intended to tell you, that your paper upon the three orders to which I belong, though well intended, has failed of its effect: and to assure you that in consideration of the intention, as a parson, I shall pray for you; as an author, I shall praise you; and as a cuckold, I shall be proud of an opportunity of making you acquainted with my wife.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged and most humble servant,

T. H.

No. 86.] THURSDAY, AUG. 22, 1754.

*Tum violaria, et  
Myrtus, et omnis copia narium,  
Spargent olivæis odorem,  
Fertilibus domino priori.*

HOR.

—While all around  
Wafting their fragrance o'er the ground,  
Where once the olive poured its shade  
And its rich master's cares repaid,  
The violet and myrtle greets  
The senses with a waste of sweets.

FRANCIS.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

WHEN I consider how remarkably the several

periods, in the rise and declension of ancient states, have been characterised by the varying manners of their people, I am apt to believe, that an inquiry into the importance of our present taste for flowers would be no very idle and uninteresting speculation. But as I would not willingly forestal any abler pen, on a subject that deserves to be considered by every patriot philosopher of the age, I shall endeavour to confine my present animadversions upon it within the narrow compass of my own private experience, and content myself with giving a short account of the motives which induced me to commence a florist at first, and of the advantages which I have since derived from the offices of my profession.

It is observable, that the laws of decency and politeness are, for the most part, nothing but mere local insitutions, very much limited in their authority, and very arbitrary and fluctuating in their nature; and that no one who offers himself a candidate for fame in matters of taste and fashion can succeed in his pretensions at first, without accommodating them to the approbation of popular prejudice, or hold his reputation, after he has once procured it, on any safer tenure than the uncertain voice of the multitude. Now, I must own, I imagined (and perhaps many have been as much deceived in this point as myself) that the vegetable virtuoso's credit was more particularly subject to this precarious dependence, and that the chief security of its support consisted only in the accidental concurrence of numbers in an unaccountable and trifling pursuit. And it is very probable that I should never have been convinced of the contrary, had I not been fortunately induced to purchase a small collection of flowers, in order to escape the odious imputation of a tasteless singularity. But as many a commendable action has been undertaken at first on no better principle than the fear of shame, which has afterwards been prosecuted on a more generous motive; so was I brought at length to improve that collection in consequence of my own thorough conviction of its great importance, which was originally procured in compliance only with the fancies of other people.

Being rather of a contemplative turn, and not very apt to whistle away any of my vacant time, I was not long in discovering that the cultivation of flowers had in it a much finer mixture of the *utile dulci* than any other employment whatever. But before I attempt to show in what particular respects it is mostly suited to instruct and delight, I would willingly remove two very common objections, notwithstanding, as their absurdity is almost as evident as any thing belonging to them, they may be thought hardly worthy of my notice. Supposing then, that such an inconsiderate and superficial observer of things may possibly be met



with, as shall reckon it any disparagement to the intrinsic value of a flower, that it is exposed to a great variety of accidents from the inclemency of the weather, and perpetually subject to the irregular dominion of the solar influence; it will be sufficient to convince him of his mistake, if he is not quite incapable of being convinced at all, only just to remind him of the uncertain condition of his own prosperity, and admonish him to reflect how little secure he is of being always preserved from the oppressive storms, or of enjoying the constant sunshine of fortune. And if that other objection, drawn from the supposed vanity of regarding any thing of such a short duration as the bloom of a flower, be admitted as conclusive, it must unavoidably prove a great deal too much; since it will not only hold with equal force against every temporal enjoyment, and all worldly satisfactions whatever; but (which I must confess is a very shocking consideration to me) will utterly annihilate all those engaging qualities of the fair sex, which are most essentially necessary to recommend them to our love and admiration. Let me add, moreover, that if there be that real similitude, which the frequency of the allusion seems to make unquestionable, between human life and a flower; it follows, that no man can pretend to a right of despising the one, that would be thought to place any value on the other.

Nothing ought to be reckoned good any farther than as it contributes to our happiness. The value we put upon any possession or enjoyment is the only standard that can be properly applied to determine its real worth. Whatever therefore is best fitted to administer delight to any particular person ought certainly to be regarded, by him at least, as the chief ingredient of that *summum bonum*, which, though it be the common end of all our endeavours, has however been pursued by as many different means as there have been different men. But supposing that no allowances were to be made in favour of singular propensities, yet he that can enlarge the sphere of his enjoyments, by contracting the extent of his possessions, ought, in all reasonable construction, to be deemed a much happier man, than he who, under a foolish persuasion that he is securing to himself an inexhaustible fund of delight, shall take incessant pains to augment those riches, and extend those territories, which, after all, will as much disqualify him for enjoyment, as an unwieldy corpulency of person would incapacitate him for expedition. And one might easily produce many instances of men, who, by a prudent conversion of such incumbrances into flowers, have received more satisfaction from the produce of a small parterre than from the income of a large estate; and found themselves as completely happy as a Corycius, after they had once reduced their concerns to the easy management of a single acre.

Folly may suggest what it pleases: but that alone ought to be esteemed a trifle, which is of no consequence; whereas there is nothing in nature unworthy of a wise man's regard, because the most inferior of all her productions may, in some light or another, be made instrumental to his improvement.

Were we to reflect, in a proper manner, on the correlative importance of such objects, as may be thought useless and insignificant when considered only with regard to themselves, we should discover a mediate sort of union between the widest links of that indefinite chain which holds together the constituents of the universe; we should perceive that all those things, which are most dissimilar in every other respect, do however agree in that common destination, whereby they become so many equally important parts of one stupendous whole: and we should find as fit a place for the discovery of truth in every flower-garden as in the celebrated groves of Cadmus.

It has been from this school that I have procured the best part of my philosophy; and from this too have I learnt to improve and confirm my morals. The volume of nature is so full of passages above the explication of human learning, that the best proof of our having studied it with uncommon diligence and success must consist chiefly in our being able to produce from it many uncommon instances of our ignorance; and I have the vanity, or I should rather say the modesty, to boast, that I have discovered difficulties enough in one single leaf of it to clear up my understanding from the stupifying influence of a conceited sufficiency, and to improve my reason into a perfect diffidence of its utmost force and penetration. Nor have I a flower in my possession that is less abounding in moral instruction than in beauty and sweetness. I cannot observe that industrious nicety with which the bee examines into every thing that comes in his way, without considering it as a reproachful admonition to myself: and if I do not collect some useful lesson, that may support me under all the ensuing revolutions of my life, from every flower that such an insect can extract provision from against the future exigences of his, I am ready to place it to the account of my negligence, and to think myself guilty of the most unpardonable folly, in suffering him alone to profit from that, which I assume the absurd privilege of calling my own.

In short, there is such a close affinity between a proper cultivation of a flower-garden and a right discipline of the mind, that it is almost impossible for any thoughtful person, that has made any proficiency in the one, to avoid paying a due attention to the other. That industry and care, which are so requisite to cleanse a garden from all sorts of weeds, will naturally suggest to him how much more expedient it



would be to exert the same diligence in eradicating all sorts of prejudices, follies, and vices from the mind, where they will be as sure to prevail, without a great deal of care and correction, as common weeds in a neglected piece of ground. And as it requires more pains to extirpate some weeds than others, according as they are more firmly fixed, more numerous, or more naturalized to the soil; so those faults will be found the most difficult to be suppressed which have been of the longest growth, and taken the deepest root; which are more predominant in number, and most congenial to the constitution.

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No. 87.] THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1754.

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THERE is no one subject that has given such frequent exercise to the pens of my correspondents as the behaviour of servants. Were I to have published all the letters I have received upon it (not to mention the abuses that have been sent me for refusing to make those letters public) they would almost have equalled in number the letters that have been sent me upon all other subjects. *The plague of servants* is the phrase in every body's mouth: yet how fond we are of increasing this plague, even to the destruction of our fortunes, may be seen in almost every family that has any pretensions to gentility. But I must beg pardon of those correspondents for thinking a little differently from them upon this occasion; or rather for taking the part of servants in opposition to their masters.

Having passed the greatest part of my life in families, and being a strict (though I hope not an impertinent) observer of all occurrences that happen in them, I was very early of opinion that the good or bad qualities of servants were generally to be ascribed to the conduct of their masters; and by repeated experience since, I am become so sanguine in this opinion, that when I have a mind to study any master or mistress thoroughly, I observe with circumspection the particular dispositions and behaviour of their servants. If I find cheerfulness in their countenances, sobriety in their manners, neatness in their persons, readiness in their attendance, and harmony among themselves, I always conclude that the master and mistress of such servants have hearts which (according to a significant expression in low life) *lie in the right places*. On the contrary, wherever I see servants with sullenness or ill-nature in their looks, with slothfulness in their motions, or slovenliness in their clothes; or, above all, when I hear them quarrelling among themselves; I conclude that they are copying the manners of those they

serve, and that the master and mistress of that house, whatever characters they may bear in the world, are disagreeable in themselves, and a plague to all about them.

By this rule I am generally able to judge with what degree of estimation I am received at the several tea-tables where I visit. I look only at the servant to know if I am a welcome guest to his mistress and the family; if he opens the door to me with a look of indifference, or seems slack in his attendance upon me, I shorten the time of my stay, and lessen the number of my visits at that house. But if he shows me up stairs with a good grace, or looks at me with attention while I am indulging an old man's fondness for prattling, I am as well satisfied of his mistress's regard for me, as if she had offered me her purse.

The Spectator, speaking of a family of servants, says, "That instead of flying from the parts of the house through which their master is passing, they industriously contrive to place themselves in his way." And I am intimate in a family, where the only unpleasant hours that servants know are those in which the master and mistress of the house are absent. I have observed with great delight, when my friend and his lady have been stepping into the coach for a journey of a few days, that the men and maid servants have been crowding to the door, and with tears in their eyes waiting for the last kind nod, as they have driven from the house. It has done my heart good, when in the absence of their master and mistress I have looked in upon these honest people, to see with what eagerness they have run to me, to inquire, every one at once, if I had heard any news of their benefactors, and at what time they would return. It would be unnecessary, after what I have said of these servants, to enter upon the characters of the master and mistress. I shall content myself with observing, that if all those who have servants were of the same disposition with the people I am speaking of, I should hardly have had occasion to write upon this subject.

Seneca says of servants, "That they are a kind of humble friends." (Not according to the modern acceptance of humble friends; for by such are meant those who are to be still more dependant on our humours, and who, in return for precarious meat and drink, are to think, speak, and act exactly as we would have them.) He goes on to observe, "That it is the part of a wise and good man to deal with his inferior as he would have his superior deal with him; fortune having no more power over servants than over their masters: and he that duly considers how many servants have come to be masters, and how many masters to be servants, will lay no great stress of argument either upon the one or upon the other. Some use their ser-

vants worse than beasts in slavish attendances between their drink and their lusts; as if they were not made of the same materials with their masters, or to breathe the same air, or to die under the same conditions. It is worthy observation (continues he) that the most imperious masters over their own servants are at the same time the most abject slaves to the servants of other masters. I will not distinguish a servant by his office, but by his manners; the one is the work of fortune, the other of virtue."

Thus far says Seneca: and indeed the wretchedness of servitude is altogether owing to the pride of superiority; a pride, which, if properly exerted, would appear in making those happy whom fortune has made dependent upon us for favour and support. This indeed would be the pride of a man; and I have always considered it as the principal happiness of every master, that Heaven has placed him in a situation to make life easy and comfortable to those whose lot it is to depend upon him for bread.

For my own part, I have always been of opinion that the master is as much obliged to the servant who acquits himself in his office with diligence and faithfulness, as the servant to the master for his favour and indulgence. But in the common opinion it is otherwise; and the performance of those duties which shall entitle the servant to a reward in heaven, shall be insufficient to procure him either a civil word or a kind look from his imperious master.

How contrary a behaviour is that of the family above-mentioned! If a servant has done his duty, he is sure to be commended for it; if through incapacity or inadvertency he has committed a fault, it is passed over with good-humour; or if through carelessness or design, the admonitions he receives are the admonitions of a friend, who advises him, for his own sake, to amendment, and encourages him to set about it by gentleness and persuasion. It may be worth the mentioning, that my friend's butler was cured of a violent inclination to sotting, by having the keys of the cellar delivered to his keeping; and that the housekeeper, who is one of the most thoughtful and discreet matrons I know of, was one of the giddiest girls alive, till the affairs of the family were thrown into her hands.

I do not mean to insinuate by these circumstances, that every drunken footman should keep the keys of his master's cellar, or that every madcap of a maid should be intrusted, by way of sobering her, with the management of a family; I only mentioned them to show that even vices and follies are sometimes to be cured by good usage; and if so, how greatly may good qualities be improved by the same indulgent behaviour!

I have said in a former paper, that people are more likely to be praised into good qualities than

to be railed out of bad ones; and I have always found, that to commend a servant for doing right (and every servant does right sometimes) has had a much better effect than chiding and complaining when he has happened to do wrong. To cherish the desire of pleasing in a servant, you must show him that you are pleased; for what encouragement is there for his perseverance, unless you tell him at first that he is in the right way?

To conclude this subject; I would have servants considered as reasonable beings; as those, who though they have the frailties of men, have also their virtues, their affections, and their feelings; that they can repay good offices with gratitude, and ill ones with neglect; and that they are entitled to our favour, till they have deserved our displeasure. I shall only add, for the information of my correspondents, that I shall pay no regard to the complaints that are sent me against bad servants, unless I am thoroughly convinced that they come from good masters.

No. 88.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1754.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

FROM a full conviction that your ears are always open to the afflicted, I presume to send you the story of my mistress, which is left to your discretion whether or no it be deserving of public commiseration. Previous, however, to what relates immediately to myself, be so kind as to indulge an elderly man, whose infirmity is to be talkative, and who delights in a long train of animadversions upon every interesting occurrence.

At the creation of your World, your modesty suggested that the advantages accruing from it might enable you in due time to keep a one-horse chair, and that as soon as you were in possession of this vehicle, you would invite the reader to a seat in it, and occasionally make the tour of the adjacent villages. But whether you are enabled to set up this equipage or not, I would advise you, at this season of the year, to withdraw your laudable purpose of reforming vice triumphant in town, and to let your endeavours be directed to confirm virtue militant in the country. Drinking, gaming, atheism, and the minor vices, which from time immemorial have more or less swarmed in our capital, have been combated by the most eminent divines, moralists, and poets, and all to no purpose. For my own part, I cannot help looking upon almost every species of dissoluteness as a kind of plague; and if I was worthy of advising



the legislature, I should propose that a line of circumvallation might be made at the distance of five miles all round the town, and a guard appointed to prohibit all persons, betraying the least symptom of any of these epidemical diseases, from passing the line. Provided always, that in case a radical cure shall be effected on a patient or patients, he, she, or they, on a proper certificate declaring them free from all infection, may be privileged to quit those noisome quarters, and retire into the country. I can think of no other method by which the miserable objects that range under the several denominations of gamesters, swearers, liars, drunkards, coxcombs, fashion-mongers, &c. in either sex, may be excluded all communion with those who are untainted.

A considerate person cannot pass a coxcomb in his walks, without being sensibly hurt at the reflection that such a calamity is incident to human nature. These deplorable creatures are incapacitated from concealing their complaint: a primary symptom is a total suppression of every reasonable thought; after which there can be no wonder, if, when they are become fools, they put on the habit of their order, and continue to fatigue the invention of their tradesmen, with a view to beguile the tediousness of time.

What, Mr. Fitz-Adam, shall we say to those persons who will subject themselves to infection by a communication with such wretches? I could as soon pay a visit to a man born deaf and dumb, for the sake of conversation, as deceive myself with the idea of improvement with one of these coxcombs. The notoriety of the symptoms attending this disease makes it needless to recite them all; a vast pomp of dress, an habitual contraction of the muscles to a grin, with a continual incoherent kind of prattle, are so many characteristics of their distemper. And, I fear, the validity of our plea would be rejected, should we urge that we fell inadvertently into their company; since they generally carry their heads, like those of posts on a footpath, sufficiently whitened, to deter even the most heedless from stumbling on them in the dark.

Among the several pestilences which constitute the general plague, no one is of equal fatality with that of fashion. Those who are seized with this phrensy, as they are the most numerous, so are they the most extravagant in their actions. The females discover their being tainted, by every gesticulation of a Cousin Betty. They wear no cap, and only substitute in its room a variety of trumpery ribands, tied up with no other propriety than the present fit shall happen to direct. Let your eye travel over the whole person, and by the disposition of the dress you will no longer hesitate if the imagination is disturbed. By what means, Mr. Fitz-Adam, except by the effects, shall we determine the *mens sana*? And what judgment ought we

to pass upon those crowds of females, who are every day tottering along the public walks upon peg-heels? Nothing, surely, can be more repugnant to common sense than this contrivance in the ladies to weaken their support, who had before too great an aptitude to fall. If there can be any reason assigned for so strange a conduct, it must be this, that they thought it necessary to diminish the base, after they had lightened the capital.

It would be a downright arraignment of your sagacity to imagine that the malignant consequences annexed to this distemper are unnoticed by you. An object, whose entire mass of blood is corrupted by fashion, becomes not unworthy the cognizance of the higher powers, as the most prejudicial being to a civil society. In order to think as I do, you need only to consider what are the evils consequential to fashion. Are they not those of folly, pride, extravagance, gaming, and even dishonesty? Persons afflicted with this malady are apt to imagine themselves under no obligation to pay their just debts; while those contracted at a gaming-table are to be discharged with all the punctuality of honesty.

These reflections, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are the result of a heart-felt concern for the good of my country. The prosperous growth of every kind of iniquity cannot fail, in the end, of endangering her political health. One should be apt to believe that our own soil was not pregnant enough with vice, while we are daily adopting every exotic folly. Our natural enemy, even antecedent to conquest, is imposing upon us, not only her language, but her manners and her dress. A superficial view of the history of old Rome will present us with every similar circumstance of corruption.—God forbid a similar fate should overtake us!

I have hitherto suppressed an inclination to trouble you with my disapprobation of the times; and nothing less than an open violation of all the laws of decency, good sense, and duty, in my own family, could have prompted me to enlarge the list of your correspondents. I am now, Sir, at my paternal estate, where I constantly reside, unless some unavoidable occurrence breaks in upon my retirement, and calls me to town. In the younger part of my days, by virtue of public employments, I was admitted to a pretty large commerce with mankind; but on my father's decease, satiated with the pleasures of high life, I withdrew in my forty-first year to the place I now write from. I am conscious of no very material imprudence that I have been guilty of, except my marriage, which has shaded my visionary prospect of happiness with the heaviest disquietude. Two daughters only are the issue of this marriage, who, thanks to the tuition of their mother, are not wanting in any single accomplishment of modish education. They speak French before they understand Eng-



lish, and play at cards for pounds, without knowing the value of a shilling; and, in a word, by a patrician disrelish of economy, speak themselves the incontestable children of Sir Pope Pedigree's daughter. I forbear to mention the manner in which (with their mother's connivance) they affect to expose the obscurity of my family; because I must acknowledge it to have been destitute of the honour of a dignified spendthrift, or an illustrious suicide.

Having lived so long a voluntary exile from the beau monde, my maxims are exploded as quite obsolete. My wife and daughters are perpetually assuring me that I act in no respect like any of my polite neighbours: I will not dispute that they have some colour of truth for this assertion; for you must be sensible, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that it is no easy matter for a man in his grand climacteric to divest himself of old accustomed prejudices; and though I profess all imaginable deference to my great neighbours, they must excuse the awkward particularity I have of paying my debts, and of obstinately persevering in going now and then to church. Besides what I have mentioned, I have the peculiar felicity of seeing, that nothing which either my ancestors or I have done, within or without doors, is in the least correspondent with my family's taste. The garden is a devoted victim to their caprice: last summer they erected in it a Chinese temple, but it proved too cold to be inhabited. In the winter, all my Christmas blocks went to the composition of a hermitage, which is only tenanted by my girls, and the female hermits of taste of their acquaintance. This spring I narrowly escaped the reputation of building a ruin in my park; but luckily, as my workmen were lopping some of my trees, they opened, by mere accident a prospect to my Lord Killdollar's house, the noblest, perhaps, and most natural ruin extant.

It is impossible for you to conceive the instances I could enumerate; but not to tire your patience by a long detail of grievances, I shall close my letter with observing, that I see a succession of them before me while my wife is above polluting the blood of the Pedigrees, by admitting into her composition the least tincture of affability; and while my daughters are in a fair way of dying unmarried, by their polite behaviour, and meretricious style of dress. If the reasonableness of my complaint should obtain the sanction of your approbation, and be countenanced in the World, it will in some measure alleviate the affliction of,

Sir,

Your constant reader and admirer.

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No. 89.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1754.

It has been the constant practice ever since I

can remember for people to recommend the particular wares they deal in, by setting forth that they are more essentially necessary at the present time than they were ever known to be in times past. The doctor, to recommend his elixir for the nerves, addresses you with, "Never were nervous decays, &c. so frequent as at present." The man of learning prefaces his discourse upon occult qualities with, "Never was there so total a decay of literature as at present;" and the divine introduces his volume of sermons with "Never did sin and folly abound so as at present."

But though this method may be a very good one, and may have contributed greatly to the increase of trade, I have always considered it as somewhat bordering upon craft, and have therefore rejected it, to pursue a contrary practice. Never was mankind so good as at present, I say again and again: for however unwise or unrighteous the people of these nations may have been two years ago, it is hardly to be conceived how greatly they are improved in their understandings, and amended in their morals, by the extensive circulation of these my lucubrations.

Many persons are of opinion (I suppose from the effects which they find to have been produced in themselves) that every individual of my readers has been in some respect or other the better for me: but this perhaps may be carrying the matter a little too far; and indeed I have a private reason for thinking that there may be here and there one, who, though a considerable reader of these excellent essays, has received no benefit from them at all. There are people in the world, who, because they pride themselves upon contradicting an established opinion, have suggested in a whisper, that this is not absolutely, and to all intents and purposes, the very best paper that has hitherto been published in any age or country. And to confess a truth, which will, no doubt, be as surprising to my readers as it was to me, I have actually received a letter, written in sober sadness, and without the least intention to be witty, insinuating that I am growing dull, and advising me to lay down my paper, while I can do it with honour. But as I have hitherto found my wit to be inexhaustible, and as I have now, as much as ever, the good of my country at heart, I am willing to continue these my labours while there are the least gleanings of folly remaining, and till I can have the glory of effecting a thorough reformation.

To follow this great and laudable design, I must beg of my correspondents to be very diligent in their inquiries after what is doing in town, and that they will neglect no opportunity of transmitting me all the intelligence they can get. I should be glad to know, among other matters of consequence, if there is yet any such thing as play going on at White's. I should

like also to hear that the proposal for establishing lectures in divinity and moral philosophy next winter in the great room at St. James's coffee-house has met with the approbation of the whole club. The repeated assurances which I am daily receiving that fornication and adultery are entirely at a stand in this great metropolis, are highly agreeable to me; as also that the great increase of bloom, which has of late been so very observable on the cheeks of ladies of fashion, is wholly owing to their abhorrence of cards and late hours. I hear with great self-congratulation and delight from the city, that they are hourly increasing in frugality and industry, and that neither hazard, nor any unlawful game at cards, has been so much as thought of at their clubs for this twelvemonth past. But above all, I am charmed with the accounts which I have from time to time received of the last general election. That inflexible abhorrence of bribery and corruption, which so visibly and universally manifested itself among all ranks and orders of men, constituents as well as candidates, must be an incontestible proof of the consummate virtue of the present times.

From all these happy considerations, I am perfectly of opinion with the late Mr. Whiston, that the Millennium, or the kingdom of the just upon earth, is very near at hand. When that long-expected time arrives, I shall consider the plan of this paper as complete, and conclude it the Thursday following, with a benediction to my readers.

It has been owing to this general reformation (which I flatter myself has been principally brought about by these weekly essays) that I have thought fit to suppress certain letters, lately come to hand, which are filled with most unreasonable complaints against the iniquity of the times. One of these letters laments very emphatically the great increase of popery among us, and begs that I would postpone every amusing speculation, to attack with gravity and argument the doctrine of transubstantiation. The same letter recommends, in a postscript, some necessary alterations to be made in the book of Common Prayer, and desires that my next paper may be an address to the bishops upon that occasion. Another of these letters inveighs bitterly against the universality of skittle-grounds in the gardens of people of fashion, and assures me that it is in vain to hope for a reformation, while gentlemen and ladies, nay, even the clergy themselves, are mispending their time in the unchristian-like diversions of porters and dray-men. The letter signed Decorus, complaining of Brunetta's nakedness at church, had long ago received a place in these papers, if I could have been convinced that it had less of invention in it than of reality: for I am assured by a particular friend, who is a constant

frequent of all public places, that since my repeated animadversions on that subject, there is not a pair of naked shoulders to be seen either for love or money. He proceeds farther to assure me, that those excellent animadversions have given the ladies such an unconquerable aversion to all kinds of nakedness, that a party of them, going this summer from Richmond to Vauxhall by water, chose rather to see a handsome young fellow go to the bottom, as he was attempting to swim across the Thames, than to take him into their boat; and when the waterman begged for God's sake that they might save the young man's life, the eldest of the ladies protested with great vehemence, that she had rather the whole odious sex should perish than have her modesty affronted with the sight of a naked man.

But though every reformation of this kind is a sensible pleasure to me, I am very far from attributing the whole merit of it to myself; on the contrary, it is with the utmost pride and satisfaction that I acknowledge the many and great helps which I have received from correspondents, whose names, whenever they come to be mentioned in this undertaking, will reflect an honour upon my own. It is to these gentlemen, more than to myself, that I am to ascribe the reformation above-mentioned: and because, as I said before, in spite of our endeavours to make mankind perfect, there is still perhaps a little sprinkling of folly remaining amongst us; and as the Millennium may possibly be at a much greater distance than Mr. Whiston and I have so sanguinely imagined it to be; and moreover, considering the comparative weakness of my own abilities; I hereby request and entreat of my correspondents, that they will continue to favour me with their assistance in this work, which will most certainly be brought to a conclusion on the very first Thursday after the said Millennium shall commence.

I cannot show myself more in earnest upon this occasion than by closing my paper with the following humble address to one of its ablest supporters.

ADAM FITZ-ADAM TO THE \* OF \*\*\*.

With grateful heart Fitz-Adam greets ye,  
And in these rhymes, my Lord, entreats ye,  
That you once more the World would prop,  
Which, but for strength like yours, must drop:  
For I, grown weak, and somewhat older,  
Feel it too heavy on my shoulder:  
And well I may; for bards have sung,  
That giant Atlas, huge and strong,  
Oft found his World too great a load,  
And ask'd assistance of a god,  
Who eased his back with little pain,  
And set the World to rights again.



So I from you, my great Alcides,  
 (Whose aim my glory and my pride is)  
 Request, my Lord—You know my drift—  
 That you would lend me t' other lift:  
 Your smallest effort is enough,  
 The same you use in taking snuff:  
 You smile, my Lord—indeed 'tis true,  
 A finger and your thumb will do.

No. 90.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1754.

AN old friend and fellow-student of mine at the university called upon me the other morning, and found me reading Plato's Symposium. I laid down my book to receive him, which, after the first usual compliments, he took up, saying, "You will give me leave to see what was the object of your studies." "Nothing less than the Divine Plato," said I, "that amiable philosopher—" "With whom (interrupted my friend) Cicero declares that he would rather be in the wrong, than in the right way with any other." "I cannot," replied I, "carry my veneration for him to that degree of enthusiasm; but yet, wherever I understand him, (for I confess I do not every where) I prefer him to all the ancient philosophers. His Symposium more particularly engages and entertains me, as I see there the manners and characters of the most eminent men, of the politest times, of the politest city of Greece. And, with all due respect to the moderns, I much question whether an account of a modern Symposium, though written by the ablest hand, could be read with so much pleasure and improvement." "I do not know that," replied my friend; "for though I revere the ancients as much as you possibly can, and look upon the moderns as pigmies, when compared to those giants; yet if we come up to, or hear them in any thing, it is the elegance and delicacy of our convivial intercourse."

I was the more surprised at this doubt of my friend, because I knew that he implicitly subscribed to, and superstitiously maintained, all the articles of the classical faith. I therefore asked him whether he was serious? He answered me that he was: that in his mind, Plato spun out that silly affair of love too fine and too long; and that if I would but let him introduce me to the club, of which he was an unworthy member, he believed I should at least entertain the same doubt, or perhaps even decide in favour of the moderns. I thanked my friend for his kind offer, but added, that in whatever society he was an unworthy member, I should be still a more unworthy guest: that moreover my retired and domestic turn of life was as inconsistent with the engagements of a club, as my natural taci-

turnity amongst strangers would be misplaced in the midst of festal mirth and gayety. "You mistake me (answered my friend); every member of our club has the privilege of bringing one friend along with him, who is by no means thereby engaged to become a member of it: and as for your taciturnity, we have some silent members, who, by the way, are none of our worst. Silent people never spoil company, but, on the contrary, by being good hearers, encourage good speakers." "But I have another difficulty, (answered I) and that, I doubt, a very solid one, which is, that I drink nothing but water." "So much the worse for you," (replied my friend, who, by-the-bye, loves his bottle most academically); "you will pay for the claret you do not drink. We use no compulsion; every one drinks as little as he pleases—" "Which I presume (interrupted I) is as much as he can." "That is just as it happens," said he; "sometimes, it is true, we make pretty good sittings; but for my own part, I choose to go home always before eleven: for, take my word for it, it is the sitting up late, and not the drink, that destroys the constitution." As I found that my friend would have taken a refusal ill, I told him that for this once I would certainly attend him to the club, but desired him to give me previously the outlines of the characters of the sitting members, that I might know how to behave myself properly. "Your precaution (said he) is a prudent one, and I will make you so well acquainted with them beforehand, that you shall not seem a stranger when among them. You must know, then, that our club consists of at least forty members when complete. Of these, many are now in the country; and besides, we have some vacancies which cannot be filled up till next winter. Palsies and apoplexies have of late, I don't know why, been pretty rife among us, and carried off a good many. It is not above a week ago, that poor Tom Toast-well fell on a sudden under the table, as we thought only a little in drink, but he was carried home, and never spoke more. Those whom you will probably meet with to-day are, first of all, Lord Feeble, a nobleman of admirable sense, a true fine gentleman, and, for a man of quality, a pretty classic. He has lived rather fast formerly, and impaired his constitution by sitting up late, and drinking your thin sharp wines. He is still what you call nervous, which makes him a little low-spirited and reserved at first; but he grows very affable and cheerful as soon as he has warmed his stomach with about a bottle of good claret.

"Sir Tunbely Guzzle is a very worthy north-country baronet, of a good estate, and one who was beforehand in the world, till being twice chosen knight of the shire, and having in consequence got a pretty employment at court, he run out considerably. He has left off house-



keeping, and is now upon a retrieving scheme. He is the heartiest, honestest fellow living; and though he is a man of very few words, I can assure you he does not want sense. He had a university education, and has a good notion of the classics. The poor man is confined half the year at least with the gout, and has besides an inveterate scurvy, which I cannot account for: no man can live more regularly; he eats nothing but plain meat, and very little of that: he drinks no thin wines, and never sits up late; for he has his full dose by eleven.

"Colonel Culverin is a brave old experienced officer, though but a lieutenant-colonel of foot. Between you and me, he has had great injustice done him, and is now commanded by many who were not born when he first came into the army. He has served in Ireland, Minorca, and Gibraltar; and would have been in all the late battles in Flanders, had the regiment been ordered there. It is a pleasure to hear him talk of war. He is the best-natured man alive, but a little too jealous of his honour, and too apt to be in a passion; but that is soon over, and then he is sorry for it. I fear he is dropsical, which I impute to his drinking your champagnes and burgundies. He got that ill habit abroad.

"Sir George Flyant is well born, has a genteel fortune, keeps the very best company, and is to be sure one of the best bred men alive: he is so goodnatured, that he seems to have no will of his own. He will drink as little or as much as you please, and no matter of what. He has been a mighty man with the ladies formerly, and loves the crack of the whip still. He is our news-monger; for being a gentleman of the privy-chamber, he goes to court every day, and consequently knows pretty well what is going forward there. Poor gentleman! I fear we shall not keep him long; for he seems far gone in a consumption, though the doctors say it is only a nervous atrophy.

"Will Sitfast is the best natured fellow living, and an excellent companion, though he seldom speaks; but he is no flincher, and sits every man's hand out at the club. He is a very good scholar, and can write very pretty Latin verses. I doubt he is in a declining way; for a paralytic stroke has lately twitched up one side of his mouth so, that he is now obliged to take his wine diagonally. However he keeps up his spirits bravely, and never shams his glass.

"Doctor Carbuncle is an honest, jolly, merry parson, well affected to the government, and much of a gentleman. He is the life of our club, instead of being the least restraint upon it. He is an admirable scholar, and I really believe has all Horace by heart; I know he has him always in his pocket. His red face, inflamed nose, and swelled legs, make him generally thought a hard drinker by those who do not know him; but I

must do him the justice to say, that I never saw him disguised with liquor in my life. It is true, he is a very large man, and can hold a great deal, which makes the colonel call him, pleasantly enough, a vessel of election.

"The last and least (concluded my friend) is your humble servant, such as I am; and if you please we will go and walk in the park till dinner-time." I agreed, and we set out together. But here the reader will perhaps expect that I should let him walk on a little, while I give his character. We were of the same year of St. John's college in Cambridge: he was a younger brother of a good family, was bred to the church, and had just got a fellowship in the college, when his elder brother dying, he succeeded to an easy fortune, and resolved to make himself easy with it, that is, to do nothing. As he had resided long in college, he had contracted all the habits and prejudices, the laziness, the soaking, the pride, and the pedantry of the cloister, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off. He considered the critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin words as the utmost effort of the human understanding, and a glass of good wine in good company, as the highest pitch of human felicity. Accordingly he passes his mornings in reading the classics, most of which he has long had by heart, and his evenings in drinking his glass of good wine, which, by frequent filling, amounts at least to two, and often to three bottles a day. I must not omit mentioning that my friend is tormented with the stone, which misfortune he imputes to his once having drank water for a month, by the prescription of the late Doctor Cheyne, and by no means to at least two quarts of claret a day, for these last thirty years. To turn to my friend: "I am very much mistaken," said he, as we were walking in the park, "if you do not thank me for procuring this day's entertainment: for a set of worthier gentlemen to be sure never lived." "I make no doubt of it," said I, "and am therefore the more concerned when I reflect that this club of worthy gentlemen might, by your own account, be not improperly called an hospital of incurables, as there is not one among them who does not labour under some chronic and mortal distemper." "I see what you would be at," answered my friend; "you would insinuate that it is all owing to wine: but let me assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that wine, especially claret, if neat and good, can hurt no man." I did not reply to this aphorism of my friend, which I knew would draw on too long a discussion, especially as we were just going into the club-room, where I took it for granted that it was one of the great constitutional principles. The account of this modern Symposium shall be the subject of my next paper.

No. 91.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1754.

Mr friend presented me to the company, in what he thought the most obliging manner; but which, I confess, put me a little out of countenance. "Give me leave, gentlemen," said he, "to present to you my old friend Mr. Fitz-Adam, the ingenious author of the World." The word author instantly excited the attention of the whole company, and drew all their eyes upon me: for people who are not apt to write themselves have a strange curiosity to see a *live author*. The gentlemen received me in common, with those gestures that intimate welcome; and I on my part respectfully muttered some of those nothings, which stand instead of the something one should say, and perhaps do full as well.

The weather being hot, the gentlemen were refreshing themselves before dinner, with what they called a cool tankard; in which they successively drank to me. When it came to my turn, I thought I could not decently decline drinking the gentlemen's healths, which I did aggregately; but how was I surprised, when upon the first taste I discovered that this cooling and refreshing draught was composed of the strongest mountain wine, lowered indeed with a very little lemon and water, but then heightened again by a quantity of those comfortable aromatics, nutmeg and ginger! Dinner, which had been called for more than once with some impatience, was at last brought up, upon the colonel's threatening perdition to the master and all the waiters of the house, if it was delayed two minutes longer. We sat down without ceremony, and we were no sooner sat down than every body (except myself) drank every body's health, which made a tumultuous kind of noise. I observed with surprise, that the common quantity of wine was put into glasses of an immense size and weight; but my surprise ceased when I saw the tremulous hands that took them, and for which I supposed they were intended as ballast. But even this precaution did not protect the nose of Doctor Carbuncle from a severe shock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The colonel, who observed this accident, cried out pleasantly, "Why, doctor, I find you are but a bad engineer. While you aim at your mouth you will never hit it, take my word for it. A floating battery, to hit the mark, must be pointed something above or below it. If you would hit your mouth, direct your four-pounder at your forehead, or your chin." The doctor good-humouredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promised him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where, he owned, that he had seen many a good glass of port spilt for want of it. Sir Tunbely almost

smiled, Sir George laughed, and the whole company, somehow or other, applauded this elegant piece of raillery. But alas! things soon took a less pleasant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled salt beef, which had succeeded the soup, proved not to be sufficiently corned for Sir Tunbely, who had bespoke it; and at the same time Lord Feeble took a dislike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the same which they had drank the day before! it had no *silkiness*, *went rough off the tongue*, and his lordship shrewdly suspected that it was mixed with *Benecarlo*, or some of those *black wines*. This was a common cause, and excited universal attention. The whole company tasted it seriously, and every one found a different fault with it. The master of the house was immediately sent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbely reproached him with the freshness of the beef, while at the same time all the others fell upon him for the badness of his wines, telling him that it was not fit usage for such good customers as they were, and in fine, threatening him with a migration of the club to some other house. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promised to turn away: and attested heaven and earth that the wine was the very same which they had all approved of the day before; and as he had a soul to be saved, was true Chateau Margoux. "Chateaux devil (said the colonel with warmth), it is your d——d rough *Chaos wine*." Will Sitfast, who thought himself obliged to articulate upon this occasion, said, he was not sure it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank *down*. "If that is all (interrupted the doctor) let us e'en drink it up then. Or, if that won't do, since we cannot have the true *Falernum*, let us take up for once with the vile *Sabnum*. What say you, gentlemen, to good honest port, which I am convinced is a much wholsomer stomach wine?" My friend, who in his heart loves port better than any other wine in the world, willingly seconded the doctor's motion, and spoke very favourably of your *Portingal* wines in general, if neat. Upon this some was immediately brought up, which I observed my friend and the doctor stuck to the whole evening. I could not help asking the doctor if he really preferred port to lighter wines? To which he answered, 'You know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that use is second nature: and port is in a manner mother's milk to me; for it is what my *Alma Mater* suckles all her numerous progeny with.' I silently assented to the doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadversions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were still continued, though at the same time they continued to drink it. I hinted my surprise at this to Sir Tunbely, who gravely answered me, and in a



moving way, *Why, what can we do?* 'Not drink it (replied I), since it is not good.' 'But what will you have us do? and how shall we pass the evening?' rejoined the baronet. 'One cannot go home at five o'clock.' 'That depends a great deal upon use,' said I. 'It may be so, to a certain degree,' said the doctor. 'But give me leave to ask you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you who drink nothing but water, and live much at home, how do you keep up your spirits?' 'Why, doctor,' said I, 'as I never lowered my spirits by strong liquor, I do not want it to raise them.' Here we were interrupted by the colonel's raising his voice and indignation against the burgundy and champaign, swearing that the former was ropy, and the latter upon the fret, and not without some suspicion of cider and sugar-candy; notwithstanding which, he drank, in a bumper of it, confusion to the town of Bristol and the bottle act. It was a shame, he said, that gentlemen could have no good burgundies and champagnes, for the sake of some increase of the revenue, the manufacture of glass bottles, and such sort of stuff. Sir George confirmed the same, adding that it was *scandalous*: and the whole company agreed, that the new parliament would certainly repeal so absurd an act the very first session; but if they did not, they hoped they would receive instructions to that purpose from their constituents. 'To be sure,' said the colonel: 'What a d—d rout they made about the repeal of the Jew-bill, for which nobody cared one farthing! But by the way (continued he) I think every body has done eating, and therefore had not we better have the dinner taken away, and the wine set upon the table?' To this the company gave a unanimous Ay. While this was doing, I asked my friend, with seeming seriousness, whether no part of the dinner was to be served up again, when the wine should be set upon the table? He seemed surprised at my question, and asked me if I was hungry? To which I answered, No; but asked him in my turn if he was dry? To which he also answered, No. 'Then pray,' replied I, 'why not as well eat without being hungry, as drink without being dry?' My friend was so stunned with this, that he attempted no reply, but stared at me with as much astonishment as he would have done at my great ancestor Adam in his primitive state of nature.

The cloth was now taken away, and the bottles, glasses, and dish-clouts put upon the table; when Will Sitfast, who I found was perpetual toast-maker, took the chair, of course, as the man of application to business. He began the King's health in a bumper, which circulated in the same manner, not without some nice examinations of the chairman as to *day-light*. The bottle standing by me, I was called upon by the chairman, who added, that though a water-drinker, he hoped I would not refuse that health

in wine. I begged to be excused, and told him that I never drank his Majesty's health at all, though no one of his subjects wished it more heartily than I did: that hitherto it had not appeared to me, that there could be the least relation between the wine I drank, and the king's state of health; and that till I was convinced that impairing my own health would improve his Majesty's, I was resolved to preserve the use of my faculties and my limbs, to employ both in his service, if he could ever have occasion for them. I had foreseen the consequences of this refusal; and though my friend had answered for my principles, I easily discovered an air of suspicion in the countenances of the company; and I overheard the colonel whisper to Lord Feeble, 'This author is a very odd dog.'

My friend was ashamed of me; but however, to help me off as well as he could, he said to me aloud, 'Mr. Fitz-Adam, this is one of those singularities which you have contracted by living so much alone.' From this moment the company gave me up to my oddnesses, and took no farther notice of me. I leaned silently upon the table, waiting for (though to say the truth, without expecting) some of that festive gaiety, that urbanity, and that elegant mirth, of which my friend had promised so large a share: instead of all which, the conversation ran chiefly into narrative, and grew duller and duller with every bottle. Lord Feeble recounted his former achievements, in love and wine; the colonel complained, though with dignity, of hardships and injustice; Sir George hinted at some important discoveries which he had made that day at court, but cautiously avoided naming names; Sir Tunbely slept between glass and glass; the doctor and my friend talked over college matters, and quoted Latin; and our worthy president applied himself wholly to business, never speaking but to order; as, 'Sir, the bottle stands with you; Sir, you are to name a toast; That has been drank already; Here, more claret;' &c. In the height of all this convivial pleasantries which I plainly saw was come to its zenith, I stole away at about nine o'clock, and went home; where reflections upon the entertainment of the day crowded into my mind, and may perhaps be the subject of some future paper.

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No. 92.] THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 1754.

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THE entertainment (I do not say the diversion) which I mentioned in my last paper tumbled my imagination to such a degree, and suggested such a variety of indistinct ideas to my mind, that notwithstanding all the pains I took to sort and digest, I could not reduce them to method: I



shall therefore throw them out in this paper without order, and just as they occurred to me.

When I considered that, perhaps, two millions of my fellow-subjects passed two parts in three of their lives in the very same manner in which the worthy members of my friend's club passed theirs, I was at a loss to discover that attractive, irresistible, and invisible charm (for I confess I saw none) to which they so deliberately and assiduously sacrificed their time, their health, and their reason; till dipping accidentally into *Monsieur Pascal*, I read upon the subject of hunting the following passage. "What, unless to drown thought, (says that excellent writer) can make men throw away so much time upon a silly animal, which they might buy much cheaper in the market? It hinders us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear." That this is often one motive, and sometimes the only one in hunting, I can easily believe. But then it must be allowed too, that if the jolly sportsman, who thus vigorously runs away from himself, does not break his neck in his flight, he improves his health, at least, by his exercise. But what other motive can possibly be assigned for the Soaker's daily and seriously swallowing his own destruction, except that of "drowning thought, and hindering him from looking into himself, which is a view he cannot bear?"

Unhappy the man who cannot willingly and frequently converse with himself; but miserable in the highest degree is the man who dares not. In one of these predicaments must that man be, who soaks and sleeps away his whole life. Either tired of himself for want of any reflections at all, or dreading himself for fear of the most tormenting ones, he flies for refuge from his folly or his guilt to the company of his fellow-sufferers, or to the intoxication of strong liquors.

Archbishop Tillotson asserts, and very truly, that no man can plead in defence of swearing that he was born of a swearing constitution. I believe the same thing may with equal truth be affirmed of drinking. No man is born a drinker. Drinking is an acquired, not a natural vice. The child, when he first tastes strong liquors, rejects them with evident signs of disgust; but is insensibly brought first to bear, and then perhaps to like them, by the folly of his parents, who promise them as an encouragement, and give them as a reward.

When the coroner's inquest examines the body of one of those unhappy wretches who drown themselves in a pond or river, with commonly a provision of lead in their pockets, to make the work the surer, the verdict is either *felo de se*, or lunacy. Is it then the water, or the suddenness of the plunge, that constitutes either the madness or the guilt of the act? Is there any difference between a water and a wine suicide? If there

be, it is evidently in favour of the former, which is never so deliberate and premeditated as the latter. The Soaker jogs on with a gentler pace indeed, but to as sure and certain destruction; and as a proof of his intention, would, I believe, upon examination, be generally found to have a good deal of lead about him too. He cannot allege in his defence, that he has not warning; since he daily sees, in the chronical distempers of all his fellow Soakers, the fatal effects of that slow poison which he so greedily guzzles: for I defy all the *honest gentlemen*, that is, all the hard drinkers in England (a numerous body I doubt) to produce me one single instance of a Soaker, whose health and faculties are not visibly impaired by drinking. Some indeed, born much stronger than others, hold it out longer, and are absurdly quoted as living proofs even of the salutary effects of drinking: but though they have not yet any of the most distinguished characteristics of their profession about them; though they have not yet lost one half of themselves by a hemiplegia, nor the use of all their limbs by the gout; though they are but moderately mangy, and though the impending dropsy may not yet appear; I will venture to affirm that the health they boast of is at best but an awkward state between sickness and health: if they are not actually sick, they are not actively well; and you will always find some complaint or other inadvertently drop from the triumphant Soaker, within half an hour after he has assured you that he is neither *sick nor sorry*. My wife, who is a little superstitious, and perhaps too apt to point out and interpret judgments, (otherwise an excellent woman) firmly believes, that the dropsy, of which most Soakers finally die, is a manifest and just judgment upon them; the wine they so much loved being turned into water, and themselves drowned at last in the element they so much abhorred.

A rational and sober man, invited by the wit and gayety of good company, and hurried away by an uncommon flow of spirits, may happen to drink too much, and perhaps accidentally to get drunk; but then these sallies will be short, and not frequent. Whereas the Soaker is an utter stranger to wit and mirth, and no friend to either. His business is serious, and he applies himself seriously to it; he steadily pursues the numbing, stupifying and petrifying, not the animating and exhilarating qualities of the wine. Gallons of the *Nepenthe* would be lost upon him. The more he drinks the duller he grows: his politics become more obscure, and his narratives more tedious and less intelligible: till at last maudlin, he employs what little articulation he has left in relating his doleful tale to an insensible audience. I fear my countrymen have been too long noted for this manner of drinking, since a very old and eminent French historian, speaking of the English, who were then in pos-

session of Aquitain, the promised land of claret, says, *Il se saoulerent grandement, et se divertirent moult tristement à la mode de leur pais.*

A very skilful surgeon of my acquaintance assured me, that having opened the body of a Soaker, who died of an apoplexy, he had found all the finer tubes and vessels plugged up with the tartar of the wine he had swallowed, so as to render the circulation of the blood absolutely impossible; and the folds of the stomach so stiffened with it, that it could not perform its functions. He compared the body of the deceased to a siphon so choked up with the tartar and dregs of the wine that had run through it, as to be impervious. I adopted this image, which seemed to me a just one: and I shall for the future typify the soaker by the Siphon, suction being equally the only business of both.

An object, viewed at once, and in its full extent, will sometimes strike the mind, when the several parts and gradations of it, separately seen, would be but little attended to. I shall therefore here present the society of Siphons with a calculation, of which they cannot dispute the truth, and will not, I believe, deny the moderation; and yet perhaps they will be surprised when they see the gross sums of the wine they suck, of the money they pay for it, and of the time they lose in the course of seven years only.

I reckon that I put a stanch Siphon very low, when I put him only at two bottles a day, one day with another. This in seven years amounts to four thousand four hundred and ten bottles which make twenty hogsheads and seventy bottles.

Supposing this quantity to cost only four shillings a bottle, which I take to be the lowest price of claret, the sum amounts to eight hundred and eighty-two pounds.

Allowing every Siphon but six hours a day to suck his two bottles in, which is a short allowance, that time amounts to six hundred and thirty-eight days, eighteen hours; one full quarter of his life, for the above-mentioned seven years. Can any rational being coolly consider these three gross sums, of wine, and consequently distempers swallowed, of money lavished, and time lost, without shame, regret, and a resolution of reformation?

I am well aware that the numerous society of Siphons will say, like Sir Tunbely, What would this fellow have us do? To which I am at no loss for an answer. Do any thing else. Preserve and improve that reason which was given you to be your guide through this world, and to a better. Attend to, and discharge your religious, your moral, and your social duties. These are occupations worthy of a rational being: they will agreeably and usefully employ your time, and will banish from your breasts that tiresome listlessness, or those tormenting thoughts, from which you endeavour, though in

vain, to fly. Is your retrospect uncomfortable? Exert yourselves in time to make your prospect better; and let the former serve as a back-ground to the latter. Cultivate and improve your minds with reading, according to your several educations and capacities. There are several useful books suited to them all. True religion and virtue give a cheerful and happy turn to the mind, admit of all true pleasures, and even procure the truest.

Cantabrigius drinks nothing but water, and rides more miles in a year than the keenest sportsman, and with almost equal velocity. The former keeps his head clear, the latter his body in health. It is not from himself that he runs, but to his acquaintance, a synonymous term for his friends. Internally safe, he seeks no sanctuary from himself, no intoxication for his mind. His penetration makes him discover and divert himself with the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expose with the truest ridicule, though always without personal offence. Cheerful abroad, because happy at home, and thus happy, because virtuous.

\* \* \* I am obliged to many correspondents for letters, which, though hitherto unnoticed, will be published with all convenient speed.

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No. 93.] THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1754.

It is a very true, though a very trite principle, "that the point of perfection is at a middle distance between the two extremes;" and whoever is the least conversant with the world will have frequent opportunities of convincing himself of its importance, whether he applies it to the morals, manners, or other objects of human action.

I shall make it the subject of this day's paper to particularize the danger of passing too precipitately from one extreme to the other, in an instance which I conceive to be of very material consequence to the entertainment, instruction, and virtue of mankind.

The distinguishing characteristic of the last age was pedantry. Every man appeared so sensibly convinced of the dignity and usefulness of his own profession, that he considered it as the only one meriting the attention of reasonable creatures, and, wherever he was admitted, introduced it as such, without the least regard to times, persons, or places. It was impossible to sit half an hour with the man of learning, without discovering his contempt for every kind of discourse that was not tinged, like his own, with the sentiments and language of Aristotle or Plato. Divines were apt but too often to per-



plex the heads of young ladies at tea-tables with school distinctions, and the depths of metaphysics; and such jargon terms as *capias's*, *certiorari's*, and *premunire facias's*, were more frequently the expressions of lawyers in the same company, than love and adoration, the natural language of the place. A military man no sooner entered the room than you associated the discharge of artillery with his appearance. The authority of his voice silenced every milder subject of conversation, and the battles of Blenheim and Ramillies, so fatal to the enemy, were fought over again in very turbulent description, to the no small terror of his peaceable countrymen.

The wits of those times very finely rallied this foible; and it has indeed suffered such discouragement in our days, that an absurdity, the very reverse, though less to be justified, has succeeded in its place: I mean a vicious affectation, in the present age, of avoiding that pedantry which so distinguished the preceding one.

This affectation has been pursued to such lengths, that a person is esteemed very deficient in good breeding who ventures to explain himself on any subject, however naturally it may arise in company, which genius, education, and his particular profession, have qualified him to support. As a man of the world, he will divert the discourse to any other subject, which, being entirely unacquainted with, he is secure of treating in a manner altogether removed from pedantry. It is principally from this cause, that conversation, which formerly was the means of communicating knowledge with the freedom and delicacy peculiar to it, and which rendered the groves of Academus, the porches of Lycæum, and the walks of Tusculum famous to posterity, is degenerating into an useless and insipid intercourse: while the most trifling amusements that relieve us from the anxiety of it receive all our encouragement.

It is indeed no wonder that clubs and other ancient meetings for society are growing out of fashion, when punctilio not only obliges you to be silent on those topics, which you are inclined, from your knowledge of them, to enter upon with freedom; but subjects you to the mortification of hearing them discussed by persons who never talked or thought of them till the present moment. The situation of the speaker too, in such assemblies, can be no very desirable one, while he is voluntarily imposing the necessity on himself of attempting a subject, when unprovided with materials for it.

This custom is in no sort confined to mixed companies, where possibly some faint excuses might be offered for it; but operates equally where men of the same profession are collected, who, to avoid seeming pedants in the eyes of each other, prefer obscenity, impertinence, or absurdity, to a conversation calculated to reflect mutual light on those studies, which, either in

speculation or practice, are the employment of their lives.

A very understanding friend of mine, who, till within this month, has not visited London for five-and-twenty years, was lamenting to me seriously the declension of knowledge in this kingdom, and seemed apprehensive that a country so distinguished for many ages was relapsing again into its ancient barbarity. I was somewhat surprised at the peculiarity of his sentiments, but did not remain long unacquainted with the cause of them. It seems my friend had spent the greatest part of that week in very different sets of company. He had dined in the beginning of it at a visitation, where the British herring fishery, and some proposals respecting the public debt, had very warmly interested the upper part of the table. He was the less in humour to relish this dispute, as he had been kept up till three that very morning, in the neighbourhood of the exchange, as moderator in a controversy on fore-knowledge and free-will. The next day, in Lincoln's-Inn hall, he was not a little perplexed with the variety of opinions on the circulation of the blood, the production of chyle, and the powers of digestion. It was his fortune afterwards to be present at Batson's coffee-house, when the disposition of the German army at the battle of Crotzka, and the last siege of Coni, were severely arraigned; and to listen at the Tilt-yard to many objections against a decree in chancery, and to a discourse employed to ascertain the provinces of reason, law, and equity. His greatest mortification was in an admittance that morning to a junto of statesmen near Whitehall, from whom nothing transpired, after two hours attention to them, except some injudicious, though modest conjectures, on the future sport of Newmarket races.

It was easy for me, after this explanation, to account for the indifferent opinion my friend had conceived of the divinity, law, and physic; the politics, military knowledge, and trade of the present times; and yet, from my acquaintance with the characters he had seen, I may venture to assert, what in another age might have the appearance of a paradox, that he had been conversing with the most eminent divines, lawyers, and physicians; with the ablest statesmen, skilfullest commanders, and most intelligent traders of any age or country.

This humour, it is to be feared, will by degrees infect the pen as well as the tongue; and that we shall have apothecaries advertising comments on Machiavel's art of war, and serjeants at law taking in subscriptions for systems of chemistry, and dissertations on midwifery. Every man's experience will probably inform him that it has already extended itself to epistolary writing. I have a late disagreeable instance of it in my own family: it is in a young gentleman, who left England with the highest reputation, about a twelve-



month since, to make what is called the tour of Europe. He parted from me with a promise of writing from Rome, where he proposed to continue some time, after visiting France, and the principal cities of Italy. As I had formed very agreeable expectations from this correspondence, I must confess my disappointment when his letter arrived. He never mentioned France, but to condemn the post-horses; nor took notice of any circumstance in his passage over the Alps, except the loss of his hat and periwig. One would have concluded him a cheesemonger from his description of Parma. His observations on Florence were confined solely to its wines: and though he was profoundly silent on the constitution of Lucca, he talked very particularly of the olives it produced. He had occasionally interspersed some anecdotes of himself: as that he had drank a little too freely at Genoa with Lord A.; that he had broke the west window of the great church at Milan in a frolic with Sir Thomas B.; that he had been plundered of his gold watch and snuff-box by a courtezan of Venice; and that he had attempted, in revenge, to sink a gondola belonging to the Doge. These singular contents really gave me pain, as I had a sincere affection for my cousin and his family; and I began to moralize on the vanity and misapplication of travelling into foreign countries. A packet of letters, which reached me soon after, from other correspondents at that time in Italy, threw me into new perplexities: for they all concurred in representing my relation as doing honour to his country by his genius and learning. They spoke of him as distinguished for his knowledge of the religion, government, and antiquities of the states he had visited; and described him as little less remarkable for his chastity, sobriety, and gentleness of manners. A disagreement so visible between the letter from himself, and those which succeeded it, was at first indeed not easily reconciled. Being satisfied, however, that my intelligence from the latter might be relied on as certain, I at length made a discovery, that my cousin had departed from his veracity on this occasion; and that he assumed a character compounded of folly, ignorance, and debauchery, to which he had no pretensions: preferring it to that of a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of virtue, which really belonged to him, from a studious affectation of appearing to his friend in any other light than the unfashionable one of a Pedant.

\* \* *In answer to Hillaria and her cousin, I am sorry to say that it is not my good fortune to be the gentleman who has attracted their notice.*

No. 94.] THURSDAY, OCT. 17, 1754.

IN my paper of last Thursday, I took notice how much conversation had suffered from the singular disposition of mankind in our age to appear in every character except their natural one, and to consider Pedantry as reflecting more disgrace on the persons tinctured with it, than any other frailty, or even immorality, incident to our nature. I am, however, far from concluding this principle (universal as it is) to be the only obstruction to rational society: other causes, distinct in themselves, or operating in conjunction with it, have conspired to reduce conversation to the state we lament it in at present. I shall mention the most remarkable of these causes in the order they occur to me.

One great abuse of conversation has visibly arisen from our mistaking its end, which is, the mutual entertainment and instruction of each other by a friendly communication of sentiments. It is seriously to be wished that this end were pursued, and that every one would contribute with freedom and good manners to the general improvement from his particular discoveries. On the contrary, we are apt to consider society in no other light than as it gives us an opportunity of displaying to advantage our wit, our eloquence, or any other real or imaginary accomplishment. It is our intention to procure admiration from it, not improvement, and to dazzle our companions with our own brightness, rather than to receive light by reflection from them. I knew indeed an instance, the very opposite to this, in a late person of distinction, who to very great qualities had united the talents of a most agreeable companion. I could never perceive that he supported this character by any assumed superiority over his company: it was his singular faculty to discover the genius of other men: no latent merit escaped his penetration, though the proprietor seemed industrious to conceal it from the world, and even from himself. With this advantage he had the art to engage every member of the company on that particular subject, which he was capable of maintaining with ease to himself, and benefit to society. He himself, at the same time, pretended to no more than a common part in that conversation, which derived its merit entirely from his address. The tendency of such behaviour to enlarge knowledge, as well as to procure esteem, cannot fail of appearing very evident to my readers.

There is another defect very closely connected with the abuse above-mentioned, which has proved equally pernicious to conversation: I mean the peremptoriness and warmth that are employed in modern conferences. Indeed,

whether we write or converse, the haughty manner, the self-sufficiency, and the contempt of our opponent that we mix with our arguments, have considerably prevented the advancement of truth, and conviction of error. Modern disputants by this method have subjected their cause, though perhaps founded in demonstration, to great disadvantages; since they have not only the prejudices of mankind to combat, but have imprudently interested their passions too against them. In debates perhaps purely speculative, a person is obliged not only to defend the point in controversy, but even his understanding and moral character, which are united to the question by the management of his adversary. Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Locke, ornaments to their country, their age, and human nature, have been frequently represented as men of weak heads and bad hearts, by persons esteeming themselves nothing less than philosophers. It does not indeed appear to the unprejudiced, that gravitation and cohesion have any visible connection with ethics; that an attempt to ascertain the powers of the understanding has a tendency to undermine revelation; or that these writers deserved to be considered in any other light than as ingenious enthusiasts, if reason and universal experience had not confirmed their inquiries to be as true as they were beautiful. I have often thought that the reception of the Platonic philosophy in the world may be attributed more to the manner of its delivery, than to the superior excellence of it. If we except the moral part, which is divinely treated, its discoveries in physics and other branches of science did not entitle it to be advanced above that of other sects, particularly the Aristotelian. The difference was, that the *ipse dixit* and dogmatical positions of the one, made it unpalatable; while modesty, politeness, and deference to the reason and dignity of mankind, rendered the other lovely even to its adversaries. They were induced, by the address of it, to pursue the consequences of their own opinions till they led them to absurdity, and were not ashamed of a conclusion which seemed to be the effect of their own examination. The same management inclined them to adopt with cheerfulness those principles which were established on the ruins of their favourite prejudices. It is a little extraordinary that the success of this milder method of disputation should have had no greater influence on succeeding ages; especially since the Divine Founder of Christianity has, by his own example, so eminently recommended the same practice. The errors of mankind were treated by him with the tenderness of a parent; and even divine truths introduced into the mind by persuasion rather than authority. The delivery of them in parables was excellently calculated to divest men of prejudices and passions, and to exclude the consideration of self-interest

from the question; at the same time that it showed an indulgence to the understanding, by proposing chiefly general truths, and leaving their particular application to ourselves.

The fatal influence of politics on society, in a country divided into parties like our own, has been too often mentioned to require illustration. I shall observe only, that it has been the occasion of excluding a variety of useful knowledge from conversation, even with men of the most moderate principles. They have been cautious of engaging on any subject, which might accidentally lead to that of politics; and from the natural relation of one science to another, have by this means precluded themselves from almost every branch of instructive conversation. It was observable at the table of a late great man, that obscenity was too often the subject of discourse, which he himself appeared not sufficiently to discountenance. To some serious persons, who took offence at his conduct, he made the following apology: "I have attempted," says he, "in vain to start other subjects, and at the same time to preserve the harmony of my company." If, for instance, I introduce the state of ancient and modern learning, we enter very soon into a comparison of the governments they have flourished under, to the disadvantage of the present one, and the persons that conduct it. If the subject has been philosophy, I have sometimes apprehended that it would conclude with laying hands on the hilts of swords, from divisions on toleration, and occasional conformity. I am therefore under the necessity of conniving at a subject, in which alone whig and tory, churchman and dissenter, ministerial and anti-ministerial man unite together, with any degree of cheerfulness."

Another impediment to the revival of conversation may be ascribed to our notion of its being intended as a relaxation from every thing serious, useful, or moral. The mind has been compared to a bow, which is sometimes unbent to preserve its elasticity; and because the bow is useless in a state of remission, we make the same conclusion of the human mind. Whereas the mind is an active principle, and naturally impatient of ease; it may lose indeed its vigour by being employed too intensely on particular subjects, but recovers itself again, rather by varying its application, than by continuing inactive. History, poetry, and the lighter parts of science, more agreeably relieve us from abstracted studies, than a total indolence and dissipation. It is this continued, though varied exercise of the mind, in the hours of leisure as well as of business, that seems to have given the ancients that superiority over the moderns, which we are more ready to acknowledge, than to inquire into the reason of. Even Tully himself, if he had dedicated his retirement to those amusements that employ the modern world, might have been



delivered to posterity with no greater reputation, than what he was entitled to from the character of an eminent pleader and politician. It was in that retirement, and in the hours of conversation, that he exhausted those subjects of reason and philosophy, which have rendered him the admiration of mankind. I was engaged lately in conversation with some friends on a particular branch of writing, that of dialogue. Every one admired the ease of the ancients in it, and condemned the moderns as stiff and unnatural. I agreed in opinion with them, but thought their reflections as much a satire on the age as the writers. Modern dialogue appears unnatural, because the scenes, the persons, and the subjects it associates are seldom united in real life. It was natural for an ancient writer to represent Varro, Atticus, Brutus, &c. discussing subjects of the utmost importance to mankind in porticoes or gardens, because the great men of Rome frequently spent their retirement in this manner. It would seem the very reverse to introduce in our days Sir Thomas requesting my lord duke to resume his arguments for the immateriality of the soul under the shade of a beech-tree, or entreating him to penetrate into the recesses of the wood, that he may pursue without interruption his inquiry into the foundation of morality. The reason is, that disquisitions of this kind do not frequently engage the thoughts of our great men: or if they really think of them, they appropriate thinking to the particular apartments they call their studies. When they chance to penetrate into the gloom of woods, it is in pursuit of game, not of truth. The conversation in gardens is not often of an elevated kind; and the circular seats round spreading trees usually inspire other thoughts than abstracted ideas.

I shall close this subject with lamenting the injury done to society by our unnatural exclusion of the softer sex from every conversation either serious or instructive. The most enlightened ages of the world entertained juster notions of their merit: even Socrates, the father of ancient wisdom, was fond of acknowledging that he had learned eloquence from Aspasia. I may add of the sex, that they derive some advantage over us from the very defects of their education: their minds operate with more freedom, and with the genuine simplicity of uncorrupted nature. They are not fettered, like ours, by principles and systems, nor confined to the particular modes of thinking, that prevail in colleges and schools. The liveliness too of their imagination entitles them to a place in the gravest, as well as the most cheerful company; I will not even except the Symposia of philosophers: for, to conclude a little learnedly, though demonstration itself may appear principally to depend on the judgment, yet the discovery of intermediate ideas, necessary to it, is more particularly the province of invention.

No. 95.] THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1754.

— *Medio tutissimus ibis.* OVID.

And lives contentedly between  
The little and the great. COWPER.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE golden mean, or middle track of life, has always been esteemed the best, because it is the happiest: and I believe, upon inquiry, it will be found to be the happiest, because the people so situated are the wisest part of mankind; and being the wisest, are best able to subdue those turbulent passions which are the greatest enemies to happiness.

But has not a man of the first rank and fortune a greater opportunity, in proportion to that fortune, to acquire knowledge, than a man in middling circumstances? Most certainly he has; and I make no doubt but that persons of the first quality would be persons of the first understanding, if it was not for one very material obstacle, I mean *fashion*. There are no two characters so entirely incompatible as a man of sense and a man of fashion. A man of fashion must devote his whole time to the fashionable pleasures: among the first of these may be reckoned gaming, in the pursuit of which we cannot allow him less than a third part of the twenty-four hours; and the other sixteen (allowing for a little sleep) are to be spent in amusements, perhaps less vicious, but not more profitable.

I would not here be understood to mean, that every man of quality is a man of fashion: on the contrary, I know several whose titles serve to make their merits more conspicuous: but I cannot help observing, that the noble lord who holds the first place amongst the men of wit and genius has not been known to alter the cock of his little hat for above these twenty years.

If we consider the lowest class of life but for a moment, we shall not be at a loss to account for their ignorance. They have little more time from their labour than what is necessary for refreshment. They work to supply their own necessities and the luxuries of the great. Let us examine how far these two extremes of life resemble each other in their recreations and diversions. John Slaughter, the butcher, trots his goose-rumped mare twelve miles within the hour for twenty guineas. My lord rides his own horse a match for five hundred. Two bricklayers' labourers play at all-fours in an ale-house on a Saturday night for their week's wages. His grace and Count Basset are doing the same thing at White's for all they are worth in the world. My lord, having been unfortunate in an amour, sends to the doctor at Whitehall. Tom Errand, in the same dilemma, runs away to the licentiate upon Ludgate-hill. In their taste too



they are the same. It is common in our theatres for the plaudit to come at one and the same time from the boxes and the upper gallery. In their plurality of wives and mistresses, in their non-observance of religious ceremonies, and in many other particulars, which I shall forbear to mention, they seem entirely to agree.

For my own part, I imbibed early the love of mediocrity; and I find it growing upon me as I increase in years; insomuch that my discourse, let the subject be what it will, is generally tinged with it. Nay, I am even afraid, Mr. Fitz-Adam, when I tell you some little anecdotes of my life, that you will accuse me of running into the extreme, by adhering too closely and circumstantially to the medium. For example: I gave more for my chambers than I need to have done, because I would have them in the Middle Temple, a situation very agreeable to me, as lying in the midway between the city and the court. I have never thought myself so happy at the playhouse, since Burton's box was taken down, though I always sit in the centre of the middle gallery. And to tell you the truth, I have often wished myself shorter, because I am somewhat above the middle stature.

This particular way of thinking very frequently subjects me to little rudenesses and affronts. It was but t'other night that a young gentleman of our inn, who aspires at being lord chancellor, wished me in the middle of a horse-pond for dwelling perhaps a little too long on the happiness of a middle state; and it is no new thing to me at Nando's to overhear the smarts, at my entrance into that coffee-house, crying out, "Here comes old Medium."

These, Mr. Fitz-Adam, are disagreeable things; but then I have the self-satisfaction of knowing that I am in the right. But I trespass on your patience, and besides, have made my letter longer than I intended: I shall therefore conclude abruptly with that excellent wish of Agar, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

I am, &c.

By way of supplement to the above, and to illustrate, by example, the absurdity of running into extremes, I shall present my readers with another letter, which I received some time ago from a female correspondent.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I am an humble cousin to two sisters, who though they are good-humoured, good sort of people, and (all things considered) behave to me tolerably well, yet their manners and dispositions are so extremely opposite, that the task of pleasing them is rendered very difficult and troublesome. The eldest of my cousins is a very olly free-hearted girl, and so great an enemy to all kinds of form, that you seldom see her with

so much as a pin in her gown; while the youngest, who thinks in her heart that her sister is no better than a slattern, runs into the contrary extreme, and is, in every thing she does, an absolute fiddad. She takes up almost as much time to put on a gown, as her sister does to dirty one. The eldest is too thoughtless to remember what she is to do, and the youngest is so tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapsed in which it was necessary for it to be done. If you lend any thing to the eldest, you are sure to have it lost; or if you would borrow any thing of the youngest, it is odds but she refuses it, from an opinion that you will be less careful of it than herself. Whatever work is done by one sister, is too slight to hang together for an hour's wear; and whatever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finished.

As they are constantly bed-fellows, the first sleep of the eldest is sure to be broke by the youngest, whose usual time for undressing and folding up her clothes is at least an hour and a half, allowing a third part of that time for hinderances, occasioned by her elder sister's things, which lie scattered every where in her way.

If they had lovers, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I know exactly how it would be: the eldest would lose hers by saying Yes too soon, and the youngest by saying No too often. If they were wives, the one would be too hasty to do any thing right, and the other too tedious to do any thing pleasing; or were they mothers, the daughters of the eldest would be playing at taw with the boys, and the sons of the youngest dressing dolls with the misses.

I wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that you would be so kind to these cousins of mine as to favour them with your advice. I have told you already, that they are both good humoured; and if you could prevail upon the eldest to borrow from the youngest a little thought and neatness, and upon the youngest to add to her exactness a little of the careless freedom of the eldest, you would make them very amiable women, and me the happiest of all humble cousins.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,  
and most humble servant,

M. A.

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No. 96.] THURSDAY, OCT. 31, 1754.

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I WAS not a little surprised the other day at receiving a letter by the penny-post, acquainting me that notwithstanding all I had said in a former paper concerning the general reformation that had taken place by means of these es-

says, there were people amongst us who were taking pains to undo all I had done; and that unless I exerted myself notably on a new occasion, my labours for the good of mankind would fall short of their intention. The writer of this letter proceeds to inform me, that he has lately obtained a sight of a dramatic manuscript, (taken, as he supposes, from a history in Machiavel) called *Belphegor* or the *Married Devil*, which manuscript, he is credibly assured, is intended to be offered at one of the theatres this very season. My correspondent inveighs greatly against the evil tendency of this piece, of which he has sent me a short transcript, entreating my publication of it, as a warning to the managers against consenting to its exhibition. The transcript which consists only of one short scene, together with the introduction is exactly as follows :

*Belphegor*, a heathen devil, in the disguise of christian flesh and blood, makes his entrance upon the stage; where, after a clap of thunder, and several flashes of lightning, another devil of a smaller size, dressed like a lacquey, in a flame-coloured livery, trimmed with black, and stuck round with fire-works, rises from a trap-door, delivers a letter to *Belphegor*, and making a very low bow, descends in thunder and lightning as he rose. *Belphegor* then comes forward, and reads the letter, which contains these words :

“ Forasmuch as our true and trusty devil and cousin, *Belphegor*, hath, in obedience to our commands, submitted himself to the torments of the married state for one whole year upon earth, thereby to instruct us in the nature of wives, and to get remission of punishment for all husbands in these our realms; and We, well knowing the many miseries he hath endured in this his state of flesh, and being graciously pleased to release him from his bondage, have ordered that the earth do open at six in the evening of this present day, to re-admit him to our dominions. Given at our palace, &c.

PLUTO.

*Belphegor* expresses great joy at reading the letter: and while he is thanking *Pluto* for his clemency, and congratulating himself that his deliverance is near at hand, *Harlequin* enters at the back of the stage, looking very disconsolately, and bowing to *Belphegor*, who, after surveying him with wonder, exclaims as follows :

*Bel.* Hey-day! Who, in the name of Proserpine, have we here? Some other devil upon a frolic too, I suppose? He looks plaguy discontented. If thou art a devil, speak to me. [*Harlequin shakes his head.*] A Frenchman, I presume: but then he would have found his tongue sooner. Are you married, friend?

*Har.* A very miserable fellow, Sir.

*Bel.* Why, ay; that sounds a little like matrimony. But who are you? For by the knave's

look, and the fool's coat, you should be some extraordinary personage.

*Har.* I could eat a little, Sir.

*Bel.* Very likely, friend. But who are you, I say?

*Har.* A poor Harlequin, Sir; married yesterday, and now running away from my wife.

*Bel.* A Harlequin! What's that?

*Har.* Were you never at the playhouse, Sir? A Harlequin is a man of wit without words; his business is to convey moral sentiments with a nod of the head, or a shake of the nether parts—I'll show you after dinner, if you please, Sir.

[*BELPHEGOR waves his hand, and a table rises with provision and wine.*]

*Har.* Sir, your most humble servant. If it was not for hunger, now, I should beg leave to ask, Sir, if you are not the devil?

[*Sits down and eats.*]

*Bel.* A devil that will do you no harm, friend.

*Har.* But are you really the devil, Sir?

*Bel.* Have you any objection, Mr. Harlequin?

*Har.* None in the least, Sir; it is not my way to object to trifles. Sir, my humble duty to you. [*Drinks.*] Yes, yes, Sir, you must be the devil, or some such great person. And pray, Sir, if one may make bold to ask, how go matters below, Sir? I suppose you have a world of fine company there. But I am afraid, Sir, the place is a little too smoky for the ladies.

*Bel.* To those who have not been used to town indeed——

*Har.* To be sure, Sir, the town is a very natural preparation. You live pretty much as we do, I suppose?

*Bel.* Pretty much so, as to the pleasures of the place; rather less scandal among us.

*Har.* And more sinning, perhaps?

*Bel.* Very little difference as to that: hypocrisy we have none of: people of fashion, you know, are above hypocrisy; and we are chiefly people of fashion.

*Har.* No doubt, Sir. A good many newcomers I reckon from England?

*Bel.* A good many, friend; we are particularly fond of the English.

*Har.* You have them of all professions, I presume?

*Bel.* Lawyers we do not admit. They are good sort of people in general, and take great pains to come among us; but I don't know how it is, we are apt to be jealous of them, I think—and so they go a little lower down.

*Har.* Divines of all religions, I suppose?

*Bel.* Rather of no religion, friend; of those we have abundance; and very much respected they are indeed.

*Har.* Physicians, too, no doubt?

*Bel.* And that's a little odd; for we have no deaths among us; and yet there is no country

under heaven, I believe, so stocked with physicians as ours.

*Har.* And traders, pray?

*Bel.* A world of them, of the better sort. The industry and wealth of those gentlemen will always secure them a warm place with us.

*Har.* Atheists I suppose in plenty?

*Bel.* Atheists! Not that I remember. We have abundance of fine gentlemen; but I never heard that they professed atheism below.

*Har.* And pray, Sir, do any of the players make you a visit?

*Bel.* I never heard that they went any where else. They are a little unmanageable, indeed; but we have them all, from Roscius of Rome, to Joe Miller of Drury Lane: and a fine company they are. Besides, we have all the wits that ever wrote; and then we have no licenser to be a check upon their fancies; though I don't remember that lewdness has been carried a degree farther than with you.

*Har.* Very likely, Sir. But pray, Sir, if I may be indulged, who are your favourite ladies at present?

*Bel.* Why, indeed, among so large a number, it is hard to say which. The nuns of all nations are reckoned mighty good sort of women; but a devil of true taste will tell you that a thoroughbred English woman of quality will go beyond them.

*Har.* You are pleased to compliment the English ladies, Sir. And what extraordinary business, if I may have leave to ask, may have been the occasion of this visit?

*Bel.* Curiosity and a wife; the very two things that send you gentlemen upon a visit to us.

*Har.* May be so. And pray, Sir, what stay do you intend to make?

*Bel.* Only this evening.

*Har.* Can I do you any service, Sir?

*Bel.* Ay; you shall make love to my wife.

*Har.* Her ladyship is from hell too I suppose?

*Bel.* Going thither as fast as she can, Mr.

Harlequin—But I hear her coming; walk this way, and I'll instruct you. [Exeunt.]

Thus ends the scene; which my correspondent inveighs against with so much bitterness, that when I consider it throughout, I am almost of opinion that (in the fashionable phrase) he is *taking me in*, and that he has desired my publication of it in order to excite curiosity, and to get the piece talked of before its appearance upon the stage. And indeed this method of puffing by abuse is frequently the most successful of any; for as in these very reformed times a wicked book is so rare to be met with, people will be tempted to read it, out of mere curiosity.

I remember a very sceptical pamphlet, that was nowhere to be seen but in the bookseller's

shop, till the author bethought himself of selecting the most offensive passages of it, and by printing them in the Daily Advertiser, and calling upon the clergy to confute, and the magistrate to suppress so pernicious a performance, he carried it through three impressions in less than a fortnight. If my present correspondent has adopted this plan, I shall take care to counterwork his design, by giving it as my opinion that the above scene (however it may be objected to by people of a particular turn) is perfectly harmless.

No. 97.] THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1754.

THE following letter is written with such an air of truth, that though it comes from one of those unhappy creatures who have always a story to tell in palliation of their infamy, I cannot refuse giving it a place in this paper. If the artifice that undid this poor girl be a common one, it may possibly be less practised by being more known. All I shall say farther is, that I have made no other alteration in the letter than to correct false spellings and a few errors in the English.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am the daughter of very honest and reputable parents in the north of England; but as an account of my family does no way relate to my story, I shall avoid troubling you with any farther particulars on that head. At the age of seventeen I had leave from my father and mother to accompany a neighbouring family of some distinction to town, having lived in the strictest intimacy with the young ladies of that family ever since I was a child.

At our arrival in town, we were visited by a great deal of company, and among the rest by a young gentleman of fortune, who seldom passed a day without seeing us. As this gentleman's family, and that of my friends, had been long acquainted, his admission to us was without the least ceremony; and indeed he was looked upon by the young ladies and myself rather as a brother than a visitor. I had often observed, and I confess with secret satisfaction, that his behaviour to me, especially when alone, was somewhat more particular than to any of my companions: and I could not help placing it to his favourable opinion of me, that he was continually contriving parties abroad to amuse and entertain us.

One afternoon, having been troubled with the head-ache in the morning, and having therefore



excused myself from dining and supping out with the family where I lived, he called, as he had many times done, to ask us to the play. I expressed my concern at the ladies being from home, but foolishly suffered myself to be persuaded to go alone with him into the gallery, after having been laughed at for my objections, and told that I ought to have a better opinion of him than to think him capable of asking me to do an improper thing.

When the play was over, we took coach to return home; but the coachman, having no doubt received his lesson, stopped just at the door of a tavern, telling us that one of the traces was broke, and that he could go no farther. I suffered myself to be handed into the tavern, while another coach was called, which not being immediately to be had, my companion observed to me, smiling, that it was a happy accident, and as the family I lived with would not sup at home, I should be his guest that evening; and without waiting for a reply, ordered supper and a bottle of champaign. It was in vain that I remonstrated against this proposal; he knew, he said, that my friends would not return till twelve; and there could be no kind of harm in eating a bit of chicken, and drinking a glass of wine where we were. I was frightened at the thoughts of what I was doing, but was indiscreet enough to consent. His behaviour to me all the time was the most respectful in the world. He took care to engage my attention by some interesting discourse, assuring me, as often as I attempted to move, that it was quite early, and that till a coach could be had, it was to no purpose to attempt going.

I very freely confess, that being extremely heated at the playhouse, I was tempted to drink a glass or two of wine more than I was accustomed to, which flurried me a good deal; and as my heart was by no means indifferent to him who was entertaining me, the time passed away almost imperceptibly. However, recollecting myself at last, I insisted peremptorily upon going; when, seeing me in earnest, he pulled out his watch, and, as if violently surprised, declared it was past two o'clock: adding, in the greatest seeming consternation, that it would be impossible for me to go home that night, and cursing his own folly for the mischief he had brought upon me.

I will not attempt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to describe the confusion I was in. Yet still I insisted upon going home, which he endeavoured to dissuade me from by saying, that he too well knew the temper of the gentleman at whose house I lived to think of carrying me thither at so late an hour; that he would conduct me to a lady of his acquaintance, who should wait on me home in the morning, and make an excuse for my lying out. I answered him, that I would lie nowhere but at home; that I detested myself

for going out with him; and that I would return immediately, let the hour be what it would. "Let us go, first of all," replied he, "to the lady's, where I will leave you but for a moment, and see if the family are sitting up for you; for to knock at the door, and be refused admittance, would ruin your reputation in the opinion of all the neighbourhood." I still insisted upon going home; and a coach was accordingly called and procured; but instead of carrying me to my friends, it stopped at a house in another street. Here I was forced against my will to alight. The mistress of it was up; a circumstance which I should have wondered at, if I had not been frightened almost to death, and incapable of thinking, speaking, or knowing what I did.

The wretch, after having apologized to the lady for the distress he had brought me into, left me in great haste, to bring me intelligence of what was doing at home. He returned in a short time, and with the greatest seeming concern in his countenance told me, that he had learnt from one of the servants, that the family had supped at home; that they were exasperated against me beyond forgiveness; that they concluded me undone; and that they had sworn never to admit me into their doors again.

I was quite thunderstruck at this intelligence, and accused the wretch who brought it me as the vilest of men. He fell upon his knees, conjuring me not to think him capable of any design in what was done, and vowing to sacrifice his life and fortune to reinstate me in the good opinion of my friends. I was obliged now to put myself under his protection; but refused going to bed, though pressed to it by the lady of the house, who called herself his relation. Early in the morning, taking the lady along with him, he pretended to go again to my friends; but returned to me with an account that they were quite outrageous against me, and absolutely determined never to see me again. I wrote to them in the most moving manner that my heart could indite, and gave the letter to the care of this false friend. I wrote also to my parents, letter after letter, but without receiving a syllable from them in return; so that I now looked upon myself as completely undone. The anxiety I suffered threw me into a fever, during which time the wretch hardly ever stirred from my bed-side, vowing that his life depended upon my recovery. I was soon indeed restored to my health, but never to my peace. My betrayer began now to talk to me of love; and I began foolishly to regard him as one that had suffered too much for what I could not impute to him as a crime. He saw and took care hourly to improve my too favourable opinion of him; and at length (for why should I dwell minutely on what I wish for ever to forget?) by a thousand stratagems on his side, and by fatal inclination on my own, irrecoverably undid me.

From that very day his affections began to cool: and (will it be believed when I tell it?) he grew in a very little time to hate me to that degree, that in order to get rid of me, and to make our separation my own act, he confessed to me the whole scheme he had laid to get me; showed me advertisements in the papers from my friends and parents, offering rewards for my discovery; and returned me the letters I had written to them every one of which he had detained.

I stood astonished at his villany, and abhorred him in my soul. But, alas! it was now too late for me to apply to friends. Ruminating one afternoon on my deplorable condition, I was surprised at seeing an elderly lady enter my chamber. She made me an apology for her visit, and very frankly told me, that from distant hints which she had that day received from the mistress of the house, she apprehended I was fallen into bad hands; which, if true, she would be glad to assist me to the utmost of her power. She spoke this with so much affection and good nature, that I made no scruple of telling her my whole story, which so extremely affected her, that she shed tears while I spoke, and often interrupted me with her exclamations against the villany of men. At the conclusion she offered that moment to take me away, assuring me that her house, her purse, and her sincerest friendship should always be mine. I would have fallen on my knees to thank her, but she prevented me; and ordering a coach to be called, she conveyed me that very evening to her country-house.

I stayed there a week, and met with the most kind and tender treatment from her. She compelled me to accept some changes of clothes and linen, and then brought me to her house in town; where, in less than four-and-twenty hours, she told me, without the least ceremony, that I no doubt knew for what purpose she had taken me, and that as I could have no pretensions to modesty, she hoped my behaviour would be such as should give her no occasion to repent of her kindness to me. I desired to understand her, and was informed (though not in plain words) that my benefactress was a bawd, and that she had taken me into her family for the most infamous of purposes. I trembled with amazement, and insisted on leaving the house that instant. She told me, I was at full liberty to do so; but that first I must pay her for my lodging and clothes. She spoke this with great ease and carelessness, and then left me to myself. I ran down stairs with precipitation; but, alas! scarce was I out of the street before I was stoppt and brought back by a bailiff who had a writ against me. I requested that I might have leave to write to the gentleman from whom I had been taken: for bad as he was, I said, he would not utterly desert me. I was permitted to write as I desired; and the wretch indeed answered my letter; but it was only to tell me that as I had

thought proper to run away from him, he should have nothing farther to say to me; and that, in short, I must either submit to conditions or go immediately with the bailiff. Frightened at the horrors of a prison, and hoping that my story might move compassion in those to whom I was to be introduced, I consented to do as they would have me; but, alas! Sir, I was mistaken; they listened indeed to my story; but instead of melting at my misfortunes, they adored me, they said, for my invention. At length, having led the life of a prostitute for more than a month, I attempted to make a second escape, and to fly to the hands of justice for protection: but I was again caught, and carried to a spunging-house; where, after remaining two days, a gentleman who had been admitted to me at that vile woman's came to see me in my confinement, paid off the debt for which I was arrested, and took me to be his mistress.

But though the life I now lead is in some degree more supportable than that which I have escaped from, yet to one who hopes that she has still some remains of principle left, it is terrible and shocking. My friends know what I am, and what I have been, but they reject and hate me: and I have not the least glimmering of hope ever to recover from the situation I am in, unless my story should merit the compassion of him to whom I now send it, and find a place in the *World*. Vile as I am, I would be otherwise if I might. I am not old in wickedness, though I have gone such lengths in it; being now really and truly but just turned of eighteen, and having left my father's house no more than fifteen months ago, two of which months I lived in innocence and reputation with the most worthy of families.

As to him who has brought upon me all this weight of misery, and who serenely and unconcernedly can reflect upon what he has done (for so I am sure he does), I have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope. I can therefore have but one inducement to desire your publication of this letter, which is, that my friends may know that I have gained that credit with a stranger which they have refused to give me, and that I am really and truly an object of compassion.

I am, Sir,

(though lost to myself)

Your most faithful, humble servant.

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No. 98.] THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1754.

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It gives me great pleasure that I am able in this day's paper to congratulate the polite part of my fellow-subjects of both sexes, upon the splendid revival of that most rational entertainment, the



Italian opera. Of late years it had seemed to sicken, so that I greatly feared that the unsuccessful efforts which it made from time to time were its convulsive and expiring pangs. But it now appears, and indeed much to the honour of this country, that we have still too many protectors and protectresses of the liberal arts to suffer that of music, the most liberal of them all, to sink for want of due encouragement.

I am sensible that Italian operas have frequently been the objects of the ridicule of many of our greatest wits; and, viewed in one light only, perhaps not without some reason. But as I consider all public diversions singly with regard to the effects which they may have upon the morals and manners of the public, I confess I respect the Italian operas as the most innocent of any.

The severe Monsieur Boileau justly condemns the French operas, the moral of which he calls

———*Morale lubrique*  
*Que Lully rechauffe des sons de sa musique.*

But then it must be considered that French operas are always in French, and consequently may be understood by many French people; and that they are fine dramatic tragedies adorned with all the graces of poetry and harmony of sounds, and may probably inspire too tender, if not voluptuous sentiments. Can the Italian opera be accused of any thing of this kind? Certainly not. Were, what is called, the poetry of it intelligible in itself, it would not be understood by one in fifty of a British audience; but I believe that even an Italian of common candour will confess, that he does not understand one word of it. It is not the intention of the thing; for should the ingenious author of the words, by mistake, put any meaning into them, he would, to a certain degree, check and cramp the genius of the composer of the music, who perhaps might think himself obliged to adapt his sounds to the sense: whereas now he is at liberty to scatter indiscriminately, among the kings, queens, heroes and heroines, his adagios, his allegros, his pathetics, his cromatics, and his jiggs. It would also have been a restraint upon the actors and actresses, who might possibly have attempted to form their action upon the meaning of their parts; but as it is, if they do but seem, by turns, to be angry and sorry in the two first acts, and very merry in the last scene of the last, they are sure to meet with their deserved applause.

Signor Metastasio attempted some time ago a very dangerous innovation. He tried gently to throw some sense into his operas; but it did not take: the consequences were obvious, and nobody knew where they would stop.

The whole skill and judgment of the poet now consists in selecting about a hundred words

(for the opera vocabulary does not exceed that number) that terminate in liquids and vowels, and rhyme to each other. These words excite ideas in the hearer, though they were not the result of any in the poet. Thus the word *tortorella*, stretched out to a quaver of a quarter of an hour, excites in us the ideas of tender and faithful love; but if it is succeeded by *navicella*, that soothing idea gives way to the boisterous and horrid one of a skiff (that is, a heart) tossed by the winds and waves upon the main ocean of love. The handcuffs and fetters in which the hero commonly appears at the end of the second, or the beginning of the third act, indicate captivity, and when properly jingled to a pathetic piece of recitativo upon *questi ceppi*, are really very moving, and inspire a love of liberty. Can any thing be more innocent or more moral than this musical pantomime, in which there is not one indecent word or action, but where, on the contrary, the most generous sentiments are (however imperfectly) pointed out and inculcated.

I was once indeed afraid that the licentiousness of the times had infected even the opera; for in that of Alexander, the hero going into the heroine's apartment found her taking a nap in an easy chair. Tempted by so much beauty, and invited by so favourable an opportunity, he gently approached, and stole a pair of gloves. I confess I dreaded the consequences of this bold step; and the more so, as it was taken by the celebrated Signor Senesino. But all went off very well; for the hero contented himself with giving the good company a song, in which he declared that the lips he had just kissed were a couple of rubies.

Another good effect of the Italian operas is, that they contribute extremely to the keeping of good hours; the whole audience (though passionately fond of music) being so tired before they are half, and so sleepy before they are quite done, that they make the best of their way home, too drowsy to enter upon fresh pleasures that night.

Having thus rescued these excellent musical dramas from the unjust ridicule which some people of vulgar and illiberal tastes have endeavoured to throw upon them, I must proceed and do justice to the *virtuosos* and *virtuosas* who perform them. But I believe it will be necessary for me to premise, for the sake of many of my English readers, that *virtù* among the modern Italians signifies nothing less than what *virtus* did among the ancient ones, or what *virtue* signifies among us; on the contrary, I might say that it signifies almost every thing else. Consequently those respectable titles of *virtuoso* and *virtuosa* have not the least relation to the moral characters of the parties. They mean only that those persons (endowed, some by nature, and some by art, with good voices) have from their infancy



devoted their time and labour to the various combinations of seven notes : a study that must unquestionably have formed their minds, enlarged their notions, and have rendered them most agreeable and instructive companions ; and as such, I observe that they are justly solicited, received, and cherished by people of the first distinction.

As these illustrious personages come over here with no sordid view of profit, but merely *per far piacere a la nobilita Inglese*, that is, to oblige the English nobility, they are exceedingly good and condescending to such of the said English nobility, and even gentry, as are desirous to contract an intimacy with them. They will, for a word's speaking, dine, sup, or pass the whole day with people of a certain condition, and perhaps sing or play, if civilly requested. Nay, I have known many of them so good as to pass two or three months of the summer at the country-seats of some of their noble friends, and thereby mitigate the horrors of the country and the mansion-house, to my lady and her daughters. I have been assured by many of their chief patrons and patronesses, that they are *all the best creatures in the world* ; and from the time of Signor Cavaliero Nicolini down to this day, I have constantly heard the several great performers, such as Farinelli, Carestini, Monticelli, Gaffarielli, as well as the Signore Cuzzoni, Faustina, &c. much more praised for their affability, the gentleness of their manners, and all the good qualities of the head and heart, than for either their musical skill or execution. I have even known these their social virtues lay their protectors and protectresses under great difficulties how to reward such distinguished merit. But benefitted nights luckily came to their assistance, and gave them an opportunity of insinuating, with all due regard, into the hand of the performer, in lieu of a ticket, a considerable bank-bill, a gold snuff-box, a diamond-ring, or some such trifle. It is to be hoped that the illustrious signor Farinelli has not yet forgot the many instances he experienced of British munificence ; for it is certain that many private families *still remember them*.

All this is very well ; and I greatly approve of it, as I am of tolerating and naturalizing principles. But, however, as the best things may admit of improvement by certain modifications, I shall now suggest two ; the one of a public, the other of a private nature. I would by all means welcome these respectable guests, but I would by no means part with them, as is too soon and too often the case. Some of them, when they have got ten or fifteen thousand pounds here, unkindly withdraw themselves, and purchase estates in land in their own countries ; and others are seduced from us, by the pressing invitations of some great potentate to come over to superintend his pleasures, and to take a share in his councils. This is not only a

great loss to their particular friends, the nobility and gentry, but to the nation in general, by turning the balance of our musical commerce considerably against us. I would therefore humbly propose, that immediately upon the arrival of these valuable strangers, a writ of *ne exeat regnum* should be issued to keep them here. The other modification, which I beg leave to hint at only, it being of a private nature, is, that no *virtuoso* whose voice is below a *contralto* shall be taken to the country-seat of any family whatsoever ; much less any strapping fiddler, bassoon or bass viol, who does not even pretend to sing, or if he does, sings a rough tenor, or a tremendous bass. The consequences may be serious, but at least the appearances are not edifying.

No. 99.] THURSDAY, Nov. 21, 1754.

*Prudens futuri temporis exitum  
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus ;  
Ridetque, si mortalis ultra  
Fas trepidat. Quod adest, memento  
Componere aequus.* HOR.

But Jove, in goodness ever wise,  
Hath hid, in clouds of depthless night,  
All that in future prospect lies,  
Beyond the ken of mortal sight,  
And laughs to see vain man oppress'd  
With idle fears, and more than man distress'd.

Then wisely form the present hour ;  
Enjoy the bliss that it bestows. FRANCIS.

It requires very little experience of the world to discover that mankind seldom enjoy the present hour, but are almost continually employing their thoughts about the future. This disposition may indeed serve to delude some people into a happiness, which, otherwise, they would never know ; and we sometimes see men engaging in prospects apparently disadvantageous to themselves, that they may enjoy the comfortable thought of having benefited their families. But unfortunately this is not the general turn of mankind ; and, I am afraid, still less so of my countrymen than of any others : they are constantly looking towards the dark side of the prospect, fearing every thing and hoping nothing.

This unhappy disposition seems to spread its baleful influence more fatally in this month, than in any other in the whole year : for besides the colds, vapours, and nervous disorders with which individuals are afflicted, the state always suffers exceedingly during this month. I myself remember *this country undone* every November for these forty years. The truth is, that to make amends for that levity and dissipa-

tion of thought which horse-racing and rural sports have occasioned in the summer, every zealous Englishman sits down at this season seriously to consider the state of the nation ; and always, upon mature reflection, concludes that matters are so bad, that the business of government cannot possibly be carried on through another session. The products of the press, either proceeding from persons really affected by the season, or cunningly designed to suit the gloomy disposition of the buyer, all tend to increase this disorder of the mind. *Serious Considerations, The Tears of Trade, The Groans of the Plantations*, and the like, are the titles that spread the sale of pamphlets at this season of the year ; while *The Cordial for Low Spirits, and The Pills to purge Melancholy*, have no chance for a vent, till the spring has given a turn to the blood, and put the spirits into a disposition to be pleased.

There are indeed many recreations and amusements in this metropolis, that are designed as so many antidotes to the general gloom : but though we have had this year the greatest importation of entertainment that ever was known, I doubt there are many inhabitants of this city who are at present so totally possessed with the spleen, that they do not know of half the number of dancers, singers, mimics, and beauties, which are already arrived. It is, however, comfortable to reflect on that happy revolution, which is constantly brought about by the Christmas holidays and the lengthening of the days. Those who seemed so lately to be lost in despair grow into spirits on a sudden ; and plays, operas, balls, pantomimes, and burlettas diffuse a universal ecstasy.

But even in the midst of this highest tide of spirits, I am sorry to say it, the most groundless suppositions of what may possibly happen shall spread a cloud over all your joy. The idea of an invasion, a comet, or an earthquake, shall keep the whole town in an agony for many weeks. In short, every apprehension shall in its turn make an impression on our imaginations, except that of a *future state*.

That this great event should not occupy those minds which are totally engrossed by the *present*, is not much to be wondered at ; but that it should be the only view towards which these *lookers-forward* never turn their eyes is an inconsistency altogether unaccountable.

When Falstaff's wench is sitting upon his knee, her hint seems a little ill-timed, when she advises him to *patch up his old body for Heaven* ; and his reply is suitable to the place and occasion ; *Peace, good Doll ; do not speak like a death's head ; do not bid me remember mine end*. Mrs. Quickly was no less blameable on the other side, when finding him so near his end, that he began to cry out, she says, *Now I, to comfort him, bid him he should not think of God*.

I avoid entering seriously and particularly into this subject, that I may not give my paper the air of a sermon ; and instead of using arguments of a religious cast, I desire only to recommend a propriety and consistency of thought and conduct. It is therefore that I would advise my readers either to throw aside, not for this month only, but for their whole lives, this gloomy curiosity that will avail them nothing, and to enter into a free and full enjoyment of the present ; or if, of necessity, they must direct their whole attention to the future, let it be to that expectation, which they may depend upon with the utmost certainty, which will afford the most profitable exercise for their inquisitive thoughts, and which will be the only instance where an anxious concern for the future can possibly be of service to them.

I have been principally led into this train of thinking by a letter which I received yesterday by the penny-post, and which I shall here communicate to my readers, as a proper conclusion of this paper.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM just returned from a short visit to some relations of mine, who live in a large old mansion-house in the country. The gloomy aspect of the place, the unpleasing appearance of nature at the fall of the leaf, and the alteration of the weather with the change of the season, made me acquiesce in the received opinion, that there is really something dreadful in the influence of this month of November, which, however, we who live in London have no such apparent reason to be affected with.

The melancholy impression which I received from the place was greatly increased by the turn of its inhabitants. My uncle and aunt are blessed with a competent fortune, and two fine children ; but they neither enjoy the one, nor educate the other ; their whole attention being engrossed by objects, which, in their estimation, are of much greater consequence. My uncle is continually employed in computing the year in which this kingdom is to become a province to France ; and my aunt is no less occupied in endeavouring to fix the exact time of the Millennium.

A younger brother of my uncle's, who lives in the family, and who is a very great mathematician, has been busied many years in calculations, which, he asserts, are of the utmost importance to the world, as they affect the duration and well-being of it. He is greatly apprehensive that, from Sir Isaac Newton's system, the time will come when this earth, round as it was at first created, will be as flat as a pancake : but long before this event can happen, it must certainly suffer a more palpable inconvenience.



He has made a discovery that the profusion of man consumes faster than the earth produces. Vast fleets and enormous buildings, have wasted almost all our oak; and the firs of Norway are beginning to fail. What shall we do he says, when the coal, salt, iron, and lead mines are exhausted? And besides, may it not happen before these events take place, that such vast excavations, inconsiderately made, may give a pernicious inequality to the balance of the globe? These arguments are slighted by his brother, who is more immediately alarmed for the balance of Europe; but they have great weight with my aunt, as they evince the necessity of a renewal, and tend to hasten, as well as prove, the establishment of the Millennium.

A farther account of the anxieties of this family may possibly be the subject of another letter: I shall, however, conclude this with discovering to you my own. I am in great pain lest the young squire should turn out a vulgar and imperious blockhead, from having been left all his life to servants; and I am sorry to say, that the event which my uncle and aunt have most immediate reason to apprehend is, my cousin Mary's running away with the butler.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

A. Z.

No. 100.] THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1754.

I HEARD the other day with great pleasure from my worthy friend Mr. Dodsley, that Mr. Johnson's English Dictionary, with a grammar and history of our language prefixed, will be published this winter, in two large volumes in folio.

I had long lamented that we had no lawful standard of our language set up, for those to repair to, who might choose to speak and write it grammatically and correctly; and I have as long wished that either some one person of distinguished abilities would undertake the work singly, or that a certain number of gentlemen would form themselves, or be formed by the government, into a society for that purpose. the late ingenious Doctor Swift proposed a plan of this nature to his friend (as he thought him) the lord treasurer Oxford, but without success; precision and perspicuity not being in general the favourite objects of ministers, and perhaps still less so of that minister than of any other.

Many people have imagined that so extensive a work would have been best performed by a number of persons, who should have taken their several departments, of examining, sifting, winnowing (I borrow this image from the Italian

*Crusca*), purifying, and finally fixing our language, by incorporating their respective fluids into one joint stock. But whether this opinion be true or false, I think the public in general, and the republic of letters in particular, greatly obliged to Mr. Johnson, for having undertaken and executed so great and desirable a work. Perfection is not to be expected from man; but if we are to judge by the various works of Mr. Johnson, already published, we have good reason to believe that he will bring this as near to perfection as any one man could do. The plan of it, which he published some years ago, seems to me to be a proof of it. Nothing can be more rationally imagined, or more accurately and elegantly expressed. I therefore recommend the previous perusal of it to all those who intend to buy the dictionary, and who, I suppose, are all those who can afford it.

The celebrated dictionaries of the Florentine and French academies owe their present size and perfection to very small beginnings. Some private gentlemen of Florence, and some at Paris, had met at each other's houses to talk over and consider their respective languages: upon which they published some short essays, which essays were the embryos of those perfect productions, that now do so much honour to the two nations. Even Spain, which seems not to be the soil where, of late, at least, letters have either prospered, or been cultivated, has produced a dictionary, and a good one too, of the Spanish language, in six large volumes in folio.

I cannot help thinking it a sort of disgrace to our nation, that hitherto we have had no such standard of our language: our dictionaries at present being more properly what our neighbours the Dutch and the Germans call theirs, *word-books*, than dictionaries in the superior sense of that title. All words, good and bad, are there jumbled indiscriminately together, insomuch that the injudicious reader may speak and write as inelegantly, improperly, and vulgarly, as he pleases, by and with the authority of one or other of our word-books.

It must be owned that our language is at present in a state of anarchy; and hitherto, perhaps, it may not have been the worse for it. During our free and open trade, many words and expressions have been imported, adopted, and naturalized from other languages, which have greatly enriched our own. Let it still preserve what real strength and beauty it may have borrowed from others, but let it not like the Tarpeian maid, be overwhelmed and crushed by unnecessary foreign ornaments. The time for discrimination seems to be now come. Toleration, adoption, and naturalization, have run their lengths. Good order and authority are now necessary. But where shall we find them, and at the same time the obedience due to them?



We must have recourse to the old Roman expedient in times of confusion, and choose a dictator. Upon this principle I give my vote for Mr. Johnson to fill that great and arduous post. And I hereby declare that I make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language, as a free-born British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson, during the term of his dictatorship. Nay more, I will not only obey him, like an old Roman, as my dictator, but, like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my pope, and hold him to be infallible while in the chair, but no longer. More than this he cannot well require; for I presume that obedience can never be expected when there is neither terror to enforce, nor interest to invite it.

I confess that I have so much honest English pride, or perhaps prejudice, about me, as to think myself more considerable for whatever contributes to the honour, the advantage, or the ornament of my native country. I have therefore a sensible pleasure in reflecting upon the rapid progress which our language has lately made, and still continues to make all over Europe. It is frequently spoken, and almost universally understood, in Holland; it is kindly entertained as a relation in the most civilized parts of Germany; and it is studied as a learned language, though yet little spoken, by all those in France and Italy, who either have, or pretend to have, any learning.

The spreading the French language over most parts of Europe, to the degree of making it almost a universal one, was always reckoned among the glories of the reign of Lewis the fourteenth. But be it remembered, that the success of his arms first opened the way to it; though at the same time it must be owned, that a great number of most excellent authors who flourished in his time added strength and velocity to its progress. Whereas our language has made its way singly by its own weight and merit, under the conduct of those great leaders, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Locke, Newton, Swift, Pope, Addison, &c. A nobler sort of conquest, and a far more glorious triumph, since graced by none but willing captives!

These authors, though for the most part but indifferently translated into foreign languages, gave other nations a sample of the British genius. The copies, imperfect as they were, pleased, and excited a general desire of seeing the originals; and both our authors and our language soon became classical.

But a grammar, a dictionary, and a history of our language, through its several stages, were still wanting at home, and unfortunately called for from abroad. Mr Johnson's labours will now, and, I dare say, very fully, supply that want, and greatly contribute to the farther spreading of our language in other countries.

Learners were discouraged by finding no standard to resort to, and consequently thought it incapable of any. They will now be undeceived and encouraged.

There are many hints and considerations relative to our language, which I should have taken the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Johnson. Had I not been convinced that they have equally occurred to him: but there is one, and a very material one it is, to which perhaps he may not have given all the necessary attention. I mean the genteeler part of our language, which owes both its rise and progress to my fair countrywomen, whose natural turn is more to the copiousness than the correctness of diction. I would not advise him to be rash enough to proscribe any of those happy redundancies, and luxuriances of expression, with which they have enriched our language. They willingly inflict fetters, but very unwillingly submit to wear them. In this case his task will be so difficult, that I design, as a common friend, to propose, in some future paper, the means which appear to me the most likely to reconcile matters.

P. S. I hope that none of my courteous readers will upon this occasion be so uncourteous, as to suspect me of being a hired and interested puff of this work; for I most solemnly protest, that neither Mr. Johnson, nor any person employed by him, nor any bookseller or booksellers concerned in the success of it, have ever offered me the usual compliment of a pair of gloves or a bottle of wine; nor has even Mr. Dodsley, though my publisher, and, as I am informed, deeply interested in the sale of this dictionary, so much as invited me to take a bit of mutton with him.

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No. 101.] THURSDAY, DEC. 5, 1754.

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WHEN I intimated in my last paper some distrust of Mr. Johnson's complaisance to the fairer part of his readers, it was because I had a greater opinion of his impartiality and severity as a judge, than of his gallantry as a fine gentleman. And indeed I am well aware of the difficulties he would have to encounter, if he attempted to reconcile the polite with the grammatical part of our language. Should he, by an act of power, banish and attain many of the favourite words and expressions with which the ladies have so profusely enriched our language, he would excite the indignation of the most formidable, because the most lovely, part of his readers: his dictionary would be condemned as a system of tyranny, and he himself like the last Tarquin, run the risk of being deposed. So popular and so powerful is the female cause!

On the other hand, should he, by an act of grace, admit, legitimate, and incorporate into our language those words and expressions, which, hastily begot, owe their birth to the incontinency of female eloquence; what severe censures might he not justly apprehend from the learned part of his readers, who do not understand complaisances of that nature!

For my own part, as I am always inclined to plead the cause of my fair fellow-subjects, I shall now take the liberty of laying before Mr. Johnson those arguments which upon this occasion may be urged in their favour, as introductory to the compromise which I shall humbly offer and conclude with.

Language is indisputably the more immediate province of the fair sex: there they shine, there they excel. The torrents of their eloquence, especially in the vituperative way, stun all opposition, and bear away, in one promiscuous heap, nouns, pronouns, verbs, moods and tenses. If words are wanting (which indeed happens but seldom), indignation instantly makes new ones; and I have often known four or five syllables that never met one another before, hastily and fortuitously jumbled into some word of mighty import.

Nor is the tender part of our language less obliged to that soft and amiable sex; their love being at least as productive as their indignation. Should they lament in an involuntary retirement the absence of the adored object, they give new murmurs to the brook, new sounds to the echo, and new notes to the plaintive Philomela. But when this happy copiousness flows, as it often does, into gentle numbers, good gods! how is the poetical diction enriched, and the poetical license extended! Even in common conversation, I never see a pretty mouth opening to speak, but I expect, and am seldom disappointed, some new improvement of our language. I remember many very expressive words coined in that fair mint. I assisted at the birth of that most significant word *flirtation*, which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world, and which has since received the sanction of our most accurate laureat in one of his comedies. Some inattentive and undiscerning people have, I know, taken it to be a term synonymous with coquetry; but I lay hold of this opportunity to undeceive them, and eventually to inform Mr. Johnson, that *flirtation* is short of coquetry, and intimates only the first hints of approximation, which subsequent coquetry may reduce to those preliminary articles, that commonly end in a definitive treaty.

I was also a witness to the rise and progress of that most important verb, *to fuxx*; which, if not of legitimate birth, is at least of fair extraction. As I am not sure that it has yet made its way into Mr. Johnson's literary retirement, I think myself obliged to inform him that it is at

present the most useful and the most used word in our language; since it means no less than dealing twice together with the same pack of cards, for luck's sake, at whist.

Not contented with enriching our language by words absolutely new, my fair countrywomen have gone still farther, and improved it by the application and extension of old ones to various and very different significations. They take a word and change it, like a guinea into shillings for pocket-money, to be employed in the several occasional purposes of the day. For instance, the adjective *vast* and its adverb *vastly* mean any thing, and are the fashionable words of the most fashionable people. A fine woman, (under this head I comprehend all fine gentlemen too, not knowing, in truth, where else to place them properly) is *vastly* obliged, or *vastly* offended, *vastly* glad, or *vastly* sorry. Large objects are *vastly* great, small ones are *vastly* little; and I had lately the pleasure to hear a fine woman pronounce, by a happy metonymy, a very small gold snuff-box that was produced in company to be *vastly* pretty, because it was so *vastly* little. Mr. Johnson will do well to consider seriously to what degree he will restrain the various and extensive significations of this great word.

Another very material point still remains to be considered; I mean the orthography of our language, which is at present very various and unsettled.

We have at present two very different orthographies, the *pedantic*, and the *polite*; the one founded upon certain dry, crabbed rules of etymology and grammar; the other, singly upon the justness and delicacy of the ear. I am thoroughly persuaded that Mr. Johnson will endeavour to establish the former; and I perfectly agree with him, provided it can be quietly brought about. Spelling, as well as music, is better performed by book than merely by the ear, which may be variously affected by the same sounds. I therefore most earnestly recommend to my fair countrywomen, and to their faithful or faithless servants, the fine gentlemen of this realm, to surrender, as well for their own private, as for the public utility, all their natural rights and privileges, of mis-spelling, which they have so long enjoyed, and so vigorously exerted. I have really known very fatal consequences attend that loose and uncertain practice of auricular orthography; of which I shall produce two instances as a sufficient warning.

A very fine gentleman wrote a very harmless, innocent letter to a very fine lady, giving her an account of some trifling commissions which he had executed according to her orders. This letter, though directed to the lady, was, by the mistake of a servant, delivered to and opened by the husband; who finding all his attempts to understand it unsuccessful, took it for granted



that it was a concerted cypher, under which a criminal correspondence, not much to his own honour or advantage, was secretly carried on. With the letter in his hand, and rage in his heart, he went immediately to his wife, and reproached her in the most injurious terms with her supposed infidelity. The lady, conscious of her own innocence, calmly requested to see the grounds of so unjust an accusation; and being accustomed to the auricular orthography, made shift to read to her incensed husband the most inoffensive letter that ever was written. The husband was undeceived, or at least wise enough to seem so: for in such nice cases one must not peremptorily decide. However, as sudden impressions are generally pretty strong, he has been observed to be more suspicious ever since.

The other accident had much worse consequences. Matters were happily brought, between a fine gentleman and a fine lady, to the decisive period of an appointment at a third place. *The place where* is always the lover's business, *the time when* the lady's. Accordingly an impatient and rapturous letter from the lover signified to the lady the house and street *where*; to which a tender answer from the lady assented, and appointed the time *when*. But unfortunately, from the uncertainty of the lover's auricular orthography, the lady mistook both house and street, was conveyed in a hackney chair to a wrong one, and in the hurry and agitation which ladies are sometimes in upon those occasions, rushed into a house where she happened to be known, and her intentions consequently discovered. In the mean time the lover passed three or four hours at the right place, in the alternate agonies of impatient and disappointed love, tender fear, and anxious jealousy.

Such examples really make one tremble; and will, I am convinced, determine my fair fellow-subjects and their adherents to adopt, and scrupulously conform to Mr. Johnson's rules of true orthography by book. In return to this concession, I seriously advise him to publish, by way of appendix to his great work, a genteel neological dictionary, containing those polite, though perhaps not strictly grammatical words and phrases, commonly used, and sometimes understood, by the *beau monde*. By such an act of toleration, who knows but he may, in time, bring them within the pale of the English language? The best Latin dictionaries have commonly a short supplemental one annexed, of the obsolete and barbarous Latin words, which pedants sometimes borrow to show their erudition. Surely, then, my countrywomen, the enrichers, the patronesses, and the harmonizers of our language, deserve greater indulgence. I must also hint to Mr. Johnson, that such a small supplemental dictionary will contribute infinitely to the sale of the great one; and I

make no question but that under the protection of that little work, the great one will be received in the genteel houses. We shall frequently meet with it in ladies' dressing-rooms, lying upon the harpsichord, together with the knotting bag, and Signor Di Giardini's incomparable concertos; and even sometimes in the powder-rooms of our young nobility, upon the same shelf with their German flute, their powder mask, and their four-horse whip.

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No. 102.] THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1754.

*Proferet in lucem specioso vocabula rerum.* Hon.

Bring into light, to dignify his page,  
The nervous language of a former age. FRANCIS.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

As an Englishman I gratefully applaud the zeal you show for ascertaining our language; and am equally ready to acknowledge the use and even the necessity of the neological dictionary, mentioned in your last paper. I must, however, beg leave so far to dissent from you as to doubt the propriety of joining to the fixed and permanent standard of our language a vocabulary of words which perish and are forgot within the compass of the year.

That we are obliged to the ladies for most of these ornaments to our language, I readily acknowledge; but it must also be acknowledged that it would be degrading their invention to suppose they would desire a perpetuity of any thing whose loss they can so easily supply. It would be no less an error to imagine that they wanted a repository for their words after they have worn them out, than that they wished for a wardrobe to preserve their cast-off fashions. Novelty is their pleasure: singularity, and the love of being before-hand, is greatly flattering to the female mind. From hence arises the present taste for planting, and the pleasure the ladies take in showing their exotics, as giving them an opportunity of talking Greek. With what respectful pleasure do their admirers gaze, while their pretty mouths troll out the toxicodendron, chrysanthemum, orchis, tragopogon, hypericum, and the like.

From hence only can we account for that jargon which the French call the *bon ton*, which they are obliged to change continually, as soon as they find it profaned by any other company but one step lower than themselves in their degrees of politeness. A lady armed with a new word exults with a conscious superiority, and exercises a tyranny over those who do not understand her, like the delegates of the law, with their *capias*, *latitat*, and *venire facias*: but a word



which has been a month upon the town loses its force, and makes as poor a figure as the law put into English.

In order therefore to interpret every new word, and what is still more important, to give the different acceptations of the same words, according to the various senses in which they are received and understood in the different parts of this extensive metropolis, I would recommend a small portable vocabulary to be annually published and bound up with the almanack. It is of great consequence that a work of this nature should be duly and carefully executed, because though it is very grievous to be ignorant, it is much more terrible to be deceived or misled; and this is greatly to be apprehended from the abuse of turning old words from their former signification to a sense not only very different, but often directly contrary to it. The coining a new word, that is to say, a new sound, which had no sense previously affixed to it, will probably have no other ill effect than puzzling for a while the understanding and memory; but what shall we say to the turn which the present age has taken of giving an entire new sense to words and expressions, and that in so delicate a case as the characters of men? I remember when a certain person informed a large company at the polite end of the town, that, in the city, a *good man* was a term meant to denote a man who was able and ready at all times to pay a bill at sight, the whole assembly shook their heads, and thought it was a strange perversion of language. And yet these very persons are not aware that the phrases they commonly use would appear equally strange on the other side Temple-bar. A *silly fellow*, for instance, would there be thought a weak young man, who had been so often imposed upon that he was not worth a groat; instead of that, it is the most common term for one who possesses the very fortune, talents, mistress or preferment which his describer wishes to have. In like manner, a *silly woman* implies one who is more beautiful, young, happy, and good-natured than the rest of her female acquaintance. *Odd man* is a term we frequently hear vociferated in the streets, when a chairman is in want of a partner. But when a lady of quality orders her porter to let in no *odd people*, she means all decent, grave men, women who have never been talked of, many of her own relations, and all her husband's.

Besides those words which owe their rise to caprice or accident, there are many which, having been long confined to particular professions, offices, districts, climates, &c. are brought into public use by fashion, or the reigning topic on which conversation has happened to dwell for any considerable time. During the great rebellion they talked universally the language of the scriptures. *To your tents, O Israel*, was the

well known cry of faction in the streets. They beat the enemy *from Dan even unto Beersheba*, and expressed themselves in a manner which must have been totally unintelligible, except in those extraordinary times, when people of all sorts happened to read the Bible. To these succeeded the wits of Charles's days; to understand whom it was necessary to have remembered a great deal of bad poetry; as they generally began or concluded their discourse with a couplet. In our memory, the late war, which began at sea, filled our mouths with terms from that element. The land war not only enlarged the size of our swords and hats, but of our words also. The peace taught us the language of the secretary's office. Our country squires made *treaties* about their game, and ladies *negotiated* the meeting of their lap-dogs. Parliamentary language has been used *without doors*. We drink claret or port according to the state of our *finances*. To spend a week in the country or town is a *measure*; and if we dislike the measure, we put a *negative* upon it. With the rails and buildings of the Chinese, we adopted also for a while their language. A doll of that country we called a *joss*, and a slight building a *pagoda*. For that year we talked of nothing but *palanquins*, *nabobs*, *mandarins*, *junks*, *sepoys*, &c. To what was this owing, but the war in the East Indies?

I would therefore farther propose, in order to render this work complete, that a supplement be added to it, which shall be an explanation of the words, figures and forms of speech of the country, that will most probably be the subject of conversation for the ensuing year. For instance: Whoever considers the destination of our present expedition must think it high time to publish an interpretation of West India phrases, which will soon become so current among us, that no man will be fit to appear in company, who shall not be able to ornament his discourse with those jewels. For my part, I wish such a work had been published time enough to have assisted me in reading the following extract of a letter from one of our colonies.

—"The *Chippoways* and *Orindaks* are still very troublesome. Last week they *scalped* one of our Indians; but the *Six nations* continue firm; and at a meeting of *Sachems* it was determined to *take up the hatchet*, and *make the war kettle boil*. The French desired to *smoke the calumet of peace*; but the *half-king* would not consent. They offered the *speech-belt*, but it was refused. Our governor has received an account of their proceedings, together with a *string of wampum*, and a *bundle of skins to brighten the chain*."

A work of this kind, if well executed, cannot fail to make the fortune of the undertaker: for I am convinced that a *guide to the New English*

*tongue* must have as great a sale as the British Peerage, Baronetage, Register of Races, List of the Houses, and other such-like nomenclators, which constitute the useful part of the modern library.

I am, Sir,  
Your most humble servant;  
C. D.

No. 103.] THURSDAY, DEC. 19, 1754.

I AM never better pleased than when I can vindicate the honour of my native country; at the same time I would not endeavour to defend it preposterously, nor to contradict the eyes, the senses of mankind, out of stark good patriotism. The fluctuating condition of the things of this world necessarily produces a change in manners and morals, as well as in the face of countries and cities. Climates cannot operate so powerfully on constitutions, as to preserve the same character perpetually to the same nations. I do not doubt but in some age of the world the Boetians will be a very lively, whimsical people, and famous for their repartees; and that our neighbour islanders will be remarkable for the truth of their ideas, and for the precision with which they will deliver their conceptions. Some men are so bigoted to antiquated notions, that if they were, even in this age, to write a panegyric on Old England, they would cram their composition with encomiums on our good-nature, our bravery, and our hospitality. This indeed might be a panegyric on Old England, but would have very little resemblance to the modern characteristics of the nation. Our good-nature was necessarily soured by the spirit of party; our courage has been a little cramped by the act of parliament that restrained prize-fighting; and hospitality is totally impracticable, since a much more laudable custom has been introduced, and prevailed universally, of paying the servants of other people much more than their master's dinner cost. Yet we shall always have virtues sufficient to countenance very exalted panegyrics; and if some of our more heroic qualities are grown obsolete, others of a gentler cast, and better calculated for the help of society have grown up and diffused themselves in their room. While we were rough and bold, we could not be polite; while we feasted half a dozen wapentakes with sirloins of beef, and sheep roasted whole, we could not attend to the mechanism of a plate, no bigger than a crown piece, loaded with the legs of canary birds, dressed à la Pompadour.

Let nobody start at my calling this a polite nation. It shall be the business of this paper to

prove that we are the most polite nation in Europe; and that France must yield to us in the extreme delicacy of our refinements. I might urge, as a glaring instance in which that nation has forfeited her title to politeness, the impertinent spirit of her parliaments, which, though couched in very civilly-worded remonstrances, is certainly at bottom very ill-bred. They have contradicted their monarch, and crossed his clergy in a manner not to be defended by a people who pique themselves upon complaisance and attentions.—But I abominate politics: and when I am writing in defence of politeness, shall certainly not blend so coarse a subject with so civil a theme. It is not virtue that constitutes the politeness of a nation, but the art of reducing vice to a system that does not shock society. Politeness (as I understand the word) is a universal desire of pleasing others (that are not too much below one) in trifles, for a little time; and of making one's intercourse with them agreeable to both parties, by civility without ceremony, by ease without brutality, by complaisance without flattery, by acquiescence without sincerity. A clergyman who puts his patron into a sweat by driving him round the room, till he has found the coolest place for him, is not polite. When Bubbamira changes her handkerchief before you, and wipes her neck, rather than leave you alone while she should perform the refreshing office in the next room, I should think she is not polite. When Boncœur shivers on your dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raise reluctant plantations, and yet professes that only some of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry season, he is not polite; he is more; he is kind. When Sophia is really pleased with the stench of a kennel, because her husband likes that she should go and look at a favourite litter, she must not pretend to politeness; she is only a good wife. If this definition and these instances are allowed me, it will be difficult to maintain that the nations who have had the most extensive renown for politeness had any pretensions to it. The Greeks called all the rest of the world barbarians: the Romans went still farther, and treated them as such. Alexander, the best-bred hero amongst the former, I must own, was polite, and showed great attentions for Darius's family; but I question, if he had not extended his attentions a little farther to the princess Statira, whether he could be pronounced quite well-bred. As to the Romans, so far were they from having any notion of treating foreigners with regard, that there is not one classic author that mentions a single ball or masquerade given to any stranger of distinction. Nay, it was a common practice with them to tie kings, queens, and women of the first fashion of other countries in couples, like hounds, and drag them along their *via Piccadillia* in tri-



umph for the entertainment of their shop-keepers and prentices. A practice that we should look upon with horror! What would the Examiner have said, if the Duke of Marlborough had hauled Marshal Tallard to St. Paul's or the Royal Exchange, behind his chariot? How deservedly would the French have called us savages, if we had made Marshal Bellisle pace along the kennel in Fleet-street, or up Holborn, while some of our ministers or generals called it an ovation!

The French, who attempt to succeed the Romans in empire, and who affect to have succeeded them in politeness, have adopted the same way of thinking, though so contrary to true good-breeding. They have no idea that an Englishman or a German ever sees a suit of clothes till he arrives at Paris. They wonder, if you talk of a coach at Vienna, or of a souper at London: and are so confident of having monopolized all the arts of civilized life, that with the greatest complaisance in the world, they affirm to you, that they suppose your dukes and dutchesses live in caves, with only the property of wider forests than ordinary, and that *les mi lords Anglois*, with a great deal of money, live upon raw flesh, and ride races without breeches or saddles. At their houses they receive you with wonder that shocks you, or with indifference that mortifies you; and if they put themselves to the torture of conversing with you, after you have taken infinite pains to acquire their language, it is merely to inform you, that you neither know how to dress like a sensible man, nor to eat, drink, game, or divert yourself like a christian. How different are our attentions to foreigners! how open our houses to their nobility, our purses to their tradesmen! But without drawing antitheses between our politeness and their ill-breeding, I shall produce an instance in which we have pushed our refinements on the duties of society beyond what the most civilized nations ever imagined. We are not only well-bred in common intercourse, but our very crimes are transacted with such a softness of manners, that though they may injure, they are sure never to affront our neighbour. The instance I mean is, the extreme good-breeding that has been introduced into the science of robbery: which (considering how very frequent it is become) would really grow a nuisance to society, if the professors of it had not taken all imaginable precautions to make it as civil a commerce as gaming, conveyancing, toad-eating, pimping, or any of the money-inveigling arts, which have already got an established footing in the world. A highwayman would be reckoned a brute, a monster, if he had not all manner of attention not to frighten the ladies: and none of the great Mr. Nash's laws are more sacred than that of restoring any favourite bauble to which a robbed lady has a particular partiality. Now turn your eyes to France. No people

upon earth has less of the *savoir vivre* than their banditti. No Tartar has less *douceur* in his manner than a French highwayman. He takes your money without making you a bow, and your life without making you an apology. This obliges their government to keep up a numerous *guet*, a severe police, racks, gibbets, and twenty troublesome things, which might all be avoided, if they would only reckon and breed up their thieves to be good company. I know that some of our latest imported young gentlemen affirm that the Sieur Mandrien, the terror of the eastern provinces, learned to dance of Marseille himself, and has frequently supped with the incomparable Jelliot. But till I hear whether he dies like a gentleman, I shall forbear to rank him with the *petit-maîtres* of our own Tyburn. How extreme is the *politesse* of the latter! Mrs. Chenevix has not more insinuation when she sells a snuff-box of *papier maché*, or a bergamot toothpick-case, than a highwayman when he begs to know if you have no rings or bank-bills.

An acquaintance of mine was robbed a few years ago, and very near shot through the head by the going off of a pistol of the accomplished Mr. McLean; yet the whole affair was conducted with the greatest good-breeding on both sides. The robber, who had only taken a purse this way, because he had that morning been disappointed of marrying a great fortune, no sooner returned to his lodgings, than he sent the gentleman two letters of excuses, which, with less wit than the epistles of Voiture, had ten times more natural and easy politeness in the turn of their expression. In the postscript, he appointed a meeting at Tyburn, at twelve at night, where the gentleman might purchase again any trifles he had lost; and my friend has been blamed for not accepting the rendezvous, as it seemed liable to be construed by ill-natured people into a doubt of the honour of a man, who had given him all the satisfaction in his power, for having unluckily been near shooting him through the head.

The Lacedæmonians were the only people, except the English, who seem to have put robbery on a right foot; and I have often wondered how a nation that had delicacy enough to understand robbing on the highway, should at the same time have been so barbarous, as to esteem poverty, black-broth, and virtue! We had no highwaymen, that were men of fashion, till we had exploded plum-porridge.

But of all the gentlemen of the road who have conformed to the manners of the great world, none seem to me to have carried true politeness so far as a late adventurer, whom I beg leave to introduce to my readers under the title of the visiting highwayman. This refined person made it a rule to rob none but people he visited; and whenever he designed an impromptu of that kind, dressed himself in a rich suit, went to the



lady's house, asked for her, and not finding her at home, left his name with her porter, after inquiring which way she was gone. He then followed, or met her on her return home, proposed his demands, which are generally for some favourite ring or snuff-box that he had seen her wear, and which he had a mind to wear for her sake; and then letting her know that he had been to wait on her, took his leave with a cool bow, and without scampering away as other men of fashion do from a visit with really the appearance of having stolen something.

As I do not doubt but such of my fair readers as propose being at home this winter will be impatient to send this charming smuggler (Charles Fleming by name) a card for their assemblies, I am sorry to tell them that he was hanged last week.

No. 104.] THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1754.

*Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim  
Scribere, tu causa es, Lector.*—MART.

That humour I to gravity prefer  
Must be imputed to my reader's taste.

THIS being the day after the festival of Christmas, as also the last Thursday of the old year, I feel myself in a manner called upon for a paper suitable to the solemnity of the occasion. But upon reflection I find it necessary to reject any such consideration, for the same reason that I have hitherto declined giving too serious a turn to the generality of these essays. Papers of pleasantry, enforcing some lesser duty, or reprehending some fashionable folly, will be of more real use than the finest writing and most virtuous moral, which few or none will be at the pains to read through. I do not mean to reproach the age with having no delight in any thing serious; but I cannot help observing, that the demand for moral essays (and the present times have produced many excellent ones) has of late fallen very short of their acknowledged merits.

The world has always considered amusement to be the principal end of a public paper: and though it is the duty of a writer to take care that some useful moral be inculcated, yet unless he be happy in the peculiar talent of couching it under the appearance of mere entertainment, his compositions will be useless: his readers will sleep over his unenlivened instructions, or be disgusted at his too frequently overhauling old worn out subjects, and retailing what is to be found in every library in the kingdom.

Innocent mirth and levity are more apparently the province of such an undertaking as

this: but whether they are really so or not, while mankind agree to think so, the writer who shall happen to be of a different opinion must soon find himself obliged either to lay aside his prejudices or his pen. Nor ought it to be supposed in the present times, when every general topic is exhausted, that there can be any other way of engaging the attention than by representing the manners as fast as they change, and enforcing the novelty of them with all the powers of drawing, and heightening it with all the colouring of humour. The only danger is, lest the habit of levity should tend to the admission of any thing contrary to the design of such a work. To this I can only say, that the greatest care has been taken in the course of these papers to weigh and consider the tendency of every sentiment and expression; and if any thing improper has obtained a place in them, I can truly assert that it has been owing only to that inadvertency which attends a various publication; and which is so inevitable, that (however extraordinary it may seem to those who are now to be told it) it is notorious that there are papers printed in the Guardian which were written in artful ridicule of the very undertakers of that work, and their most particular friends.

In writings of humour, figures are sometimes used of so delicate a nature, that it shall often happen that some people will see things in a direct contrary sense to what the author and the majority of readers understand them. To such the most innocent irony may appear irreligion or wickedness. But in the misapprehension of this figure, it is not always that the reader is to blame. A great deal of irony may seem very clear to the writer, which may not be so properly managed as to be safely trusted to the various capacities and apprehensions of all sorts of readers. In such cases the conductor of a paper will be liable to various kinds of censure, though in reality nothing can be proved against him but want of judgment.

Having given my general reasons against the too frequent writing of serious papers, it may not be improper to speak more particularly of the season which gave rise to these reflections, and to show that as matters stand at present, it would not even be a sanction for such kind of compositions. Our ancestors considered Christmas in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a cheerful festival; and accordingly distinguished it by devotion, by vacation from business, by merriment and hospitality. They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves and every body about them happy. With what punctual zeal did they wish one another a *merry Christmas!* and what an omission would it have been thought, to have concluded a letter without the *compliments of the season!* The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joys of servants and tenants, and the gambols they played served

as amusement to the lord of the mansion and his family, who, by encouraging every art conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to soften the rigour of the season, and to mitigate the influence of winter. What a fund of delight was the choosing King and Queen upon Twelfth-night! and how greatly ought we to regret the neglect of mince-pies, which, besides the idea of merry-making inseparable from them, were always considered as the test of schismatics! How zealously were they swallowed by the orthodox, to the utter confusion of all fanatical recusants! If any country gentleman should be so unfortunate in this age as to lie under a suspicion of heresy, where will he find so easy a method of acquitting himself, as by the ordeal of plum-porridge?

To account for a revolution which has rendered this season (so eminently distinguished formerly) now so little different from the rest of the year, will be no difficult task. The share which devotion had in the solemnization of Christmas is greatly reduced; and it is not to be expected, that those who have no religion at any other time of the year should suddenly bring their minds from a habit of dissipation to a temper not very easy to be taken up with the day. As to the influence which vacation from business and festal mirth have had in the celebration of the holidays, they can have no particular effect in the present times, when almost every day is spent like an anniversary rejoicing, when every dinner is a feast, the very tasting of our wines hard drinking, and our common play gaming. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that there is nothing remaining in this town to characterize the time, but the orange and rosemary, and the bellman's verses.

The Romans allotted this month to the celebration of the feast called the Saturnalia. During these holidays every servant had the liberty of saying what he pleased to his master with impunity.

—Age, libertate Decembri,  
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere.—

I wish with all my heart that the same indulgence was allowed to servants in these times, provided that it would be a restraint upon their licentiousness through the rest of the year.

The most fatal revolution, and what principally concerns this season, is the too general desertion of the country, the great scene of nospitality. Of all the follies of this age, it is the least to be accounted for, how small a part of such as throng to London in the winter are those who either go upon the plea of business, or to amuse themselves with what were formerly called the pleasures of the place. There are the theatres, music, and I may add many other

entertainments, which are only to be had in perfection in the metropolis; but it is really a fact, that three parts in four of those who crowd the houses which are already built, and who are now taking leases of foundations which are to be houses as fast as hands can make them, come to town with the sole view of passing their time over a card-table.

To what this is owing I am at a loss to conceive; but I have at least the satisfaction of saying, that I have not contributed to the growth of this folly; nor do I find, upon a review of all my papers, that I have painted this town in such glowing and irresistible colours, as to have caused this forcible attraction. I have not so much as given an ironical commendation of crowds, which seem to be the great allurements; nor have I any where attempted to put the pleasures of the town in competition with those of the country. On the contrary, it has been, and will be, my care, during the continuance of this work, to delineate the manners and fashions of a town-life so truly and impartially, as rather to satisfy than excite the curiosity of a country reader, who may be desirous to know what is doing in the world. If at any time I should allow the metropolis its due praises, as being the great mart for arts, sciences, and erudition, I ought not to be accused of influencing those persons who pay their visits to it upon very different considerations: nor can any thing I shall say, of the tendency above-mentioned, be pleaded in excuse for coming up to town merely to play at cards.

P. S. It would be dealing ungratefully by my correspondents, if at the close of the second year I forgot to acknowledge the many obligations I owe them. It may also be necessary to add, that several letters are come to hand, which are not rejected, but postponed.

No. 105.] THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1755.

As I am desirous of beginning the new year well, I shall devote this paper to the service of my fair country-women, for whom I have so tender a concern, that I examine into their conduct with a kind of parental vigilance and affection. I sincerely wish to approve, but at the same time am determined to admonish and reprimand, whenever, for their sakes, I may think it necessary. I will not, as far as in me lies, suffer the errors of their minds to disgrace those beautiful dwellings in which they are lodged; nor will I, on the other hand, silently and quietly allow the affectation and abuse of their persons to reflect contempt and ridicule upon their understandings.



Native artless beauty has long been the peculiar distinction of my fair fellow-subjects. Our poets have long sung their genuine lilies and roses, and our painters have long endeavoured, though in vain, to imitate them; beautiful nature mocked all their art. But I am now informed by persons of unquestioned truth and sagacity, and indeed I have observed but too many instances of it myself, that a great number of those inestimable originals, by a strange inversion of things, give the lie to their poets, and servilely copy their painters; degrading and disguising themselves into worse copies of bad copies of themselves. It is even whispered about town of that excellent artist, Mr. Liotard, that he lately refused a fine woman to draw her picture, alleging that he never copied any body's works but his own and God Almighty's.

I have taken great pains to inform myself of the growth and extent of this heinous crime of *self-painting* (I had almost given it a harder name;) and I am sorry to say, that I have found it to be extremely epidemical. The present state of it, in its several degrees, appears to be this.

The inferior class of women, who always ape their betters, make use of a sort of rough-cast, little superior to the common lath and plaster, which comes very cheap, and can be afforded out of the casual profits of the evening.

The class immediately above these paint occasionally, either in size or oil, which, at sixpence per foot square, comes within a moderate weekly allowance.

The generality of women of fashion make use of a superfine stucco, or plaster of Paris highly glazed, which does not require a daily renewal, and will, with some slight occasional repairs, last as long as their curls, and stand a pretty strong collision.

As for the transcendent and divine pearl powder, with an exquisite varnish superinduced to fix it, it is by no means common, but it is reserved for ladies not only of the first rank, but of the most considerable fortunes; it being so very costly, that few pinmonies can keep a face in it, as a face of condition ought to be kept. Perhaps the same number of pearls *whole* might be more acceptable to some lovers, than in powder upon the lady's face.

I would now fain undeceive my fair countrywomen of an error, which, gross as it is, they too fondly entertain. They flatter themselves that this artificial is not discoverable, or distinguishable from native white. But I beg leave to assure them, that however well prepared the colour may be, or however skilful the hand that lays it on, it is immediately discovered by the eye at a considerable distance, and by the nose upon a nearer approach; and I overheard the other day, at the coffee-house, Captain Phelim M-Manus complaining, that when warm upon

the face it had the most nauseous taste imaginable. Thus offensive to three of the senses, it is not, probably, very inviting to a fourth.

Talking upon this subject lately with a friend, he said, that in his opinion a woman who painted white gave the public a pledge of her chastity, by fortifying it with a wall, which she must be sure that no man would desire either to batter or scale. But I confess I did not agree with him as to the motive, though I did as to the consequences; which are, I believe, in general, that they lose both *operam et oleum*. I have observed that many of the sagacious landlords of this great metropolis who let lodgings do at the beginning of the winter new vamp, paint, and stucco the fronts of their houses, in order to catch the eyes of passengers, and engage lodgers. Now, to say the truth, I cannot help suspecting that this is rather the real motive of my fair countrywomen, when they thus incrust themselves. But, alas! those outward repairs will never tempt people to *inquire within*. The cases are greatly different; in the former they both adorn and preserve, in the latter they disgust and destroy.

In order therefore to put an effectual stop to this enormity, and save, as far as I am able, the native carnations, the eyes, the teeth, the breath, and the reputations of my beautiful fellow-subjects, I here give notice, that if, after one calendar month from the date hereof (I allow that time for the consumption of stock in hand) I shall receive any authentic testimonies (and I have my spies abroad) of this sophistication and adulteration of the fairest works of nature, I am resolved to publish at full length the names of the delinquents. This may perhaps at first sight seem a bold measure; and actions of scandal and defamation may be thought of: but I go upon safe ground; for before I took this resolution, I was determined to know all the worst possible consequences of it to myself, and therefore consulted one of the most eminent counsel in England, an old acquaintance and friend of mine, whose opinion I shall here most faithfully relate.

When I had stated my case to him as clearly as I was able, he stroked his chin for some time, picked his nose, and hemmed thrice, in order to give me his very best opinion. "By publishing the names at full length in your paper, I humbly conceive," said he, "that you avoid all the troublesome consequences of innuendoes. But the present question, if I apprehend it right seems to be, whether you may thereby be liable to any other action, or actions, which, for brevity sake, I will not here enumerate. Now by what occurs to me off-hand, and without consulting my books, I humbly apprehend that no action will lie against you; but, on the contrary, I do conceive, and indeed take upon me to affirm that you may proceed against these criminals



for such I will be bold to call them, either by action or indictment: the crime being of a public and a heinous nature. Here it is not only the *suppressio veri*, which is highly penal, but the *crimen falsi* too. An *action popular*, or of *qui tami*, would certainly lie; but however I should certainly prefer an indictment upon the statutes of forgery, 2 Geo. II. chap. 25, and 7 Geo. II. chap. 22; for forgery, I maintain it, it is. The fact, as you well know, will be tried by a jury, of whom one moiety will doubtless be plasterers; by that it will unquestionably be found." Here my counsel paused for some time, and hemmed pretty often; however I remained silent, observing plainly by his countenance that he had not finished, but was thinking on. In a little time he resumed his discourse, and said, "All things considered, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I would advise you to bring your indictment upon the *Black Act*, 9 Geo. I. chap. 22, which is a very fine penal statute." I confess I could not check the sudden impulse of surprise which this occasioned in me; and interrupting him perhaps too hastily, 'What, Sir,' said I, 'indict a woman upon the *Black Act* for painting white?' Here my counsel interrupting me in his turn, said with some warmth, "Mr. Fitz-Adam, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you, like too many others, have not sufficiently considered all the beauty, good sense, and solid reasoning of the law. The law, Sir, let me tell you, abhors all refinements, subtleties, and quibblings upon words. What is black or white to the law? Do you imagine that the law views colours by the rule of optics? No, God forbid it should. The law makes black white, or white black, according to the rules of justice. The law considers the meaning, the intention, the *quo animo* of all actions, not their external modes. Here a woman disguises her face with white, as the Waltham people did with black, and with the same fraudulent and felonious intention. Though the colour be different, the guilt is the same in the intendment of the law. It is felony without benefit of clergy, and the punishment is death." As I perceived that my friend had now done, I asked his pardon for the improper interruption I had given him, owned myself convinced, and offered him a fee, which he took by habit, but soon returned, by reflection upon our long acquaintance and friendship.

This I hope will be sufficient to make such of my fair countrywomen as are conscious of their guilt seriously consider their danger; though perhaps, from my natural lenity, I shall not proceed against them with the utmost rigour of the law, nor follow the example of the ingenious author of our last musical drama, who strings up a whole row of Penelope's maids of honour. I shall therefore content myself with publishing the names of the delinquents as abovementioned; but others may possibly not have the same indulgence: and the law is open for all.

I shall conclude this paper with a word or two of serious advice to all my readers of all sorts and sexes. Let us follow nature, our honest and faithful guide; and be upon our guard against the flattering delusions of art. Nature may be helped and improved, but will not be forced or changed. All attempts in direct opposition to her are attended with ridicule; many with guilt. The woman to whom nature has denied beauty, in vain endeavours to make it by art: as the man to whom nature has denied wit, becomes ridiculous by the affectation of it: they both defeat their own purposes, and are in the case of the valetudinarian, who creates or increases his distempers by his remedies, and dies of his immoderate desire to live.

No. 106.] THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1755.

*Satis Eloquentiæ.* — SALLUST.

Abounding in eloquence.

HAVING received a letter of a very extraordinary nature, I think myself obliged to give it to the public, though I am afraid many of my readers may object to the terms of art, of which I cannot divest it! but I shall make no apology for what may any way tend to the advancement of a science, which is now become so fashionable, popular and flourishing.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

As all sorts of persons are at this present juncture desirous of becoming speakers; and as many of them, through the neglect of parents or otherwise, have been totally ungrounded in the first principles or rudiments of rhetoric, I have with great pains and judgment selected such particulars as may most immediately, and without such rudiments, conduce to the perfection of that science, and which, if duly attended to, will teach grown gentlemen to speak in public in so complete a manner, that neither they nor their audience shall discover the want of an earlier application.

I do not address myself to you like those who correspond with the daily papers, in order to puff off my expeditious method by referring you to the many persons of quality whom I have taught in four-and-twenty hours; I choose openly and fairly to submit my plan to your inspection, which will show you that I teach rather how to handle antagonists than arguments.

I distinguish what kind of man to cut with a syllogism, and whom to overwhelm with the sorites; whom to ensnare with the crocodile,

and whom to hamper in the horns of the dilemma. Against the pert, young, bold assertor, I direct the *argumentum ad verecundiam*. This is frequently the most decisive argument that can be used in a populous assembly. If, for instance, a forward talker should advance that such an ancient poet is dull, you put him at once both to silence and shame, by saying, that Aristotle has commended him. If the dispute be about a Greek word, and he pronounces it to be inelegant, and never used by any author of credit, you confound him by telling him it is in Aristophanes; and you need not discover that it is in the mouth of a bird, a frog, or a Scythian who talks broken Greek.

To explain my *argumentum ad ignorantiam* (which appears to be of the least use, because it is only to be employed against a modest man), let us suppose a person speaking with diffidence of some transaction on the continent: you may ask him with a sneer, Pray, Sir, were you ever abroad? If he has related a fact from one of our American islands, you may assert he can know nothing of the affairs of that island, for you were born there; and to prove his ignorance, ask him what latitude it is in.

In loquacious crowds, you will have much more frequent occasions for using my *argumentum ad hominem*: and the minute particulars into which men are led by egotism will give you great advantages in pressing them with consequences drawn from their supposed principles. You may also take away the force of a man's argument by concluding from some equivocal expression, that he is a Jacobite, a republican, a courtier, a methodist, a freethinker, or a Jew. You may fling at his country, or profession; he talks like an apothecary, you believe him to be a tooth-drawer, or know that he is a tailor. This argument might be of great use at the bar in examining witnesses, if the lawyers would not think it inconsistent with the dignity and politeness of their profession.

By this sketch of my plan you may see that my pupils may most properly be said to study men: and the principal thing I endeavour to teach them from that knowledge is, the art of discovering the different strength of their competitors, so as to know when to answer, and when to lie by. And as I entirely throw out of my system the *argumentum ad iudicium*, which, according to Mr. Locke, "is the using of proofs drawn from any of the foundations of knowledge," there will be nothing in my academy that will have the least appearance of a school, and of consequence nothing to make a gentleman either afraid or ashamed of attending it.

Inquire for A. B. at the bar of the Bedford coffee-house.

plaisance to my correspondent, shall throw together a few loose observations on our present numerous societies for the propagation of eloquence. And here I cannot but please myself with the reflection, that as dictionaries have been invented, by the help of which those who cannot study may learn arts and sciences; here is now found a method of teaching them to those who cannot read.

These foundations are instituted in the very spirit of Lycurgus, who discountenanced all written laws, and established in their stead a system of policy called *rhêtra*, from its being spoken, which he ordered to be the daily subject of his discourse, and ordained mixed assemblies for that end, where the young might be taught, by attending to the conversation of the old.

In Turkey, where the majority of the inhabitants can neither write nor read, the charitable care of that considerate people has provided a method of compensating the want of those arts, and even the use of the press, by having a relay of narrators ready to be alternately elevated on a stool in every coffee-house, to supply the office of newspapers and pamphlets to the Turkish quidnuncs and critics.

Speech being the faculty which exalts man above the rest of the creation, we may consider eloquence as the talent which gives him the most distinguished pre-eminence over his own species, and yet Juvenal makes no scruple to declare, that it would have been better for Cicero to have been a mere poetaster, and for Demosthenes to have worked under his father as a blacksmith, than to have frequented the schools of rhetoric.

Diis ille adversis genitus fatioque sinistro,  
Quem pater, ardentis massa fulgine lippus,  
A fornace et forcipibus, gladiosque parante  
Incude, ac luteo Vulcano, ad Rhetora misit.

I am glad to find that our blacksmiths and other artisans have a nobler way of thinking, and the spirit to do for themselves what the father of Demosthenes did for him. And I see this with the greater pleasure, as I hope I may consider the seminaries which are daily instituted as rising up in support of truth, virtue and religion, against the libels of the press. It is not to be doubted but that we are safe on the side of oral argumentation, as no man can have the face to utter before witnesses such shameful doctrines as have too frequently appeared in anonymous pamphlets. If it should ever be objected that the frequency of such assemblies may possibly, in time, produce sophistry, quibbling, immorality and scepticism, because this was the case at Athens, so famous for its numerous schools of philosophy, where, as Milton says,

Much of the soul they talk, but all awry;  
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves

As the foregoing letter so fully explains itself, I shall take no other notice of it; but in com-

All glory arrogant, to God give none;  
Rather accuse him under usual names,  
Fortune and Fate:—

I answer, that these false doctrines of God and the soul were thus bandied about by a parcel of heathens, blind and ignorant at best, but for the greatest part the most useless, idle and profligate members of the state; and that it is not therefore to be apprehended, in this enlightened age, that men of sober lives, and profitable professions, will run after sophists, to waste their time, and unbinge their faith and opinions. However, as the perverseness of human nature is strange and unaccountable, if I should find these modern schools in any way to contribute to the growth of infidelity or libertinism, I hereby give notice that I shall publicly retract my good opinion of them, notwithstanding all my prepossessions in favour of eloquence.

Though the following letter is written with all the spleen and acrimony of a rival orator, I think myself obliged from the impartiality I observe to all my correspondents, to give it a place in this paper.

SIR,

As all intruders and interlopers are ever disagreeable to established professions, I am so incensed against some late pretenders to oratory, that though I daily fulminate my displeasure *ex cathedra*, I now apply to you for a more extensive proclamation of my resentment.

I have been for many years an orator of the stage itinerant; and from my earliest youth was bred, under the auspices of Apollo, to those two beloved arts of that deity, physic and eloquence: not like those pretenders, who betray not only a deficiency of erudition, but also a most manifest want of generosity; a virtue which our professors have ever boasted. Universal benevolence is our fundamental principle. We raise no poll-tax on our hearers: our words are gratuitous, like the air and light in which they are delivered. I have therefore no jealousy of these mercenary spirits; my audiences have only been led aside by novelty; they will soon grow weary of such extortioners, and return to the old stage. But the misfortune is, that these innovations have turned the head of a most necessary servant of mine, commonly known by the name of Merry Andrew; and I must confess it gives me real uneasiness when one of his wit and parts talks of setting up against me.

Yours,

CIRCUMFORANEUS.

No. 107.] THURSDAY, JAN. 16, 1755.

— *Quicquid Græcia mendax  
Audet in historia.* —

JUV.

— Whatever lying Greece  
Dares to denominate historic truth.

As the French have lately introduced an entire new method of writing history, and as it is to be presumed we shall be as ready to ape them in this as in all other fashions; I shall lay before the public a loose sketch of such rules as I have been able hastily to throw together for present use, till some great and distinguished critic may have leisure to collect his ideas, and publish a more complete and regular system of the modern art of writing history.

For the sake of brevity, I shall enter at once upon my subject, and address my instruction to the future historian.

Remember to prefix a long preface to your history, in which you will have a right to say whatever comes into your head: for all that relates to your history may with propriety be admitted, and all that is foreign to the purpose may claim a place in it, because it is a preface. It will be sufficient therefore, if I give you only a hint upon the occasion, which if you manage with dexterity, or rather audacity, will stand you in great stead.

Be sure you seize every opportunity of introducing the most extravagant commendations of Tacitus; but be careful how you enter too minutely into any particulars you may have heard of that writer, for fear of discovering that you have *only* heard of them. The safest way will be to keep to the old custom of abusing all other historians, and vilifying them in comparison of him. But in the execution of this, let me entreat you to do a little violence to your modesty, by avoiding every insinuation that may set him an inch above yourself.

Before you enter upon the work, it will be necessary to divest yourself entirely of all regard for truth. To conquer this prejudice may perhaps cost you some pains; but till you have effectually overcome it, you will find innumerable difficulties continually obtruding themselves to thwart your design of writing an entertaining history in the modern taste.

The next thing is, to find out some shrewd reason for rejecting all such authentic papers as are come to light since the period you are writing of was last considered; for if you cannot cleverly keep clear of them, you will be obliged to make use of them; and then your performance may be called dull and dry; which is a censure you ought as carefully to avoid, as to contend for that famous compliment which was paid the author of the history of Charles the Twelfth, by



his most illustrious patron, who is himself an historian, *Plus beau que la vérité*.

I am aware of the maxim of Polybius, "that history void of truth is an empty shadow." But the motto of this paper may serve to convict that dogmatist of singularity, by showing that his own countrymen disavowed his pretended axiom even to a proverb. Though we may allow truth to the first historian of any particular era, the nature of things requires that truth must gradually recede, in proportion to the frequency of treating the same period; or else the last hand would be absolutely precluded from every advantage of novelty. It is fit therefore that we modernize the maxim of Polybius, by substituting the word *wit* in the place of *truth*; but as all writers are not blessed with a ready store of wit, it may be necessary to lay down some other rules for the compiling of history, in which it is expedient that we avail ourselves of all the artifices which either have been, or may be made use of, to surprise, charm, sadden, or confound the mind of the reader.

In treating of times that have been often written upon, there can be no such thing as absolute novelty; therefore the only method to be taken in such cases is, to give every occurrence a new turn. You may take the side of Philip of Macedon against Demosthenes and the obstinate republicans; and you will have many instances to show how wantonly whole seas of blood have been shed for the sake of those two infatuating sounds, *liberty*, and *religion*. It was a lucky hit of an English biographer, that of writing the vindication and panegyric of Richard the Third: and I would advise you to attempt something of the same nature. For instance: you may undertake to show the unreasonableness of our high opinion of Queen Elizabeth, and our false notions of the happiness of her government. For as to lives and characters, you have one principal rule to observe; and that is, to elevate the bad, and depreciate the good. But in writing the characters of others, always keep your own (if you have any value for it) in view; and never allow to any great personage a virtue which you either feel the want of, or a notorious disregard for. You may question the moral character of Socrates, the chastity of Cyrus, the constancy of the martyrs, the piety and sincerity of the reformers, the bravery of Cromwell, and the military talents of King William; and you need never fear the finding authorities to support you in any detraction, among the writers of anecdotes; since Dion Cassius, a grave historian, has confidently asserted that Cicero prostituted his wife, trained up his son in drunkenness, committed incest with his daughter, and lived in adultery with Cerellia.

I come next to ornaments; under which head I consider sentences, prodigies, digressions, and descriptions. On the two first I shall not de-

tain you, as it will be sufficient to recommend a free use of them, and to be new, if you can. Of digressions you may make the greatest use, by calling them to your aid whenever you are at a fault. If you want to swell your history to a folio, and have only matter for an octavo (suppose, for example, it were the story of Alexander), you may enter into an inquiry of what that adventurer would have done, if he had not been poisoned; whether his conquests, or Kouly Khan's, were the most extraordinary; what would have been the consequence of his marching westward; and whether he would have beat the Duke of Marlborough. You may also introduce in this place a dissertation upon firearms, or the art of fortification. In descriptions you must not be sparing, but outgo every thing that has been attempted before you. Let your battles be the most bloody, your sieges the most obstinate, your castles the most impregnable, your commanders the most consummate, and their soldiers the most intrepid. In describing a sea-fight, let the enemy's fleet be the most numerous, and their ships the largest that ever were known. Do not scruple to burn a thousand ships, and turn their crews half-scorched into the sea; there let them survive a while by swimming, that you may have an opportunity of jamming them between their own and the enemy's vessels: and when you have gone through the dreadful distresses of the action, conclude by blowing up the admiral's own ship, and scattering officers of great birth and bravery in the air. In the sacking of a town, murder all the old men and young children in the cruelest manner, and in the most sacred retreats. Devise some ingenious insults on the modesty of matrons. Ravish a great number of virgins, and see that they are all in the height of beauty and purity of innocence. When you have fired all the houses, and cut the throats of ten times the number of inhabitants they contained, exercise all manner of barbarity on the dead bodies. And that you may extend the scene of misery, let some escape, but all naked. Tear their uncovered limbs; cut their feet for want of shoes; harden the hearts of the peasants against them, and arm the elements with unusual rigour for their persecution; drench them with rain, benumb them with frost, and terrify them with thunder and lightning.

If in writing voyages and travels you have occasion to send messengers through an uninhabited country, do not be over-tender or scrupulous how you treat them. You may stop them at rivers, and drown all their servants and horses: infest them with fleas, lice, and musquitoes; and when they have been eaten sufficiently with these vermin, you may starve them to a desire of eating one another; and if you think it will be an ornament to your history, e'en cast the lots and set them to dinner.

But if you do this, you must take care that the savage chief to whom they are sent does not treat them with man's flesh; because it will be no novelty: I would rather advise you to alter the bill of fare to an elephant, a rhinoceros, or an alligator. The king and his court will of course be drinking out of human skulls; but what sort of liquor you must fill them with to surprise a European, I must own I cannot conceive. In treating of the Indian manners and customs, you may make a long chapter of their conjuring, their idolatrous ceremonies, and superstitions; which will give you a fair opportunity of saying something smart on the religion of your own country. On their marriages you cannot dwell too long; it is a pleasing subject, and always, in those countries, leads to polygamy, which will afford occasion for reflections moral and entertaining. When your messengers have their audience of the king, you may as well drop the business they went upon, and take notice only of his civilities and politeness in offering to them the choice of all the beauties of his court; by which you will make them amends for all the difficulties you have led them into.

I cannot promise you much success in the speeches of your savages, unless it were possible to hit upon some bolder figures and metaphors than those which have been so frequently used. In the speeches of a civilized people, insert whatever may serve to display your own learning, judgment, or wit; and let no man's low extraction be a restraint on the advantages of your education. If in an harangue of Wat Tyler, a quotation from the classics should come in pat, or in a speech of Muley Moluch a sentence from Mr. Locke, let no consideration deprive your history of such ornaments.

To conclude, I would advise you in general not to be sparing of your speeches, either in number or length: and if you also take care to add a proper quantity of reflections, your work will be greedily bought up by all members of oratories, reasoning societies, and other talkative assemblies of this most eloquent metropolis.

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No. 108.] THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1755.

*Hos est Roma decedere? Quos ego homines effugi, cum in hos incidi?*  
CICERO AD ATTICUM.

Out of bad society into worse.

I HAVE generally observed when a man is talking of his country-house, that the first question usually asked him is, "Are you in a good neighbourhood?" From the frequency of this inquiry, one would be apt to imagine that the principal happiness of a country life was gene-

rally understood to result from the neighbourhood: yet whoever attends to the answer commonly made to this question will be of a contrary opinion. Ask it of a lady, and you will be sure to hear her exclaim, "Thank God! we have no neighbours!" which may serve to convince you that you have paid your court very ill, in supposing that a woman of fashion can endure the insipid conversation of a country neighbourhood. The man of fortune considers every inferior neighbour as an intruder on his sport, and quarrels with him for killing that game with which his very servants are cloyed. If his neighbour be an equal, he is of consequence more averse to him, as being in perpetual contest with him as a rival. His sense of a superior may be learned from those repeated advertisements, which every body must have observed in the public papers, recommending a house upon sale, for being ten miles distant from a lord. The humorist hides himself from his neighbour; the man of arrogance despises him; the modest man is afraid of him; and the penurious considers a length of uninhabited fen as the best security for his beef and ale.

If we trace this spirit to its source, we shall find it to proceed partly from pride and envy, and partly from the high opinion that men are apt to entertain of their own little clans or societies, which the living in large cities tends greatly to increase, and which is always accompanied with a contempt for those who happen to be strangers to such societies, and consequently a general prejudice against the unknown. The truth of the matter is, that persons unknown are, for that very reason, persons that we have no desire to know.

A man of a sociable disposition, upon coming into an inn, inquires of the landlord what company he has in the house: the landlord tells him, "There is a fellow of a college, a lieutenant of a man of war, a lawyer, a merchant, and the captain in quarters;" to which he never fails to add, "and I dare say, Sir, that any of them will be very glad of your company;" knowing that men drink more together than when alone. "Have you nobody else?" says the guest sullenly. "We have nobody else, Sir." "Then get me my supper as fast as you can, and I'll go to bed." The same behaviour is practised by each of these gentlemen in his turn; and for no other reason than that none of the company happens to be either of his profession or acquaintance.

But if we look with the least degree of wonder at the manner in which the greatest part of mankind behave to strangers, it should astonish us to see how they treat those whom they are intimately acquainted with, and whom they rank under the sacred titles of neighbours and friends. Yet such is the malignity of human nature, that the smallest foible, the most venial



inadvertency, or the slightest infirmity, shall generally occasion contempt, hatred, or ridicule, in those very persons who ought to be the foremost to conceal or palliate such failings. Death, accident, robbery, and ruin, instead of exciting compassion, are only considered as the great sources of amusement to a neighbourhood. Does any disgrace befall a family? The tongues and pens of all their acquaintance are instantly employed to disperse it through the kingdom. Nor is their alacrity in divulging the misfortunes of a neighbour at all more remarkable than their humanity in accounting for them. They are sure to ascribe every trivial evil to his folly, and every great one to his vices. But these are slight instances of malevolence: your true neighbour's spleen is never effectually roused but by prosperity. An unexpected succession to a large fortune; the discovery of a mine upon your estate; a prize in the lottery; but most of all, a fortunate marriage, shall employ the malice and invention of a neighbourhood for years together.

Envy is ingenious, and will sometimes find out the prettiest conceits imaginable to serve her purposes; yet it is observable that she delights chiefly in contradiction. If you excel in any of the elegant arts, she pronounces at once that you have no taste; if in wit, you are dull; if you live in apparent harmony with your wife and family, she is sure you are unhappy; if in affluence or splendour, she knows that you are a beggar. It must indeed be confessed that envy does meet with great provocations; and there are people in the world who take extraordinary pains to appear much more happy, rich, virtuous, and considerable, than they really are: but, on the other hand, were they to take equal care to avoid such appearances, they would not be able absolutely to escape her rancour.

I was entertained last summer by a friend in the country, who seemed to have formed very just ideas of a neighbourhood. This gentleman had a considerable estate left him, which he had little reason to expect; and having no particular passion to gratify, it was indifferent to him how he disposed of this large addition to his income. He had no desire of popularity, but had a very great dislike to an ill name; which made him altogether as anxious to screen himself from detraction, as others are to acquire applause. Some weeks passed away in that common dilemma into which an increase of fortune throws every thinking man, who knows that by hoarding up he must become the aversion, and by squandering the contempt, of all his neighbours. But disliking the appearance of parsimony more than extravagancy, he proposed laying out a considerable sum all at once, upon rebuilding his house: but that design was soon over-ruled by the consideration that it would be said he had destroyed a very convenient mansion for the sake of erecting a showy outside. He next determined to

new-model his gardens, from an opinion that he should oblige all sorts of people, by affording bread to the industrious, and pleasant walks to the idle: but recollecting that in the natural beauties of his grounds he had great advantages over the old gardens of his neighbours, and from thence knowing that he must become the object of their spleen and abuse, he laid aside also that invidious design. In the same manner he was obliged to reject every proposal of expense, that might in any way be considered as a monument of superiority; therefore, to avoid the other censure of penuriousness, he resolved at last to procure the best cook that could be had for money. From that time he has taken no thought but to equip himself and his attendants in the plainest manner, keeping religiously to the sole expense of a constant good table, and avoiding in that, as well as in every thing else, whatever has the least appearance of ostentation. Thus has he made himself inoffensively remarkable, and, what was the great point of his life, escaped detraction; excepting only that a certain dignified widow, who had been originally housekeeper to her late husband takes occasion frequently to declare she does not care to dine with him, because the dishes are so ill served up, and so tasteless, that she can never make a dinner.

I know not how to close this subject more properly than by sketching out the characters of what are called good and bad neighbours.

A *good neighbour* is one who having no attention to the affairs of his own family, nor any allotment for his time, is ready to dispose of it to any of his acquaintance, who desire him to hunt, shoot, dance, drink, or play at cards with them; who thinks the civilities he receives in one house no restriction upon his tongue in another, where he makes himself welcome by exposing the foibles or misfortunes of those he last visited, and lives in a constant round of betraying and lessening one family or another.

A *bad neighbour* is he who retires into the country, from having been fatigued with business, or tired with crowds; who, from a punctilio in good breeding, does not show himself forward in accepting of the visits of all about him, conscious of his love of quiet, and fearing lest he should be thought tardy in his returns of civility. His desire of being alone with his family procures him the character of reserved and morose; and his candid endeavours to explain away the malicious turn of a tale, that of contradictory and disagreeable. Thus vindicating every one behind his back, and consequently offending every one to his face, he subjects himself to the personal dislike of all, without making one friend to defend him.

If after this it be asked, what are the duties of neighbourhood? I answer in the words of Mr. Addison, in that incomparable essay of his on the employment of time: "To advise the



ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion."

I have always considered the ninety-third Spectator, from whence the foregoing passage is taken, as the most valuable lesson of that eminent moralist; because a due observance of the excellent plan of life which he has there delineated can never fail to make men happy and good neighbours.

No. 109.] THURSDAY, JAN. 30, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

A LONDON gentleman and his lady, who are distant relations as well as old acquaintance, did my wife and me the favour to spend some days with us last summer in the country. We took the usual methods to make their time pass agreeably; carried them to all the Gothic and Chinese houses in the neighbourhood; and embraced all opportunities of procuring venison, fish, and game for them; which last, by the way, it has been no easy matter to come in for since the association.

At their leaving us, they were so obliging as to say their visit had gone off very pleasantly, and hoped we would return it by coming to see them in town. Accordingly, the mornings growing foggy, the evenings long, and this invitation running in our heads, we resolved to accept it: and arriving in town about the middle of November last, we fixed ourselves in lodgings near our friends, intending to breakfast, dine, and sup with them, for the most part, during our stay in town. But will you believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam? we never were more surprised in all our lives than at receiving a card the morning after our arrival (which I think was the eighteenth of November) from the lady of the family we came to visit, inviting us to play at cards with her on the 29th of next March. We thought at first that it must be a mistake for the 28th of November; but upon consulting our landlady, she informed us that such invitations were very usual, and that, as we were well acquainted with the family, the lady had probably appointed the first day she was disengaged.

As my wife and I seldom play at cards, except at Christmas, we thought it scarce worth our while to wait for a game till almost Whitsuntide, and therefore very prudently set out the next day for the country; from whence I believe we shall be in no great haste to pay a second visit to our friends in town.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

HUMPHREY GUBBINS.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I live so much in the world, and so entirely for the world, that the very name of your paper secured me for one of your constant readers. But really if your periodical *World* continues to contradict the *beau monde* as much as it has done in two or three essays relating to us women, I shall think your sentiments fitter for the man of the Moon than the man of the World.

A little while ago you were pleased to be extremely out of humour at the nakedness of our necks; and now in your paper No. 105, you are equally offended at our covering our faces. What a capricious man you are! I apprehend, Sir, that a certain quantity of nakedness has always been allowed us; and I know of no law that confines it to any particular part of our persons. If therefore we choose to stucco over our faces, you ought in reason to allow us to exhibit a little more of our necks and shoulders.

Her sagacious majesty, Queen Elizabeth, conscious of a bad complexion, and fearing that a brown neck, though right royal, might excite less admiration than the undignified alabaster of the meaneast of her subjects, chose that they should conceal what herself could not equal, under innumerable folds of lawn and paint: a piece of envious cruelty, which (notwithstanding your sex have been pleased to celebrate her as the guardian of English liberty) must make her appear to ours little better than a tyrant, for having imprisoned so much British beauty in a dungeon where not the smallest spark of light could break in upon any part of it. The face indeed was still left visible by that envious queen, which is at present almost the only part of our attractions that we have thought proper to cover. You ought therefore to consider, when you find fault with our open necks, that our faces are plastered over; and instead of complaints against our covered faces, you should rest satisfied with the ample amends we make you by our other discoveries.

I am, Sir,

Your true friend, and faithful counsellor,

FARDILLA.

SIR,

I have with great seriousness and attention

read over the World of the 2nd of this month, which shows me my complexion in so very different a light from that in which my looking-glass has represented it, that I should instantly lay aside the roses and lilies I have purchased, and content myself with the skin wherewith nature has thought fit to cover me, if it were not for a very material consideration. The truth is, that I am to be married in a few days to a gentleman, whose fortune is above any hopes I could have conceived while in my natural sallowness; and who I find has been principally attracted by the splendour of my complexion. But you may depend on my resigning it all after the first month of my marriage. You cannot surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, be so cruel as to deny a bride the happiness of the honey-moon: by that time, perhaps, my husband may be pretty indifferent whether I am brown or fair: if not, a change of complexion is no cause for a divorce, either by the ancient canons, or the late marriage act; so you know, Sir, his approbation is of no great consequence to

Your constant reader,  
MATILDA.

SIR,

To persuade your sex that black is white has been the darling wish and constant endeavour of ours; but we have never succeeded literally in this art till we knew how to paint ourselves: I am therefore as much surprised that a man of your sense should expect to make us give up so desirable a power as that you should wish to do it.

Have not the sex in all ages, both in prose and verse, lamented the short duration of the lilies and roses that bloom on a fair skin? I have seen it set forth in such affecting strains as have drawn tears from me when a girl of eighteen, from having felt it with all the bitterness of prophetic sadness. Can there be a nobler invention than this, which substitutes so durable a bloom in the place of those transient colours, which fade almost as fast as the flower to which they are compared? This eternal spring of beauty is surely the peculiar blessing of the present age. A man might now reflect without terror on an antediluvian marriage, since his wife, after five or six hundred years of wedlock, might be as blooming as on her bridal-day. Time is the greatest enemy to the pleasures of us mortals: how glorious then is the victory, when we can baffle him in a point in which he has hitherto exerted his most cruel tyranny!

I suppose your next attack will be upon the new lustre that our necks have acquired by the same art; an improvement which cannot, in my humble opinion, be too much admired. I remember when women with the whitest necks had such an odious clearness in their skins, that you might almost see the blood circulate through

their veins; an amusing spectacle indeed for a philosopher, and such perhaps as might give Doctor Harvey the first hint of the discoveries he afterwards made: but surely it could be no very agreeable sight to a person of any delicacy, when compared with the present resplendent white which every neck exhibits. Good flesh and blood is a phrase very well suited to a milk-maid; but I fancy a woman of fashion would choose to excite sublimer ideas: and indeed our sex could never so properly assume the title of goddesses as now that we have laid aside so much of the rustic appearance of mere mortal women.

I am, Sir,  
Your humble servant,  
BELINDA.

SIR,

I like the intention of your paper upon face-painting so well, that I shall readily comply with it, and return to the complexion that nature has bestowed upon me (which you must know is an olive,) if you can persuade others to do the same. But who could bear to be the shade to an assembly, dazzling bright with borrowed lilies, to look like the corner of the moon in an eclipse? Indeed it is impossible for me to bring myself to such an excess of fortitude. An olive is a good sort of complexion for a wit, but a vile one for a beauty,—the title for which we women universally long; while that of wit is only the last resource of our vanity, when nature or age denies us all pretensions to the other.

Go on and prosper, Mr. Fitz-Adam; reduce us again to our natural colour; and you shall find I will not be the last, though I cannot bear to be the first, that shall comply.

Your most devoted,  
OLIVIA BLANCHE.

No. 110.] SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1755.

—*Uno avulso non deficit alter  
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.* VIRG.

If from the stem one golden bough is torn,  
A second sprouting, straight new fruit is borne.

THOUGH I have studied the ways of men with the strictest application for many years, I must ingenuously confess my inability to dive into the secrets of one particular society, the members of which, by their superior capacities, have hitherto enveloped themselves in an impenetrable cloud of mystery. Every body must have observed, that in all public places in this kingdom there are swarms of adventurers, who neither derive any possessions from provident ancestors, nor are of any profession, yet who



figure most splendidly both in the great and small world, to the amazement of all who know them. The only answer I could ever obtain, when I have inquired how Mr. Such-a-one, a member of this society, lived, was, *The Lord knows*. Which answer one would think should imply, that *He who feedeth the ravens, and clotheh the lilies of the field*, had thus plentifully provided for them, imperceptible to the eyes of other mortals. But as the lives of these gentlemen seem to claim no such indulgence from heaven, I should have entertained a very complaisant opinion of them, if the legislature, by the repeal of the Witch act, had not taught me to believe that our intercourse with the devil was at an end. In the midst of my doubts, the following letter gave me perfect satisfaction.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

About ten years ago the public was entertained with a very fanciful performance, entitled *Hermippus Redivivus, or the Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave*. Though the ingenious author modestly sets out with showing the possibility of a man's extending the plan of life to a longer space than he generally now enjoys, by inhaling the salubrious breath of unpolluted virgins; yet by degrees, almost imperceptible to the reader, he slides into the Hermetic philosophy, of which he is an enthusiastic admirer, and becomes, before the conclusion of his book, as thorough a believer in the power of the stone and universal elixir, as if he had been personally present when an adept had made projection. He introduces several most surprising stories concerning philosophers, who being skilled in the arcanum, lived for three or four centuries in the most unimpaired vigour both of mind and body. But as the most enviable state of human felicity is imperfect, though these sages were masters of that omnipotent metal which can make knaves honest, blockheads wits, and cowards heroes; which yields, in the established commerce of the world, all the necessities, emoluments, and luxuries of life, and almost deifies its possessors, they were frequently necessitated to lead the lives of vagabonds, and to skulk from the observation of mankind in the darkest shades of obscurity.

Among many other surprising stories he gives an account of a stranger who some time ago resided at Venice. It was very remarkable, he says, that this man, though he lived in the utmost affluence and splendour, was unacquainted with any person belonging to the city before he came thither; that he followed no trade or merchandise; that he had no property in the common funds of the state, nor ever received any remittance from abroad; yet

abounded in wealth, till an incident, which he relates, drove him from Italy, from whence he suddenly disappeared, and no mortal ever learnt from what place he came, or whither he went.

If this man was a Hermetic philosopher in possession of the great secret, as the author insinuates, I am inclined to think, from a similarity of circumstances, that we have at this very time a great number of that sect in this metropolis, who, for the good of the nation, make gold at their pleasure. I have had the happiness of an acquaintance with several of these great men, who, without any visible means of livelihood, have shone forth with uncommon lustre for a time, and then, to the regret of crowds of tailors, woollen-drapers, lacemen, mercers, milliners, &c. have suddenly disappeared, and nobody ever knew the place of their retirement. This speedy retreat I attribute to their fears lest the state should discover from what source their wealth arose, and force them by its power to prostitute so sacred and inestimable a science to the destructive views of ambition.

It has been observed of several of these philosophers, that they have pretended to be of some lucrative profession or employment, in order, as is supposed, to shelter themselves from the prying eyes of certain individuals, who are apt, from I know not what old-fashioned notion, to regard very coolly those persons who, being in possession of no lands or chattels by inheritance, are unconnected with society, and do not lend a helping hand in supplying something to the real or imaginary wants of mankind. Many have affected to be thought the heirs of rich uncles or aunts in the country, from whom they were supplied with the comfortable sufficiencies for genteel life: while others have insinuated by their friends, that somebody has left them something somewhere; and so feigned that they lived (as honest people phrase it) *by their means*. But before inquiry could be made into those means (if I may have leave to borrow a scripture expression) *they went hence and were no more seen*.

I remember, a few years ago, there was a particular coffee-house about Covent-garden, much frequented by these adepts, which a friend of mine, a man of wit and humour, used ludicrously to call the *annual* coffee-house, as the same face was seldom observed to blow there a second time. But of late they have been cautious of raising any suspicion by assembling in too great numbers together, and are therefore dispersed through all the coffee-houses in this idle and genteel part of the city.

I would not be understood, from any thing I have said, to infer that none of this respectable sect ever take up their fixed residence in town; for I have known several and their families who have constantly dwelt here, and who, to the



astonishment of the whole circle of their acquaintance, have lived for twenty years together in great splendour and luxury, spent every year as much as their original principal fortune amounted to, and still flourish on in the same manner.

Every one in high life must, I dare say, have observed, that no people live so well as those whom the world pronounces to be *ruined*. I have known many of those ruined persons, both peers and commoners, riot in every luxury and extravagance, while the haughty owners of thousands of unmortgaged acres have repined and sickened at their superior enjoyments. In short, such has been my association of ideas of late, that when I hear any man pronounced ruined, I immediately conclude, by that expression, that he has been admitted by the fraternity into the inestimable secret of the Hermetic philosophy.

But however desirous the possessors of this first science may be of appearing to draw their subsistence from the common and vulgar supplies of land, trade, stocks, or professions, rather than have it suspected from whence their mysterious finances arise, yet such numbers now abound of all ranks and conditions, that the government, I am told, begins to entertain an idea, or, as the vulgar phrase it, to have an inkling of the matter. Indeed I am greatly surprised that the affair was not found out sooner; for it is mathematically demonstrable, that if Great Britain and Ireland were large enough to hold all the boasted possessions of these nominal land-owners, the dominions of his present majesty would exceed the bluster of a Spanish title, and be larger than the four quarters of the globe joined together. But here let me stop, and not endeavour to reveal more of that science, which is destined by fate to remain a secret from all but the truly initiated; lest by farther profane babbling the present sons of Hermes should take umbrage, and transfer the unspeakable advantages that accrue to society from their presence to lands of more faith and less curiosity. I could wish, therefore, that the administration would suppress farther inquiries about these affairs, and be contented like honest plain tradesmen, who grow rich they cannot tell how, to receive that inundation of wealth which flows so unaccountably into the kingdom, without troubling their repose by an over great solicitude to know the source it springs from; for fear, like fairy favours, the blessing should be snatched from the land, for the unpardonable crime of endeavouring to satisfy a prohibited curiosity.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

A. Z.

No. 111.] THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1755.

It is very well known that religion and politics are perfectly understood by every body, as they require neither study nor experience. All people therefore decide peremptorily, though often variously, upon both.

All sects, severally sure of being in the right, intimate at least, if not denounce, damnation to those who differ from them, in points so clear, so plain, and so obvious. On the other hand, the infidel, not less an enthusiast than any of them (though upon his own principles he cannot damn, because he knows to demonstration that there is no future state) would very gladly hang, as hypocrites or fools, the whole body of believers.

In politics the sects are as various and as warm: and what seems very extraordinary is, that those who have studied them the most, and experienced them the longest, always know them the least. Every administration is in the wrong, though they have the clue and secret of business in their hands; and not less than six millions of their fellow subjects (for I only except very young children) are willing and able to discover, censure, reform, and correct their errors, and put them in the right way.

These considerations, among many others, determined me originally not to meddle with religion or politics, in which I could not instruct, and upon which I thought it not decent to trifle.

Entertainment alone must be the object of an humble weekly author of a sheet and a half. A certain degree of bulk is absolutely necessary for a certain degree of dignity either in man or book. A system of ethics, to be respected as it ought, requires at least a quarto; and even moral essays cannot decently, and with utility, appear in less than a thick octavo. But should I, in my ignoble state of a fugitive sheet and a half, presume with a grave face to censure folly, or with an angry one to lash vice, the porter of every well bred family in town would have orders to deny me; and I should forfeit my place at the breakfast-table, where now, to my great honour and emolument, I am pretty generally served up. But if by the introduction of that wit and humour, which I believe even my enemies must allow me, I can, without offence to the politer part of my readers, slide in any useful moral, I will not neglect the opportunity; for I will be witty whenever I can, and instructive whenever I dare; and when my scattered leaves shall, like the Sibyls, come to be collected, I believe I may without vanity assert, that they will be, at least, as good oracles.

But in his design too I am aware of difficulties, little inferior to those which discouraged me from meddling with religion and politics: for

every body has wit and humour, and many have more of both than they, or at least their friends, know what to do with. As they are gifts of nature, not to be acquired by art, who is there that thinks himself so disinherited by nature as not to have some share of them? Nay, those (if such there are) who are modest enough to think themselves cut off with a shilling, husband that twelvence with care, and frugally spend their penny upon occasion, as sly wags, and dry jokers.

In this universal profusion, this prodigious plenty of wit and humour, I cannot help distrusting a little the success, though by no means the merit, of my own; for I have interior conviction that no man in England has so much. But tastes are various, and the market is glutted. However, I should hope that my candid readers will have the same regard for my opinion which they have for most of the opinions they entertain; that is, that they will take it upon trust, especially as they have it *from the gentleman's own mouth*.

The better to take my measures for the future, I have endeavoured to trace the progress and reception of my paper through the several classes of its readers.

In families of condition, it is first received by the porter, who yawning, just casts his half-open eyes upon it; for it comes out so early as between ten and eleven; but finding neither the politics nor the casualties of the week in it, throws it aside, and takes up in its stead a daily newspaper, in which all those matters are related with truth and perspicuity.

From thence it is sent up to Mrs. Betty, to lay upon the breakfast-table. She receives it in pretty much the same manner, finds it deficient in point of news, and lays it down in exchange for the Daily Advertiser; when she turns with impatience to the advertisements, to see what invitations are thrown out by single gentlemen of undoubted characters, to agreeable young women of unblemished reputations, to become either their wives or their companions. And, by a prudent forecast, she particularly attends to the premiums so frequently offered for a fine wholesome breast of milk.

When it is introduced into my lady's dressing-room, it undergoes a severer examination: for if my lord and lady ever meet, it is then and there. The youngest, probably, of the young ladies is appointed to read it aloud, to use her to read at sight. If my lord, who is a judge of wit as well as of property in the last resort, gives a favourable nod, and says, it is *well enough to-day*; my lady, who does not care to contradict him in trifles, pronounces it to be *charming*. But if unfortunately my lord, with an air of distaste, calls it *poor stuff*; my lady discovers it to be *horribly stupid*. The young family are unanimously of opinion, that the nature of Adam

Fitz-Adam is a very comical one, and inquire into the meaning of the globe in the frontispiece; by which (if any body could tell them) they might get a pretty notion of geography.

In families of an inferior class, I meet with a fuller, though perhaps not a more favourable trial. My merits and demerits are freely discussed. Some think me too grave, others trifling. The mistress of the house, though she detests scandal, wishes, for example's sake only, that I would draw the characters, and expose the intrigues of the fine folks. The master wonders that I do not give the ministers a rap; and concludes that I receive hush-money. But all agree in saying, facetiously and pleasantly enough, that The World does not inform them how The World goes. This is followed by many other *bon mots*, equally ingenious, alluding to the title of my paper, and worth at least the two-pence a week that it costs.

In this city (for my paper has made its way to that end of the town, upon the supposition of its being a fashionable one in this) I am received and considered in a different light. All my general reflections upon the vices or the follies of the age are, by the ladies, supposed to be levelled at particular persons, or at least discovered to be very applicable to such and such of the quality. They are also thought to be *very pat* to several of their own neighbours and acquaintances; and shrewd hints of the kind greatly embellish the conversation of the evening. The graver and more frugal part of that opulent metropolis, who do not themselves buy, but borrow my paper of those who do, complain that, though there is generally room sufficient at the end of the last page, I never insert the price of stocks, nor of goods at Bearkey. And they are every one of them astonished how certain transactions of the court of aldermen on one hand, and of the common-council on the other, can possibly escape my animadversion, since it is impossible that they can have escaped my knowledge.

Such are the censures and difficulties to which a poor weekly author is exposed. However I have the pleasure, and something more than the pleasure, of finding that two thousand of my papers are circulated weekly. This number exceeds the largest that was ever printed even of the Spectators, which in no other respects do I pretend to equal. Such extraordinary success would be sufficient to flatter the vanity of a good author, and to turn the head of a bad one. But I prudently check and stifle those growing sentiments in my own breast, by reflecting upon other circumstances that tend to my humiliation. I must confess that the present fashion of curling the hair has proved exceeding favourable to me: and perhaps the quality of my paper, as it happens to be peculiarly adapted to that purpose, may contribute, more than its



merit, to the sale of it. A head that has taken a right French turn requires, as I am assured, fourscore curls in distinct papers, and those curls must be renewed as often as the head is combed, which is perhaps once a month. Four of my papers are sufficient for that purpose, and amount only to eight-pence, which is very little more than what the same quantity of plain paper would cost. Taking it therefore all together, it seems not inconsistent with good economy to purchase it at so small a price. This reflection might mortify me as an author, but on the other hand, self-love, which is ingenious of availing itself of the slightest favourable circumstances, comforts me with the thought, that of the prodigious number of daily and weekly papers that are now published, mine is perhaps the only one that is ultimately applied to the head.

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No. 112.] THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1755.

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A LATE noble author has most justly and elegantly defined custom to be, "The result of the passions and prejudices of many, and of the designs of a few; the ape of reason, who usurps her seat, exercises her power, and is obeyed by mankind in her stead."

This definition enables us to account for the various absurd and wicked customs which have severally and successively prevailed in all ages and countries, and also for those which unfortunately prevail in this; for they may all be traced up to the passions and prejudices of the many, and the designs of a few.

It is certain, however, that there has not been a time when the prerogative of human reason was more freely asserted, nor errors and prejudice more ably attacked and exposed by the best writers, than now. But may not the principle of inquiry and detection be carried too far, or at least made too general? And should not a prudent discrimination of cases be attended to?

A prejudice is by no means necessarily (though generally thought so) an error. On the contrary, it may be a most unquestioned truth, though it be still a prejudice in those who, without any examination, take it upon trust, and entertain it by habit.

There are even some prejudices, founded upon error, which ought to be connived at, or perhaps encouraged; their effects being more beneficial to society than their detection can possibly be.

Human reason, even when improved by knowledge, and undisturbed by the passions, is not an infallible, though it is our best guide: but unimproved by knowledge, and adulterated by passion, it becomes the most dangerous one:

constituting obstinate wrong-headedness, and dignifying, nay, almost sanctifying error.

The bulk of mankind have neither leisure nor knowledge sufficient to reason right: why then should they be taught to reason at all? Will not honest instinct prompt, and wholesome prejudices guide them much better than half reasoning?

The power of the magistrate to punish bad, and the authority of those of superior rank to set good examples, properly exerted, would probably be of more diffusive advantage to society than the most learned theological, philosophical, moral and casuistical dissertations. As for instance:

An honest cobbler in his stall thinks and calls himself a good honest protestant; and, if he lives at the city end of the town, probably goes to his parish church on Sundays. Would it be honest, would it be wise, to say to this cobbler, "Friend, you only think yourself a member of the church of England; but in reality you are not one, since you are only so from habit and prejudice, not from examination and reflection? But study the ablest controversial writers of the popish and reformed churches; read Bellarmine, Chillingworth, and Stillingfleet, and then you may justly call yourself, what in truth you are not now, a protestant."

Should our mender of shoes follow this advice (which I hope he would not), a useful cobbler would most certainly be lost in a useless polemic, and a scurvy logician.

It would be just the same thing in morals. Our cobbler received from his parents that best and shortest of all christian and moral precepts, "do as you would be done by:" he adopted it without much examination, and scrupulously practised it in general, though with some few exceptions perhaps in his own trade. But should some philosopher, for the advancement of truth and knowledge, assure this cobbler, "That his honesty was mere prejudice and habit, because he had never sufficiently considered the relation and fitness of things, nor contemplated the beauty of virtue; but that if he would carefully study the Characteristics, the Moral Philosopher, and thirty or forty volumes more upon that subject, he might then, and not till then, justly call himself an honest man;" what would become of the honesty of the cobbler after this useful discovery I do not know; but this I very well know, that he should no longer be my cobbler.

I shall borrow him in two instances more, and then leave him to his honest, useful, homespun prejudices, which half-knowledge and less reasoning will, I hope, never tempt him to lay aside.

My cobbler is also a politician. He reads the first newspapers he can get, desirous to be informed of the state of affairs in Europe, and of the street robberies in London. He has not, I



presume, analysed the interests of the respective countries of Europe, nor deeply considered those of his own: still less is he systematically informed of the political duties of a citizen and a subject. But his heart and his habits supply those defects. He glows with zeal for the honour and prosperity of old England; he will fight for it, if there be occasion, and drink to it perhaps a little too often, and too much. However, is it not to be wished that there were in this country six millions of such honest and zealous, though uninformed citizens?

All these unreflected and unexamined opinions of our cobbler, though prejudices in him, are in themselves undoubted and demonstrable truths, and ought therefore to be cherished even in their coarsest dress. But I shall now give an instance of a common prejudice in this country, which is the result of error, and which yet I believe no man in his senses would desire should be exposed or removed.

Our honest cobbler is thoroughly convinced, as his forefathers were for many centuries, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen; and in that persuasion, he would by no means decline the trial. Now, though in my own private opinion, deduced from physical principles, I am apt to believe that one Englishman could beat no more than two Frenchmen of equal strength and size with himself, I should however be very unwilling to undeceive him of that useful and sanguine error, which certainly made his countrymen triumph in the fields of Poitiers and Crecy.

But there are prejudices of a very different nature from these; prejudices not only founded in original error, but that gave birth and sanction to the most absurd, extravagant, impious, and immoral customs.

Honour, that sacred name, which ought to mean the spirit, the supererogation of virtue, is, by custom, profaned, reduced, and shrunk to mean only a readiness to fight a duel upon either real or an imaginary affront, and not to cheat or play. No vices nor immoralities whatsoever fast this fashionable character, but rather, on the contrary, dignify and adorn it: and what should banish a man from all society recommends him in general to the best. He may, with great honour, starve the tradesmen, who by their industry supply not only his wants, but his luxury. He may debauch his friend's wife, daughter, or sister; he may, in short, undoubtedly gratify every appetite, passion, and interest, and scatter desolation round him, if he be but ready for single combat, and a scrupulous observer of all the moral obligations of a gamester.

These are the prejudices for wit to ridicule, for satire to lash, for the rigour of the law to punish, and (which would be the most effectual of all) for fashion to discountenance and pros-

cribe. And these shall in their turns be the subjects of some future papers.

No. 113.] THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1755.

THE custom of duelling is most evidently the result of the passions of the many, and of the designs of a few; but here the definition stops; since, far from being the ape of reason, it prevails in open defiance of it. It is the manifest offspring of barbarity and folly, a monstrous birth, and distinguished by the most shocking and ridiculous marks of both its parents.

I would not willingly give offence to the politer part of my readers, whom I acknowledge to be my best customers, and therefore I will not so much as hint at the impiety of this practice; nor will I labour to show how repugnant it is to instinct, reason, and every moral and social obligation, even to the fashionable fitness of things. Viewed on the criminal side, it excites horror; on the absurd side, it is an inexhaustible fund of ridicule. The guilt has been considered and exposed by abler pens than mine, and indeed ought to be censured with more dignity than a fugitive weekly paper can pretend to: I shall therefore content myself with ridiculing the folly of it.

The ancients most certainly have had very imperfect notions of honour, for they had none of duelling. One reads, it is true, of murders committed every now and then among the Greeks and Romans, prompted only by interest or revenge, and performed without the least Attic politeness, or Roman urbanity. No letters of gentle invitation were sent to any man to come and have his throat cut the next morning; and we may observe that Milo had not the common decency to give Clodius, the most profligate of men, the most dangerous of citizens, and his own inveterate enemy, an equal chance of destroying him.

This delicacy of sentiment, this refinement of manners, was reserved for the politer Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Vandals, &c. to introduce, cultivate, and establish. I must confess that they have generally been considered as barbarous nations; and to be sure there are some circumstances which seem to favour that opinion. They made open war upon learning, and gave no quarter even to the monuments of arts and sciences. But then it must be owned, on the other hand, that upon those ruins they established the honourable and noble science of homicide, dignified, exalted, and ascertained true honour, worshipped it as their deity, and sacrificed to it hecatombs of human victims.

In those happy days, honour, that is, single combat, was a great and unerring test of civil rights, moral actions, and sound doctrines. It was sanctified by the church; and the churchmen were occasionally allowed the honour and pleasure of it: for we read of many instances of duels between men and priests. Nay, it was, without appeal, the infallible test of female chastity. If a princess, or any lady of distinction, was suspected of a little incontinency, some brave champion, who was commonly privy to, or perhaps the author of it, stood forth in her defence, and asserted her innocence with the point of his sword or lance. If by his activity, skill, strength, and courage, he murdered the accuser, the lady was spotless; but if her champion fell, her guilt was manifest. This heroic gallantry in defence of the fair I presume, occasioned that association of ideas (otherwise seemingly unrelative to each other) of the *brave* and the *fair*; for indeed in *those days* it behoved a lady, who had the least regard for her reputation, to choose a lover of uncommon activity, strength, and courage. This notion, as I am well assured, still prevails in many reputable families about Covent-garden, where the *brave* in the kitchen are always within call of the *fair* in the first or second floor.

By this summary method of proceeding, the quibbles, the delays, and the expense of the law were avoided, and the troublesome shackles of the gospel knocked off; honour ruling in their stead. To prove the utility and justice of this method, I cannot help mentioning a very extraordinary duel between a man of distinction and a dog, in the year 1371, in presence of King Charles the Fifth of France. Both the relation and the print of this duel are to be found in Father Montfaucon.

A gentleman of the court was supposed to have murdered another, who had been missing for some days. This suspicion arose from the mute testimony of the absent person's dog, a large Irish greyhound, who with uncommon rage attacked this supposed murderer wherever he met him. As he was a gentleman, and a man of very nice honour (though by the way he really had murdered the man,) he could not bear lying under so dishonourable a suspicion, and therefore applied to the king for leave to justify his innocence by single combat with the said dog. The king, being a great lover of justice, granted his suit, ordered lists to be made ready, appointed the time, and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offensive club in his hand, the dog a defensive tub to resort to occasionally. The Irish greyhound willingly met this fair inviter at the time and place appointed; for it has always been observable of that particular breed, that they have an uncommon alacrity at single combat. They fought; the dog prevailed, and almost killed the

honourable gentleman, who had then the honour to confess his guilt, and of being hanged for it in a few days.

When letters, arts, and sciences revived in Europe, the science of homicide was farther cultivated and improved. If, on the one hand, it lost a little of the extent of its jurisdiction, on the other, it acquired great precision, clearness, and beauty, by the care and pains of the very best Italian and Spanish authors, who reduced it into a regular body, and delighted the world with their admirable codes, digests, pandects, and reports, *della cavalleresca*, in some hundreds of volumes. Almost all possible cases of honour were considered and stated; two-and-thirty different sorts of lies were distinguished; and the adequate satisfaction necessary for each was with great solidity and precision ascertained. A kick with a thin shoe was declared more injurious to honour (though not so painful to the part kicked) than a kick with a thick shoe; and in short, a thousand other discoveries of the like nature, equally beneficial to society, were communicated to the world in those voluminous treasures of honour.

In the present degenerate age, these fundamental laws of honour are exploded and ridiculed; and single combat thought a very uncertain, and even unjust decision of civil property, female chastity, and criminal accusations; but I would humbly ask, why? Is not single combat as just a decision of any other thing whatsoever as it is of veracity, the case to which it is now in a manner confined? I am of opinion that there are more men in the world who lie and fight too, than there are who will lie and not fight; because I believe there are more men in the world who have than who want courage. But if fighting is the test of veracity, my readers of condition will I hope pardon me when I say, that my future inquiries and researches after truth shall be altogether confined to the three regiments of guards.

There is one reason indeed which makes me suspect that a duel may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity, and that is, that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to state a case, which may very probably, and not even unfrequently happen, and which is not provided for, nor ever mentioned in the *Institutes of Honour*.

A very lean, slender, active young fellow, of great honour, weighing perhaps not quite twelve stone, and who has from his youth taken lesson of homicide from a murder-master, has, I think he has, a point of honour to discuss with an unwieldy, fat, middle-aged gentleman, of nice honour, likewise weighing four-and-twenty stone, and who in his youth may not possibly have had the same commendable application to the noble science of homicide. The lean gentleman sends a very civil letter to the fat one, in



viting him to come and be killed by him the next morning in Hyde-park. Should the fat gentleman accept this invitation, and waddle to the place appointed, he goes to inevitable slaughter. Now upon this state of the case, might not the fat gentleman, consistent with the rules of honour, return the following answer to the invitation of the lean one?

"SIR,

"I find by your letter that you do me the justice to believe that I have the true notions of honour that become a gentleman; and I hope I shall never give you reason to change your opinion. As I entertain the same opinion of you, I must suppose that you will not desire that we should meet upon very unequal terms, which must be the case were we to meet to-morrow. At present I unfortunately weigh four-and-twenty stone, and I guess that you do not exceed twelve. From this circumstance singly, I am doubly the mark that you are; but besides this, you are active, and I am unwieldy. I therefore propose to you, that from this day forwards we severally endeavour by all possible means, you to fatten, and I to waste, till we can meet at the medium of eighteen stone. I will lose no time on my part, being impatient to prove to you that I am not quite unworthy of the good opinion which you are pleased to express of,

"Sir, your very humble servant.

"P. S. I believe it may not be amiss for us to communicate to each other, from time to time, our gradations of increase or decrease, towards the desired medium, in which, I presume, two or three pounds more or less, on either side, ought not to be considered."

This, among many other cases that I could mention, sufficiently proves, not only the expediency, but the necessity of restoring, revising, and perhaps adding to the practice, rules, and statutes of single combat, as it flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I grant that it would probably make the common law useless; but little, trifling, and private interests ought not to stand in the way of great, public, and national advantages.

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No. 114.] THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1755.

THE notion of *birth*, as it is commonly called and established by custom, is also the manifest result of the prejudices of the many, and of the designs of a few. It is the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by that industrious pander Self-love. It is surely the strongest in-

stance, and the weakest prop, of human vanity. If it means any thing, it means a long lineal descent from a founder, whose industry or good fortune, whose merit, or perhaps whose guilt, has enabled his posterity to live useless to society, and to transmit to theirs their pride and patrimony. However, this extravagant notion, this chimerical advantage, the effect of blind chance, where prudence and option cannot even pretend to have the least share, is that *fly* which, by a kind of Egyptian superstition, custom all over Europe has deified, and at whose tawdry shrine good sense, good manners, and good nature are daily sacrificed.

The vulgar distinction between people of *birth* and people of *no birth* will probably puzzle the critics and antiquarians of the thirtieth or fortieth centuries, when in their judicious or laborious researches into the customs and manners of these present times, they shall have reason to suppose, that in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the island of Great Britain was inhabited by two sorts of people, some *born*, but the much greater number *unborn*. The fact will appear so *incredible*, that it will certainly be *believed*; the only difficulty will be how to account for it; and that as it commonly does, will engross the attention of the learned. The case of Cadmus's men will doubtless be urged, as a case in point, to prove the possibility of the thing; and the truth of it will be confirmed by the records of the university of Oxford, where it will appear that an unborn person, called for that reason *Terræ Filius*, annually entertained that university with an oration in the theatre.

I therefore take with pleasure this opportunity of explaining and clearing up this difficulty to my remotest successors in the republic of letters, by giving them the true meaning of the several expressions of *great birth*, *noble birth*, *birth*, and *no birth* at all.

Great and illustrious *birth* is ascertained and authenticated by a pedigree carefully preserved in the family, which takes at least an hour's time to unroll, and when unrolled discloses twenty intermarriages of valiant and puissant Geoffreys and Hildebrands, with as many chaste and pious Blanches and Mauds, before the Conquest, not without here and there a dash of the Plantagenets. But if unfortunately the insolent worms should have devoured the pedigree as well as the persons of the illustrious family, that defect may be supplied by the authentic records of the Herald's Office, that inestimable repository of good sense and useful knowledge. If this *great birth* is graced with a peerage, so much the better; but if not, it is no great matter; for being so solid a good in itself, it wants no borrowed advantages, and is unquestionably the most pleasing sentiment that a truly generous mind is capable of feeling.



*Noble birth* implies only a peerage in the family. Ancestors are by no means necessary for this kind of birth; the patent is the midwife of it, and the very first descent is noble. The family arms, however modern, are dignified by the coronet and mantle; but the family livery is sometimes, for very good reasons, laid aside.

*Birth*, singly, and without an epithet, extends, I cannot positively say how far, but negatively, it stops where useful arts and industry begin. Merchants, tradesmen, yeomen, farmers, and ploughmen, are not *born*, or at least, in so mean a way as not to deserve that name; and it is perhaps for that reason that their mothers are said to be *delivered*, rather than *brought to bed* of them. But baronets, knights, and esquires have the honour of being *born*.

I must confess that before I got the key to this fashionable language, I was a good deal puzzled myself with the distinction between *birth*, and *no birth*; and having no other guide than my own weak reason, I mistook the matter most grossly. I foolishly imagined that *well-born* meant born with a sound mind in a sound body; a healthy, strong constitution, joined to a good heart and a good understanding. But I never suspected that it could possibly mean the shrivelled tasteless fruit of an old genealogical tree. I communicated my doubts, and applied for information to my late worthy and curious friend, the celebrated Mrs. Kennon, whose valuable collection of fossils and minerals, lately sold, sufficiently proves her skill and researches in the most recondite parts of nature. She, with that frankness and humanity which were natural to her, assured me that it was all a vulgar error, in which however the nobility and gentry prided themselves: but that in truth she had never observed the children of the quality to be wholesomer and stronger than others, but rather the contrary: which difference she imputed to certain causes, which I shall not here specify. This natural (and, I dare say, to the best of her observation, true) account confirmed me in my former philosophical error. But still not thoroughly satisfied with it, and thinking that there must be something more in what was so universally valued, I determined to get some farther information, by addressing myself to a person of vast, immense, prodigious *birth*, and descended *atavis regibus*, with whom I had the honour of being acquainted. As he expatiates willingly upon that subject, it was very easy for me to set him a going upon it, inasmuch that upon some few doubts which I humbly suggested to him, he spoke to me in the following manner:

"I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you are not (for nobody is) ignorant of the antiquity of my family, which by authentic records I can trace up to King Alfred, some of whose blood runs at

this moment in my veins: and I will not conceal from you that I find infinite inward comfort and satisfaction in that reflection. Let people of *no birth* laugh as much as they please at these notions; they are not imaginary; they are real; they are solid; and whoever is *well born* is glad that he is so. A merchant, a tradesman, a yeoman, a farmer, and such sort of people, may perhaps have common honesty and vulgar virtues; but take my word for it, the more refined and generous sentiments of honour, courage, and magnanimity, can only flow in ancient and noble blood. What shall animate a tradesman or mean-born man to any great and heroic virtues? Shall it be the examples of his ancestors? He has none. Or shall it be that impure blood that rather stagnates than circulates in his veins? No; ancient birth and noble blood are the only true sources of great virtues. This truth appears even among brutes, who we observe never degenerate, except in cases of misalliances with their inferiors. Are not the pedigrees of horses, cocks, dogs, &c., carefully preserved, as the never-failing proofs of their swiftness and courage? I repeat it again, *birth* is an inestimable advantage, not to be adequately understood but by those who have it."

My friend was going on, and, to say the truth, growing dull, when I took the liberty of interrupting him, by acknowledging that the cogency of his arguments, and the self-evidence of his facts, had entirely removed all my doubts, and convinced me of the unspeakable advantages of illustrious birth: and unfortunately I added, that my own vanity was greatly flattered by it, in consequence of my being lineally descended from the first man. Upon this my friend looked grave, and seemed rather displeased; whether from a suspicion that I was jesting, or upon an apprehension that I meant to *out-descend* him, I cannot determine; for he contented himself with saying, "That is not a necessary consequence, neither, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since I have read somewhere or other of pre-adamites, which opinion did not seem to me an absurd one."

Here I took my leave of him, and went home full of reflections upon the astonishing powers of self-love, that can extract comfort and pleasure from such groundless, absurd, and extravagant prejudices. In all other respects my friend is neither a fool nor a madman, and can talk very rationally upon any rational subject. But such is the inconsistency both of the human mind and the human heart, that one must not form a general judgment of either, from one glaring error, or one shining excellence.

No. 115.] THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1755.

THOUGH it is a general observation, that the actions of mankind commonly begin and end in *self*, yet to an impartial person, who reads over with attention the advertisements in our public papers, it will appear that there are instances of public spiritedness in the present times, that put to shame every record that can be produced in favour of times past: and though I am sorry to say that these instances are confined to one particular profession of men, yet the benefits that accrue from them are general and universal. Not to keep my readers in suspense, the public-spirited gentlemen I mean, are the gentlemen of the faculty, or, as they more modestly call themselves, the practitioners in physic. The disinterested zeal with which these gentlemen devote their labours to the good of mankind ought, I confess, to be celebrated by much abler pens than mine; and happy indeed is it that they themselves seem to think so, and have therefore done that justice to their own merits which their warmest advocates must have despaired of doing for them.

The most illustrious Doctor de Cortese, physician of the most serene republic of Venice, has abandoned his native country and friends, and with the no less illustrious Doctor Toscano, his colleague, has generously taken up his residence in this metropolis, where diseases and death fly before him.

A physician of our own nation challenges the regard of his countrymen, by politely and elegantly setting forth in the daily papers, that "As nothing is more repugnant to humanity than denying relief to a fellow creature in misery, applause surely is most due to those who, by long study and great application, have extracted a medicine from the vegetable and mineral creation, that infallibly cures," &c.

The truly disinterested proprietor of the Old Iron Pear-tree Water and its Salts condescends to do himself the justice to acknowledge his great benevolence to mankind, by prefacing his address to the public in the following words, "That the unhappy may know where to apply for relief, is the full end of this advertisement."

The gentleman of much experience in physic, who has discovered the celebrated lotion or wash that makes every body beautiful, tells us, "That for the conveniency of persons of distinction, and the general good of mankind, it is sold at Mr. Foy's china-shop, opposite St. James's palace."

Who is there that can read that does not look with admiration and astonishment on the disinterested benevolence of these truly great persons? But when we consider a still greater instance of public spiritedness; when we think of

that justly celebrated great man and physician, the incomparable Doctor Taylor, who, not satisfied with restoring the invaluable blessing of sight to every individual of his blind countrymen, pays his charitable visits to every part of Europe, dealing light and comfort to all nations; where shall we find words to express the ideas we are filled with? It is with great pleasure that I embrace this opportunity of congratulating his holiness the pope, and their eminences the cardinals, on the arrival of that illustrious person at Rome, of which the Daily Advertiser thus particularly informs us:

"Rome, December 27. The Chevalier Taylor, celebrated medicine-oculist to their imperial majesties, to the kings of Great-Britain, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, and to all the sovereign princes in Europe, arrived a few weeks since in this capital from Muscovy, and the morning after his arrival was presented to his holiness. From the reputation he has acquired here by the success he had with the princesses of Ruspuly, Justinana, and with many other illustrious personages, together with a number extraordinary of the subjects of this country, the pope has not only been pleased to grant him three different audiences, but has declared him, by patent, medicine-oculist to his person and court: and, to give him yet a greater mark of his favour, has caused him to be made Chevalier of his court, to be received as a member of the Roman senate, and fellow of the Roman university. The patents of these dignities, together with all the others he has received from the courts and universities abroad, are in the hands of his son in London. By a list it appears, that the Chevalier is now physician-oculist (by patent) to six crowned heads; to near twenty sovereign princes; member of almost all the universities, academies, and societies of the learned in Europe; that he is the author of twenty-four different works that he has wrote himself in different languages, three of which are published in Italian; and to complete all, he was received as a member of the university of Padua, by order of the senate of Venice, with distinct approbation from the famous Professor Morgagni; and this crowned by the dignities he has received from the court and senate of Rome. The Chevalier will direct his course through Italy, where he will end his tour through all Europe."

I have transcribed the whole of this advertisement (which possibly may not appear to be quite as accurately worded as if drawn up by the doctor himself) because I am desirous of rescuing from a perishable newspaper the authentic records of the dignities and honours of the Chevalier Taylor. I cannot conceal from my readers that I have one melancholy thought upon this occasion; it is, that as most of these high honours have been conferred upon the Chevalier by



the catholic princes, and particularly by his holiness the pope, it is greatly to be feared that, from a principle of gratitude, the Chevalier may possibly have made them a compliment of his protestant faith. If my apprehensions of this event are groundless, how ought we to rejoice that such distinguished titles are bestowed, even by the enemies of our religion, upon one of our own countrymen!

Indeed, as the principal blessing of life is health, it is no wonder that princes and great men are so ready to reward with honours all those who are the insurers of it: and it is with no small satisfaction that I see those eminent physicians, Doctor Rock, Doctor West, together with a long *et cetera* of doctors who content themselves with publishing their merits without their names, offering their several specifics to the public, under a patent from the crown.

But it is the disinterested spirit of these great persons, and not their honours, that I am at present celebrating: and I take shame to myself, that as an author, and consequently a physician of the mind, I have been less careful in setting forth either the excellency of my labours, or in extending them as I ought to have done to all sorts of people. I had never considered till very lately, that the paper of the World, though it cost no more than twopence, and is published but once a week, yet when continued to a hundred thousand numbers, or perhaps to the end of time, (for I have taken care that the secret of writing it shall not die with me), must be too heavy a tax on the generations of the poor. From a due consideration of this weighty affair, and influenced thereto by the noble and disinterested spirit of my brethren the doctors, I have directed my good friend Mr. Dodsley to bind up in three neat pocket volumes the aggregate of these my labours, for the years one thousand seven hundred fifty-three, and one thousand seven hundred fifty-four; and to distribute the said volumes among all the booksellers of this great metropolis, to be sold by them to-morrow and for ever at so small a price as three shillings a volume. And I have the pleasure of declaring, with equal truth with the proprietor of the Old Iron Pear-tree Water and its Salts, *that to relieve the unhappy is the full end of this publication.*

For the great utility of these incomparable volumes, I might refer the reader to the praises I have almost every where bestowed upon them in the volumes themselves, though, I confess, not altogether in so ample a manner as their merits required. I might also have presented him with a list of attestations sent me under the hands and seals of most of the principal nobility of these kingdoms, setting forth their marvellous effects on their morals and understandings; but as these attestations would have made a much larger work than the volumes

themselves, I thought it prudent to omit them. In fact, nothing need be said of these books, but that they are an easy, pleasant, and infallible cure for every disorder of the human mind.

I had written thus far, when I received a visit from a friend, who, upon my acquainting him with the public-spirited scheme which I have laid before my readers, shook his head, and told me, that an author of his acquaintance had greatly out-done me in generosity; of which he could convince me in an hour's time. He then left me abruptly, without so much as waiting for an answer, and, in less than the time proposed, sent me the following advertisement, cut out of a newspaper. "This day was published, Nurse Truelove's New-year's Gift, or the book of books for children, adorned with cuts, and designed as a present for every little boy who would become a great man, and ride upon a fine horse; and to every little girl who would become a great woman, and ride in a lord mayor's gilt coach. Printed for the author, who has ordered these books to be given *gratis* to all little good boys and girls, at the Bible and Crown in St. Paul's Churd-yard, they paying for the binding, which is only twopence each book."

I confess very freely that the generosity of this advertisement put me a little out of countenance; but as I pique myself upon nothing so much as my benevolence to mankind, I soon came to a resolution not to be out-done by this public-spirited gentleman; and I hereby give notice, that the above mentioned three volumes of the World, together with a very elaborate index to each (all of which were, I confess, intended to be *sold*), will now be given *gratis* at every bookseller's shop in town, to all sorts of persons, *they only paying nine shillings for the binding.*

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No. 116.] THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1755.

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*Personam, thyrsumque tenent, et subligar Acci. Juv.*

—They seize  
The mask, the thyrsus and the slop of Accius.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM left guardian to three young ladies, whose father was my intimate acquaintance at the time he made his addresses to their late mother: and I very well remember he could not obtain admittance till he had first procured himself the ornament of a star and ribbon, and would never have gained the lady but from the happy thought of adding another lace to his liveries. As it appeared to me that his success was owing to



these exteriors, I conceived no great opinion of the good sense of his lady ; but as she made my friend a good wife, I reflected that she might justly be influenced by the ribbon, as it marked the consequence of her lover, and by the additional lace, as it seemed to bespeak his riches. It is, however, still a doubt with me, whether she ever felt a sincere passion for the man she married ; and what increases this doubt is, that I could never discover in either of her daughters any symptoms of what I can properly call love. The eldest, who reads romances, is continually professing a sincere disposition to requite (after a proper time) the pains of one who shall enterprize, fight, starve, or catch cold for her. The second would be happy with a scarecrow, who, with the dignity of a title, should discover what she calls a taste, in tricking out his person with embroidery, laces, jewels, and trinkets. The third would never desire to see the object of her passion ; provided she might receive reams of paper filled with flames, darts, arrows, and such missive weapons, which do most execution from a distance. Last week my three wards came into my room, desiring leave to go to the next masquerade. I gave a hasty consent, imagining there could be no danger for ladies whom I knew to be safe on the side of love ; but since I have recollected my thoughts, I am apprehensive that the eldest may be caught by some *aventurier*, with sounding language and a romantic habit ; the second by a Turkish emperor not worth ten chequins ; and the youngest by a smooth-tongued flattering poet, who, when he has pulled off his borrowed habit of a shepherd, has perhaps no other to put on.

You will not be surprised, after this representation, to hear me complain of the distress my promise has brought upon me ; but as I never break my word with them, I must for once trust them to their fate. But I cannot forbear entreating you, while the impression is strong in my rash mind, to write a paper on the dangerous consequences which these fantastic diversions may bring upon young people, by giving a wild and extravagant turn to their imaginations. You will perhaps wonder to hear the effects which my consent has already produced. This morning I found the eldest of my young ladies dressed out, as she told me, in the character of Cyrus, in a suit of Persian armour of her own contrivance. The second, who is of a large size, and has contracted a remarkable unwieldiness by the state she observes in never moving off her couch, was at the same time under the hands of one of the dancers at the theatre, who was lacing her up in a habit made after that which she wears herself in one of her serious dances. The youngest was a Muse, and expressed great satisfaction in the negligent flow of her robe, but complained that she had not settled her head. I could not help saying I

was sorry I had contributed my part to the *unsettling it*. This was very ill received ; which indeed I might have foreseen, as well from the opposition which it implied to her diversion, as because the muse, of all things in the world detests a pun.

This, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is a very ominous beginning an affair, which I am afraid will have a worse end. If it be attended with any of the consequences which I apprehend, you shall hear farther from me ; in the mean time, I hope to hear from you on this subject, and am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

PRUDENTIO.

As I have received no farther intelligence from this correspondent, and as it is now near a month since this letter came to hand, I am apt to think that none of those dreadful consequences have happened, which he so greatly apprehended, and that the three ladies escaped without any other accident than now and then a laugh at their affectation.

I must confess I am one of those who think a masquerade an innocent amusement, and that people have long since left off going to it with any design either good or bad ; not that the vices objected to it are left off, but that they are carried on with less difficulty in other places, and without the suspicion that would attend them there. And I may venture to say, if people will keep from the dangers of the gaming-table, they will run no other hazard at the masquerade than that of making themselves ridiculous. I will go still farther, by protesting against the injustice of charging this diversion in particular with the mischiefs of play, or the affected follies mentioned in my correspondent's letter, by supposing that the men game higher, or that the women dress more fantastically, in the Haymarket than elsewhere. That it is an unprofitable amusement, and not worth the anxiety and pains that are usually bestowed upon it, I very readily acknowledge, but have nothing farther to say against it.

And here I cannot help observing, for the information of the declaimer against the present times, that our ancestors bestowed more thought and trouble on their elaborate fooleries of this kind than their posterity have done since ; and that they were sometimes attended with more dangerous consequences. Witness the famous *Ballet des Ardens*, where Charles the Sixth of France and several young gentlemen of his court, in order to represent savages, endeavoured to imitate hair by sticking flax upon their close jackets of canvas, which were besmeared for that purpose with pitch and other inflammable matter, and all, excepting the king, chained themselves together so fast, that a spark of fire from a flambeau falling upon one of their dresses,

burned two of them to death before they could be separated, and scorched the others so that the greatest part of them died in a few days.

Henry the Eighth was the first who brought these diversions into England; and as they were very amusing from their novelty, they were frequently exhibited in that reign with great success. It is perhaps to a building erected by that monarch for an occasional masquerade that the first idea of Ranelagh owes its birth. It will not, I believe, be denied, that the modern Ranelagh is rather an improvement upon the old one; a description of which, together with the disaster that befel it, is thus particularly set forth by the historian of those times.

"The king caused to be builded a banqueting-house, eight hundred feet in compass, like a theatre, after a goodly device, builded in such a manner as (I think) was never seen. And in the midst of the same banqueting-house was set up a great pillar of timber, made of eight great masts, bound together with iron bands for to hold them together: for it was a hundred and thirty-four feet in length, and cost six pounds thirteen shillings and four-pence, to set it upright. The banqueting-house was covered over with canvas, fastened with ropes and iron as fast as might be devised; and within the said house was painted the heavens, with stars, sun, moon, and clouds, with divers other things made above over men's heads. And about the high pillar of timber that stood upright in the midst, was made stages of timber for organs and other instruments to stand upon, and men to play on them. But in the morning of the same day, wherein the building was accomplished, the wind began to rise, and at night blew off the canvas, and all the elements, with the stars, sun, moon, and clouds; and all the king's seats that were made with great riches, besides all other things, were all dashed and lost."

Thus fell the first Ranelagh, though built (according to this historian) as strong as could be devised. The modern Ranelagh has proved itself to be a stronger building, having as yet been affected by no storms but those of the legislature; and (if our magistrates had thought proper) we might still have challenged all Europe to show us the diversion of a masquerade in the perfection with which it was there exhibited, either for the spaciousness of the room, the beauty of the ladies, the splendour of their jewels, or the elegance of their habits. That the choice of the latter may no longer be a torture to the invention, or occasion the same hurry, embarrassment, and disappointment that I am told have happened on some late occasions, it may be proper to take notice that my ingenious and accurate friend, Mr. Jefferys, of St. Martin's-lane, is now engraving select representations of the most approved modes of dress of all those nations who have discovered either

taste or fancy in that science. And I hope that in this undertaking he will acquit himself as well to the polite world as he has to the commercial, by the great care and pains he has bestowed in ascertaining the geography of those parts of the globe with which this country is most particularly connected, and which may sometimes furnish topics for conversation to the full as entertaining as the most earnest preparations for a subscription masquerade.

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No. 117.] THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1755.

*In nova fert animus.*

OVID.

My mind to novelty is much inclined.

THERE is perhaps no passion which more strongly marks the general character of mankind, which operates more forcibly, or actuates more universally, than the desire of *novelty*. Its effects appear conspicuous in proportion as every age or nation is advanced in those refinements, which are the natural consequence of an extensive intercourse with other countries, and of wealth, security, and ease, under the lenity of a free government.

The Athenians, the most polished nation in all antiquity, and who enjoyed these advantages in the highest degree, were, if we may trust their own writers, as passionately fond of the *something new* as my own countrymen can possibly be; nay, far exceeded them: for however great may be the expense to which we have pushed our invention of fresh objects for the public amusement, yet we must yield the superiority, no less in extravagance than we do in taste, to a people, who expended the treasure which was destined to clothe and feed an army, or to man a fleet, on diversions and entertainments at home. It may surprise some of our gayest moderns to inform them, that without *ridottos*, masquerades, and operas, the charge only of acting three tragedies of Sophocles amounted to the sum total of the supplies raised for the service of the republic in a general war.

The passion for novelty, as it acts on different subjects, has very different consequences. When religion or government are its objects, it is the source of most terrible evils. New men and new models have been the dread of the wisest politicians; and when things are tolerably well, to maintain them upon the old footing has been generally thought the safest maxim for the happiness of the community. Too great a desire of novelty, either in the governed, or in the governing, has often disturbed the peace of kingdoms. When it goes no farther than to decide the dress of the person, or the ornaments of our equipage,



all is safe; its highest degree of excess will then only afford a subject of ridicule: a smart cocked hat, or embroidered sleeve, a short petticoat, or well-fancied furbelow, will neither endanger the church nor embroil the state. The pursuit indeed of such kind of novelties may rather occasion many advantages to the public; while that vanity which is absurd in the particular, is useful in the general. Novelty and fashion are the source and support of trade, by constantly supplying matter for the employment of industry. By increasing the wants, they increase the connections of mankind; and so long as they do not, by too great an extravagance, defeat their own end, in disabling the rich from paying the reward of that industry to the poor, they answer excellent purposes to society.

Not only the improvements of every invention for the convenience and ease of life, but even of those which constitute its real ornament, are owing to this desire of novelty. Yet here too we may grow wanton; and nature seems to have set us bounds, which we cannot pass without running into great absurdities. For the very principle which has contributed to the perfection of the finer arts may become the cause of their degeneracy and corruption. The search of their *something new* has step by step conducted mankind to the discovery of all that is truly beautiful in those arts; and the same search (for the desire of novelty never stops) already begins to urge us beyond that point to which a just taste should always confine itself.

Hence it is that musical composition ceases to be admired merely for touching the passions, and for changing the emotions of the heart from the soft to the strong, from the amorous to the fierce, or from the gay to the melancholy, and only seems to be then considered as highly excellent, when it impresses us with the idea of difficulty in the execution.

Images unnatural and unconnected, and a style quaint and embarrassed with its own pomp, but void of meaning and sentiment, will always be the consequence of endeavouring, in the same way, to introduce a new taste into poetry. Hence it will become vehement without strength, and ornamented without beauty; and the native, warm, and soft winning language of that amiable mistress will cease to please her more judicious lovers by an affectation of pleasing only in a new manner.

Strange as it may appear that this should find admirers, yet it is not any more to be wondered at than the applause which is so fondly given to Chinese decorations, or to the barbarous productions of a Gothic genius, which seems once more to threaten the ruin of that simplicity which distinguished the Greek and Roman arts as eternally superior to those of every other nation.

Few men are endued with a just taste; that is, with an aptitude to discover what is proper, fit, and right, and consequently beautiful, in the several objects which offer themselves to their view. Though beauty in these external objects, like truth in those of the understanding, is self-evident and immutable, yet, like truth, it may be seen perversely, or not at all, because not considered. Now all men are equally struck with the novelty of an appearance; but few, after this first emotion, call in their judgment to correct the decision of their eye, and to tell them whether the pleasure they feel has any other cause than mere novelty. It is certain that a frequent review and comparing of the same objects together would greatly improve an indifferent taste; and that hardly any one would be unable to determine, when once accustomed to such an attention, whether the proportions of architecture taken from the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, or from the emperor of China's palace at Pekin, produced the most agreeable forms.

The present vogue of Chinese and Gothic architecture has, besides its novelty, another cause of its good reception; which is, that there is no difficulty in being merely whimsical. A spirit capable of entering into all the beauties of antique simplicity is the portion of minds used to reflection, and the result of a corrected judgment: but here all men are equal. A manner confined to no rules cannot fail of having the crowd of imitators in his party, where novelty is the sole criterion of elegance. It is no objection that the very end of all building is forgot; that all reference to use and climate, all relation of one proportion to another, of the thing supporting to the thing supported, of the accessory to the principal, and of the parts to the whole, is often entirely subverted.

The paintings, which, like the architecture, continually revolt against the truth of things, as little surely deserve the name of elegant. False lights, false shadows, false perspective and proportions, gay colours, without that gradation of tints, that mutual variety of enlightened and darkened objects, which relieve and give force to each other at the same time that they give repose to the eye, in short, every incoherent combination of forms in nature, without expression and without meaning, are the essentials of Chinese painting.

As this Chinese and Gothic spirit has begun to deform some of the finest streets in this capital, whenever an academy shall be founded for the promoting the arts of sculpture, painting, and architecture, some scheme should be thought of at the same time to discourage the encroachment of this pretended elegance; and an Anti-Chinese society will be a much more important institution in the world of arts than an Anti-Gallican in that of politics. A correspondent of mine,



I dare say, would be glad to be a member of it, if we may be allowed to judge of his sentiments from the following letter :

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I am married to a lady of great fortune, of which, as I had little or none myself, she has reserved the sole disposition to her own management by the marriage articles. She is passionately fond of novelty, and changes her dress and furniture as often almost as she does her temper. In short, every thing about her is a proof of her mutability. She has not more new head-dresses in a year than new words, which she is perpetually coining, because she would pass for a wit. The unintelligibility of her dialect occasions sometimes great confusion in the family; and her acquaintance no sooner begin to understand her than she changes her phraseology, and they are puzzled again by a new mode of expression. She came home the other morning from a visit, in raptures with Lady Fiddlefaddle's Chinese dressing-room; since which we have had most terrible revolutions. Her grandfather, who left her every thing, was a man celebrated for his taste; but his fine collection of pictures, by the best Italian masters, is now converted into Indian paintings; and the beautiful vases, busts, and statues, which he brought from Italy, are flung into the garret as lumber, to make room for great-bellied Chinese pagods, red dragons, and the representation of the ugliest monsters that ever, or rather never existed. This extravagance is not confined within doors. The garden is filled with whimsical buildings, at a prodigious expense; with summer-houses without shade, and with temples that seem to be dedicated to no other deities than the winds. If by reading your paper she should be persuaded to leave off every Chinese fashion, but that of pinched feet and not stirring abroad, I should think myself a happy man, and very much, Mr. Fitz-Adam,

Your obliged humble servant.

they happen to be more elegant, more natural, or more generally useful than those of preceding ages. I am particularly pleased with considering the progress which a just taste and real good sense have made in the modern mode of gardening. This science is at present founded on such noble and liberal principles, that the very traveller now receives more advantages from the embellishments he rides by than the visitor did formerly, when art and privacy were the only ideas annexed to a garden.

The modern art of laying out ground (for so we must call it, till a new name be adopted to express so complicated an idea) has spread so widely, and its province become so extensive, as to take in all the advantages of gardening and agriculture. If we look back to antiquity, we shall find the gardens of Alcinous in Homer, and the paintings of rural scenery in Virgil, hardly to correspond with the genius of the poets, or the beatitude they have placed in them. The villas of Cicero and Pliny, which they have so affectionately described, do not raise our admiration. A favourable aspect, variety of porticos and shades of plane trees, seem to be their greatest merit. Their successors in that happy climate have made their gardens repositories for statues, bas relievos, urns, and whatever is by them entitled *virtù*; the disposition of which ornaments, together with some straight walks of ever-green oaks, and tricks in water, complete their system.

In France the genius of Le Nautre would probably have shown itself in more beautiful productions than the Thuilleries and Versailles, had it not been shackled by lines and regularity, and had not elegance and taste been over-laid by magnificence.

This forced taste, aggravated by some Dutch acquisitions, for more than half a century deformed the face of nature in this country, though several of our best writers had conceived nobler ideas, and prepared the way for those improvements which have since followed. Sir William Temple, in his Gardens of Epicurus, expatiates with great pleasure on that at More-Park in Hertfordshire; yet after he has extolled it as the pattern of a perfect garden for use, beauty, and magnificence, he rises to nobler images, and in a kind of prophetic spirit points out a higher style, free and unconfined. The prediction is verified upon the spot; and it seems to have been the peculiar destiny of that delightful place to have passed through all the transformations and modes of taste, having exercised the genius of the most eminent artists successively, and serving as a model of perfection in each kind. The boundless imagination of Milton, in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, struck out a plan of a garden, which I would propose for the entertainment and instruction of my readers, as

No. 118.] THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1755.

*Vicinas urbes alit.*

HOR.

—Gives the neighbouring towns its various grain.

FRANCIS.

INSTEAD of lamenting that it is my lot to live in an age when virtue, sense, conversation, all private and public affections, are totally swallowed up by the single predominant passion of gaming, I endeavour to divert my concern by turning my attention to the manners of the times, where

containing all the views, objects, and ambition of modern designing.

It is the peculiar happiness of this age to see these just and noble ideas brought into practice, regularity banished, prospects opened, the country called in, nature rescued and improved, and art decently concealing herself under her own perfections.

I enlarge upon this subject, because I would do justice to our nobility and men of fortune, who, by a seasonable employment of the poor, have made this their private amusement a national good. It is notorious that in the season of the harvest the scarcity of hands to gather in the fruits of the earth is so great, that few of our farmers can find men to do their work for three months, unless they can keep them in employment the other nine. Here the new mode of gardening comes in greatly to the assistance of the labourer; and as it consists chiefly in the removal of earth, the whole cost goes directly to his support.

It has been the constant cry of all politicians and writers on trade, that taxes should be laid on luxury. How happy is it that luxury should take so large a share in the payment of that tax, which lies most heavy on the present times! I mean the poor-rates. Our manufactures, it must be granted, are of the greatest national benefit; inasmuch as they maintain multitudes of families, which all the private fortunes in a country would be insufficient to support. But the fact is, that in the harvest season there is always the greatest scarcity of husbandmen in those countries where manufactures are most known to flourish; and it is also a fact, that our manufactures afford no support to the husbandman in the other seasons: so that I know of nothing that can procure to him the necessities of life in the winter but the judicious allotment of that uncomfortable season to the works above-mentioned, which are now carrying on with vigour in almost every part of England.

I must also do our men of taste the justice to acknowledge, that they have been the chief promoters even of our manufactures. One of the first embellishers of the gardens in the present mode was the same nobleman who established the looms for the carpets at Wilton. In the north, whole countries have been civilized, industry encouraged, and variety of manufactures instituted by the magnificent charity of the noble person, who among the least of his perfections must be allowed to be the best planter in Europe. And if ever this country should boast the establishment of the art of weaving tapestry, she will be beholden to the same royal hand to which she owes (if I may name it after the exalted blessings of liberty and peace) the adorning Windsor park.

Whatever may have been reported, whether

truly or falsely, of the Chinese gardens, it is certain that we are the first of the Europeans who have founded this taste; and we have been so fortunate in the genius of those who have had the direction of some of our finest spots of ground, that we may now boast a success equal to that profusion of expense which has been destined to promote the rapid progress of this happy enthusiasm. Our gardens are already the astonishment of foreigners, and, in proportion as they accustom themselves to consider and understand them, will become their admiration. And as the good taste of our writers has lately invited the literati from all parts of Europe to visit us, this other taste will greatly contribute to make the growing fashion of travelling to England more general; and by this means we may hope to see part of those sums brought back again, which this country has been from year to year so unprofitably drained of.

But to set this science in the strongest light of a political benefit, let us consider what pains have been unsuccessfully taken for many years past by the best patriots of Spain, to introduce, not only manufactures, but even agriculture itself, among the starving inhabitants. These conceited Quixotes, who please themselves with boasting that the sun is continually enlightening some part of their dominions, are so satisfied with this important reflection, that they seem to desire no other advantage from his beams. Uztariz, their latest and best writer on commerce, has bestowed whole pages in describing the wretched condition of families, the mortality of weakly children, the present race useless, the growing hope cut off, and all this because the inhabitants cannot be persuaded to use the most obvious means for their sustenance and preservation, the tilling of the earth. Yet there is a way to induce even the proudest Spaniard to apply himself earnestly to the cultivation of his country: I mean by the force of example. If the grandees would make it a fashion; if they would talk as one may frequently hear the first men of this nation, of the various methods of improving land, and pique themselves upon their success in husbandry, the imitative pride of the yeoman might be usefully turned into another channel. He would be ambitious of having his fields as green as those of his neighbour; he would then take his stately strides at the tail of his plough, and (as Addison says of Virgil) "throw about his dung with an air of majesty." He would then find a nobler use for the breed of cattle than the romantic purpose of a bull-feast; and his vanity, thus properly directed, would in a few years make his country the finest garden in the universe.

If the noble duke who clothed the sands of Claremont with such exquisite verdure had made the same glorious experiment in Spain, he would have brought no less riches, and much



more happiness to that nation, than the conquests of Philip, or the discoveries of Columbus.

No. 119.] THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1755.

*Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius ætæ  
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera possit.*

OVID.

A creature of a more exalted kind  
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd,  
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,  
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest.

DRYDEN.

It has been hinted to me since the publication of my last week's paper upon gardening, that while I am acknowledging the merits of the great in making that science useful to their poor neighbours and the public, I forget to make mention of those liberal geniuses, under whose immediate direction all these improvements are carried on, while their benevolent patrons are employed in other services to their country in its capital. And as I am never backward in doing justice to men of merit, I have devoted this paper to the celebration of the extensive and various talents, which the almost omniscient professors of gardening may so justly boast.

The good old English nobleman or country squire, whose delight was a garden, used to take from the tail of the plough a set of animals whom he considered as beings of the same order with those who drew it; and setting them to work by the garden line, was far from thinking what they were to do could be of importance enough to require his attention; therefore leaving them to lean over their spades, and settle their several plans for poaching, wood-stealing, skittle-playing and psalm-singing, he went and enjoyed himself with his dogs and horses. But since we have laid aside that plain and easy direction, "Follow the straight line," and have in its stead substituted that exceeding difficult one, "Follow nature," the abovementioned animals have never been trusted a moment to themselves, but have had a creature of a superior kind set over them, whose office is best explained by the scolloping-wheel in the machines for turning, which is continually putting the others out of their course, and preventing them from making circles, or any other regular figures.

This office is of late grown so respectable, that the true adept in it may justly be styled the high-priest of nature. But it is not nature alone that he studies; all arts are investigated by his comprehensive genius. He must be well acquainted with optics, hydrostatics, mechanics, geometry trigonometry, &c.; and since it has

been thought necessary to embellish rural scenes with all the varieties of architecture, from single pillar and obelisks, to bridges, ruins, pavilions, and even castles and churches, it is not enough for our professor to be as knowing as Solomon in all the species of vegetables, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall; he must also rival that monarch in building, as well as his other talents. A knowledge of optics enables him to turn every *deceptio visus* to advantage. Hydrostatics are most immediately necessary, since it is decreed that every place must have a piece of water; and as every piece of water must have a boat of a particular contrivance, mechanics come in to his assistance; and he is carried over the glassy surface by snakes, birds, dolphins, dragons, or whatever else he pleases. The application of trigonometry is obvious; and if your gardens continue to increase in extent, in the same proportion that they have done lately, geometry will be soon called in, to measure a degree of the earth upon the great lawn. But such extension of property cannot be acquired without a turn for the law, and a knowledge of all the variety of tenures, forfeitures, ejectments, and writs of *ad quod damnum*. Statuary and painting are sister arts; but our general lover has possessed them both, in spite of their consanguinity. And as for poetry, though he knows her to be the greatest jilt in the universe, he has made an attempt upon her under every tree that has a broad stem and a smooth bark. A knowledge of Latin is needful to judge of the effect of an inscription; and Greek, Phœnician, Tuscan, and Persic, are ornaments to a ruin.

Happy is the man of fortune who has such a director to influence and guide his taste, as the demon of Socrates is said to have continually accompanied that philosopher to regulate his morals. Milton very humorously describes a man, who without having the inward call, was desirous of being thought as religious as the rest of his neighbours of those times. "This man," says he, "finds himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs; some divine of note and estimation; and makes the person of that man his religion. He entertains him, lodges him: his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid asleep: rises, is saluted, and after being well breakfasted, his religion walks abroad, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop, trading all day without his religion." Just in this manner does the mere man of fashion in these times think it necessary to have a taste; but though he does not commonly carry his taste about him, he is seldom so imprudent as to take any steps in his garden without his taste.

In an age so liberal of new names, it seems extraordinary that these universal connoisseurs have as yet obtained no title of honour, or dis-



tion. This may help me to crown their panegyric with a word on their modesty; for to that alone must we attribute their having so long been without one; especially as they might as easily have immortalized their own names, as any of the ancient sages, who called their profession after themselves, the Pythagorean, Platonic, or Epicurean philosophy. Nor have they shown less modesty in their expectation of returns for their inestimable service, as will appear upon a comparison of their rewards with those of the ancient artists.

Mandrocles, who built the famous bridge over the Bosphorus, at the command of Darius, was rewarded by that monarch with a crown, and ten times the cost of that expensive undertaking. Whereas a tenth of the expense is reckoned a modern job; and no artist in our memory has aspired to any higher honour than that of knighthood. The next great work we read of was the canal of mount Athos; for which it was impossible that the director should receive any other than an honorary reward, because he died as soon as it was finished. His name was Artachæus; he was in stature the tallest of all the Persians, and his voice stronger than that of any other man; two very useful accomplishments in an overseer and director of multitudes. Xerxes, truly sensible of his merit, buried him with great pomp and magnificence, employed his whole army in erecting a sumptuous monument to his memory, and by direction of an oracle, honoured him as a hero with sacrifices and invocations.

How different from this was the treatment of our countryman Captain Perry! A genius whose remembrance must make this nation both proud and ashamed. His performances are sufficient to give credit to the works above-mentioned, which before appeared fabulous. But what was his reward for projecting the junction of the Don and the Volga? For creating an artificial tide, and floating or laying dry the largest vessels in a few hours? But rather let me ask, what was his reward for that national work at home, the stopping Daggenham breach? I am sorry to answer, that he was persecuted and suffered to starve, for the debts he had contracted in accomplishing an undertaking so essential to the commerce of this kingdom, and the existence of its metropolis.

I hope our men of fortune will make more generous returns to those who administer so essentially to their pleasures; and I would have them distinguish between those dull mechanical rogues, whose thoughts never wander beyond the sphere of gain, and the generous spirit who is warmed by the profession, and who thinks himself paid by the exquisite scenery which his raptured imagination has produced. And when the baleful cypress shall alone of all his various plantations accompany him to the grave, let his munificent patron, in the most conspicuous

part of his gardens, erect a temple to his memory, and inscribe it with propriety and truth, *Genio Loci*.

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No. 120.] THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1755.

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Most people complain of fortune; few of nature: and the kinder they may think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the injustice of the former.

Why have not I the riches, the rank, the power of such and such? is the common expostulation with fortune: but, why have not I the merit, the talents, the wit, or the beauty of such and such others? is a reproach rarely or never made to nature.

The truth is, that nature, seldom profuse, and seldom niggardly, has distributed her gifts more equally than she is generally supposed to have done. Education and situation make the great difference. Culture improves, and occasions elicit natural talents. I make no doubt but that there are potentially (if I may use that pedantic word) many Bacons, Lockes, Newtons, Cæsars, Cromwells, and Marlboroughs, at the plough-tail, behind counters, and perhaps even among the nobility; but the soil must be cultivated, and the seasons favourable, for the fruit to have all its spirit and flavour.

If sometimes our common parent has been a little partial, and not kept the scales quite even; if one preponderates too much, we throw into the lighter a due counterpoise of vanity, which never fails to set all right. Hence it happens that hardly any one man would, without reserve, and in every particular, change with any other.

Though all are thus satisfied with the dispensations of nature, how few listen to her voice! How few follow her as a guide! In vain she points out to us the plain and direct way to truth; vanity, fancy, affectation, and fashion assume her shape, and wind us through fairy-ground to folly and error.

These deviations from nature are often attended by serious consequences, and always by ridiculous ones: for there is nothing truer than the trite observation, "that people are never ridiculous for being what they really are, but for affecting what they really are not." Affectation is the only source, and, at the same time, the only justifiable object of ridicule. No man whatsoever, be his pretensions what they will, has a natural right to be ridiculous; it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without some industry: which perhaps is the reason why so many people are so jealous and tenacious of it.

Even some people's vices are not their own, but affected and adopted (though at the same time unenjoyed,) in hopes of shining in those fashionable societies, where the reputation of certain vices gives lustre. In these cases, the execution is commonly as awkward as the design is absurd; and the ridicule equals the guilt.

This calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago. A young fellow of some rank and fortune, just let loose from the university, resolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to assume the shining character of, what he called, a rake. By way of learning the rudiments of his intended profession, he frequented the theatres, where he was often drunk, and always noisy. Being one night at the representation of that most absurd play, the *Libertine destroyed*, he was so charmed with the profligacy of the hero of the piece, that, to the edification of the audience, he swore many oaths that he would be the *Libertine destroyed*. A discreet friend of his, who sat by him, kindly represented to him, that to be the *Libertine* was a laudable design, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the *Libertine destroyed* seemed to him an unnecessary part of his plan, and rather rash. He persisted, however, in his first resolution, and insisted upon being the *Libertine*, and *destroyed*. Probably he was so: at least the presumption is in his favour. There are, I am persuaded, so many cases of this nature, that for my own part I would desire no greater step towards the reformation of manners for the next twenty years, than that people should have no vices but *their own*.

The blockhead who affects wisdom because nature has given him dulness, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted character; whereas he might have stagnated unobserved in his native mud, or perhaps have engrossed deeds, collected shells, and studied heraldry with some success.

The shining coxcomb aims at all and decides finally upon every thing, because nature has given him pertness. The degree of parts and animal spirits necessary to constitute that character, if properly applied, might have made him useful in many parts of life; but his affectation and presumption make him useless in most, and ridiculous in all.

The septuagenary fine gentleman might probably, from his long experience and knowledge of the world, be esteemed and respected in the several relations of domestic life, which at his age nature points out to him; but he will most ridiculously spin out the rotten thread of his former gallantries. He dresses, languishes, ogles, as he did at five-and-twenty; and modestly intimates that he is not without a *bonne fortune*; which *bonne fortune* at last appears to be the prostitute he had long kept (not to himself,) whom he marries and owns, because the

poor girl was so fond of him, and so desirous to be made an honest woman.

The sexagenary widow remembers that she was handsome, but forgets that it was thirty years ago, and thinks herself so, or at least very likeable, still. The pardonable affectations of her youth and beauty unpardonably continue, increase even with her years, and are doubly exerted, in hopes of concealing the number. All the gaudy glittering parts of dress, which rather degraded than adorned her beauty in its bloom, now expose to the highest and justest ridicule her shrivelled or her overgrown carcass. She totters or sweats under the load of her jewels, embroideries and brocades, which, like so many Egyptian hieroglyphics, serve only to authenticate the venerable antiquity of her august mummy. Her eyes dimly twinkle tenderness, or leer desire: their language, however inelegant, is intelligible; and the half-pay captain understands it. He addresses his vows to her vanity, which assures her they are sincere. She pities him, and prefers him to credit, decency, and every social duty. He tenderly prefers her (though not without some hesitation) to a gaol.

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and useful sentiment. It is, in truth, social love too, as Mr. Pope has very justly observed: it is the spring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But self-flattery is only the ape or caricatura of self-love, and resembles it no more than is absolutely necessary to heighten the ridicule. Like other flattery, it is the most profusely bestowed and greedily swallowed, where it is the least deserved. I will conclude this subject with the substance of a fable of the ingenious Monsieur de la Motte, which seems not unapplicable to it.

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals, as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was wisdom; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accused the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aspersion, declared another lottery, for mortals singly and exclusively of the gods. The prize was folly. They got it, and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied. The loss of wisdom was neither regretted nor remembered; folly supplied its place, and those who had the largest share of it thought themselves the wisest.

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No. 121.] THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1755.

*Post mediam noctem—cum somnia vera.* HOR.

In deep of night

When dreams are true.

FRANCIS.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

AMONG the many visions related by your prede-



cessors and contemporaries, the writers of periodical essays, I remember few but what have been in the oriental style and character. For my own part, I am neither Dervise nor Brachman, but a poet and true Christian, though given now and then to be a little heathenish in my expressions : and as I apprehend that no one set of people will claim the sole property and privilege of dreaming to themselves, since I am apt to nod as well as my betters, I beg that the following dream may find a place in your paper.

I imagined myself to be walking on a road : it was wide and well beaten. An elderly gentleman, with whom I joined company, informed me it was the road to Parnassus, and very obligingly offered me his services. The first groupe of figures which attracted my attention were pale and thin with study. They were shaking ivory letters in a hat, and then throwing them on the ground. I supposed that they were performing some mystery of the Cabala ; but on my nearer approach, learned that they were the editors and commentators of the ancient poets ; and that this was only a scheme of assisting conjecture.

Being now startled with a great noise, I turned suddenly about, and perceived just behind me a set of Lyric poets, with one or two Dithyrambics. Their conversation was so little connected, and their motions so irregular, that I concluded them to be drunk ; and apprehensive of mischief in so furious a company, quickened my pace.

The road now winded through the most beautiful fields, whose very bushes were all in bloom, and intermingled with shrubs, that afforded the most agreeable scents. The wild notes of the birds, joining with the tinkling of numerous rills that gushed from natural or artificial rocks, or with a deeper echo of some larger flood that fell at a distance, made a concert that charmed me. A party were here entertaining themselves with the gayety of the situation : they had stepped out of the road to gather flowers ; and were so delighted with wandering about the meadows, that they seemed entirely to have forgot their journey. They appeared to have been educated in Italy ; their hair was curled and powdered, their linen laced, and their habits so covered with fringe and embroidery, that it was almost impossible to discover any cloth. I was so much in raptures with their company, and with the beauties of this romantic scene, that I would have stopped there myself, and proceeded no farther ; but my guide hinted to me that the place was enchanted, and pressed me to go forwards.

I could not help laughing to see next a great crowd of Bombastics : a set of fat, puffy fellows, so asthmatic, that they could hardly move, and yet were eternally straining and attempting to run races ; as were several dwarfs in enormous

jack-boots, to overtake two horsemen (who rode very swift at a distance, and were said to be Milton and Shakspeare), but tumbled at every four or five steps, to the great diversion of the spectators.

A troop of modern Latin poets had halted ; and having lost their way, were inquiring it of a man, who carried a phrase-book and a Gradus ad Parnassum in his hand ; and seemed always to be in a terrible uncertainty, when the authority of their guide either failed or deceived them.

They were followed by some very genteel shepherds, who wore red stockings and large shoulder-knots, fluttering to the breath of the zephyrs. Crooks, glittering with tinsel, were in their hands, and embroidered pouches dangling at their sides. They talked much about their flocks and Amaryllis ; but I saw neither the one nor the other ; and was surprised, as some of them pretended to music, to hear an air of the Italian opera played upon the bagpipe. The gentleness of their aspects served to render more formidable, by the contrast, the countenances of a company that now overtook me. It was a legion of critics. They were very liberal of their censures upon every one that passed, especially if he made a tolerable figure. *Diction*, *harmony*, and *taste* were the general terms, which they threw out with great vehemence. They frowned on me as I passed : my looks discovered my fear ; the alarm was given ; and at the very first sound of their catcalls, terrified to the last degree, I pulled my guide by the coat, and took to my heels.

We at last arrived at the foot of the mountain. There was an inconceivable crowd, who, not being admitted at the entrance, were endeavouring to crawl up the sides : but as the precipice was very steep, they continually tumbled back again. There was but one way of access, which was so extremely narrow, that it was almost impossible for two persons to go abreast, without one justling against the other. The gates were opened and shut by three amiable virgins, Genius, Good Sense, and Good Education. They examined all that passed. Some few, however, pushed forward by a vast crowd of friends, forced their way in ; but had generally the mortification of being brought back again, and turned out by the centinels.

By the interest of my guide, we were permitted to visit what part of Parnassus we pleased ; and having mounted the hill, we entered a large garden, and were soon lost in the paths of a very intricate grove. It was in some places so exceedingly dark, that we had great difficulty to find our way out. This Labyrinth of Allegory, as it was called, was held by the ancients in a kind of superstitious reverence. The gloom of it was often so great, that we were ready to tumble at every step ; but wherever the



shade was softened by a twilight sufficient for us just to discover our way, there was something very delightful, as well as venerable, in the scene.

In other parts of the garden we saw beds of the most beautiful flowers, and a great number of bay-trees; but not a single fruit-tree. Among the shrubs, in many rivulets of different breadth and depth, ran the Heliconian stream. The lesser rills, on account of the vast multitude of people continually dabbling in them, were very muddy; but the fountain-head, though extremely deep, was as clear as crystal. The water had sometimes this peculiar quality, that whoever looked into it saw his own face reflected with great beauty, though never so deformed; insomuch that several were known to pine away there, in a violent affection for their own persons. At the end of the garden were several courts of judicature, where causes were then hearing. The lesser court, which was that of criticism, was prodigiously crowded: for (as we observed afterwards) all those who had lost their causes as poets defendant in the principal court, turned in hither, and became plaintiffs in their turn, on pretence of little trespasses. In the principal court many actions were brought on the statute of maiming, chiefly by the ancients, and some celebrated moderns, against their editors and amenders, and for torts and wrongs against their interpreters and commentators. Not a few indictments were brought for petty larceny, and those chiefly by the Roman poets against the modern Latin ones.

Not far from these was the stable, or *ecurie* of his poetic majesty. I was greatly surprised to see more than one Pegasus. The grooms were just then going to water them, which gave me an opportunity of taking more particular notice.

The first was the Epic Pegasus. It was a very fine large horse, had been taught the *manège*, and moved with great stateliness. The Pindaric was the only one who had wings: his motions were irregular, sudden, and unequal. The Elegiac was a gelding, exceedingly delicate in its shape, and much gentler than any of the rest, particularly than another steed, which foamed and pulled with such violence, that it was with great difficulty the rider held him in. As I attempted to stroke him, he clapped his ears back, and struck out his heels with great vehemence, and made me cautious of putting myself in the way of the Satiric Pegasus for the future. The Epigrammatic was a little pert pony, which every six or seven paces kicked up, and very much resembled the former, size only excepted. Besides these, there were several others, which did not properly belong to Apollo's stud, and which were employed in many useful, but laborious offices, as subservient to the rest.

It was impossible to pass by the stables with-

out making some inquiry after the original Pegasus, so much celebrated, and the sire from whom all the last-mentioned drew their pedigree. A sour-looking fellow of a critic, whose province it was to curry him, informed me with great expressions of sorrow, "that the old horse was really quite worn out; having been rode through all sorts of roads, on all sorts of errands; for that there was scarce a pedant living or dead, or even a boy who had been five years at school, but had been upon him, either with leave or without: that he had long ago lost his shoes, broke his knees, and slipped his shoulder; and that therefore Apollo, in pity to the poor beast, and to prevent such barbarity for the future, had ordered an edict to be fixed on the door of the stable, that no person or persons within his realms should for the future ride or drive him, without first producing his proper license and qualification."

At length we arrived at the highest part of the mountain, where the temple was situated. It was a large building of marble, of one colour, and built all in the same order. The statues and bas-reliefs which adorned it represented some well-known part of poetic history. The whole appeared at once solid and elegant, without that profusion of decorations which fixes the eye to parts. The inside of the hall was painted with several subjects taken out of the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, and *Paradise Lost*. Those of the *Iliad* had the passions and manners strongly characterized, with great simplicity of colouring, by the hand of Raphael. The beautiful tints and softness of the Venetian school corresponded with the genius of Virgil. The *Paradise Lost*, as partaking of the fine colouring of the one, and of the force of the other, with something more expressive in the language and images, greatly resembled the style of Rubens; while some of its more horrid scenes of embattled or tortured demons recalled to my mind the wild imagination and fierce spirit of a Michael Angelo.

At the upper end of the hall Apollo was seated on a most magnificent throne of folios richly gilt, and was surrounded by a great number of poets both ancient and modern. Before him flamed an altar, which a priestess of a very sleepy countenance continually supplied with the fuel of such productions, as are the daily sacrifice which Dulness is constantly offering to the president of literature.

Being now at leisure to consider the place more attentively, I saw inscribed on several pillars names of great repute in both the past and present age. Some indeed of the latter, though but lately engraven, were nearly worn out; while others of an elder date increased in clearness the longer they stood; and by being more attentively viewed, augmented their force, as the former became fainter. A particular part

of the temple was assigned for the inscriptions of those persons, who adding to their exalted rank in life a merit which might have distinguished them without the advantages of birth, claim a double right to have their names preserved to futurity, among the monuments of so august an edifice.

At the view of so many objects, capable of inspiring the most insensible with emulation, I found myself touched with an ambition which little became me, and could not help inquiring what method I should pursue to attain such an honour. But while I was deeply meditating upon the project, and vain enough to hope sharing to myself some little obscure corner in the temple, a sudden noise awaked me, and I found every thing to have been merely the effect of my imagination.

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No. 122.] THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

*Black Boy Alley, April 28.*

SIR,

I AM one of that numerous tribe of men who (as you lately observed) live the Lord knows how. I have not the honour to be known to you even in person, for I seldom go abroad; but you seem by your writings, to be of a compassionate turn; and therefore I take the liberty to put myself under your protection.

I am the son of an honest tradesman in Cheapside, and was born in a house that has descended in the family, from father to son, through several generations. I had my education at a grammar-school in London, not far from the street where my father lived, and where he used frequently to call as he passed by, to remind my master that he hoped I should soon go into *Greek*. I verily believe the good man persuaded himself, that whenever this happened it would give him a figure in the eyes of the evening club.

When I was about sixteen years old, my father observed to me one day, as I was sitting with him in the little back shop, that it was now high time for me to determine what scheme of life to pursue; and though I knew that my grandfather, a little before his death, had expressed his desire of having me settled in the old trade, where he said I should be sure of good will, yet I answered my father, without hesitation, that since he gave me leave to choose for myself, I was inclined to study physic. My father, who was in raptures at hearing me make choice of a learned profession, went that very

day, and talked over the matter with an old friend of his at Gresham-College; and the result of their conference was, that I should be sent to study under the celebrated Doctor Herman Boerhaave. I was equipped very decently upon the occasion, and in a very few days arrived safely at Leyden, where I spent my time in reading the best books on the subject, and in a constant attendance on my master's lectures, who expressed himself so pleased with my indefatigable application, as to tell me at parting, that I should be an honour to the profession. But I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that notwithstanding this great man's remarkable sagacity, he knew nothing of destiny; for since my return to England, I have lived seven years in London, undistinguished in a narrow court, without any opportunity of doing either good or hurt in my calling. And what most mortifies me is to see two or three of my fellow-students, who were esteemed very dull fellows at the doctor's, lolling at their ease in warm chariots upon springs, while I am doomed to walk humbly through the dirt, in a thread-bare coat and darned stockings, a decayed tie-periwig, a brass-hilted sword by my side, and a hat entirely void of shape and colour under my arm; which I assure you I do not carry there for ornament, nor for fear of damaging my wig, but to point out to those who pass by that I am a physician. You may wonder, perhaps, at hearing nothing of my father; but alas! the good man had the misfortune to die insolvent soon after my return, and I had no friend to apply to for assistance.

One day, as I walked through a narrow passage near St. Martin's-lane, I saw a crowd of people gathered together, and, in the midst of them, a large fat woman upon the ground, in a fit. I soon brought her to herself; and as I was conducting her home, she kindly asked me to dine with her. I found upon entering her door, that she kept a chop-house; and, as I was going away after a hearty meal, she gave me a general invitation, in return for the good office I had done her, to step in and taste her mutton, whenever I came that way. I was by no means backward to accept the offer, and took frequent opportunities of visiting my patient. But alas! those days of plenty were soon over; for it happened unfortunately not long after, that her favourite daughter died under my care, at a time when I assured the mother that she was quite out of danger. The manner in which she accosted me upon this occasion made it clear that I must once more return to a course of fasting.

As I was musing one morning in a most disconsolate mood, with my leg in my landlady's lap, while she darned one of my stockings, it came into my head to collect from various books, together with my own experience and observations, plain and wholesome rules on the subject of



*diet*; and then publish them in a neat pocket volume: for I was always well inclined to do good to the world, however ungratefully it used me. I doubt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will hardly forbear smiling to hear a man, who was almost starved, talk gravely of compiling observations on *diet*. The moment I had finished my volume I ran with it to an eminent bookseller, near the Mansion-house: he was just set down to dinner; but upon hearing that there was a gentleman in the shop, with a large bundle of papers in his coat pocket, he courteously invited me into the parlour, and desired me to do as he did. As soon as the cloth was taken away, I produced my manuscript, and the bookseller put on his spectacles; but to my no small mortification, after glancing his eye over the title-page, he looked steadfastly upon me for near a minute, in a kind of amazement which I could not account for, and then broke out in the following manner:—"My dear Sir! you are come to the very worst place in the world for the sale of such a performance as this. Why, you might as soon expect the court of aldermen's permission to dedicate to them the life of Lewis Cornaro, as to think of preaching upon the subject of *lean and sallow abstinence* between the Royal Exchange and Temple-bar." He added, indeed, in a milder tone, that he was acquainted with an honest man of the trade, who lived near Soho, and who would probably venture to print for me upon reasonable terms; and that if I pleased he would recommend me to him by a letter; which (through the violent agitation of my spirits) I refused.

I walked back to my lodging with a very heavy heart; and with the most gloomy prospect before my eyes, put my favourite work into a hat-box, which stands upon the head of my bed, and there it has remained ever since.

Now the favour I have to beg of you, worthy Sir, is to recommend to the world, in one of your papers, such proposals as I will bring to you next Sunday morning, or any dark evening this week, for publishing by subscription the result of my laborious inquiries, that I may be able to procure a decent maintenance. If I should fail in this attempt, my affairs are at so low an ebb, that I must submit, for the safety of my person, to the confinement of the Fleet, or pass the rest of my days, perhaps, under the same roof with the unfortunate Theodore, whose *kingdom* (I doubt) is not of this world.

In the mean time, you will oblige me by publishing this account, that others may take warning by my sad example; that the idle vanity of fathers, when they read this story, may be restrained within proper bounds; and young men not venture to engage in a learned profession without the assistance of a private fortune, or the interest of great friends. Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, it is much more to the purpose

of a physician to have the countenance of a man or woman of quality than the sagacity even of a Boerhaave; for let him have what share of learning he pleases, if he has nothing better to recommend him to public favour, he must be content to hunger and thirst in a garret up four pair of stairs.

I am, Sir,  
(with all possible respect)  
the unfortunate  
T. M.

No. 123.] THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1755.

————— *Dapibus, supremi*  
*Grata testudo Jovis.* ————— UOR.

Charming shell—  
How grateful to the feasts of Jove. FRANCIS.

If there be truth in the common maxim, "That he deserves best of his country who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before," how truly commendable must it be (since it is so great a merit to provide for the beasts of the field) to add to the sustenance of man! and what praises are due to the inventor of a new dish! By a new dish, I do not mean the confounding, hashing, and disguising of an old one; I cannot give that name to the French method of transposing the bodies of animals; serving up flesh in skins of fish, or the essence of either in a jelly; nor yet to the English way of macerating substances, and reducing all things to one uniform consistency and taste, which a good housewife calls potting: for I am of opinion, that Louis the fourteenth would not have given the reward he promised for the invention of a sixth order of architecture to the man who should have jumbled together the other five.

My meaning is, that as through neglect or caprice we have lost some eatables which our ancestors held in high esteem, as the heron, the bittern, the crane, and, I may add, the swan, it should seem requisite, in the ordinary revolution of things, to replace what has been laid aside, by the introduction of some eatable which was not known to our predecessors. But though invention may claim the first praise, great honour is due to the restorer of lost arts; wherefore, if the earth does not really furnish a sufficient variety of untasted animals, I could wish that gentlemen of leisure and easy fortunes would apply themselves to recover the secret of fattening and preparing for the table such creatures, as from disuse we do not at present know how to treat: and I should think it would be a noble employment for the lovers of antiquity to study



to restore those infallible sources of luxury, the salt-water stews of the Romans.

Of all the improvements in the modern kitchen, there are none can bear a comparison with the introduction of turtle. We are indebted for this delicacy, as well as for several others, to the generous spirit and benevolent zeal of the West Indians. The profusion of luxury with which the Creolian in England covers his board is intended only as a foil to the more exquisite dainties of America. His pride is, to triumph in your neglect of the former, while he labours to serve you from the vast shell, which smokes under his face, and occasions him a toil almost as intolerable as that of his slaves in his plantations. But he would die in the service rather than see his guests, for want of a regular supply, eat a morsel of any food which had not crossed the Atlantic ocean.

Though it was never my fortune to be regaled with the true Creolian politeness, and though I cannot compliment my countrymen on their endeavours to imitate it, I shall here give my readers a most faithful account of the only turtle feast I ever had the honour to be present at.

Towards the latter end of last summer, I called upon a friend in the city, who, though no West Indian, is a great importer of turtle for his own eating. Upon my entrance at the great gates, my eyes were caught with the shells of that animal, which were disposed in great order along the walls; and I stopped so long in astonishment at their size and number, that I did not perceive my friend's approach, who had traversed the court to receive me. However, I could find he was not displeased to see my attention so deeply engaged upon the trophies of his luxury. "Come," says he, "if you love turtle, I'll show you a sight;" and bidding me follow him, he opened a door, and discovered six turtles swimming about in a vast cistern, round which there hung twelve large legs of mutton, which he told me were just two days' provision for the turtles; for that each of them consumed a leg of mutton every day. He then carried me into the house, and showing me some blankets of a particular sort, "These," says he, "are what the turtle lie in o' nights: they are particularly adapted to this use: I have established a manufacture of them in the West Indies. But since you are curious in these matters," continued he, "I'll show you some more of my inventions." Immediately he unlocked a drawer, and produced as many fine saws, chisels, and instruments of different contrivances, as would have made a figure in the apparatus of an anatomist. One was destined to start a rib; another to scrape the callipash; the third to disjoint the vertebrae of the back bone; with many others, for purposes which I could not remember. The next scene of wonder was

the kitchen, in which was an oven, that had been rebuilt with a mouth of a most uncommon capacity, on purpose for the reception of an enormous turtle, which was to be drest that very day, and which my friend insisted I should stay to partake of. I would gladly have been excused; but he would not be denied: proposing a particular pleasure in entertaining a new beginner, and assuring me, that if I should not happen to like it, I need not fear the finding something to make out a dinner: for that his wife, though she knew it would give him the greatest pleasure in the world, could never be prevailed on to taste a single morsel of turtle. He then carried me to the fish, which was to be the feast of the day, and bid me observe, that though it had been cut in two full twenty hours, it was still alive. This was indeed a melancholy truth: for I could plainly observe a tremulous motion almost continually agitating it, with, now and then, more distinguishable throbbings. While I was examining these faint indications of sensibility, a jolly negro wench, observing me, came up with a handful of salt, which she sprinkled all over the creature. This instantly produced such violent convulsions, that I was no longer able to look upon a scene of so much horror, and ran shuddering out of the kitchen. My friend endeavoured to satisfy me, by saying that the head and heart had been cut in pieces twenty hours before; and that the whole was that instant to be plunged in boiling water: but it required some reflection, and more, or perhaps less philosophy than I am master of, to reconcile such appearances to human feelings. I endeavoured to turn the discourse, by asking what news? He answered, "There is a fleet arrived from the West Indies." He then shook his head, and looked serious; and after a suspense, which gave room for melancholy apprehensions, lamented that they had been very unfortunate the last voyage, and lost the greatest part of their cargo of turtles. He proceeded to inform me of the various methods which had been tried for bringing over this animal in a healthy state; for that the common way had been found to waste the fat, which was the most estimable part; and he spoke with great concern of the miscarriage of a vessel, framed like a well-boat, which had dashed them against each other, and killed them. He then entered upon an explanation of a project of his own, which being out of my way, and much above my comprehension, took up the greatest part of the morning. Upon hearing the clock strike, he rung his bell, and asked if his turtle-clothes were aired. While I was meditating on this new term, and, I confess, unable to divine what it could mean, the servant brought in a coat and waistcoat, which my friend slipped on, and folding them round his body like a night-gown, declared,

that though they then hung so loose about him, by that time *he had spoke with the turtle*, he should stretch them as tight as a drum.

Upon the first rap at the door there entered a whole shoal of guests: for the turtle-eater is a gregarious, I had almost said, a sociable animal; and I thought it remarkable, that in so large a number, there should not be one who was a whole minute later than the time: nay, the very cook was punctual; and the lady of the house appeared, on this extraordinary day, the moment the dinner was served upon the table. Upon her first entrance, she ordered the shell to be removed from the upper end of the table, declaring she could not bear the smell or sight of it so near her. It was immediately changed for a couple of boiled chickens, to the great regret of all who sat in her neighbourhood, who followed it with their eyes, inwardly lamenting that they should never taste one of the good bits. In vain did they send their plates and solicit their share; the plunderers, who were now in possession of both the shells, were sensible to no call but that of their own appetites, and till they had satisfied them, there was not one that would listen to any thing else. The eagerness, however, and despatch of their rapacity having soon shrunk the choice pieces, they vouchsafed to help their friends to the coarser parts, as thereby they cleared their way for the search after other delicacies; boasting aloud all the while, that they had not sent one good bit to the other end of the table.

When the meat was all made away with, and nothing remained but what adhered to the shell, our landlord, who during the whole time had taken care of nobody but himself, began to exercise his various instruments; and amidst his efforts to procure himself more, broke out in praise of the superior flavour of the spinal marrow, which he was then helping himself to, and for the goodness of which the company had his word.

The guests having now drank up all the gravy, and scraped the shells quite clean, the cloth was taken away, and the wine brought upon the table. But this change produced nothing new in the conversation. No hunters were ever more loud in the posthumous fame of the hero of their sport than our epicures in memory of the turtle. To give some little variety to the discourse, I asked if they had never tried any other creature which might possibly resemble this excellent food; and proposed the experiment of an alligator, whose scales seemed to be intended by nature for the production of green-fat. I was stopt short in my reasoning by a gentleman, who told me, that upon trial of the alligator, there had been found so strong a perfume in his flesh, that the stomach nauseated, and could not bear it; and that this was owing to a ball of musk, which is always discovered in

the head of that animal. I had however the satisfaction to perceive that my question did me no discredit with the company; and before it broke up, I had no less than twelve invitations to turtle for the ensuing summer. Besides the honour herein designed me, I consider these invitations as having more real value than so many shares in any of the bubbles of the famous South-sea year; and I make no doubt but that, by the time they become due, they will be remarkable in Change-alley. For as the gentlemen at White's have borrowed from thence the method of transferring the surplus dinners which they win at play, it is probable they will, in their turn, furnish a hint to the alley, where it will soon be as common to transfer shares in turtle as in any other kind of stock.

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No. 124.] THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1755.

MY correspondent of to-day will, I hope, forgive me for so long delaying the publication of his letter. All I can say to this gentleman, and to those whose letters have lain by me almost an equal length of time, is, that no partiality to any performance of my own has occasioned any such delay.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

My highest ambition is, to appear in the cause of the fair sex; nor would any thing flatter my vanity so much as the honour of standing, in this degenerate age, the single champion of those whom all mankind are bound to defend. No time seems more proper for this kind of gallantry than the present; now, when the gravel sort of men are continually throwing out sarcastic hints, at least, if not open invectives against their lovely country-women; and the younger and more sprightly are, from I know not what cause, less forward than ever in their defence. Though my abilities are by no means equal to my inclinations for their services, give me leave to offer to you, and your polite readers a few thoughts on this interesting subject.

The malice of wits has, from time immemorial, attacked these injured beauties with the charge of levity and inconstancy; a charge, applicable indeed to the frailty of human nature in general, but by no means to be admitted to the particular prejudice of the most amiable part of the species. History and experience inform us, that every different country produces a different race of people: the disposition of the inhabitants, as well as the complexion, receives a colour from the clime in which they are born. Yet the same sentiments do not always spring



from the same soil. Some strong particularity of genius distinguishes every era of a nation. From hence arises what, in the language of the polite world, we call fashion; as variable with regard to principles as dress. It would be, in these days, as uncommon and ridiculous to profess the maxims of an old Englishman, as to strut about in a short cloak and trunk hose. The same vicissitude of character takes place among the ladies; their conduct, however, has been still consistent and irreproachable; for they have always acted up to the dictates of fashion.

The matrons of ancient Rome, though as remarkable for public spirit as those of Great Britain, were by no means so fond of public diversions. It appears from a hint which Horace has left us, that they were with difficulty prevailed on even to dance upon holidays. In this, we may observe, they widely differed from those Sabine dames, from whom they derived their boasted extraction: for so strongly did they think themselves bound by the restrictions of fashion, that they refused to imitate their illustrious ancestors, in that very circumstance, to which their empire owed its original.

We need not look back so far into antiquity for instances of this kind; our own times may better supply us. Cruelty, if we may believe the lovers of the last century, was the reigning passion of those tyrants, to whom they devoted their hearts, their labours, and their understandings. No man, I presume, will cast such an imputation on the present race of beauties: their influence is more benign, their glory is of a more exalted nature: mercy is their characteristic. It would be a piece of impudence to assert, that they do not in every respect excel their relentless great grandmothers. Beauty, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is the peculiar perfection of our fair contemporaries. To what then, but the amiable compassion of these gentle creatures, can be ascribed a kind of miracle, a seeming change in the constitution of nature? Till poetry and romance are forgotten, the miseries of love will be remembered. Authors of the highest reputation have not scrupled to assure us, that the lovers of their days did very frequently forget to eat and drink; nay, that they sometimes proceeded so far as to hang or drown themselves, for the sake of the cruel nymphs they adored. Whence comes it then, that in an age, to which suicide is not unknown, no instances are to be met with of this disinterested conduct? In the space of many years, I do not remember above one, and that one occasioned by the lady's tenderness, not of heart, but of conscience. Matter of fact, therefore, proves the truth of my assertion; our goddesses have laid aside the bloody disposition of pagan gods; inasmuch that scarce any man living has seen a lover's bier covered with cypress, or, indeed, with so much as a willow garland.

It were ingratitude not to acknowledge to

whom we are indebted for so great a blessing. The celebrated inventors of modern romance, together with the judicious writers of the stage, have the honour of being the deliverers of their countrymen. So ardently have they pleaded the public cause, that the ladies are at last content to throw up the reins, to accept unmeaning flattery, instead of tender sighs, and admit innocent freedom, in the place of distant adoration. They have learned to indulge their admirers with frequent opportunities of gazing on their charms, and are grown too generous to conceal from them even the little failings of their tempers. Nor is this all: while the persuasive eloquence of these gentlemen has found the way to soften the rigour of the fair sex, they have animated the resolution of others; for by them are we instructed in the winning art of modest assurance, and furnished with the *dernier resort* of indifference.

You will not be surprised, Sir, that I speak so warmly on this subject, when you are informed how great a share of the public felicity falls to my lot. Had the fashionable polity of this kingdom continued in the same situation in which it stood a hundred years ago, I had been, perhaps, the most unfortunate man in the world. No heart is more susceptible of tender impressions than mine, nor is my resolution strong enough to hold out against the slightest attacks of a pair of bright eyes. Love, weak as he is, has often made me his captive; but I can never be too lavish of my applause to those generous beauties, who have been the authors of my pains: so far have they ever been from glorying in their power, or insulting the miseries they occasioned, that they have constantly employed the most effectual methods to free me from their fetters. By their indulgence it is, that I have arrived at the fifty-third year of my life, without the inconvenience of a wife or legitimate children; that I can now look back with pleasure on the dangers I have escaped, and forward with comfort on the peace and quiet laid up for my old age. This, Sir, is my case; gratitude prompts me to publish the obligations I owe; and I beg leave to take this opportunity of paying my debt of honour, and at the same time of subscribing myself,

Your constant reader, admirer,  
And very humble servant.

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No. 125.] THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1755.

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HAD the many wise philosophers of antiquity, who have so often and so justly compared the life of man to a race, lived in the present times, they would have seen the propriety of that



smile greatly augmented : for if we observe the behaviour of the polite part of this nation (that is, of *all* the nation) we shall see that their whole lives are one continued race ; in which every one is endeavouring to distance all behind him, and to overtake, or pass by, all who are before him ; every one is flying from his inferiors in pursuit of his superiors, who fly from him with equal alacrity.

Were not the consequences of this ridiculous pride of the most destructive nature to the public, the scene would be really entertaining. Every tradesman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the noblesse. We are a nation of gentry, *populus generosorum* : we have no such thing as common people among us : between vanity and gin, the species is utterly destroyed. The sons of our lowest mechanics, acquiring with the learning at charity-schools the laudable ambition of becoming gentle-folks, despise their paternal occupations, and are all soliciting for the honourable employments of tide-waiters and excisemen. Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or ladies' women ; or presumptuously exercise that genteel profession, which used to be peculiarly reserved for the well-educated daughters of deceased clergymen. Attorneys' clerks and city prentices dress like cornets of dragons, keep their mistresses and their hunters, criticise at the play, and toast at the tavern. The merchant leaves his counting-house for St. James's, and the country gentleman his own affairs for those of the public ; by which neither of them receives much benefit. Every commoner of distinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality in dress, equipage, and expenses of every kind. The nobility, who can aim no higher, plunge themselves into debt and dependence, to preserve their rank ; and are even there quickly overtaken by their unmerciful pursuers.

The same foolish vanity, that thus prompts us to imitate our superiors, induces us also to be, or pretend to be, their inseparable companions ; or, as the phrase is, to keep the *best company* ; by which is always to be understood, such company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and consequently despise and avoid us, in the same manner as we ourselves do our inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation are all the pleasures of social life, and all the advantages of friendly converse, utterly destroyed. We choose not our companions for their wit and learning, their good humour or good sense, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity ; as if greatness was communicable, like the powers of the loadstone, by friction, or by contact, like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to destroy his time, his fortune, his morals, and his understanding at a gaming-house with

the *best company*, than to improve them all in the conversation of the most ingenious and entertaining of his equals : and every self-conceited girl, in fashionable life, chooses rather to endure the affected silence and insolent head-ach of my lady dutchesse for a whole evening, than to pass it in mirth and jollity with the most amiable of her acquaintance. For since it is possible that some of my readers, who have not had the honour of being admitted into the *best company*, should imagine that among such there is ever the best conversation, the most lively wit, the most profound judgment, the most engaging affability and politeness ; it may be proper to inform them, that this is by no means always the case ; but that frequently in such company little is said, and less attended to ; no disposition appears either to please others, or to be pleased themselves : but that in the room of all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, endued with the convenient power of reducing all men's understandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleasant to observe how this race, converted into a kind of perpetual warfare, between the *good* and *bad company*, in this country, has subsisted for half a century last past ; in which the former have been perpetually pursued by the latter, and fairly beaten out of all their resources for superior distinction ; out of innumerable fashions in dress, and variety of diversions, every one of which they have been obliged to abandon, as soon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themselves with lace and embroidery, and intrenched themselves in hoops and furbelows : in vain have they had recourse to full-bottomed periwig and toupees ; to high-heads, and low-heads, and no heads at all : trade has bestowed riches on the competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteelly on one side of Temple-bar as on the other, and hoops have grown to as prodigious a magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapside as in the pure regions of Grosvenor-square and Hill-street.

With as little success have operas, oratorios, ridottos, and other expensive diversion been invented to exclude *bad company* : tradesmen, by enhancing their prices, have sold tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to insult the *good company*, their customers, at their own expense ; and, like true conquerors, have obliged the enemy to pay for their defeat. But this stratagem has in some measure been obviated by the prevalence of the *very best company*, who, for this and many other wise considerations, have usually declined paying them at all.

For many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed like the ancient tilts and tournaments before his majesty and the royal family, even

Friday night in the drawing-room at St. James's; which now appears, as it usually fares with the seat of war, desolate and uninhabited, and totally deserted on both sides: except that on a twelfth-night the *bad company* never fail to assemble, to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

The *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at last to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant assemblies at their own hotels, in which they imagined that they could neither be imitated nor intruded on. But here again they were grievously mistaken; for no sooner was the signal given, but every little lodging-house in town, of two rooms and a closet on a floor, or rather of two closets and a cupboard, teemed with card-tables, and overflowed with company: and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the smaller the houses, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more easily effected. Nor could intrusion be better guarded against than imitation; for by some means or other, either by the force of beauty or of dress, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to lose great sums at play, or of knavery enough to win them, or of some such eminent or extraordinary qualifications, their plebeian enemies soon broke through the strongest of their barriers, and mingled in the thickest of their ranks, to the utter destruction of all superiority and distinction.

But though it must be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad situation, yet I would not have them despair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their countenances, so visible in a mixture of *fieriè* and dejection. They have still one asylum left to fly to, which, with all their advantages of birth and education, it is surprising they should not long since have discovered; but since they have not, I shall beg leave to point it out; and it is this: that they once more retire to the long-deserted fruits of true British grandeur, their princely seats and magnificent castles in their several counties: and there, arming themselves with religion and virtue, hospitality and charity, civility and friendship, bid defiance to their impertinent pursuers. And though I will not undertake that they shall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet so averse are all ranks of people at present to this sort of retirement, so totally disused from the exercise of those kinds of arms, and so unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to promise, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy their favourite singularity unmolested, for half a century to come.

No. 126.] THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1755.

I AM favoured by a correspondent with the following little instructive piece, which he calls

#### THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

A good temper is one of the principal ingredients of happiness. This, it may be said, is the work of nature, and must be born with us: and so in a good measure it is; yet sometimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Almost every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side: he that habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but by different management are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliancies, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you show her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger that has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood or too little water; that the day is too sunny or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her, and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of



happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be but a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the broom, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation it is a rule with her never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours, or (what is worst of all) their faults or imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has had the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant railleury. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads a universal gloom: the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If therefore we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiae of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the days, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens his harvest, because his turnips are burned up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from such a shower.

Thus does good manners, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and by thus acting we cherish and improve both the one and the other. By this practice it is that Melissa is become the wisest and best-bred woman living; and by this practice may every man and woman arrive at that easy benevolence of temper, which the world calls good-nature, and the scripture charity, whose natural and never-failing fruit is happiness.

I cannot better conclude this paper than with the following ode, which I received from another correspondent, and which seems to be written in the same spirit of cheerfulness with the above essay:

#### ODE TO MORNING.

The sprightly messenger of day,  
To heaven ascending tunes the lay,  
That wakes the blushing Morn:  
Cheer'd with th' inspiring notes, I rise,  
And hail the Power, whose glad supplies  
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence, retire, O Night! thy praise,  
Majestic queen, in nobler lays  
Already has been sung:  
When thine own spheres expire, thy name  
Secure from time, shall rise in fame,  
Immortalized by Young.

See, while I speak, Aurora sheds  
Her early honours o'er the meads,  
The springing valleys smile;  
With cheerful haste, the village swain  
Renews the labours of the plain,  
And meets th' accusom'd toil.

Day's monarch comes to bless the year,  
Wing'd Zephyrs wanton round his car,  
Along th' ethereal road;  
Plenty and Health attend his beams,  
And truth, divinely bright, proclaims  
The visit of the God.

Awed by the view, my soul reveres  
The great First Cause, that bade the spheres  
In tuneful order move  
Thine is the sable-mantled night,  
Unseen Almighty! and the light  
The radiance of thy love.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays  
With melody the genial rays,  
And echo spreads the strain;  
The streams in grateful murmurs run,  
The bleating flocks salute the sun,  
And music glads the plain.

While Nature thus her charms displays,  
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze,  
That opening flowers diffuse;



Temperance and Innocence attend,  
These are your haunts, your influence lend,  
Associates of the Muse!

Riot, and Guilt, and wasting Care,  
And fell Revenge, and black Despair,  
Avoid the morning's light;  
Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose  
Their restless passions to compose,  
Who virtue's dictates listen.

Along the mead, and in the wood,  
And on the margin of the flood,  
The Goddess walks confess'd;  
She gives the landscape power to charm,  
The sun his genial heat, to warm  
The wise and generous breast.

Happy the man! whose tranquil mind  
Sees Nature in her changes kind,  
And pleased the whole surveys;  
For him the morn benignly smiles,  
And evening shades reward the toils  
That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,  
The sounding tempest lash the main,  
And Heaven's own thunders roll;  
Calmly he views the bursting storm,  
Tempests nor thunder can deform  
The morning of his soul.

C. B.

No. 127.] THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1755.

*Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?  
Quem sese ore ferens? ————* VIRG.

What graceful stranger has approach'd our coasts?

ALTHOUGH I profess myself a zealous advocate for modern fashion, and have countenanced some of its boldest innovations, yet I cannot but recall my approbation, when I see it making some very irregular and unjustifiable sallies, in opposition to true policy and reasons of state. In testimony of the perfect quietism I have hitherto observed in this respect, I defy any one to convict me of having uttered one syllable in praise of the good roast beef of Old England, since the conspiracy set on foot by the Creolian pictures totally to banish it our island. On the other hand, it is well known I have been lately present at a turtle feast in person, and have at this very hour several more engagements upon my hands. I have acquiesced likewise with great and sudden revolutions in dress, as well as taste: I have submitted, in opposition to

the clamours of a numerous party, to dismantling the intrenchments of the hoop, on a tacit promise from my fair countrywomen (in compliance to the application of the young men) that they would leave the small of the leg at least as visible as before. I have made no objection to their wearing the cardinal, though it be a habit of popish etymology, and was, I am afraid, first invented to hide the sluttishness of French dishabille. Nay, I have even connived at the importation of rouge, upon serious conviction that a fine woman has an incontestable right to be mistress of her own complexion; neither do I know that we have any pretence to subject her to the necessity of telling us on the morrow, the late hours she was under engagement to keep the night before; a grievance, which, through the extreme delicacy of her natural complexion, could no otherwise be remedied.

My absolute compliance in so many important instances will, I hope, secure me from any imputation of prejudice against the dominion of fashion, which I am at last under the necessity of opposing, as it has introduced under its sanction one of the most dangerous and impolitic customs that was ever admitted into a commonwealth, which is the unnatural and unconstitutional practice of inoculation. The evil tendency of this practice I have such unanswerable arguments to evince, as I doubt not will banish it our island, and send it back to the confines of Circassia, from whence one could hardly suspect a lady of quality would have been so wicked as to have imported it.

I must first premise, which is not greatly to its credit, that it is of Turkish extraction; and (to speak as a man) I profess I dread lest it should be a means of introducing, in these *opera days*, some more alarming practices of the seraglio.

It seems likewise, by-the-bye, to strike at the belief of *absolute predestination*; for (as a zealous Calvinist gravely remarked) is it not very presumptuous for a young lady to attempt securing not above twenty spots in her face, when perhaps it is *absolutely decreed* she shall have two hundred, or none at all?

But to my first argument. The world, in general (for I pay no regard to what the author of the Persian letters asserts to the contrary), is certainly much over-peopled; and the proofs of it in this metropolis we cannot but visibly remark, in the constant labour of builders, masons, &c. to fit up habitations for the increasing supernumeraries. This inconvenience had in a great measure been hitherto prevented, by the proper number of people who were daily removed by the small-pox in the natural way; one, at least, in seven dying, to the great ease and convenience of the survivors; whereas since inoculation has prevailed, all hopes of thinning our

people that way are entirely at an end; not above one in three hundred being taken off, to the great incumbrance of society. So that, unless we should speedily have a war upon the continent, we shall be in danger of being eaten up with famine at home, through the multiplicity of our people, whom we have taken this unnatural method of keeping alive.

My second argument was suggested to me by a very worthy country gentleman of my acquaintance, whom I met this morning, taking some fresh air in the park. I accosted him with the free impertinence of a friend at the first interview. 'What brought you to town, Sir?' 'My wife, Sir (says he, in a very melancholy tone), my wife. It had pleased her, the first four years of our marriage, to live peaceably in the country, and to employ herself in setting out her table, visiting her neighbours, or attending her nursery: and if ever a wish broke out after the diversions of the town, it was easily soothed down again, by my saying, with accents of tenderness, My dear, we would certainly see London this spring, but my last letters tell me the small-pox is very much there. But no sooner had she heard the fatal success of inoculation, than she insisted on the trial of it; has succeeded; and having baffled my old valuable argument to keep her in the country, has hurried me to town, and is now most industriously making up her four years loss of time at the abbey, by entering with the most courageous spirit into every party of pleasure she can possibly partake of.'

The inference I would make from my friend's story is, not that the nation is deprived hereby of a convenient bugbear to confine ladies to the country,—an abuse I would by no means countenance; but to show only to our sagacious politicians, who are searching for more important reasons, that it is undoubtedly owing to the increase of inoculation, together with the number of convenient turnpikes, that so many of our worthy country gentlemen have evacuated their hospitable seats, and roll away with safety and tranquillity to town, to the great diminution of country neighbourhood, and the insufferable incumbrance of all public places in this metropolis.

Another ill consequence of this practice I have remarked more than once, in walking round the circle at Ranelagh. Beauties are naturally disposed to be a little insolent; and a consciousness of superior charms, where the possession is confirmed to the party, is very apt to break out into little triumphant airs and sallies of haughtiness towards those of avowed inferiority in that respect. Hence that air of defiance, so visible in the looks of our finest women, which in the last age was softened and corrected with some small traits of meekness and timidity; while the unhappy group of plain women, who bear about

them those honourable scars for which they ought to be revered, can scarcely meet with a beauty who will drop them a curtsy, or a beauty who will lead them to their chariots.

Neither do I think it for the advantage of a commonwealth to be overstocked with beauties. They are undoubtedly the most suitable furniture for public places, very proper objects to embellish an assembly room, and the prettiest points of view in the park; but it is believed by some, that your plain women, whose understandings are not perverted by admiration make the discreetest wives, and the best mothers: so that to secure a constant supply of fine and ugly women to act in these necessary capacities, this modern invention for the preservation of pretty faces ought no doubt to be abolished; since, on a just computation, ten fine women per annum (which we can never want in England) will be sufficient to entertain the *beau monde* for a whole season, and completely furnish all the public places every night, if properly disposed.

I had some thoughts of laying these arguments against inoculation before the legislature in hopes that they would strengthen them with their authority, and give them the sanction of law against so pernicious an invention: but was discouraged by a friend, who convinced me that however just I might be in my opinion that our people were growing too numerous, and in the cause to which I imputed it, the pernicious success of inoculation; yet it might be impolitic to attempt reducing them at this critical season, when the legislature may have occasion to dispose of them some other way. It was proposed to me, as the most effectual means of suppressing this growing evil, that it should be recommended to some zealous and fashionable preacher to denounce his anathemas against it, which would not fail to deter all ladies of quality from the practice of it. But I would rather propose that a golden medal should be given to the college of physicians to the ablest of the profession, who should publish the completest treatise to prove (as undoubtedly might be proved) 'That whatever distemper any person shall die of at seventy years of age must infallibly be owing to his having been inoculated at seven, and that every person who has had the small-pox by inoculation may have it afterwards ten times in the natural way.'

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NO. 128.] THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1755.

MONTAIGNE tells us of a gentleman of his country, much troubled with the gout, who bei



advised by his physicians to abstain from salt-meats, asked what else they would give him to quarrel with in the extremity of his fits; for that he imagined, cursing one minute the Bologna sausages, and another the dried tongues he had eaten, was some mitigation of his pain.

If all men, when they are either out of health, or out of humour, would vent their rage after the manner of this Frenchman, the world would be a much quieter one than we see it at present. But dried tongues and sausages have no feeling of our displeasure; therefore we reserve it for one another; and he that can wound his neighbour in his fame, or sow the seeds of discord in his family, derives happiness to himself.

I once knew a husband and wife, who without having the least tincture of affection for each other, or any single accomplishment of mind or person, made a shift to live comfortably enough, by contributing equally to the abuse of their acquaintance. The consideration of one another's uneasiness, or what was still better, that it was in their power to inflict it, kept pain, sickness, and misfortune from touching them too nearly. They collected separately the scandal of the day, and made themselves company for one another, by consulting how they might disperse it with additions and improvements. I have known the wife to have been cured of a fit of the colic, by the husband's telling her that a young lady of her acquaintance was run off with her father's footman; and I once saw the husband sit with a face of delight to have a tooth drawn, upon my bringing him the news that a very particular friend of his was a bankrupt in the Gazette. Their losses at cards were what chiefly tormented them; not so much from a principle of avarice, as from the consideration that what they had lost, others had won; and upon these occasions the family peace has been sometimes disturbed. But a fresh piece of scandal, or a new misfortune befalling any of the neighbourhood, has immediately set matters right, and made them the happiest people in the world.

I think it is an observation of the witty and ingenious author of *Tom Jones* (I forgot his words) that the only unhappy situation in marriage is a state of indifference. Where people love one another, says he, they have great pleasure in obliging; and where they hate one another, they have pleasure in tormenting. But where they have neither love nor hatred, and of consequence no desire either to please or plague, there can be no such thing as happiness. That this observation may be true in general, I very readily allow; yet I have instanced a couple who, though as indifferent to each other as it was possible for man and wife to be, have yet contrived to be happy through the misfortunes of their friends.

But it is nevertheless true of happiness, that

it is principally to be found at home; and therefore it is, that in most families one visits, one sees the husband and wife (instead of contenting themselves with the miseries of their neighbours) mutually plaguing one another: and after a succession of disputes, contradictions, mortifications, sneers, pouts, abuses, and sometimes blows, they retreat separately into company, and are the easiest and pleasantest people alive.

That this is to be mutually happy, I believe few married couples will deny; especially if they have lived together a fortnight, and of course are grown tired of obliging. But it has been very luckily discovered, that as our sorrows are lessened by participation, so also are our joys; and that unless the pleasure of tormenting be confined entirely to one party, the happiness of either can by no means be perfect. The wife therefore of a meek and tender disposition, who makes it the study of her life to please and oblige her husband, and to whom he is indebted for every advantage he enjoys, is the fittest object of his tyranny and aversion. Upon such a wife he may exert himself nobly, and have all the pleasure to himself; but I would advise him to enjoy it with some little caution, because (though the weekly bills take no notice of it) there is really such a disease as a broken heart; and the misfortune is, that there is no tormenting a dead wife.

Happy is the husband of such a woman: for unless a man goes into company with the conscious pleasure of having left his wife miserable at home, his temper may not be proof against every accident he may meet with abroad; but having first of all discharged his spleen and ill-humour upon his own family, he goes into company prepared to be pleased and happy with every thing that occurs: or if crosses and disappointments should unavoidably happen, he has a wife to repair to, on whom he can bestow with interest every vexation he has received. Thus it was honestly and wisely said by the old serjeant of seventy, who, when his officer asked him how he came to marry at so great an age, answered, "Why, and please your honour, they tease and put me out of humour abroad, and so I go home and beat my wife." And indeed happy is it for society that men have commonly such repositories for their ill-humours; for I can truly assert, that the easiest, the best-natured, and the most entertaining man I know out of his own house, is the most tyrannical master, brother, husband, and father in the whole world; and who, if he had no family to make miserable at home, would be the constant disturber of every party abroad.

But I am far from limiting this particular privilege to the husband: the wife has it sometimes in her power to enjoy equal happiness. For instance, when a woman of family and



spirit condescends to marry for a maintenance a wealthy citizen, whose delight is in peace, quietness, and domestic endearments; such a woman may continually fill his house with routs and hurricanes; she may tease and fret with her superiority of birth; she may torment his heart with jealousy, and waste his substance in rioting and gaming. She will have one advantage too over the male tyrant, inasmuch as she may carry her triumph beyond the grave, by making the children of her husband's footman the inheritors of his fortune.

Thus, as an advocate for matrimony, I have entered into a particular disquisition of its principal comforts; and that no motives may be wanting to induce men to engage in it, I have endeavoured to show that it is next to an impossibility for a couple to miscarry, since hatred as well as love, and indifference as well as either (I mean if people have sense enough to make a right use of their friends' misfortunes) is sufficient for happiness. Indeed it is hard to guess, when one reads in the public papers that a treaty of marriage is on foot between the right honourable lord Somebody, and lady Betty Such-a-one, whether his lordship's and the lady's passion be love or hatred: and, to say truth, it is of very little consequence to which of these passions their desire of coming together is first owing; it being at least six to four, that in the compass of a month they hate one another heartily. But let not this deter any of my readers from entering into the state of matrimony; since the pleasure of obliging the object of our desires, is at least equalled by the pleasure of tormenting the object of our aversion.

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No. 129.] THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1755.

I shall make no apology for the following miscellaneous letters, unless it be to the writers of them, for so long delaying their publication.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

The late Earl Marshal applying to a bookseller at Paris for some English books, was answered by the Frenchman that he had none in his shop, except *une petite bagatelle*, called the Bible. Your readers will be informed, that this *petite bagatelle*, as the bookseller termed it, contains (among other matters) some little treatises of eastern wisdom, and particularly certain maxims collected by one King Solomon, of whom mention is made in Prior's poems. Solomon was, as Captain Bluff says of Scipio, a pretty fellow

in his day, though most of his maxims have been confuted by experience. But I only make mention of him, to show how exactly the *virtuous woman* of that monarch corresponds with the *fine lady* of the present times.

*Who can find a virtuous woman?* says Solomon. By the way, he must have kept sad company, or else *virtuous women* were extremely scarce in those days; for it will be no boast to say that five thousand *virtuous women* may be assembled at any time in this metropolis, on a *night's* warning. Solomon describes the character so that it is not easy to mistake it. *She bringeth her food from afar.* That is to say the table of the *virtuous woman* is supplied with sugar and cordials from Barbadoes, and with tea from China: the bread and butter and scandal only being the produce of her native country. *She riseth whilst it is yet night.* This cannot literally be said of our modern *virtuous women*; but one may venture to assert, that if to rise *whilst it is yet night* be the characteristic of virtue, to sit up the whole night, and thereby have no occasion for rising at all, must imply no ordinary measure of goodness. *She strengtheneth her arms.* This is a circumstance of some delicacy: such mysteries suit not the vulgar ear. The husband of the *virtuous woman* may say, as the poet says of friendship with the great, *expertus metuit.* *She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.* This plainly indicates that no lady can be consummately *virtuous*, unless she wear brocaded silks, and robings of French embroidery. To these Solomon, with all the accuracy of a tire-woman, adds purple ribbons. This passage is liable to misapplication; but the words *she maketh herself coverings*, mean not that a *virtuous woman* must of necessity be a work woman; to make, signifies to occasion the making of any thing: thus a person is said to make interest, when, in truth, it is not he, but his money that makes the interest. Thus Augustus fought battles by proxy; and thus many respectable personages beget children. So that a *virtuous woman* need not embroider in person; let her pay for the work she bespeaks, and no more is required. *Her husband is known in the gates.* More universally known by his relation to his wife, than by his own name. Thus you are told at public places, "That is Mrs. Such-a-one's husband, or he that married Lady Such-a-one." *He sitteth among the elders of the land.* At White's, where the elders of the land assemble themselves.

Let me add one more instance of the similitude between a *fine lady* and the *virtuous woman* of Solomon, and I have done. When a lady returns home, at five in the morning, from the nocturnal mysteries of brag, how must the hear of her husband exult, when he sees her flam beaux rivalling the light of the sun! May he not cry out in the words of the eastern monarch,

*Blessed is the virtuous woman ; her candle goeth not out by night ?*

I am, Sir,  
Your most humble servant.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I have had the honour of sitting in the three last parliaments: for as it was always my opinion that an honest man should sacrifice every private consideration to the service of his country, I spared no expense at my elections, nor afterwards to support an interest in my borough, by giving annuities to half the corporation, building a town-hall, a market-house, a new steeple to the church, together with a present of a ring of bells, that used to stun me with their noise. To defray all these expenses, I was obliged to mortgage my estate to its full value, excepting only two thousand pounds, which sum I took up against the last general election, and went down to my borough, where I was told there would be an opposition. What I heard was true; an absolute stranger had declared himself a candidate; and though I spent every farthing of my two thousand pounds, and was promised the vote and interest of the mayor and corporation, they every man of them went against me, and I lost my election.

As I have now no opportunity of serving my country, and have a wife and seven small children to maintain, I have been at last concerting measures how I might do a small service to myself: and as there are many worthy gentlemen at present in the same unfortunate situation, I cannot think of a better expedient than to recommend to the parliament, at their next meeting, the passing an act for raising a fund towards the building and endowing an hospital for the relief and support of decayed members. I mention it thus early, because I would give the legislature time to deliberate upon such a proposal. And surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if the loss of a limb shall be sufficient to entitle the meanest soldier or sailor in the service to this privilege, how much more worthy of relief is the disabled patriot, who has sacrificed his family and fortune to the interest of his country.

Your inserting this letter will greatly oblige,

Sir, your very humble servant,  
B. D.

P. S. All gentlemen residing in town, who have lost their fortunes by former parliaments, and their elections in this, are desired to meet on Saturday the 21st of this instant June, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Cat and Bagpipe, in St. Giles's, to consider of the above proposal, or of any other ways and means for their immediate support.

N. B. A dinner will be provided at ninepence a head.

SIR,

The prostitution of characters, given in behalf of bad servants, has been long a grievance, demanding the attention of the public. Give me leave to awaken it, by a specimen from my own experience.

Some time since, an old servant left me, upon short notice. I had another recommended, as *very honest*, by a neighbouring family, whom he had served. As I was pressed for time, I took him upon that single qualification in lieu of all the rest; and, relying upon the repeated assurances of his integrity, reposed an entire confidence in him. In some little time, however, finding an increase of expense in the articles under his particular management, I discovered, upon observation, that the perquisites, or rather plunder of his province, had been nearly doubled. His dismissal, you may imagine, ensued, and complaint to the persons who had recommended him. The answer was, that they knew him to be a sad fellow, by the tricks he had played them; but that they would not say a word of it, because they thought it *wicked* to hinder him of a place.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I conceive it to be but a *wicked world*, when gentlemen will help thieves and robbers to get into people's houses; and I shall take for the future a bare acquittal at the Old Bailey, as a better recommendation than that of such a friend.

I am, Sir,  
Your humble servant,  
A. B.

The abuse complained of by this correspondent is of too serious a nature to be passed over slightly. It is to this mistaken compassion that the disorderly behaviour of servants is, perhaps, principally owing: for if the punishment of dishonesty be only a change of place (which may be a reward, instead of a punishment) it ceases to be a servant's interest to be true to his trust.

This prostitution of characters (as my correspondent calls it) is grown so common, that a servant, after he has committed the most palpable robbery, for which you are turning him out of doors, and which would go near to hang him at the Old Bailey, looks composedly in your face, and very modestly hopes that you will not refuse him a character, for that you are too worthy a gentleman to be the ruin of a poor servant, who has nothing but his character to depend on for bread. So away he goes, and you are really so *very worthy a gentleman* as to assure the first person who inquires about him, that he is a sober, diligent, and *faithful* servant. Thus are you accessory to the next robbery he commits, and ought, in my humble opinion, to be deemed little less than an accessory by the law;

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for the servant who opens the door of his master's house to the thief that plunders it differs from you only in the motive; the consequences are the same.

I have said in a former paper, that the behaviour of servants depends in a great measure on that of their masters and mistresses. In this instance, I am sure it does: I shall therefore conclude this paper with advising all heads of families to give *honest* characters before they allow themselves to exclaim against *dishonest* servants.

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No. 130.] THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1755.

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TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

WHEN your first World made its appearance, I was just entering into, what is called, polite life, and was mightily pleased at your promising to direct young maids how to get husbands. I was then just eighteen; not disagreeable in my person; and, by the tender care of indulgent parents, had been instructed in all the necessary accomplishments towards making a good wife, a good mother, and a sincere friend. I resolved to keep strictly to all the rules you should prescribe, and did not doubt but by the time I was twenty I should have choice of admirers, or very probably be married. But, would you believe it? I have not so much as one man who makes any sort of pretensions to me. I am at a loss to account for this, as I have not been guilty of any of those errors, which you and all sober men exclaim so much against: I hate routs, seldom touch a card, and when I do, it is more to oblige others than myself. Plays are the only public amusements I frequent; but I go only to good ones, and then always in good company.—Don't think by good company I mean quality; for I assure you I never go to any public place but with people of unexceptionable character. My complexion is of the olive kind; yet I have the assurance to show my bare face, though I have been often told it is very indecent. However, to atone in some measure for this neglect, I never am seen without a handkerchief, nor with my petticoats above my shoes.

Though my fortune is rather beyond what is called genteel, I never run into any extravagancy in dress; and, to avoid particularity, am never the first nor the last in a fashion. I am an utter enemy to scandal, and never go out of a morning either to auctions or the park. If by chance I am alone a whole afternoon, I am never at a loss how to spend my time, being fond of reading. I have an aversion to coquetry, yet am the cheerfullest creature living, and never better pleased than when joining in a

country dance, which I can do for a whole night together, without either falling in love with my partner, if agreeable, or quarrelling with him, if awkward.

Girls may pretend to deny it, but certainly the whole tenor of their actions leads to the disposing of themselves advantageously in the world. Some set about it one way, and some another; all of them choosing what they think the most likely method to succeed. Now I am sure, when they pursue a wrong one, that nine times in ten it is owing to the men; for were they to admire women for virtue, prudence, good humour, and good sense, as well as beauty, we should seek no other ornaments. The men ought to set the example, and then reward those who follow it, by making them good husbands. But instead of this, they make it their business to turn the heads of all the girls they meet; which when they have effectually done, they exclaim against the folly of the whole sex, and either cheat us of our fortunes by marrying our grandmothers, or die bachelors.

Now pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as this is the case, what encouragement has a young woman to set about improving her mind? I am sure, in the small circle of my acquaintance, I have known several women who have reached their thirtieth year unnoticed, whose good qualities are such as would make it difficult to find men to deserve them.

In public places, the coquette, with a small share of beauty, and that perhaps artificial, shall, with the most trifling conversation in the world, engross the attention of a whole circle; while the woman of modesty and sense is forced to be silent, because she cannot be heard. Thus when we find that it is not merit which recommends us to the notice of the men, can it be wondered at, that while we are desirous of changing our conditions, we try every innocent artifice to accomplish our designs?

As to myself, I have a great respect for the married state; but if I cannot meet with a man that will take me just as nature has formed me, I will live single for ever, for it has been always a rule with me never to expect the least advantage from the possession of any thing, which is not to be attained but at the expense of truth.

I am not so vain, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as to imagine this letter will merit a place in your paper; all I desire is, that you will oblige me so far as to write a World upon the subject; and might I advise, let the women alone, and apply yourself entirely to the reformation of the men: for when once they begin to cherish any thing valuable and praise worthy in themselves, you will soon find the women to follow their example.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader and admirer,

M. S.



MR. FITZ-ADAM,

You have often animadverted on the present fashionable indecencies of female dress; but I wish you would please now and then to look a little at home, and bestow some of your charitable advice upon your own sex.

You are to know, Sir, that I am one of three old maids, who, though no relations, have resolved to live and die together. Our fortunes, which singly are but small, enable us, when put together, to live genteelly, and to keep two maids and a footman. Patrick has lived with us now going on of six years, and, to do him justice, is a sober, cleanly, and diligent servant: indeed, by studying our tempers, and paying a silent obedience to all our whims (for we do not pretend to be without whims) he has made himself so useful, that there is no doing without him.

We give him no livery, but allow him a handsome sum yearly for clothes; and to say the truth, till within this last week, he has dressed with great propriety and decency; when all at once, to our great confusion and distress, he has had the assurance to appear at the sideboard in a pair of filthy nankin breeches, and those made to fit so extremely tight, that a less curious observer might have mistaken them for no breeches at all. The shame and confusion so visible in all our faces, one would think, should suggest to him the odiousness of his dress; but the fellow seems to have thrown off every appearance of decency: for at tea-table, before company, as well as at meals, we are forced to endure him in this abominable nankin, our modesty all the time struggling with nature, to efface the ideas it conveys.

For the first two days, though we could think of nothing else, shame kept us silent even to one another; but we could hold out no longer; yet what to determine neither of us knew. Patrick, as I told you before, was a good servant, and to turn him away for a single fault, when that fault would in all probability be remedied by a word's speaking, seemed to be carrying the matter a little too far. But which of us was to speak to him was the grand question. The word breeches (though I am prevailed upon to write it) was too coarse to be pronounced; and to say, 'Patrick, we don't like that dress,' or, 'Pray, Patrick, dress in another manner,' was laying us under a necessity of pointing at his breeches to make ourselves understood. Nor did it seem at all advisable to set either Betty or Hannah upon doing it, as it might possibly draw them into explanations, that might be attended with very puzzling, if not dangerous consequences.

After having deliberated some days upon this cruel exigence, and not knowing which way to look whenever Patrick was in the room, nor daring to shut our eyes, or turn our backs upon

him, for fear of his discovering the cause; it occurred to me, that if I could muster up courage to inform Mr. Fitz-Adam of our distresses (for we constantly take in the World, of which Patrick is also a reader) it might be a means of relieving us from this perpetual blushing and confusion. If you walk abroad in the morning, or are a frequenter of auctions, you cannot but have taken notice of this odious fashion. But I should like it better, if you were to pass your censure upon nankin breeches in general, than to have those of our Patrick taken notice of particularly: however I leave it entirely to your own choice; and whatever method you may take to discountenance the wearing of them, will be perfectly agreeable to,

Sir, your most humble servant,

PRISCILLA CROSS-STITCH.

The case of this lady and her companions is so exceeding critical, that for fear Patrick should be backward at taking a hint, I have thought it the wisest way to publish her letter just as I received it; and if after this day Patrick should again presume to appear before his ladies, cased in nankin, I hereby authorize Mrs. Betty or Mrs. Hannah to burn his breeches whenever they can find them.

To be serious upon this occasion, I have often looked upon this piece of naked drapery as a very improper part of dress; and as such I hereby declare, that after this present 26th of June it shall be a capital offence against decency and modesty, for any person whatsoever to be seen to wear it.

N. B. All canvass or linen breeches come within the act.

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No. 131.] THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1755.

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THE conversation happening, a few evenings ago, to turn upon the different employments of mankind, we fell into the consideration how ill the various parts of life are generally suited to the persons who appear in them. This was attributed either to their own ambition, which tempts them to undertake a character they have not abilities to perform with credit, or to some accidental circumstance, which throws them into professions contrary perhaps, both to their genius and inclination. All were unanimous in blaming those parents who force their children to enter into a way of life contrary to their natural bent, which generally points out the employment that is best adapted to their capacities. To this we in a great measure ascribed the slow progress of arts and sciences, the frequent failures and miscarriages of life, and many of those

desperate acts which are often the consequences of them.

This conversation carried us through the greatest part of the evening, till the company broke up and retired to rest. But the weather being hot, and my senses perfectly awake, I found it impossible to give way to sleep; so that my thoughts soon returned to the late subject of the evening's entertainment. I recollected many instances of this misapplication of parts, and compassionated the unhappy effects of it. I reflected that as all men have different ideas of pleasures and honours, different views, inclinations, and capacities; yet all concur in a desire of pleasing and excelling: if that principle were employed to the proper point, and every one employed himself agreeably to his genius, what a wonderful effect would it soon have in the world! With how swift a progress would arts and sciences grow up to perfection! And to what an amazing height would all kind of knowledge soon be carried! Men would no longer drudge on with distaste and murmuring in a study they abhor; but every one would pursue with cheerfulness his proper calling; business would become the highest pleasure; diligence would be too universal to be esteemed a virtue; and no man would be ashamed of an employment, in which he appeared to advantage.

While my mind hung upon these reflections, I imperceptibly dropped asleep. But my imagination surviving my reason, I soon entered into a dream, which (though mixed with wild flights and absurdities) bore some analogy to my waking thoughts.

I fancied myself still reflecting on the same subject, when I was suddenly snatched up into the air, and presently found myself on the poets' Olympus, at the right hand of Jupiter; who told me that he approved my thoughts, and would make an immediate experiment of the change I had been wishing for.

He had no sooner pronounced these words, than I perceived a strange hurry and confusion in the lower world: all mankind was in motion, preparing to obey the tremendous nod.

Multitudes of the nobility began to strip themselves of their robes and coronets, and to act in the different capacities of horse-jockeys, coachmen, tailors, fiddlers, and merry-andrews. I distinguished two or three great personages, who had dressed themselves in white waistcoats, and with napkins wrapped about their heads, and aprons tucked round their waists, were busied in several great kitchens, making considerable improvements in the noble art of cookery. A few of this illustrious rank, without quitting their honourable distinctions, applied themselves to enlarging the discoveries, enlightening the understandings, rectifying the judgments, refining the tastes, polishing the manners, improving

the hearts, and by all possible methods promoting the interests of their fellow-creatures.

I saw reverend prelates, who, tearing off their lawn, put themselves into red coats, and soon obtained triumphs and ovations; while others dwindled into parish clerks, and village pedagogues. But I observed with pleasure several of that sacred order in my own country, who appeared calm and unchanged amidst the general bustle, and seemed to be designed originally to do honour to their exalted stations.

There were several grave old men, who threw off their scarlet robes, and retired to religious houses. I saw with wonder some of these deserted robes put on by private gentlemen, who, lost in retirement and reserve, were little imagined to be qualified for such important posts. But what more astonished me was to see men of military rank throwing away their regimentals, and appearing with much better grace in longer suits of scarlet. Some gentlemen of the robe, whom I had always regarded with respect and reverence, seemed now more awful and respectable than ever: one in particular greatly surprised me, by quitting the seat of judgment, which he had long filled with universal applause, till I saw him entering a more august assembly, and afterwards passing to the cabinet of his prince, from whence he returned to the great hall, where first I observed him, and convinced me of the extent of his abilities, by appearing equally capable in all his employments.

I saw in a public assembly a junto of patriots, who, while they were haranguing on the corruption and iniquity of the times, broke off in the middle and turned stock-jobbers and pawn-brokers. A group of critics at the Bedford coffee-house were in an instant converted into haberdashers of small-ware in Cheapside. Translators, commentators, and polemic divines, made for the most part very good cobblers, gold-finders, and rat-catchers. The chariot of a very eminent physician was transformed all at once into a cart, and the doctor to an executioner, fastening a halter round the neck of a criminal. I saw two very noted surgeons of my acquaintance in blue sleeves and aprons, exerting themselves notably in a slaughter-house near the Victualling-office. A reverend divine, who was preaching in the fields to a numerous audience, recollected himself on a sudden, and producing a set of cups and balls, performed several very dexterous tricks by slight of hand. The pretty gentlemen were every where usefully employed in knotting, pickling, and making preserves. The fine ladies remained as they were; for it was beyond even the omnipotence of Jupiter (without entirely changing their natures) to assign an office in which they could be beneficial to mankind.

Several princes and potentates now relieved



themselves from the load of crowns and sceptres, and entered with a good grace into private stations. Others put themselves at the head of companies of banditti, formed of lawyers, public officers, and excisemen. Their prime ministers had generally the honour of being their first lieutenants, and sometimes enjoyed the sole command; while the courtiers ranged themselves under them in rank and file. But with what heartfelt pleasure did I observe an august and venerable monarch, surrounded by a youthful band, with the most amiable countenances I had ever beheld! He wore a triple crown upon his head, which an angel held on, and over it a scroll, with this inscription, *For a grateful and affectionate people.*

The shops now began to be filled with people of distinction; and many a man stept with a genteel air from behind the counter, into a great estate, or a post of honour.

The nobility were almost all changed throughout the world: for no man dared to answer to a title of superiority, who was not conscious of superior excellence and virtue.

In the midst of all this bustle, I was struck with the appearance of a large bevy of beauties, and women of the first fashion, who, with all the perfect confidence of good breeding, inscribed themselves in the several temples dedicated to the Cyprian Venus, secure of the universal adorations and prostrations of mankind. Others, of inferior rank and fame, very unconcernedly pursued their domestic affairs, and the occupations of the needle or the toilette. But it was with a secret pride that I observed a few of my dear countrywomen quit their dressing-rooms and card-assemblies, and venture into public, as candidates for fame and honours. One lady in particular, forced by the sacred impulse, I saw marching with modest composure to take possession of the warden's lodgings in one of our colleges; but observing some young students at the gate, who began to titter as she approached, she blushed, turned from them with an air of pity unminged with contempt, and retiring to her beloved retreat, contented herself with doing all the good that was possible in a private station.

The face of affairs began now to be very much altered: all the great offices of state were filled with able men, who were equal to the glorious oad; which they accepted for the good of their country, not for their own private emolument. Bribery and corruption were at length happily banished from all commonwealths; for as no man could be prevailed on to accept of an employment, for which he was not every way qualified, merit was the only claim to promotion.

Universal peace and tranquillity soon ensued. Arts and sciences daily received astonishing improvements. All men were alike emulous to

excel in something; and no part was dishonourable to one who acted well. In short; the golden age of the poets seemed to be restored.

But while I was reflecting with joy and admiration on these glorious revolutions, the tumult of a midnight broil awaked me; and I found myself in a world as full of folly and absurdity as ever it was.

No. 132.] THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1755.

It has been a perpetual objection of declaimers against Providence in all ages, that good and evil are very irregularly distributed among mankind; that the former is too often the portion of the vicious, and the latter of the virtuous. Numberless hypotheses have been framed to reconcile these appearances to the idea of a moral Supreme Being: I shall mention only two at the present, as they have been employed by writers of a very different turn.

Some of these writers assent to the truth of the fact, but endeavour to invalidate the conclusions raised on it, by arguments from reason and revelation for the proof of a future state; in which the seeming and real inconsistencies of this life will be adjusted agreeably to our ideas of a moral governor. Now objectors will answer, and indeed have answered, that arguments from reason to support this doctrine are extremely inconclusive. They may allow it is agreeable to the rules of just analogy to presume that the attributes of the Supreme Being, which are imperfectly known in the present life, will be manifested more clearly to our apprehensions in a future one: but they will call it an inversion of all reasonable arguments, to conclude, from thence, that the moral attributes will be discoverable in another state of being, when, by a confession of the fact, that good and evil are so irregularly distributed, no appearances of these attributes are supposed to exist in the present system, that book of nature, from which alone we collect that the Author of it is good as well as wise. As little will these objectors be influenced by arguments from revelation. To prove natural religion by revelation (which can itself be erected on no other principle) they will call but fantastic reasoning in a circle. Revelation, they will say, presupposes the following truths, and depends upon their certainty; that there is a God, and that such evidences of his goodness and other attributes are discovered from his works, as in reason should induce us to rely with confidence on those oracles delivered to us as his word.

Other writers, who have undertaken a defence of Providence, attempt it in a different



manner. They affirm it is vain presumption to imagine man the final end of the creation, who may be formed subserviently to nobler orders and systems of being : and that God governs by general, not particular laws ; laws that respect our happiness as a community, not as individuals. But the same objectors will again reply, that it is inconsistent with our idea of a being infinitely good, to conceive him determining any creature to misery, however inferior in the order of general nature, or however formed relatively to superior beings and systems. They will think it not more reconcileable with our idea of a Being infinitely wise, to imagine him incapable of accommodating laws, however general, to the interest of every particular. They will desire an explanation how laws can respect the happiness of any system, which are supposed too generally to be productive of misery, even to the most valuable individuals that compose it.

This argument, drawn from the government of God by general, not particular laws, seems by no means to have been attended with the success it was entitled to : and it appears to have failed of this end, not from a defect in the argument itself, but either because it has been ill understood, or not pursued to its full extent. When unbelievers declaim against the supposed unequal distribution of things, they in consequence condemn the general laws from which they proceed. To reply then that God governs by general, not particular laws, is a repetition only of the foundation of their complaints, not an answer to them. There is another mistake in the management of this argument. In the consideration of the excellence of human laws, we are not content with viewing them intrinsically in themselves ; but compare them with the particular country, temper, manners, and other circumstances of that people for whom they are intended. Now in the consideration of divine laws, we have not pursued the same method ; and for this reason, among others, unbelievers have triumphed in the imagined weakness of one of the noblest arguments that has ever been employed in the noblest of causes, a defence of Providence.

God governs by general, not particular laws, because the former alone are adapted to the condition of human kind. In this imperfect state we are entirely unacquainted with the real nature of those beings which surround us. We are ignorant from what principle or internal constitution they derive a power of operating on other beings, or in what manner the operation is performed. We have no knowledge of causes but in their effects, and in those effects alone, which are grossly visible to our material organs. We suppose the same effects invariably produced from the same causes, except where a miraculous power interposes, and supersedes for a moment the general course of nature, which re-

sumes its former constancy, when the superior influence that controlled it is removed. Such rare exceptions do not perplex our conduct, which is regulated by the general rule : but to destroy this general order as soon as the imagined interest of individuals seems to us to require it, is to confound human knowledge, and, in consequence, human action. The husbandman commits his seed to the ground, with a presumption that the earth retains all those powers which promote vegetation. He concludes that the seasons will return in their stated order ; that the sun will warm and invigorate, where it shines, and showers cool and refresh, where they fall, as in ancient times. Certain established properties in matter, and certain established laws of motion, are presumed in the meanest mechanical operation, nay, in the least considerable actions of our lives.

Let us represent to ourselves such a system of things existing, as, in the opinion of an objector to the present, would justify our conceptions of a moral Supreme Being. Let us imagine every element and power of nature, in the minutest as well as the greatest instances, operating to the preservation and advantage of the good ; and, on the contrary, concurring to produce misery and destruction to the wicked. The good man inhabits a house with great security, whose walls decline near two feet from the perpendicular. He falls asleep with a lighted candle at the bedside, and the flame it produces, though sufficient to consume the dwelling of the wicked, plays but as a lambent vapour on his curtains. He drinks a glass of aqua-fortis, by mistake, for the same quantity of champagne, and finds it only an innocent enlivener of his spirits. The heats of summer, and the frosts of winter, occasion the same agreeable sensations. Rich wines and poignant sauces attenuate his juices, and rectify the scorbutic habit of his body. The bad man, on the other hand, experiences very opposite effects. He sits frozen with cold over that fire which communicates warmth to the rest of the company at the extremity of the room. At another time he scalds his fingers by dipping them into cold water. A basin of broth, or rice-milk intoxicates his brain. He acquires the stone and a complication of distempers from a vegetable diet : and at last concludes a miserable being by passing under an arch of solid stone, which his own iniquities draw down upon his head.

Let us rest a moment to express our admiration of such a system, and then inquire how the bulk of mankind, neither perfect saints nor desperate sinners, but partaking generally of the qualities of both, shall regulate their conduct in conformity to it. From a confidence in their integrity, shall they inhabit houses that are nodding to their ruin ; or from a distrust of their virtues, be afraid to venture themselves under the dome of St. Paul's ? Shall they practise re-

gularity and exercise, as wholesome rules of life; or, indulging themselves in indolence, swallow every day gallons of claret as the grand elixir? Shall they remain undetermined whether the centre of an ice-house, or the chimney corner, is the more comfortable situation in the Christmas holidays? And shall they retreat in the dog-days to cool shades and running streams, or, covering themselves with surtouts, hurry away to the sweating-rooms of bagnios?

To such inconvenient conclusions are the persons reduced, whose narrow views, and narrower prejudices, furnish them with complaints against the prevailing system; which is wisest and best, because fittest for mankind, to whose wants it is accommodated, and to whose faculties it is proportioned.

No. 133.] THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1755.

THERE is nothing in this world that a man places so high a value upon, or that he parts with so reluctantly, as the idea of his own consequence. Amidst care, sickness, and misfortune; amidst dangers, disappointments, and death itself, he holds fast this idea, and yields it up but with his last breath.

Happy indeed would it be, if virtue, wisdom, and superior abilities of doing good, were the basis of our consequence: but the misfortune is, we are generally apt to place it in those very qualities for which the thinking part of mankind either hate or despise us. The man of pleasure derives his consequence from the number of women he has ruined; the man of honour, from the duels he has fought; the country-squire, from the number of bottles he can drink; the man of learning, by puzzling you with what you do not understand; the ignorant man, by talking of what he does not understand himself; my lady's woman, by dressing like a person of quality; and my lady herself, by appearing in clothes unworthy of one of her house-maids.

Those who, in their own situations, are unfortunately of no consequence, are catching at every opportunity that offers itself to acquire it. Thus the blockhead of fortune flies from the company that would improve him, to be a man of consequence among the vulgar: while the independent citizen gives up the ease and enjoyment which he would find in the company and conversation of his equals, to be mortified by the pride and arrogance of his superiors at the other end of the town, in order to be a man of consequence at his return.

I remember an anabaptist tailor in the city, who, to make himself a man of consequence, used to boast to his customers, that however

silent history had been upon a certain affair, he could affirm upon his credit, that the man in the mask who cut off King Charles's head was his own grandfather. I knew also a shoe-boy at Cambridge, when I was a student at St. John's, who was afterwards transported for picking pockets, but who having at his return commenced gamester, and of course made himself company for gentlemen, used always to preface what he had to say with, "I remember when I was abroad, or when I was at college." But even a more ridiculous instance than this, is in an old gentlewoman who has lately taken a garret at my barber's; this lady (whose father, it seems, was a justice of the quorum) constantly sits three whole hours every evening over a half-penny roll and a farthing's worth of cheese, because it was the custom of her family, she says, to dine late, and sit a long while. This kind of consequence was very happily ridiculed by Tom Slaughter the butcher, at Newmarket. Every body knows that Tom's father was a gentleman who ran through a very good estate by cocking and horse-racing. Tom being asked, last meeting, by one who had known him in his prosperity, how he could descend to so low a calling as that of a butcher, answered, "why, you know, Sir, our family always took a pride in killing their own mutton."

That this affectation of consequence is the most ridiculous of all vanities, every body will allow. But where men of real worth in all other respects are possessed of it, or where persons in great and honourable stations render themselves and their employments contemptible by such affectation, it is then seriously to be lamented.

Our ancestors derived their consequence from their independency; and supported it by their integrity and hospitality. They resided upon their several estates, and kept open houses for their neighbours and tenants. They exerted themselves in deeds of hardiness and activity; and their wives and daughters were modest and good housewives.

There is an epitaph in Peck's collection of curious historical pieces, which (as that book is but in a few hands, and as I do not remember to have seen it in any other collection) I shall here transcribe, that our gentry of the present times may be instructed in the art of making themselves persons of real consequence. This epitaph (which for its natural beauty and simplicity is equal to any thing of the kind) was written in Queen Elizabeth's time, upon that noble and famous knight, Sir Thomas Scot, of Scot's-hall, in the county of Kent, who died on the 30th day of December 1594, and was buried in Bradborn church. His mother was the daughter of Sir William Kempe. He served in many parliaments as knight of the shire for that county. In the memorable year 1589, upon the council's

sending him a letter on the Wednesday, acquainting him with the approach of the Spanish Armada, he sent four thousand armed men to Dover on the Thursday. The inhabitants of Ashford would have paid the charges of his funeral, on condition that his corpse might have been buried in their church.

### EPITAPH.

#### I.

Here lies Sir Thomas Scot by name;  
Oh hapie Kempe that bore him!  
Sir Raynold, with four knights of fame,  
Lyn'd lyneally before him.

#### II.

His wiefes were Baker, Heyman, Beere;  
His love to them unfayned.  
He lyved nyne and fifty yeaere;  
And seventeen sowles he gayned.

#### III.

His first wief bore them everie one:  
The world might not have myst her!  
She was a verie paragon,  
The ladie Buckerst's syster.

#### IV.

His widow lyves in sober sort;  
No matron more discreter.  
She still reteiynes a good reporte,  
And is a great howsekeeper.

#### V.

He (being call'd to special place)  
Did what might best behove him.  
The Queene of England gave him grace;  
The King of Heaven did love him.

#### VI.

His men and tenants wail'd the daye,  
His kinn and cuntrie cried!  
Both young and old in Kent may saye,  
Woe woorth the daye he died.

#### VII.

He made his porter shut his gates  
To sycophants and briebers;  
And ope them wide to great estates,  
And alsoe to his neighbors.

#### VIII.

His hous was rightlye termed hall,  
Whose bred and beef was redie.  
It was a verie hospitall,  
And refuge for the needie.

#### IX.

From whence he never stept aside,  
In winter nor in sommer,  
In Christmas time he did provide  
Good cheer for everie comer.

#### X.

When any servis should be donn,  
He lyked not to lyngar;  
The rich would ride, the poor would runn  
If he held up his finger.

#### XI.

He kept tall men, he rydd great hors;  
He did indite most finelye;  
He used few words, but cold discours  
Both wisely and dyvinelye.

#### XII.

His lyving meane, his chargies greate,  
His daughters well bestowed;  
Although that he were left in debt,  
In fine he nothing owed;

#### XIII.

But died in rich and hapie state,  
Beloved of man and woman;  
And (which is yeat much more than that)  
He was envy'd of no man.

#### XIV.

In justice he did much excell,  
In law he never wrangled;  
He looved relligion wondrous well,  
But he was not new fangled.

#### XV.

Let Romney marsh, and Dover say;  
Ask Norborn camp at leysuer,  
If he were woont to make delaye,  
To do his cuntrie pleasure.

#### XVI.

But Ashford's proffer passeth all,  
It was both rare and gentle;  
They wold have pay'd his funerall,  
T' have tomb' him in their temple.

#### XVII.

Ambition he did not regard,  
No boaster, nor no bragger;  
He spent, and lookt for no reward,  
He cold not play the bagger.

No. 134.] THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1755.

In a former paper I attempted to prove that the laws must be general, not particular, which God employs in the government of mankind. Let us now examine a little particularly the nature of the complaints which these laws occasion, and consider how far the existence of a Providence is rendered precarious by them.



We lament that happiness and misery are very irregularly distributed among the good and bad; and yet, as it has been well observed, are by no means determined in questions, very necessary to be precisely settled, before we form this conclusion: as what is the final and proper happiness of man? And who are the good, and who are the bad, that deserve to partake of it, or to be excluded from it? He is not a good man at Rome, who is a good man at London. Nay, in the same country, this sect adores him as a saint, whom another proclaims a minister of darkness. The patriot of one party is the rebel of the opposite one. The happiness then or misery of such a person becomes very frequently, at the same time, and in the very same place, both an argument for the belief and rejection of a Providence.

Again, the greatest part of the misfortunes which afflict us are concluded to arise from the action of general laws: when, in reality, they proceed from our own wilful opposition to them, and refusal to accept them as the measure of our conduct. Obscure and limited as human reason is, it is sufficient to discover to us certain desirable ends, and certain means fitted to produce them; ends not to be procured by the application of different means, and means not adapted to procure different ends. Physical causes produce physical, and moral causes moral effects. It is surely unreasonable to invert this order, and expect moral effects from physical causes, and physical effects from moral causes. It is unreasonable to expect that the virtues of a saint or martyr will secure us from the dangers of a well or precipice, if we advance to them with a bandage over our eyes. We should smile at the country gentleman's simplicity, who disbelieved a Providence, because fox-hunting, port, and tobacco, were incapable of inspiring him with the genius of Milton, or because he was unfurnished with the sagacity and penetration of Locke, after a dozen years attendance to every debate at the quarter sessions. The epicure would be entitled to as little serious treatment, who embraced the same atheistical tenet, because his streams did not flow with burgundy and champagne, or because haunches of venison, turtles and turbot, did not rise as spontaneously from his hot-beds as mushrooms. We should treat such characters with ridicule; but are others less ridiculous, who expect effects as disproportionate to their causes, as those just described? Should the wise and good complain that they are not rich and robust like particular wicked men; the reply is obvious: the means that procure wisdom and virtue are very different from those that procure health and riches. Do they lament that they are not in possession of those external advantages, when they have neglected the natural methods of acquiring them, which persons less valuable have pursued with

success? It is no objection against a Providence that men do not gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles; they have reason to be satisfied while it is in their power to receive them from the plants proper to their production.

Let it be allowed that on some occasions, with all our precaution, the order of nature may operate to our disadvantage; the torrent may overwhelm, the flame consume, or the earthquake swallow us; but are general laws to be condemned, because in particular instances they give us transient pain, or even determine our present state of being, which they have contributed to preserve in every period of it, and on which not only our happiness, but our very existence has depended? It is a necessary condition of a compound substance, like the material part of man, to be subject to dissolution, from causes exterior to it, or united with its constitution. Does a more convincing argument arise against a Providence from its dissolution at one season rather than another? or from its dissolution by an external, rather than an internal cause, which is as effectual to the end, though less precipitate in the means?

Some few cases (much fewer than are generally imagined) may possibly be stated, where, in the present life, the moment of misery to a faultless creature may exceedingly overbalance the moment of its happiness; as when it is introduced into being with infirmities of body too obstinate for temperance and discipline to correct, and which render it insensible to every enjoyment. But to solve these appearances, a well supported revelation, that instructs us in the doctrine of a future state, may fitly be applied; for though revelation cannot serve as a basis to natural religion, on which it is only a superstructure, yet it may be extremely useful to reconcile the seeming inconsistencies of a system discovered to be good by arguments of another kind; and reason will acquiesce in the truth it teaches as agreeable to its own dictates.

After premising these reflections I may venture to make public the following letter from a very learned female correspondent:

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

It has been some surprise to me that in a paper which seems designed to correct our judgments, and reduce the influence of fashion, folly, prejudice, and passion, you have never confuted a principle, which is a composition of them all; I mean the belief of a Providence. It answers indeed no individual purpose, except to countenance the insolence of our parsons, who maintain it in defiance of the wisdom of their superiors. I was early initiated in that *first philosophy*, which explained the creation by a fortuitous concourse of atoms. An infinite number of parcels, varied in shape size, and colour, and embracing each

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other in all possible positions, opened a scene as entertaining to my fancy as it was intelligible to my understanding. My brother was an able advocate for this opinion; and his situation in a gaol, under the pressure of ill health, loss of fortune, reputation, and friends, furnished him with copious arguments to support it. A maiden aunt, indeed, who had the management of my education, was perpetually representing his principles as impious, and his arguments for them as absurd. She insisted that his misfortunes could be ascribed to no other cause than himself: that loss of reputation and friends was the natural consequence of a want of common honesty; loss of fortune, of extravagance; and loss of health, of debauchery. I am ashamed to confess that these childish reasons had too much weight with me, and that I continued too long in a fluctuating state between truth and error. I thank God, however that my own misfortunes have taken off the partial bias from my mind, and opened it to conviction and the reason of things. My beauty impaired, if not lost, by the small-pox, the death of a favourite child, the scantiness of my circumstances, and the brutality of my husband, have proved, beyond exception, that no moral being presides over us. I shall not trouble you with a repetition of the same nonsense employed against me, as before against my brother, by the same ancient lady. She concluded with observing, that complaints of circumstances and the brutality of a husband came with an indifferent grace from a person, who, after rejecting so many advantageous offers, escaped from a window with a stranger she had scarcely seen. You will do me the justice to believe, that my judgment on this occasion was regulated more by my own feelings than the eloquence of my aunt. My satisfaction is, that the good lady, insensibly to herself, seems now becoming a convert to those opinions, which half her life has been employed to confute. Some late circumstances have indeed staggered her orthodoxy. She has made a new discovery, that she is considerably turned of seventy, and feels the infirmities which accompany that season making hasty advances to her. Her father confessor, and ancient admirer, the vicar of the parish, broke his leg not long since, and received other contusions not yet made public, by a fall from a vicious horse; and a lady in the neighbourhood, whom she has never forgiven the insult of disputing formerly the precedence at church, is placed in a rank very superior to her own, by the accession of her husband to an estate and title, to which he has been presumptive heir for above these twenty years.

I am, &c.

No. 135.] THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE are few things which contribute more to mislead our judgments, and pervert our morals, than the confusion of our ideas arising from the abuse of words. Hence it hourly happens that virtues and vices are so blended and disguised, by taking each other's names, that almost the worst actions a man can be guilty of shall be attributed to an elevated and laudable spirit. Thus the most extravagant fellow living, who, to keep up an ostentatious figure by all kinds of expense, sets his country and conscience to sale, shall be extolled by all about him as a noble generous soul, above the low consideration of dirty money. The high-mettled blood, who debauches his friend's wife or daughter; who withholds a tradesman's just debt, that he may be punctual with a sharper; in short, who dares do any injury, and run the man through the body who shall resent it, calls himself, and is called by the world, a man of gallantry and honour. Economy is put out of countenance by the odious word avarice; and the most rapacious covetousness takes shelter under the terms prudence and discretion. An easy thoughtlessness of temper, which betrays the owner to recommend a scoundrel; to lend to or be bound for a spendthrift; to conform with all the gallant schemes of a profligate; to heap favours on a pimp or a sharper, even to the neglect of meritorious friends, and frequently to the distressing a wife and children; in fine, that easy disposition of mind which cannot resist importunity, be the solicitor ever so unworthy, is dignified with the most amiable of all epithets, good nature: and so the thing itself brought into disgrace by the misapplication of the word.

The bare mention of these abuses is sufficient to lead every thinking reader into a larger catalogue of the like kind. Hence it is that falsehood usurps the place of truth, and ignominy of merit; and though this may have been the complaint of all ages and nations of the civilized world, yet still the cheaters and the cheated are as numerous as ever.

I have been led into these reflections by the superficial and mistaken opinions which are almost universally received of two gentlemen in a neighbouring county, at whose houses I have been lately entertained, and whose characters I shall here delineate, concealing their real names under the fictitious ones of Sombrinus and Hilarius.

Sombrinus is a younger brother of a noble family, whose intrinsic worth having been desecrated and valued by a man of solid sense in the



neighbourhood, procured him the happiness of his only daughter in marriage, with a fortune of a thousand pounds per annum. Sombrinus is a man of extraordinary natural parts, cultivated by much reading and observation; of nice honour; sincere in his friendships, which are but few; and universally humane: a warm lover of his religion and country; and an excellent justice of the peace, in which capacity he takes infinite pains to allay bitterness, and compose quarrels. Pious himself, a regularity of devotion is kept up in his family. His numerous issue (to which he is rather essentially affectionate than fond) obliges him to economy, though his natural inclination is stronger towards dispensing riches than hoarding them. His equipage and table are rather neat and sufficient than sumptuous. Reasonable people are always welcome to him; but the riotous find their account neither in his temperance nor his conversation. With all these good qualities, his too great avidity for book-knowledge, his penetration into men and manners, and his exalted notions of reason and rectitude, combining with a sickly habit of body, render him apt to be splenetic or silent, upon occasions wherein his delicacy is grossly offended. Hence the much-injured Sombrinus lies under the calumny of being a very ill-natured man, among all those who have but a slight acquaintance of him; while even his intimates, who see him at all hours, and in every mood, though convinced of the goodness of his heart, and the purity of his intentions, are yet obliged, when contending in his favour, to grant that he has often the appearance of an ill-humoured man.

Hilarius is a downright country gentleman; a *bon vivant*; an indefatigable sportsman. He can drink his gallon at a sitting, and will tell you he was never sick nor sorry in his life. He married a most disagreeable woman with a vast fortune, whom however he contents himself with slighting, merely because he cannot take the trouble of using her ill. For the same reason he is seldom seen to be angry, unless his favourite horse should happen to be lamed, or the game-act infringed. Having an estate of above five thousand a year, his strong beer, ale, and wine-cellar are always well stored; to either of which, as also to his table, abounding in plenty of good victuals ill sorted and ill dressed, every voter and fox-hunter claims a kind of right. He roars for the church, which he never visits, and is eternally cracking his coarse jests, and talking smut to the parsons; whom if he can make fuddled, and expose to contempt, it is the highest pleasure he can enjoy. As for his lay friends, nothing is more frequent with him than to set them and their servants dead drunk upon their horses, to whose sagacity it is left to find the way home in a dark winter's night; and should any of them happen to be

found half smothered in a ditch next morning, it affords him excellent diversion for a twelve-month after. His sons are loobies, and his daughters hoydens: not that he is covetous, but careless in their educations. Through the same indolence, his bastards, of which he has not a few, are left to a parish; and his men and maid servants run riot without control for want of discipline in the family. He has a mortal aversion to any interruption in his mirth. Tell him of a calamity that has befallen any of his acquaintance, he asks where stands the bottle? Propose to him the assisting at a quarter-sessions, he is engaged at a cock-match; or should he, through curiosity, make his appearance there, ever jovial and facetious, and equally free from the disturbance of passion and compassion, he will crack his joke from the bench with the vagrant whom he sentences to be whipped through the county, or with the felon whom he condemns to the gallows. Such is his condescension, that he makes no scruple to take his pipe and pot at an alehouse with the very dregs of the people. As for the parliament (though his seat in it cost him very dear in house-keeping) if the fate of the nation depended upon his attendance there, he would not be prevailed upon to quit the country in the shooting or hunting season, unless forced up by a call of the house. In fine, it is an invariable maxim with him, let what will happen, never to give himself one moment's concern. Are you in health and prosperity? No one is readier to club a laugh with you; but he has no ear to the voice of distress or complaint. The business of his life is (what he calls) pleasure; to promote this, he annually consumes his large income, which, without any design of his, may happen indeed to do some good,

And wander, Heaven directed, to the poor.

With these endowments, there are at least nine in ten who give the preference to Hilarius, and lavish on him the epithets of the worthiest, the noblest, and the best natured creature alive; while Sombrinus is ridiculed as a *deadly* wise man, a milksop, stingy, proud, sullen, and ill-natured. Yet Sombrinus is the man to whom every one flies, whenever there is a demand for justice, good sense, wholesome counsel, or real charity: to Hilarius, when the belly only is to be consulted, or the time dissipated.

Thus are the thousand good qualities of Sombrinus eclipsed by a too reserved and serious turn of mind; while Hilarius, on the false credit of generosity and good-humour, without one single virtue in his composition, swims triumphantly with the stream of applause, and is esteemed by every one of his acquaintance for having only the abilities of a complete voluptuary.

I cannot dismiss this letter without lamenting



the mistaken opinions usually received of characters like these, as a woful instance of the depravity of our hearts as well as heads. A man may with equal propriety aver, that the giant who showed himself for a shilling last winter at Charing-cross was in every respect a much greater man than Mr. Pope, who had the misfortune of being low, crooked, and afflicted with the head-ache.

I am, Sir,  
Your constant reader,  
And most humble servant,  
W. M.

NO 136.] THURSDAY, AUG. 7, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As it is incumbent on an historian, who writes the history of his own times, to take notice of public and remarkable events, so I apprehend it to be the business of a writer of essays for entertainment and instruction to mark the passions as they rise, and to treat of those especially which appear to influence the manners of the age he lives in.

The love of noise, though a passion observable in all times and countries, has yet been so predominant of late years, and given rise to so many of our modern customs, that I cannot think it unworthy of one of your speculations.

In many instances this passion is subordinate to, and proceeds from, another, which is no less universal, and no less commendable; I mean the love of fame. Noise, or sound in general, has been considered as a means whereby thousands have rendered themselves famous in their generation; and this is the reason why to be famous, and to make a noise in the world, are commonly understood as equivalent expressions. Hence also the trumpet, because one of the most noble instruments of sound, was anciently made sacred to the heathen goddess of fame: so that even at this day, when the world is too backward in doing justice to a man's merit, and he is constrained to do it himself, he is very properly said to sound his own praises, or trumpet out his fame.

The great utility and advantages which may be obtained from noise, in several other respects, are very apparent. In the pulpit, the preacher who declaims in the loudest manner is sure to gain the greatest number of followers. He has also the satisfaction of knowing that the devotion of a great part of his audience depends more upon the soundness of his lungs than the soundness of his doctrine.

At the bar, every one knows the great influence of sound: and indeed where people accus-tom themselves to talk much and mean little, it behoves them to substitute noise in the place of eloquence. It is also a very just remark, that scurrility and abuse require an elevation of the voice.

In the senate it is often seen, that the noise and thunder with which the patriot shakes the house has redounded more to the good of his country than all the knowledge of the history and laws of it, locked up in the breasts of profound politicians, who have wanted voices to make themselves heard.

From a conviction that noise in general can be made subservient to so many good-purposes, we may easily imagine that a great fondness must be often shown for it, even where its usefulness, or tendency, is not immediately discernible: for, from the very force of habit, the means will often be pursued, where the end is not perhaps attainable.

At a coffee-house which I frequent at the St. James's end of the town, I meet with two sets of young men, commonly distinguished by the name of Beaux and Bloods; who are perpetually interrupting the conversation of the company, either with whistling of tunes, lisp-ing of new-fashioned oaths, trolling out affected speeches and short sentences; or else with recitals of bold adventures past, and much bolder which they are about to engage in. But as noise is more becoming a Blood than a Beau, I am generally diverted with the one, and always tired with the other.

This has led me to reflect on the wisdom which has been shown in the institution of certain clubs and nocturnal meetings for men, into which no persons can be admitted as members but those who are disposed to make that particular noise only, which is agreeable to the tastes and talents of their respective societies. Thus the members of one club vent their noise in politics; those of another in critical dissertations on eating and drinking; a third perhaps in story-telling; and a fourth in a constant rotation of merry songs. In most of these clubs there are presidents chosen and invested with authority to be as noisy as they please themselves, and to inflict penalties on all those who open out of time.

The ladies indeed are somewhat more limited in their topics for noise, though their meetings for venting it are more numerous than those of the men. They also lie under the disadvantage of having voices of a tone too soft and delicate to be heard at a great distance: but they seem in some measure to have obviated these disadvantages, by agreeing to talk all together: by which means, and as the subject is generally of the vituperative kind, they are able to cope with

the men, even at the most vociferous of their clubs.

Again; those diversions, in which noise most abounds, have been always held in the highest esteem. The true and original country squire, who is actuated by this generous passion for noise, prefers the diversion of hunting to all other enjoyments upon earth. He can entertain his companions for hours together with talking of his hounds, and extolling the divine music and harmony of their tongues; and scarce ever goes to bed without winding the horn, and having the full cry in his parlour. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and the like, are sports which fill the hearts of the common people with the most extravagant delight; while their voices are employed in the loudest shouts and exclamations. In the opinion of our English sailors, no entertainment can be complete where the all-cheering huzza is wanting: by the force of which they are inspired with such courage and resolution, that even fighting itself becomes their diversion.

In London, where many of these sports cannot be enjoyed, the fashion for noise has appeared in various other shapes. It has, within the memory of most men, given rise to routs, drums, and hurricanes; which in all probability would have been improved into cannonades, thunders, and earthquakes, before this time, had it not been for the late panics on account of some concussions in the air, very much resembling those of a real earthquake. However, as a proof that the names already given to those polite assemblies are extremely proper for them, I need only to remark that they are usually composed of what is called the best company, who from time immemorial have pleaded the privilege of birth for talking as loud as they can.

Among the many other instances of the effects of this passion in high life, I shall only take notice of one more; which is an ingenious method (unknown to our forefathers) of making a thundering noise at people's doors; by which you are generally given to understand that some person of consequence does you the honour to suppose you are in the land of the living.

Some may think that it will bear a dispute, whether such a violent hammering at people's doors may not be looked upon in the eye of the law as an attempt of a *forcible entry*: but it is my humble opinion, that it can only be construed to be an act of *assault and battery*; since it may be proved that the generality of those who are guilty of this misdemeanor have really no intention of making an entry at all; for when doors are opened to them, they secure their retreat as fast as they can; flying from the face of those whom they count their enemies when at home, and visit as their friends when abroad.

I have now by me a certain curious book of memoirs, wherein the sentiments of a wealthy

old lady in the city, with regard to the usefulness of noise, seem very nearly to correspond with the observations I have here made upon that subject. I shall transcribe a short passage from the character of this lady, and conclude my letter.

‘Towards the decline of her days she took lodgings on Ludgate-hill, in order to be amused with the noises in the street, and to be constantly supplied with objects of contemplation: for she thought it of great use to a mind that had a turn for meditation, to observe what was passing in the world. As she had also a very religious disposition, she used often to say it was a grievous shame that such a thing as silent meetings, among some of the dissenting brethren, should be suffered in a christian country. And when she died she left five hundred pounds towards the erecting fifty new *sounding-boards*, to aid the lungs of the aged clergy, in divers churches within the bills of mortality.’

I am, Sir,  
Your obliged humble servant,  
R. L.

No. 137. ] THURSDAY, AUG. 14, 1755.

My correspondent of to-day will, I hope, excuse me for not publishing his letter sooner. To confess the truth, I had some thoughts of making an apology to him for not publishing it at all; having conceived an opinion that it might tend to lessen those exalted ideas which the world has always entertained of us men of learning. But though upon reconsideration I have changed my mind, I must take the liberty of observing, by way of introduction, that as I modestly presume no man living has more learning than myself, so no man values himself more upon it, or has a greater veneration for all those who possess it, even though they should possess nothing else. I remember to have seen it under my grandmother's own hand, in the new primer she gave me at my first going to school, that “learning is better than house and land:” and though I cannot say that I have ever been in a situation to make the proper comparison between *learning* and *house and land*; yet my grandmother was a wise woman, and I had never reason to call in question the truth of any of her sayings.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is with pleasure I observe, that you commonly avoid the ridiculous ostentation of prefixing a scrap of antiquity to your lucubrations. Your practice confirms me in my opinion, that a line or two of Greek and Latin is neither



useful nor ornamental to a paper intended for the benefit of all sorts of readers.

It was excusable in your predecessors, the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*; for in their time we had fine gentlemen, one out of twenty of whom could, perhaps, make a shift to pick out the meaning of a Latin couplet. But now-a-days the case is altered; it is pedantry to know any other language, or at least to seem to know any, but the fashionable modern ones. For my own part, I by no means approve of mottoes, which I doubt not are often thought of after the piece is written; and if not, must confine the writer too closely to the sense of them. The same objection I have to numerous quotations from the ancients; for why should we speak in a less intelligible language, what may be as pertinently and justly expressed in our own? It is with reason then, that in our days a man is no more reputed a scholar for quoting Homer and Virgil, than he would be esteemed a man of morals for reading Tully and Seneca; and a Greek motto is thought as unnecessary to a good essay, as a head of Otho or Galba would be to a learned man, if it was slung round his shoulders. Indeed, to speak my mind, if the use of a language is to arrive at the sense, wit, and arts conveyed by it, I see no reason why our own should yield to any other, ancient or modern. It is copious and manly, though not regular; and has books in every branch of the arts and sciences, written with a spirit and judgment not to be exceeded. Notwithstanding which, a man versed in Greek and Latin, and nothing else, shall be called learned; while another, less knowing in these, who has imbibed the sense, spirit, and knowledge of all the best authors in our own language, is denied that honourable title.

I own to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that he who would lay in a store of prudent and judicious maxims for the direction of his conduct in life can do it no where more effectually than from the invaluable works of antiquity. But is it absolutely necessary that he should do this from the very languages in which they were written? I am myself what is called a good Greek and Latin scholar; and yet I believe I might be master of as much true knowledge, if I understood neither. There are many good reasons to be given why the study of these languages ought to be cultivated: but I think this pursuit may be carried too far; and that much of the time spent in acquiring a critical knowledge of them might be employed to more advantage. I speak in general; for there are some, who have a genius particularly suited to the study of words, that would never make any figure in the study of things.

There is hardly any thing truly valuable in the dead languages that may not be read with equal advantage and satisfaction in the living, and more particularly in our own; for if I may

rely upon my own judgment and the report of learned men, many of the best ancient authors have lost little by their translation into our soil. I am charmed with the Greek of Thucydides and Longinus; but I am likewise delighted with the French dress of the last, and Mr. Smith's English of both. I can distinguish the gentility and ease of Cicero, and the spirit and neatness of Pliny, in their epistles, as they are translated by Mr. Melmoth. Will any man that has seen Mr. Pope's Homer lament that he has not read him in the original? And will not every man of a true taste admire the gayety and good sense of Horace, the gallantry and genteel carelessness of Ovid, the fire and energy of Juvenal, and the passion of Tibullus, in the paraphrases and translations of Donne, Dryden, Garth, Congreve, and Hammond? I instance these, as their beauties are with more difficulty transferred into a foreign language.

It would be endless to enumerate the English poems that perhaps equal any thing in Greek or Latin. The *Paradise Lost* will be thought little inferior to the *Iliad* or *Æneid* in judgment, majesty, and true poetic fire. The *Essay on Criticism* I need not scruple to compare with the *Epistle to the Pisos*; nor to prefer the *Dunciad*, *Essay on Man*, and the *Ethic epistles*, to any of the productions of antiquity. And will you not join with me in preferring Alexander's Feast to all the extravagance of Pindar, in point of harmony and power of expression and numbers? The poets, it is true, had different views; but notwithstanding there may be a comparison.

To enlarge farther would carry me beyond the limits I promise to myself; I shall therefore conclude my remarks on this kind of writing with observing, that if we fall short of the ancients in any part of polite writing, it is in the method of dialogue, in which some of them, as Xenophon, Plato, and Tully, had most excellent talents; and yet I know not whether the dialogue on Medals, and the *Minute Philosopher*, may not rival any thing they have left behind them: for as to their political writings, no man will think them equal to the *Letters on Patriotism*, and the *Idea of a Patriot King*. In history we are certainly deficient, though Raleigh, Clarendon, and a few others, are excellent in their kinds; but we as certainly make it up in mathematics, natural philosophy, physick, and the many excellent treatises we have on morality, politics, and civil prudence.

It is not my intention to resume a subject that has already employed much abler pens, and to raise a dispute about the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns; nor would I by any means discourage the study of the ancient languages; for I think the time I spent in acquiring them extremely well employed: but I would willingly persuade such as are not masters of



them, that they may become scholars and learned men with no other assistance than their own native English. I am sure I think the man more deserving of those names who is conversant with Bacon, Boyle, Locke, and Newton, than he who is unacquainted with these great philosophers, though he should have read Plato, Aristotle, and all the orators and poets of antiquity.

You will now, no doubt, be curious to know who I am, that decide so magisterially in a point so long given up, and of so much consequence to the republic of letters. Time, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may bring that to light: at present it is necessary I should screen myself from the indignation of pedants, who would overwhelm me with heaps of ancient rubbish. My view in this letter is to convince the ladies, that many of them possess more real learning than a fellow of a college, who has for twenty years' pored upon remnants. I have indeed often wondered that the author of the *World* has not been favoured with a much greater share of the productions of female correspondents than any of his predecessors, as he has set at naught Greek and Latin for their sakes. But perhaps it may be for that very reason: for so capricious are the sex, that though they hate a pedant, they despise the man who is not *homo multarum literarum*. I have heard a lady declare, that she could no more love a man whose learning was not superior to her own, than him who took all occasions of showing her that it was. If you approve of me as a correspondent, I may be sometimes at your service; in which case, to show my learning, my style shall now and then be enriched with a little Greek and Latin.

I am Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

A. C.

No. 138.] THURSDAY, AUG. 21, 1755.

For several weeks past, I have been considering with myself how I might extend the use and entertainment of these my labours: for though thousands of my countrymen have experienced and are ready to attest their salutary effects, yet it cannot be denied but there are still people to be met with, who are by no means as wise and as good as they ought to be. General satire, as I have formerly observed, is what few people are to apply to themselves; and though I have hitherto been averse to particular and personal abuse, I am at last willing to try its effect, well knowing, that if the good which may accrue from it be but in the proportion of one in a million to the entertainment it gives, I shall have reason to bless myself for thus quarrelling with

the world. I am sensible also that by adopting this method I am increasing the number of my correspondents, as every one will be for trying his hand on so delightful a subject as the failings of his friends; especially when I shall have given him my honour that he need be under no apprehensions for his safety, and that I will take every quarrel upon myself. I therefore hereby invite all persons whatsoever to transmit to me forthwith all the scandal they can either collect or invent. Names, and particularly great ones, will be very acceptable; or in default of such names, minute descriptions of persons, their alliances and connexions, or the streets they live in, will be equally agreeable. Great regard will be paid to the letters of female correspondents; but it is humbly hoped that they will not suffer the copiousness and enticement of the subject to hurry them into lengths that may exceed the bounds of this paper.

I am sensible that a great deal of courage, and an equal degree of dexterity at single rapier, will be necessary on this occasion; but as I said before, I am contented to take the whole upon myself, rather than lay my correspondents under any restraint: my name is Adam Fitz-Adam; I am to be heard of every morning at the Tilt-yard coffee-house, and, though an old man, shall be ready to give any gentleman satisfaction, who chooses to call upon me in a hackney-coach, and frank me to Hyde-park, or Montague-house.

To extend the usefulness of this paper still farther, it is my intention (notwithstanding any former declaration to the contrary) to mix politics with slander. I am in a manner compelled to make this second alteration in my plan, from a thorough conviction that no man in these kingdoms is such a master of politics as myself; and as a war with France seems now to be inevitable, I shall from time to time instruct our ministers in what manner to conduct it, and shall hope for an exact compliance with every plan I shall lay before them. This will be saving a great deal of trouble and perplexity to the common people of England, who, though always ready to instruct an administration, are sometimes so divided in their opinions, that the said administration are forced to pursue their own measures for want of plain and punctual instructions from their friends.

The better to carry on this laudable design, I shall direct what bills are proper to be brought into parliament, and what acts I would have repealed. I shall also devote three mornings in every week to the private instruction of all such ministers and members of parliament as are desirous of conferring with me at my lodgings up two pair of stairs at the trunk-maker's in St. Martin's-lane. I shall likewise be ready to answer all questions in politics to such gentlemen and ladies as would willingly investigate that science without study or application.

This will tend greatly to the edification of all justices of the peace, nurses, midwives, country curates, and parish clerks, whose ideas seem at present to be a little confused. for want of a thorough knowledge of the interests and connections of the several states of Europe, and how the balance of power is to be maintained. I shall keep a watchful eye over the king of France and his ministers, and will give timely notice of any intended invasions, and direct measures to defeat such invasions in proper time. I shall find means of instructing the other powers of Europe in their true and natural interests, and will communicate in this paper the intelligence. I shall from time to time receive from the said powers; so that the public shall always be apprized beforehand of the measures they intend to take.

When I consider the vast utility of this my undertaking, I cannot be too thankful for the abilities I am blessed with for carrying it on to the universal satisfaction of all parties. My humanity is, I confess, a little hurt, by reflecting that while I am thus making a monopoly of politics and slander, I am doing an injury to those of my brother authors who have long lived by dealing out their occasional portions of those commodities. But I am comforted upon second thoughts, that as this paper is published once a week, they will have continued opportunities of enriching their own larger compositions with the most shining parts of it; and this they shall have free leave to do, provided that they add no conjectures of their own, or pretend to doubt the superiority of my abilities, whereby disputes may be raised upon any of those facts which I shall think proper to advance. The same indulgence is hereby given to all writers or compilers of country newspapers in Great Britain and Ireland: for as I have only the good of my country at heart, I am desirous of extending these my labours to the remotest parts of his majesty's dominions. I shall also have this farther satisfaction, that the general complaint of the country's being deserted of inhabitants every winter may cease; as by means of this circulation every private gentleman may reside constantly at his seat, and every clergyman at his living, without being obliged once a year to pay a visit to London, in order to study politics, and instruct the administration.

But a much greater advantage than any yet mentioned remains still to be told. The circulation of this paper will not be confined to Great Britain and Ireland; it will doubtless be demanded in all the courts, cities, and large towns of Europe; by which means our enemies on the continent, finding the superiority of our wisdom, and knowing by whom our counsellors are counselled, will sue to us for peace upon our own terms. In the meantime, as we are entering into a war not of our own seeking, but

merely in defence of our commerce, and for the protection and support of our undoubted rights, I shall direct the administration how to raise such supplies, as may enable us to carry it on with vigour and success; and this I hope to effect to every body's satisfaction, which, I humbly apprehend, has not always been the case.

I am well aware that there are certain superficial persons in the world, who may fancy that they have not discovered in my writings hitherto these marvellous abilities, to which I am now laying claim. To all such I shall only answer, let the event decide; for I have always thought it beneath me to boast of talents superior to other men, till the necessity of the times compels me to produce them. Those who know me will say of me what modesty forbids I should say of myself: indeed it has been owing to a very uncommon degree of that sheepish quality, that I have not let my readers into many secrets of myself, that would have amazed and confounded them.

I have undertaken politics and slander at the same time, from a constant observation that there is a certain connection between those sciences, which it is difficult to break through. But I intend to vary from the common method, and shall sometimes write politics without abuse, and abuse without politics. It may be feared, perhaps, that as I have hitherto received no reward for the great candour with which I have treated the administration during the course of this paper, I may incline to direct wrong measures out of pure spite; but I can assure my readers that such fears are groundless: I have nothing at heart but the public good, and shall propose no measures but such as are most apparently conducive to the honour and glory of my native country. In treating of these measures, I shall build nothing upon hypothesis but will go mathematically to work, and reduce every thing to demonstration. For instance, if the war is only to be a naval one, I would instruct our minister (as a certain ingenious painter is said to draw) by the triangle. As thus: The end of the war is an advantageous peace. Now suppose any triangle, equilateral or otherwise, where A shall signify the English fleet, B the French fleet, and C the above peace; the solution then will be no more than this, let the fleet A take the fleet B, and you produce the peace C. The same solution will do in a land war, where A and B may stand for armies instead of fleets.

Having now sufficiently explained myself upon this important occasion, I shall take leave of my readers till next Thursday, at which time, unless I should see reason to the contrary, I shall present them with a paper either of scandal or politics, which shall be to all their satisfactions.



No. 139.] THURSDAY, AUG. 28, 1755.

I HAVE judged it proper to postpone politics to another week, that I may oblige my readers with a piece of scandal, or whatever else they may please to call it, which has but just transpired, and which will quickly engage the conversation of all the best families in town and country. Those who are unacquainted with the parties concerned will I hope excuse me for publishing only the initial letters of their names, or sometimes no letters at all; their high rank, and the honourable offices they bear, demanding from me a little more complaisance than I may probably show to meaner persons. At the same time I should be sorry to have it thought, that my tenderness upon this occasion arose from any selfish considerations of the consequences that might ensue; the sword of a man of quality is no longer than that of another man, nor, for any thing I have observed, is he a jot more dexterous at drawing a trigger. My moderation proceeds from the great respect which is due from persons in humble situations to men of high and illustrious birth: though at the same time I must take the liberty of declaring, that one or two stories more of the same nature with what I am now going to relate will entirely cancel my regards, and incline me to treat them with the freedom of an equal.

Every body knows, at least every body in genteel life, that the match between Lord \*\*\* and Miss G—— was brought about by the old earl, and the young lady's aunt; at whose house my lord unfortunately saw, and fell desperately in love with Miss L——, who was a distant relation of the aunt, and who happened to be there upon a visit, at the time of his lordship's courtship to the niece. The character of Miss L—— is too notorious to require a place in this narrative; though I must do her the justice to own, that I believe every art to undo a woman was practised upon her, before she was prevailed upon to give up her honour to a man, whom she knew to be the destined husband of her most intimate friend.

Those who knew of the affair between my Lord and Miss L—— endeavoured by every possible method to dissuade Miss G—— from the match; and indeed if that unfortunate young lady had not preferred a title to happiness, she had treated his lordship as he deserved, from a thorough conviction that he had already bestowed his affections upon Miss L——. But union of hearts is by no means necessary in the marriages of the great. My lord and the old earl saw a thousand charms in Miss G——'s large fortune; and the young lady and her aunt saw every thing in a title that could be wished

for in the marriage state. The ceremony was performed soon after at the earl's house; and the young couple, though perfectly indifferent to each other, conducted themselves so prudently in all companies, that those who did not know them intimately believed them to be very happy people.

The old earl dying soon after, my lord succeeded to the estate and title of \*\*\*, and lived with his lady in all the magnificence and splendour which his large income could afford. His lordship had a considerable mortgage on the estate of Sir O—— S——; and it was under pretence of settling some affairs with that gentleman, at his brother's seat near St. Alban's, that he set out the beginning of this month upon the expedition which has unhappily turned out so fatal to his peace. Colonel C\*\*\*, a gentleman too well known for his gallantries among the ladies to need the initial letters of his name, was to be of his lordship's party; and though my lord had two sets of horses of his own, yet for certain reasons, which may hereafter be guessed at, he hired a coach and six at Tubbs's, and set out on the Tuesday for St. Alban's with intention, as was given out, to return on the Thursday following.

I should have informed my readers, that Lady \*\*\* and the young viscountess D——, who was said to have a *tendre* for the colonel, were to meet them in the viscountess's coach at Barnet, on their return home, and that they were all to dine together at the Green Man. It was said, I know, that Doctor \*\*\*, who is a man of family, was of the lady's party: he had been an intimate acquaintance, and some say a lover of Miss G——, before her marriage with Lord \*\*\*. The doctor is a man much more famous for his wit and address than his practice; and is thought to be the author of a late extraordinary performance, which however celebrated, in my humble opinion, reflects more honour on his invention than either on his knowledge in politics, or his character as a moral man. But I will avoid circumstances, and be as short as I can.

Doctor \*\*\*, though he lives at St. James's end of the town, had been several times in that week at Batson's and Child's coffee houses, and had drank chocolate with Sir E—— H—— the very Thursday that Lord \*\*\* and the colonel were to return from St. Alban's to meet Lady \*\*\* and the viscountess at the Green Man at Barnet. Many people are of opinion, that the doctor was not of the party, but that he received his intelligence from one H——y, who had formerly been a steward of Lord \*\*\*. But H——y denies the fact, and lays the whole mischief on Lady \*\*\*'s woman, who it seems had been house-keeper to the doctor, when he lived in the square. There are strange reports of the doctor



and this woman ; but whether she or H—y was the contriver of this villany will appear hereafter. H—y is a man of a very indifferent character, and (I am not afraid of saying it) capable of undertaking any mischief whatsoever.

Lady \* \* \* and the viscountess, according to agreement, set out on Thursday at one o'clock for Barnet, and came to the Green Man, which was the place appointed for dining. My lord and the colonel not being arrived, the viscountess recollected that she had an acquaintance in the neighbourhood, at about two miles distance, whom she proposed visiting in a post-chaise, under pretence of saving her own horses. As this acquaintance of the viscountess was a stranger to Lady \* \* \*, her ladyship declined going with her friend, and agreed to amuse herself with a book of novels till her return, or till the arrival of my lord and the colonel, which was every moment expected. The viscountess stepped immediately into the post-chaise; and soon after, as Lady \* \* \* was looking out of the window of the inn, she saw a coach and six drive by very hastily towards London ; and the landlord declares that he saw Lord \* \* \*, and the colonel, and two ladies in the coach, muffled up in cloaks. He also declares, that Lady \* \* \* called out three times for the coach to stop, but that no one answered, and the coachman drove out of sight in a few minutes.

I should have taken notice before, that as soon as the viscountess was gone upon her visit, as Lady \* \* \* was sitting at the window next the road, the captain in quarters took great notice of her, and said to the chambermaid, in her ladyship's hearing, that he would give up a whole year's pay to pass the afternoon with so fine a creature : upon which Lady \* \* \* frowned upon him very severely, and began a smart conversation with him on his boldness and presumption.

The viscountess, to the great surprise of Lady \* \* \* did not return till near six in the evening, and seemed in great confusion while she endeavoured to apologize for her absence. But as Lady \* \* \* was convinced that her lord was in the coach that drove so hastily towards London, she declared positively that she would not stir a step from the inn till he returned to fetch her ; and insisted on the viscountess's going immediately to inform him of her resolution. The viscountess accordingly set out ; and the captain was seen going up stairs soon after. But whether Lord \* \* \* returned that night, or whether it was really his lordship's coach that passed by, is uncertain : however, Lady \* \* \* has been missing ever since ; and yesterday a lady was found drowned in Rosamond's pond, who is suspected to be her : for though Lady \* \* \* was a thin woman, and wore a chintz gown that day, and the person taken out of the pond appeared to be fat, and was dressed in white ; yet it is thought that by lying a long time under water the body

may be very much swelled, and the colours of the linen entirely discharged. One thing is certain, that Lord \* \* \* is like a man distracted ; the doctor, the steward, and my lady's woman, are taken into custody ; and the colonel and the viscountess are fled nobody knows whither.

I shall leave my readers to make their own comments on this unhappy affair ; which I have brought into as short a compass as I was able with truth and perspicuity. I am sensible that where names occur so often, and those only marked with asterisks or initial letters, it is a very difficult matter to avoid confusion : and indeed I should hardly have thought myself perfectly clear, if I had not communicated my narrative to a country acquaintance of mine, a man totally ignorant of the whole affair, who was pleased to assure me, that he never met with any thing so plain and intelligible. I have been the more circumstantial upon this occasion, from a desire of pointing out in the most perspicuous manner the leading steps of this fatal catastrophe : for I am not satisfied with entertaining my readers with the frailties and misfortunes of persons of quality, unless I can warn them by their example against falling into the like errors.

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No. 140.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1755.

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THE report of the King of France's having lately forbidden the coffee-houses at Paris to take in any English newspapers was no more than I expected, after having, in the World of last Thursday was se'nnight, so plainly and openly declared my intentions of making all men politicians. But though his most christian majesty has thought proper to keep his subjects in the dark as to the science of politics, yet I hear with pleasure that his emissaries in this city are buying up large numbers of these my lucubrations, for the private perusal of that monarch and his ministers, and that a council is ordered to attend the reading of them as soon as they arrive. But for very good reasons I have thought proper to change my intentions, and not meddle with matters of state ; at least for the present. Indeed, to confess the truth, I have lately received full conviction that, great as my knowledge is in politics, there are those at the head of affairs that know to the full as much as myself. Success is not always in our power ; but if we are really to enter into a war with France, I have the pleasure of assuring the common people of England, that they may depend upon its being as well conducted as if they had the entire management of it in their own hands, or even if I myself was

to preside at all their meetings for settling plans and operations.

This and other reasons have inclined me for the present to lay aside politics, and to go on in the old way, mending hearts instead of heads, or furnishing such amusements as may fix the attention of the idle, or divert the schemes of the vicious, for at least five minutes every week. Of this kind is the following little piece, which I received some time since from a very ingenious correspondent, who entitles it

A MEDITATION AMONG THE BOOKS.

From every thing in nature a wise man may derive matter of meditation. In meditations various authors have exercised their genius or tortured their fancy. An author who meant to be serious has meditated on the *mystery of weaving*: an author who never meant to be serious has meditated on a *broomstick*: let me also meditate; and a *library of books* shall be the subject of my meditations.

Before my eyes an almost innumerable multitude of authors are ranged; different in their opinions, as in their bulk and appearance: in what light shall I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array under fit commanders? or as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want, or seduced through wickedness into the service, and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to apriice, party-favour, and the partiality of friends, than to merit or service?

Shall I consider ye, O ye books! as a herd of courtiers or strumpets, who profess to be subservient to my use, and yet seek only your own advantage? No; let me consider this room as the great charnel-house of human reason, where larkness and corruption dwell; or, as a certain poet expresses himself,

Where hot and cold, and wet and dry,  
And beef, and broth, and apple-pie,  
Most slovenly assemble.

Who are they, whose unadorned raiment betrays their inward simplicity? They are *law books*, *statutes*, *commentaries on statutes*. These *acts of parliament*, whom all men must obey, and yet few only can purchase. Like the sphinx of antiquity, they speak in enigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not.

These are *commentaries on statutes*; for the perusing of them, the longest life of man would prove insufficient; for the understanding of them, the utmost ingenuity of man would not avail.

Cruel is the dilemma between the necessity and the impossibility of understanding; yet are we not left utterly destitute of relief. Behold, for our comfort, an *abridgment of law and equity*! It consists not of many volumes; it extends only

to twenty-two folios; yet as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive substance of a stalled ox, so may this compendium contain the essential gravy of many a report and adjudged case.

The sages of the law recommend this abridgment to our perusal. Let us with all thankfulness of heart receive their counsel. Much are we beholden to physicians, who only prescribe the bark of the quinquina, when they might oblige their patients to swallow the whole tree.

From these volumes I turn my eyes on a deep-embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable: they are controversial divines: so has the world agreed to term them. How arbitrary is language! and how does the custom of mankind join words, that reason has put asunder! Thus we often hear of hell-fire cold, of devilish handsome, and the like; and thus controversial and divine have been associated.

These controversial divines have changed the rule of life into a standard of disputation. They have employed the temple of the Most High as a fencing-school, where gymnastic exercises are daily exhibited, and where victory serves only to excite new contests. Slighting the bulwarks wherewith He who bestowed religion on mankind had secured it, they have encompassed it with various minute outworks, which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend.

The next in order to them are the redoubtable antagonists of common sense; the gentlemen who close up the common highway to heaven, and yet open no private road for persons having occasion to travel that way. The writers of this tribe are various, but in principles and manner nothing dissimilar. Let me review them as they stand arranged. These are Epicurean orators, who have endeavoured to confound the ideas of right and wrong, to the unspeakable comfort of highwaymen and stock-jobbers. These are inquirers after truth, who never deign to implore the aid of knowledge in their researches. These are sceptics, who labour earnestly to argue themselves out of their own existence; herein resembling that choice spirit, who endeavoured so artfully to pick his own pocket as not to be detected by himself. Last of all, are the composers of rhapsodies, fragments, and (strange to say it) *thoughts*.

Amidst this army of anti-martyrs, I discern a volume of peculiar appearance: its meagre aspect, and the dirty gaudiness of its habit, make it bear a perfect resemblance of a decayed gentleman. The wretched monument of mortality was brought forth in the reign of Charles the Second; it was the darling and only child of a man of quality. How did its parent exult at its birth! How many flatterers extolled it beyond their own offspring, and urged its credulous father to display its excellences to the whole world! Induced by their solicitations,



the father arrayed his child in scarlet and gold, submitted it to the public eye, and called it, *Poems by a person of honour*. While he lived, his booby offspring was treated with the cold respect due to the rank and fortune of its parent : but when death had locked up his kitchen, and carried off the keys of his cellar, the poor child was abandoned to the parish ; it was kicked from stall to stall, like a despised prostitute ; and after various calamities was rescued out of the hands of a vender of Scots snuff, and safely placed as a pensioner in the band of free-thinkers.

Thou first, thou greatest vice of the human mind, Ambition ! all these authors were originally thy votaries ! They promised to themselves a fame more durable than the calf-skin that covered their works ; the calf-skin (as the dealer speaks) is in excellent condition, while the books themselves remain the prey of that silent critic the worm.

Complete cooks and conveyancers ; bodies of school divinity and Tommy Thumb ; little story-books, systems of philosophy, and memoirs of women of pleasure ; apologies for the lives of players and prime ministers ; are all consigned to one common oblivion.

One book indeed there is, which pretends to little reputation, and by a strange felicity obtains whatever it demands. To be useful for some months only is the whole of its ambition ; and though every day that passes confessedly diminishes its utility, yet it is sought for and purchased by all : such is the deserved and unenvied character of that excellent treatise of practical astronomy, the Almanack.

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No. 141. THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1755.

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THE following letter was mislaid, which is the reason of its not having appeared earlier in this paper. The excuse perhaps is less pardonable than the fault ; but it is the only one I can make with truth ; and I hope the author will receive it with candour.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

If ever you take the trouble of looking into any of the public papers besides your own, you cannot help observing the many curious experiments, which of late years have been made through all parts of this kingdom, in running, riding, leaping, driving, fire-eating, wire-dancing, and various other useful arts, by persons of all ranks and fortunes.

I am willing to give credit to these extraordinary achievements, though many of them, I own, far exceed the bounds of probability, because of the honour they do to our age and

country ; and it is not without high indignation against the ingratitude of the present times, that I have been hitherto disappointed in my expectations of seeing public honours and rewards bestowed on these illustrious personages, who by such experiments have shown us what great things the powers of nature are capable of when properly directed. Newton was knighted, and both he and Mr. Locke had very considerable places under the government ; and yet what mighty matters did these philosophers do, in comparison of our new experiment-makers ? They contented themselves with looking into the laws of nature, and went no farther. The mind orders its ideas just as it used to do, before the *Essay on the human understanding* had banished from the world the doctrine of innate principles and substantial forms : and Newton, after he had demolished the vortices of Descartes, left the planets just as he found them. They have rolled round the sun precisely in the same time, and at the same distance, before and since his discoveries. But our wonder-workers have found the secret of controlling the laws of nature, and have actually accomplished what in the wards of Bedlam, and the laboratories of Logada, it would have been thought madness to attempt.

I am sensible it may be objected to me, that the things I compare are totally different : and instead of these modern chiefs in philosophy, I should rather have turned my eyes to the renowned heroes of antiquity, whose exploits have been the admiration of so many ages. Be it so. We own the resemblance, and have no reason to be afraid of the comparison : for besides that many of these exploits are looked upon as fabulous, if it be considered that some of them were only the effects of brute force, and that the merit of others is to be divided among multitudes, who all had a share in their production ; no doubt can be made, on a fair estimate between the merit of ancient and modern worthies, on whose side the balance will be found to turn. I am no enemy to the fame of antiquity ; but I own it grieves me, that when ancient exploits have been celebrated over and over by the choicest poets and historians, those of our own times, no less extraordinary, should be left to pass down to posterity, on no better authority than the doubtful testimony of a common newspaper.

Mr. Fitz-Adam, you profess yourself a citizen of the world, an equal judge between all the children of our first parents ; act up then to this character, and do justice : suffer not exploits to drop into oblivion, at which the Gymnasia of Greece and Italy would have stood aghast ; which would have been honoured with statues and crowns of olive at Olympia ; with a place in the Prytaneum at Athens, and an ovation, if not a triumph at Rome. Suffer not ingratitude to fix a stain upon our country, which it would never be able to wipe off.



I pretend not to enumerate, or even to be sensible of all the advantages with which these singular efforts of genius will be attended: but in natural philosophy and religion their uses are apparent at the first glance.

Experiments, it is now agreed on all hands, are the only solid basis of natural science. In these Bacon and Newton led the way; but their followers have ennobled them; they have transferred them from heavy *inert matter*, to the very *quintessence of spirit*, their horses and themselves. What before was only fit for recluse pedants, they have made the amusement and the business of fine gentlemen.

And here I beg leave, by the way, to propose a problem to the lovers of these noble arts, which I hope will not be thought altogether unworthy of their attention.

Suppose a gentleman is able to drive a wheel-carriage any given number of miles in an hour, when the motion of his horses is progressive, or according to the natural course of their limbs; how much time ought he to be allowed to do it when his horses move retrograde, or tails foremost.

But to come to religion. These new experiments serve to show how little we understand of the bounds of credibility. Had such experiments been properly attended to, a certain gentleman that shall be nameless, might have spared his haughty challenge to the defenders of the Christian faith. Our brave youths will soon make him sensible of his error, and turn the edge of that formidable broad-sword of his upon himself, with which he has threatened to depopulate the Christian world. Will he any longer pretend to say, that no testimony can make a thing credible that is contrary to experience, when I defy him to match, in the annals of any age or country, the feats which he is forced to believe on the credit of a common newspaper?

I could run through all the arts and sciences, and in each of them show the wonderful advantage of these new experiments; but this is a task that deserves an abler hand; I therefore propose, when his majesty shall have incorporated the authors of them into a new Royal Society, which I hope will be soon, that one of our most eminent pens be appointed, after the example of bishop Sprat, to write the history of the society; and another, after the example of Fontenelle, to make eulogies on its particular members. And I desire that you will immediately look out for two such persons among your correspondents; which I should imagine can be no great difficulty to one who has the honour to reckon in that number the prime wits of the age.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

Walking the other day through Wapping, to see the humours of the place, I happened to cast my eyes upon the windows of an alehouse, where I saw written, in large capitals, ROMAN PURL. I had the curiosity to ask of a man who was walking near me, why it might not as well have been called BRITISH PURL, as ROMAN PURL? "O Sir," said he, "the landlord has had twenty times the custom since he gave his liquor that outlandish name." I soon found that my sagacious informer was a maker of leather breeches, by seeing him enter, and set himself to work in a shop, over the door of which was written upon a bit of paper, *The TRUE ITALIAN leather-breeches balls, sold here by the MAKER.* I confess I was a little surprised to find the fashion of admiring every thing foreign had extended itself to so great a distance from St. James's; having conceived an opinion that none but our betters at the polite end of the town, were the despisers and discouragers of our home manufactures.

As I see no solid reason for this universal dislike to every thing that is English, I should be glad of your sentiments on the subject, which will greatly oblige,

Sir,

Your constant reader and admirer,

C. D.

I shall forbear making any remarks upon this letter, that I may oblige a very witty correspondent, whose letter I received a few days ago, by the general post. But I must entreat the favour of this gentleman, and of all others who may incline to write to me in so laconic a style, to choose another method of conveyance, for fear their letters should sometimes happen to miscarry.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

Pray be so kind as to insert this in your next.

Yours,

W B.

No. 142.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1755.

SINCE the publication of my correspondent's letter on the subject of noise, I have received the two following, which I shall lay before my readers for the entertainment of to-day.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

Your paper which treats of the passion for

noise, has in one respect given me some pleasure; the observations in it being such as I have often made myself, and the ridicule intended by them what many persons in the world very justly deserve. At the same time I could not help feeling some uneasiness, on being led by those observations, to reflect seriously and deliberately upon my own misfortunes.

Till I was about forty years old, I had lived a bachelor in London; at which time having acquired a comfortable fortune in the mercantile way, I retired into the country; and hoping to pass the rest of my days in peace, and to be happy in a social companion, I married a wife. She has always been, for any thing that I know to the contrary, what is called a virtuous woman: a *notable* one I am sure she is: but though chastity and notableness may be very valuable qualities in a woman, yet if they are to be nursed and cherished at the expense of meekness, forbearance, and all the other virtues, in my humble opinion, she had better be without them. I called at your friend Dodsley's the last time I was in town, to look in Mr. Johnson's dictionary for the meaning of the word *notable*; but could find no such epithet applied to a wife. I wish with all my heart that he had given us a definition of that character, as also of a *good woman*, which, according to some alehouse signs in the country, is a woman without a head.

I have long been of opinion, that as the principal virtue of a man is *courage*, so the principal virtue of a woman is *silence*: my wife, indeed, is of a contrary way of thinking, with regard to this female virtue: but till I am stark deaf, I shall never be prevailed upon to alter my opinion. Dumb creatures were always my delight, and particularly a cat, the dumbest of all; but my wife, who has a natural antipathy to that animal, has hung up a parrot in my parlour, and filled my hen-yard and garden with macaws and peacocks.

Besides the domestic noises with which I am perpetually tormented, I am unfortunately situated near the church, and in the hearing of ten dismal bells, which our parishoners have set up, in the room of one single bell, by which for many years before, the proper notice for church-time, and other parochial matters, had been usually given. And lest the advantage of the sound of these bells should ever be lost, one of our wealthy yeomen has bequeathed by will a considerable sum of money to the ringers of the parish, for a certain number of peals, five or six times a week for ever. About the time of this desirable acquisition, the new method of psalmody was introduced into our church, by a set of fellows who call themselves the singers; so that our good old tunes being rejected, I am obliged to sit and hear their terrible bawling and discord, having never been taught to sing in

treble time, or to find any thing solemn in the airs of a jig.

It happens also, that our parish is famous for delighting in what is called *rough music*, consisting of performances on cow-horns, salt-boxes, warming-pans, sheep-bells, &c, intermixed with hooting, hallooing, and all sorts of hideous noises, with which the young wags of the village serenade their neighbours on several occasions, particularly those families, in which (as the phrase is) the grey mare is the better horse.

Being thus accustomed to noise in the day time, I am frequently awaked out of my sleep (though in the absence of my wife) by dreaming of them in the night; so that in almost all my hours of retirement, in my slumbers, and even in my devotions, I am constantly tormented with noises, and thoroughly convinced that there is no peace for me but in the grave.

This being my case, I would advise you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by all possible means, to discourage this raging passion for noise. If you are a married man, and have a *notable* wife (though from the freedom and spirit with which you write, I should guess you to be a bachelor), you will need neither my example nor entreaties to set about this work in sober sadness. I am firmly persuaded, that if you can put an end to all unreasonable noises, you will then accomplish that universal reformation of sentiment and manners, for which your paper was intended. The women will be discreet and lovely, and the men rational companions for their wives and one another.

After what I have here said of myself, I dare not let you know the first syllable of my name, or of the village where I live; but I desire nevertheless to be esteemed as your very good friend, and, though unknown,

Your most faithful humble servant.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that I have three fine girls, who, though extremely well inclined, are whipt every hour in the day, and made to pierce my ears with their cries, for not being women before their time, and as *notable* as their mamma. It had like to have escaped me too, that though my wife is reckoned to have the best times of any woman in the parish, it is the jest of the whole neighbourhood, upon hearing any violent or unusual screaming, that Mrs. — is in labour.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

Finding by a late paper of yours, that you are an advocate for peace and quietness, I am encouraged, though a woman, to make known my case to you. I have been a sufferer by noise all my life long. When I was young, I had a tender, though not a sickly constitution, and was reckoned by all my acquaintance, a girl of



a mild and gentle disposition, with abundance of good-nature. The temper of my father was unfortunately the very reverse of mine; and though I was ready to obey the least notice of his will, yet his commands were always given in so loud and harsh a tone of voice, that they terrified me like thunder. I have a thousand times started from my chair, and stood with my knees knocking together, upon his beginning to ask me a common question. My mother, he used to tell me, would ruin me by her gentleness. Indeed she was as indulgent to me as I could wish, and hardly ever chid me in her life, unless forced to it by my father, and to keep the peace of the family, which on various other occasions was frequently in danger of being broken.

At the boarding-school, which I was sent to at the usual age, I met with a governess who was hasty and passionate: and as in her cooler hours she was frequently making concessions to her scholars for the unguarded things she had said in her anger, she lost all her authority; so that having no one to fear, and no good example to follow, we were noisy and quarrelsome all the day long.

After this I had the unhappiness to be left an orphan to the care of my mother's brother, who was a wealthy pewterer in the city. The room we lived in was directly over the shop, from whence my ears were perpetually dinned with the noise of hammers, and the clattering of plates and dishes. Our country-house (where we usually passed three or four months every summer) was built close to some iron-mills, of which my uncle was proprietor. During our stay at this house, I need not tell you how I was tormented with the horrid and tremendous noise which proceeded from these mills.

At last I was sent to board with a distant relation, who had been captain of a man of war, but who having married a rich widow, had given up his commission, and retired into the country. Unfortunately for poor me, the captain still retained a passion for firing a great gun; and had mounted on a little fortification that was thrown up against the front of his house, eleven nine-pounders, which were constantly discharged ten or a dozen times over, on the arrival of visitors, and on all holidays and rejoicings. The noise of these cannon was more terrible to me than all the rest, and would have rendered my continuance there intolerable, if a young gentleman, a relation of the captain's, had not held me by the heart-strings, and softened, by the most tender courtship in the world, the horrors of these firings. In short, I staid at the captain's till my fortune was in my own power, and then gave it to a husband.

But alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am wedded to noise and contention as long as I live. This tenderest of lovers is the most tyrannical of hus-

bands. The hammering of pewter, the iron-mills and the cannon, which so much disturbed me, are but lulling sounds, when compared to the raging of his voice, whenever he throws himself into one of his furies. It is the study of my life to oblige and please him, yet I offend and disgust him by every thing I do. If I am silent to his upbraidings, I am sullen; if I answer, though with the utmost mildness, I am either insolent or impertinent. How must I do, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to reclaim or bear with him? Whatever I was by nature, I am at present so humbled, that I can submit to any thing. I have laid my case before you for your advice; being well convinced, by your speculations in general, that you are a warm advocate for the sex, though you sometimes take the liberty of telling us our own. It is not so much at the crossness of my husband, as at the loudness of his voice, that I complain: for I could submit with some kind of patience to be beat, pinched, scratched, or any thing, so that the drum of my ear was not entirely in danger of being broken. If I was deaf, I could defy the utmost of his malice; but till that happy time arrives, I am the most miserable of women, though much Mr. Fitz-Adam's

Admirer, and humble servant.

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No. 143.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1755.

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I OUGHT hourly to be looking up with gratitude and praise to the Creator of my being, for having formed me of a disposition that throws off every particle of spleen, and either directs my attention to objects of cheerfulness and joy, or enables me to look upon their contraries as I do on shades on a picture, which add force to the lights, and beauty to the whole. With this happiness of constitution, I can behold the luxury of the times, as giving food and clothing to the hungry and the naked, extending our commerce, and promoting and encouraging the liberal arts. I can look upon the horrors of war, as productive of the blessings and enjoyments of peace; and upon the miseries of mankind, which I cannot relieve, with a thankful heart that my own lot has been more favourable.

There is a passage in that truly original poem, called the Spleen, which pleases me more than almost any thing I have read. The passage is this:

Happy the man, who, innocent,  
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;  
His skiff does with the current glide,  
Not puffing pull'd against the tide:  
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,  
Sees, unconcern'd, life's wager row'd;



And when he can't prevent foul play  
Enjoys the follies of the fray.

The laughing philosopher has always appeared to me a more eligible character than the weeping one; but before I sit down, either to laugh or cry at the follies of mankind, as I have publicly enlisted myself in their service, it becomes me to administer every thing in my power to relieve or cure them. For this purpose I shall here lay before my readers some loose hints on a subject, which will, I hope, excite their attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the heart, those malignant and sullen humours which destroy the harmony of social life.

If we make observations on human nature, either from what we feel in ourselves, or see in others, we shall perceive that almost all the uneasinesses of mankind owe their rise to inactivity or idleness of body or mind. A free and brisk circulation of the blood is absolutely necessary towards the creating easiness and good humour; and is the only means of securing us from a restless train of idle thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burdensome to ourselves, and dissatisfied with all about us.

Providence has therefore wisely provided for the generality of mankind, by compelling them to use that labour, which not only procures them the necessities of life, but peace and health, to enjoy them with delight. Nay farther, we find how essentially necessary it is that the greatest part of mankind should be obliged to earn their bread by labour, from the ill use that is almost universally made of those riches which exempt men from it. Even the advantages of the best education are generally found to be insufficient to keep us within the limits of reason and moderation. How hard do the very best of men find it, to force upon themselves that abstinence or labour, which the narrowness of their circumstances does not immediately compel them to? Is there really one in ten, who by all the advantages of wealth and leisure, is made more happy in respect to himself, or more useful to mankind? What numbers do we daily see of such persons, either rioting in luxury, or sleeping in sloth, for one who makes a proper use of the advantages which riches give for the improvement of himself, or the happiness of others? And how many do we meet with, who, for their abuse of the blessings of life, are given up to perpetual uneasiness of mind, and to the greatest agonies of bodily pain?

Whoever seriously considers this point, will discover, that riches are by no means such certain blessings as the poor imagine them to be: on the contrary, he will perceive that the common labours and employments of life are much better suited to the majority of mankind, than prosperity and abundance would be without them.

It was a merciful sentence which the Creator passed on man for his disobedience, *By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread*; for to the punishment itself he stands indebted for health, strength, and all the enjoyments of life. Though the first Paradise was forfeited for his transgressions, yet by the penalty inflicted for that transgression, the earth is made into a paradise again, in the beautiful fields and gardens which we daily see produced by the labour of man. And though the ground was pronounced cursed for his disobedience, yet is that curse so ordered as to be the punishment, chiefly and almost solely of those, who by intemperance or sloth inflict it upon themselves.

Even from the wants and weaknesses of mankind, are the bands of mutual support and affection derived. The necessities of each, which no man of himself can sufficiently supply, compel him to contribute toward the benefit of others, and while he labours only for his own advantage, he is promoting the universal good of all around him.

Health is the blessing which every one wishes to enjoy; but the multitude are so unreasonable as to desire to purchase it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be secured by exercise or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the ease and affluence of their superiors, not considering that the usual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and disease.

If it be true, that those persons are the happiest who have the fewest wants, the rich man is more the object of compassion than envy. However moderate his inclinations may be, the custom of the world lays him under the necessity of living up to his fortune. He must be surrounded by a useless train of servants; his appetite must be palled with plenty, and his peace invaded by crowds. He must give up the pleasures and endearments of domestic life, to be the slave of party and faction. Or, if the goodness of his heart should incline him to acts of humanity and benevolence, he will have frequently the mortification of seeing his charities ill bestowed; and by his inability to relieve all the constant one of making more enemies by his refusals, than friends by his benefactions. If we add to these considerations a truth, which I believe few persons will dispute, namely, that the greatest fortunes, by adding to the wants of the possessors, usually render them the most necessitous of men, we shall find greatness and happiness to be at a wide distance from one another. If we carry our inquiries still higher, if we examine into the state of a king, and even enthrone him, like our own, in the hearts of his people; if the life of a father be a life of care and anxiety, to be the father of a people is a pre-eminence to be honoured, but not envied.

The happiness of life is, I believe, generally to be found in those stations, which neither totally subject men to labour, nor absolutely exempt them from it. Power is the parent of disquietude, ambition of disappointment, and riches of disease.

I will conclude these reflections with the following fable :

“Labour, the offspring of Want, and the mother of Health and Contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage, by the side of a hill at a great distance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers ; but having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went soberly along the road with Health on her right hand, who, by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of cheerfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way ; while Contentment went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and by her perpetual good-humour, increasing the vivacity of her sister.

In this manner they travelled over forests and through towns and villages, till at last they arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to lose sight of her ; for it was the will of Jupiter, she said, that their separation should be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But Health was of too gay a disposition to regard the counsels of Labour ; she suffered herself to be debauched by Intemperance, and at last died in child-birth of Disease. Contentment, in the absence of her sister, gave herself up to the enticements of Sloth, and was never heard of after ; while Labour, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters, went every where in search of them, till she was at last seized by Lassitude in her way, and died in misery.”

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No. 144.] THURSDAY, OCT. 2, 1755.

THE following letter is of so interesting a nature, that I have put my printer to no small inconvenience in getting it ready at a very short warning for this day's publication. If the contents of it are genuine, I hardly know a punishment, which the author of such complicated ruin does not deserve. The unavoidable miseries of mankind are sufficient in themselves for human nature to bear ; but when shame and dishonour are added to poverty and want, the lot of life is only to be endured by the consideration that there is a final state of retribution, in which the sufferings of the innocent will be abundantly

recompensed, and temporary sorrows be crowned with endless joys.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

If your breast has any feeling for the distresses of a ruined wife and mother, I beseech you to give my most unhappy story a place in your next paper. It may possibly come time enough to prevent a catastrophe, which would add horror to ruin, and drive to utter distraction a poor helpless family, who have more misery already than they are able to bear.

I am the wife of a very worthy officer in the army, who, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, was obliged to sell his commission ; and from a state of ease and plenty, has been long since reduced to the utmost penury and want. One son and a daughter were our only children. —Alas ! that I should live to say it ! Happy would it have been for us, if one of them had never been born !—The boy was of a noble nature, and in happier times his father bought him a commission in the service, where he is now a lieutenant, and quartered in Scotland with his regiment. O ! he is a dear and dutiful child, and has kept his poor parents from the extremity of want, by the kind supplies which he has from time to time sent us in our misfortunes.

His sister was in the eyes of a fond father and mother lovely to an extreme. Alas, Mr. Fitz-Adam ! she was too lovely.—The times I have watered her dear face with my tears, at the thought that her temper was too meek and gentle for so engaging a form ! She lived with us till she was turned of fourteen, at which time we were prevailed on by a friend to place her with a gentleman of fortune in the country (who had lately buried his lady) to be the companion of his daughters. The gentleman's character was too honourable, and the offer too advantageous, to suffer us to hesitate long about parting with a child, whom, dear to us as she was, we were not able to support. It is now a little more than two years since our separation ; and till within a very few months, it was our happiness and joy that we had provided for her so fortunately. She lived in the esteem and friendship of the young ladies, who were indeed very amiable persons ; and such was their father's seeming indulgence to us, that he had advanced my husband a sum of money upon his bond, to free him from some small debts, which threatened him hourly with a gaol.

But how shall I tell you, Sir, that this seeming benefactor has been the cruellest of all enemies ! The enjoyment of our good fortune began to be interrupted, by hearing less frequently from our daughter than we used to do ; and when a letter from her arrived, it was short and constrained

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and sometimes blotted, as if with tears, while it told us of nothing that should occasion any concern. It is now upwards of two months since we have heard from her at all; and while we were wondering at her silence, we received a letter from the eldest of the young ladies, which threw us into a perplexity, which can neither be described nor imagined. It was directed to me, and contained these words:

‘MADAM,

‘For reasons that you will too soon be acquainted with, I must desire that your daughter may be a stranger to our family. I dare not indulge my pity for her as I would, lest it should lead me to think too hardly of one, whom I am bound in duty to reverence and honour. The bearer brings you a trifle, with which I desire you will immediately hire a post-chaise and take away your daughter. My father is from home, and knows nothing of this letter; but assure yourself it is meant to serve you, and that I am,

Madam,  
Your very sincere friend  
and humble servant.’

Alarmed and terrified as I was at this letter, I made no hesitation of complying with its contents. The bearer of it either could not, or would not inform me of a syllable that I wanted to know. My husband indeed had a fatal guess at its meaning; and in a fury of rage, insisted on accompanying me: but as I really hoped better things, and flattered myself that the young ladies were apprehensive of a marriage between their father and my girl, I soothed him into patience, and set out alone.

I travelled all night; and early the next morning, saw myself at the end of my journey.—O, Sir! am I alive to tell it? I found my daughter in a situation the most shocking that a fond mother could behold! She had been seduced by her benefactor, and was visibly with child. I will not detain you with the swoonings and confusion of the unhappy creature at this meeting, nor with my own distraction at what I saw and heard. In short, I learnt from the eldest of the young ladies, that she had long suspected some unwarrantable intimacies between her father and my girl; and that finding in her altered appearance a confirmation of her suspicions, she had questioned her severely upon the subject, and brought her to a full confession of her guilt: that farther, her infatuated father was then gone to town, to provide lodgings for the approaching necessity, and that my poor deluded girl had consented to live with him afterwards in London, in the character of a mistress.

I need not tell you, Sir, the horror I felt at this dismal tale. Let it suffice that I returned with my unhappy child, with all the haste I

was able. Nor is it needful that I should tell you of the rage and indignation of a fond and distracted father at our coming home. Unhappily for us all, he was too violent in his menaces, which I suppose reached the ears of this cruellest of men, who eight days ago caused him to be arrested upon his bond, and hurried to a prison.

But if this, Mr. Fitz-Adam, had been the utmost of my misery, cruel as it is, I had spared you the trouble of this relation, and buried my grief in my own bosom. Alas! Sir, I have another concern, that is more insupportable to me than all I have told you. My distracted husband, in the anguish of his soul, has written to my son, and given him the most aggravated detail of his daughter's shame, and his own imprisonment; conjuring him (as he has confessed to me this morning) by the honour of a soldier, and by every thing he holds dear, to lose not a moment in doing justice with his sword upon this destroyer of his family. The fatal letter was sent last week, and has left me in the utmost horror at the thought of what may happen. I dread every thing from the rashness and impetuosity of my son, whose notions of honour and justice are those of a young soldier, who, in defiance of the law, will be judge in his own cause, and the avenger of injuries, which heaven only should punish.

I have written to him upon this occasion in all the agony of a fond mother's distresses. But O! I have fatal forebodings that my letter will arrive too late. What is this honour, and what this justice, that prompts men to acts of violence and blood, and either leaves them victims to the law, or to their own unwarrantable rashness? As forcibly as I was able in this distracted condition, I have set his duty before him; and have charged him, for his own soul's sake, and for the sake of those he most tenderly loves, not to bring utter ruin on a family whose distresses already are near sinking them to the grave.

The only glimmering of comfort that opens upon me, is the hope that your publication of this letter may warn the wretch, who has undone us, of his danger, and incline him to avoid it. Fear is generally the companion of guilt, and may possibly be the means of preserving to me the life of a son, after worse than death has happened to a daughter.

If you have pity in your nature, I beg the immediate publication of this letter, which will infinitely oblige,

Sir,

Your greatly distressed,  
and most faithful humble servant.

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No. 145.] THURSDAY, OCT. 9, 1755.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is with great pleasure that I see you frequently doing justice to the age you live in, and not running into that vulgar and ill-natured prejudice that the present times are worse than the past. We are certainly better in every respect than our forefathers; and it is right we should be told so, to encourage us in our progress towards the summit of perfection. I could give a thousand instances of the virtues of these times; but shall at present content myself with one, which I do not remember that you have hitherto so much as touched upon. It is the extreme constancy and disinterestedness of the men, in affairs of love and marriage.

I am a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and have lately experienced this truth, in a degree that would bring upon me the imputation of ingratitude, if I neglected to do this public justice to the most constant and generous of all lovers.

It is now upwards of a year since I received the addresses of this gentleman. He is a man of fortune and family; perfectly agreeable in his person; witty and engaging in his conversation; with a heart the most tender, and manners the most soft and amiable that can be imagined. Such as I have described him, you will not wonder that I gave him my whole heart, and waited with the utmost impatience to be united to him for ever.

I will not give him a merit which he does not want, that of intending *my* happiness only, and of raising me to a rank which neither my person nor fortune gave me any pretensions to; on the contrary, I was young and handsome, and, in the opinion of the world, one whose alliance could bring as much honour into my lover's family, as he could reflect on mine. Nor indeed did I ever wish that there should be any such obligation on either side; having generally observed, that the most equal matches are the most productive of happiness. But I only mention this circumstance, as it may serve to do honour to his behaviour since.

The time was now approaching, which was to make us inseparably one. What his sentiments were upon the occasion, may be seen by the following letter, which, among a thousand of the same kind, I shall here transcribe.

"It is as impossible for me to rise, and not write to my angel, as to lie down and not think of her. I am too happy. Pray use me a little ill, that I may come to a right state of mind; for at present I can neither eat nor sleep: yet I am more good-humoured than all the world:

and then so compassionate, that I pity every man I see. My dearest loves only me, and all other men must be miserable. I wonder that any body can laugh besides myself: if it be a man, he makes me jealous; I fancy that he entertains hopes of my charmer; for the world has nothing else in it to make him cheerful.

"And now, my life! I have done with all my doubts; the time approaches, that will change them into happiness. I know of nothing (sickness and death excepted) that can possibly prevent it. Our pleasures will lie in so narrow a compass, that we shall always be within reach of them. To oblige and be obliged, will be all we want; and how sweet it is to think, that the business of our lives, and the delight of our hearts, will be the same thing! I mean, the making each other happy! but I am doomed to be more obliged than I have power to oblige.—What a wife am I to have! Indeed, my love, I shall think myself the worst, if I am not the very best of all husbands.

"Adieu!"

Upon my making a visit of a few days to a friend near town, where I desired him not to come, he wrote to me as follows:

"This lazy penny-post, how I hate it! It is two tedious days that I must wait for an answer to what I write. I will set up a post of my own, that shall go and come every two hours; and then upon condition that I hear from you by every return of it, I will obey your commands, and not think of seeing you. I wonder you have not taken it into your head to bid me live without breathing. But take care, my love, that you never give up the power you have over me; for if ever it comes to my turn to reign, I will be revenged on you without mercy. I will load you so with love and kind offices, that your little heart shall almost break, in struggling how to be grateful. I will be tormenting you every day, and all day long. I will prevent your very wishes. Even the poor comfort of hope shall be denied you; for you shall know that none of your to-morrows shall be happier than your yesterdays. Your pride too shall be mortified; for I will out-love you, and be kinder to you than you can possibly be to me. All these miseries you shall suffer, and yet never be able to wish for death to relieve you from them. So if you have a mind to avoid my cruelties, resolve not to marry me; for I am a tyrant in my nature, and will execute all I have threatened."

How tender and obliging were these expressions! I own to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I answered them all, in an equal strain of fondness. But in the midst of this sweet intercourse, he was unhappily taken ill of the small-pox. The moment he was sensible of his distemper, he conjured me in a letter not to come

near him, lest his apprehensions for me (as I had never had it) should prove more fatal to him than the disease. It was indeed of the most dangerous kind: but how was it possible for me to keep from him? I flew to him when he was at the worst, and would not leave him till they took me away by force. The consequence of this visit was, that I caught the infection, and sickened next day. My distemper was of the confluent sort, and much worse than my lover's, who in less than three weeks was in a condition to return my visit. He had sent almost every hour in the day to inquire how I did; and when he saw me out of danger (though totally altered from my former self) his transports were not to be told or imagined. I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing the letter that he sent me at his return home that evening.

"What language shall I invent to tell the charmer of my soul how happy this visit has made me? To see you restored to health was my heart's only wish; nor can my eyes behold a change in that face (if they can be sensible of any change) that will not endear it to me beyond the power of beauty. Every trace of that cruel distemper will be considered by me as a love mark, that will for ever revive in my soul the ideas of that kindness by which it came. Lament not a change then, that makes you lovelier to me than ever: for till your soul changes (which can never happen) I will be only and all  
"Yours."

This letter and a thousand repetitions of the same engaging language, made me look upon the loss of my beauty, as a trivial loss. But the time was not yet come, that was to show me this generous and disinterested lover in the most amiable of all lights. My father, whose only child I was, and who had engaged to give me a large fortune at my marriage, and the whole of his estate at his death, fell ill soon after; and, to the surprise of all the world, died greatly involved, and left me without a shilling to my portion.

My lover was in the country, when I acquainted him with this fatal news. Indeed I had no doubt of his generosity; but how like a divinity he appeared to me, when by the return of the post he sent me the following letter:

"Think not, my soul, that any external accident can occasion the least change in my affections. I rather rejoice that an opportunity is at last given me of proving to my dearest creature that I loved her only for herself. I have fortune enough for both; or if I had not, love would be sufficient to supply all our wants. This cruel business, how angry it makes me! But a very few days, my life, shall bring me to your arms. O! how I love you! Those are my favourite words, and I am sure I shall die with them; or if I should have the misery to out-live you they

will only be changed to—O! how I loved her! But the how, my dear, is not to be told; your own heart must teach it you. When is it that I shall love you best of all? Why, the last day of my life, after having lived many, many years,  
"Your obliged and happy husband."

How truly noble was this letter! But you will think me dwelling too long upon my own happiness; I shall therefore only add, that it is now a week since he wrote it; and that yesterday I received the undoubted intelligence, that my lover was married the very next day, to a fat widow of five-and-fifty, with a large jointure, a fine house, and fortune of twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,  
M. B.

No. 146.] THURSDAY, OCT. 16, 1755.

I HAVE so tender a regard for my fair countrywomen, that I most heartily congratulate them upon the approaching meeting of the parliament, which I consider (and I believe they do so too) as the general gaol-delivery of the several counties of the united kingdom.

That beautiful part of our species once engrossed my cares; they still share them: I have been exceedingly affected all the summer with the thoughts of their captivity, and have felt a sympathetic grief for them.

In truth, what can be more moving, than to imagine a fine woman of the highest rank and fashion torn from all the elegant and refined pleasures of the metropolis; hurried by a merciless husband into country captivity, and there exposed to the incursions of the neighbouring knights, squires, and parsons, their wives, sons, daughters, dogs, and horses? The metropolis was once the seat of her empire, and the theatre of her joys. Exiled from thence, how great the fall! how dreadful the prison! Methinks I see her sitting in her dressing-room at the mansion-seat, sublimely sullen, like a dethroned eastern monarch; some few books, scattered up and down, seem to imply that she finds no consolation in any. The unopened knotting-bag speaks her painful leisure. Insensible to the proffered endearments of her tender infants, they are sent away for being so abominably noisy. Her dress is even neglected, and her complexion laid by. I am not ashamed to own my weakness, if it be one; for I confess that this image struck me so strongly, and dwelt upon my mind so long, that it drew tears from my eyes.

The prerogation of the parliament last spring was the fatal forerunner of this summer captivity. I was well aware of it, and had some thoughts of preparing a short treatise of consolation, which I would have presented to my fair country-women, in two or three weekly papers, to have accompanied them in their exile: but I must own that I found the attempt greatly above my strength; and inadequate consolation only redoubles the grief, by reviving in the mind the cause of it. Thus at a loss, I searched (as every modest modern should do) the ancients, in order to say in English, whatever they had said, in Latin or Greek upon the like occasion; but far from finding any case in point, I could not find one in any degree like it. I particularly consulted Cicero, upon that exile which he bore so very indifferently himself; but to my great surprise, could not meet with one single word of consolation addressed and adapted to the fair and tender part of his species. To say the truth, that philosopher seems to have had either a contempt for, or an aversion to the fair sex: for it is very observable, that even in his essay upon old age, there is not one single period addressed directly and exclusively to them; whereas I humbly presume that an old woman wants at least as much, if not more comfort than an old man. Far be it from me to offer them that refined stoical argument to prove that exile can be no misfortune, because the exiled persons can always carry that *virtue* along with them, if they please.

However, though I could administer no adequate comfort to my fair fellow-subjects under their country captivity, my tender concern for them prompts me to offer them some advice upon their approaching liberty.

As there must have been during this suspension (I will not say only of pleasure, but, in a manner, of existence) a considerable saving in the article of pin-money, I earnestly recommend to them, immediately upon their coming to town, to apply that sinking-fund to the discharge of debts already incurred, and not divert it to the current service of the ensuing year. I would not be misunderstood; I mean only the payment of debts of honour contracted at Commerce, Bragg, or Faro; as they are apt to hang heavy upon the minds of women of sentiment, and even to affect their countenances, upon the approach of a creditor. As for shop-debts to mercers, milliners, jewellers, French pedlars, and such like, it is no great matter whether they are paid or not; some how or other those people will shift for themselves, or at worst, fall ultimately upon the husband.

I will also advise those fine women, who, by an unfortunate concurrence of odious circumstances, have been obliged to begin an acquaintance with their husbands and children in the

country, not to break it off entirely in town, but, on the contrary, to allow a few minutes every day to the keeping it up; since a time may come, when perhaps they may like their company rather better than none at all.

As my fair fellow-subjects were always famous for their public spirit and love of their country, I hope they will, upon the present emergency of the war with France, distinguish themselves by unequivocal proofs of patriotism. I flatter myself that they will, at their first appearance in town, publicly renounce those French fashions which of late years have brought their principles, both with regard to religion and government, a little in question. And therefore I exhort them to disband their curls, comb their heads, wear white linen, and clean pocket-handkerchiefs, in open defiance of all the power of France. But above all, I insist upon their laying aside that shameful piratical practice of hoisting false colours upon their top-gallant, in the mistaken notion of captivating and enslaving their countrymen. This they may the more easily do at first, since it is to be presumed, that during their retirement, their faces have enjoyed uninterrupted rest. Mercury and vermilion have made no depredations these six months; good air and good hours may perhaps have restored, to a certain degree at least, their natural carnation; but at worst, I will venture to assure them, that such of their lovers who know them again in that state of native artless beauty, will rejoice to find the communication opened again, and all the barriers of plaster and stucco removed. Be it known to them, that there is not a man in England, who does not infinitely prefer the brownest natural, to the whitest artificial skin; and I have received numberless letters from men of the first fashion, not only requesting but requiring me to proclaim this truth, with leave to publish their names; which however I decline; but if I thought it could be of any use, I could easily present them with a round robin to that effect, of above a thousand of the most respectable names. One of my correspondents, a member of the Royal Society, illustrates his indignation at glazed faces, by an apt and well-known physical experiment. The shining glass tube, says he, when warmed by friction, attracts a feather (probably a white one) to close contact; but the same feather, from the moment that it is taken off the tube, flies it with more velocity than it approached it with before. I make no application; but, avert the omen, my dear countrywomen!

Another, who seems to have some knowledge of chemistry, has sent me a receipt for a most excellent wash, which he desires me to publish, by way of *succedaneum* to the various greasy, glutinous, and pernicious applications so much used of late. It is as follows:



*Take of fair clear water quantum sufficit; put it into a clean earthen or china basin; then take a clean linen cloth, dip it in that water, and apply it to the face night and morning, or oftener as occasion may require.*

I own, the simplicity and purity of this admirable lotion recommend it greatly to me, and engage me to recommend it to my fair countrywomen. It is free from all the inconveniences and nastiness of all other preparations of art whatsoever. It does not stink, as all others do; it does not corrode the skin, as all others do; it does not destroy the eyes, nor rot the teeth, as all others do; and it does not communicate itself by collision, nor betray the transactions of a *tête-à-tête*, as most others do.

Having thus paid my tribute of grief to my lovely countrywomen during their captivity, and my tribute of congratulations upon their approaching liberty, I heartily wish them a good journey to London. May they soon enter, in joyful triumph, that metropolis which, six months ago, they quitted with tears!

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No. 147.] THURSDAY, OCT. 23, 1755.

I AM favoured with the following letter by a correspondent; who (if I am not mistaken in the hand) has once obliged me before. I cannot better testify my approbation of what he writes, than by desiring a repetition of his favours, as often as he has leisure and inclination to oblige me. It is chiefly owing to the assistance of such correspondents, that this paper has extended its date beyond the usual period of such kind of productions: and (if I may be allowed to say it) they have given it a variety, which could hardly have been accomplished by one single hand. Whether it be modesty or vanity that compels me to this confession, I shall leave the reader to determine, after telling him, that it is to the full as pleasing to me, not to have been thought unworthy of the assistance I have received, as it would to have been myself the composer of the most approved pieces in this collection.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

In this land of liberty, he who can procure a printer commences author, and instructs the public. Far be it from me to censure this spirit of advising, so prevalent among my honoured countrymen; for to this we owe treatises of divinity by tallow-chandlers, and declamations on politics by apothecaries.

You must, no doubt, have observed, that every man who is in possession of a diamond arro-

gates to himself this privilege of instructing others: hence it is, that the panes of windows in all places of public resort, are so amply furnished with miscellaneous observations, by various authors.

One advice may be given to all writers whether on paper or on glass; and it is comprehended in the single word *THINK*. My purpose at present is, to illustrate this maxim, in as far as it respects the latter sort of authors.

I divide the authors who exercise the diamond into four classes; the *politicians*, the *historians*, the *lovers*, and the *satirists*.

The mystery, or art of politics, is the business of every one, who either has nothing to do or who cares not to do any thing; as a broker merchant is often made a tide-waiter. Hence so many *politicians* make their appearance on glass. It is there that controversies of a political nature are daily agitated: in them the established laws of controversy are observed: some one asserts the truth of a proposition; another contradicts him; rogue and rascal are immediately dealt about, and the matter originally in dispute is no more heard of.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if these gentlemen would be but pleased to *THINK*, and keep their temper, how might the world be edified! One might acquire as much useful knowledge by travelling post through England, as ever the philosophers of Athens did by lounging in the porticoes; and our great turnpike-roads would afford as complete a system of politics, as the which Plato picked up in his Egyptian rambles. In a word, the debates on the windows at the George or the Bell, might prove no less instructing, than the debates of the political club or the society at the Robin Hood.

Were this proposed reformation to take place the contractors for the magazines of Knowledge and Pleasure might forage successfully on window-glass. But I need not insist farther on these considerations; their zeal for the public service is well known: with the view of amusing and instructing, they have not only ransacked the records of pastry-schools, and the manuscript collections of good housewives for receipts in cookery, but they have consulted the monuments of the dead, for delightful blunders, and meretricious epitaphs.

The *historians* on glass are of various sorts some are *chronologers*, and content themselves with informing us that they were at such a place, on such a day, in their way to this or the town or county. Others are *corographers*, at minutely describe the nature and condition of the highways and the landladies. A third sort may be termed *annalists*, who imagine that fact deserves to be recorded, merely because it is fact, and on this account gravely tell the world, that on such a day they fell in love, or got drunk, or did some other thing of equal insignificance.

A little thought would abridge the labour of these historians. Let them reflect on the nothingness of such incidents, and surely they will abstain from recording them. In common life, minute relations of trifles are necessary; man is a sociable and talkative animal; and as the bulk of mankind cannot communicate to others what they have *thought*, they must content themselves with relating what they have *seen*. On this principle are most coffee-house societies established. But why must a man be dull and narrative on window-glass? Let him reserve his dulness for the club-night, and, as Dogberry in the play says, bestow all his tediousness on his own companions.

I now proceed to the most numerous tribe of all, the *lovers*; and shall only hint at some enormities in their conduct. And first of all, as to their custom of writing the names of their mistresses with *anno domini* at the end of them; as if the chronicles of love were to be as exactly kept as a parish register. To what good purpose can this serve? To inscribe the names of fair ladies on glass, may, indeed, convey a pretty moral signification; since female charms are properly enough recorded on tablets of a frail nature; but when the year of admiration is added, what elderly woman is there who can pretend to youthfulness? Her waiting maid may extol her good looks; her mirror may deceive her; powder of pearl and Spanish wool may favour the illusion; but *pretty miss Such-a-one* 1730, is argument of antiquity, which neither flattery nor paint can refute.

The *lovers* also deserve censure for their humour of writing in verse. Because all poets are said to be lovers, these gentlemen sagely conclude that all lovers are poets; and on the faith of this inverted aphorism, they commence rhymers. He who cannot compose a sermon, does well to read the works of another. This example ought to be imitated by the herd of overs. Prior and Hammond are at their service; their only care ought to be in the application. And yet this caution, simple as it is, has been neglected by many lovers, who have condescended to steal. Hence it is, that the wealth of the east is frequently declared insufficient for the purchase of a girl, who would be dear at half-a-crown; and Milton's description of the nother of human kind, perverted to the praise of some little milliner.

The *satirists* come now to be considered. These men are certainly of a strange composition. While dinner is getting ready, they muse themselves with making out a list of the aunts, real or imaginary, which may be imputed to any of their acquaintance. Incapable of reflection, they know not how to employ their time; and therefore wound and murder the name of men better and wiser than themselves. If I am not mistaken, a defamation is no less

punishable when inscribed on glass, than when committed to paper. This consideration may prevent fools from scattering arrows and death, although reason and humanity cannot.

But the chief of all *satirists* are they who scribble obscenity on windows. Every word which they write is a severe reflection on themselves, and, in the judgment of foreigners, on their country. What opinion must foreigners entertain of a nation, where infamous ribaldry meets the eye on every window? An enormity, peculiar, in a great measure, to Great Britain. Do these writers indeed believe themselves to be wits? Let them but step into the smocking parlours, or the low rooms where their footmen have their residence, and they will perceive that the serving-men equal their masters in this species of wit. Vainly do people of fashion attempt to monopolize illiberality, ignorance, and indecency, when, if they and their footmen apply themselves to the same studies, the latter will probably be the best proficient.

Be wise therefore, O ye scribblers, and THINK.  
I am, &c.

No. 148.] THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1755.

CIVILITY and good-breeding are generally thought, and often used, as synonymous terms, but are by no means so.

Good-breeding necessarily implies civility; but civility does not reciprocally imply good-breeding. The former has its intrinsic weight and value, which the latter always adorns and often doubles by its workmanship.

To sacrifice one's own self-love to other people's, is a short, but, I believe, a true definition of civility; to do it with ease, propriety, and grace, is good-breeding. The one is the result of good-nature; the other of good-sense, joined to experience, observation, and attention.

A ploughman will be civil, if he is good-natured, but cannot be well-bred. A courtier will be well-bred, though perhaps without good-nature, if he has but good-sense.

Flattery is the disgrace of good-breeding, as brutality often is of truth and sincerity. Good-breeding is the middle point between those two odious extremes.

Ceremony is the superstition of good-breeding, as well as of religion; but yet, being an out-work to both, should not be absolutely demolished. It is always, to a certain degree, to be complied with, though despised by those who think, because admired and respected by those who do not.

The most perfect degree of good-breeding, as I have already hinted, is only to be acquired by

great knowledge of the world, and keeping the best company. It is not the object of mere speculation, and cannot be exactly defined, as it consists in a fitness, a propriety of words, actions, and even looks, adapted to the infinite variety and combinations of persons, places, and things. It is a mode, not a substance: for what is good-breeding at St. James's would pass for foppery or banter in a remote village; and the home-spun civility of that village, would be considered as brutality at court.

A cloistered pedant may form true notions of civility; but if amidst the cobwebs of his cell he pretends to spin a speculative system of good-breeding, he will not be less absurd than his predecessor, who judiciously undertook to instruct Hannibal in the art of war. The most ridiculous and most awkward of men are, therefore, the speculatively well-bred monks of all religions and all professions.

Good-breeding, like charity, not only covers a multitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, supplies the want of some virtues. In the common intercourse of life, it acts good-nature, and often does what good-nature will not always do; it keeps both wits and fools within those bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to transgress, and which the latter never know.

Courts are unquestionably the seats of good-breeding; and must necessarily be so; otherwise they would be the seats of violence and desolation. There all the passions are in their highest state of fermentation. All pursue what but few can obtain, and many seek what but one can enjoy; good-breeding alone restrains their excesses. There, if enemies did not embrace, they would stab. There, smiles are often put on, to conceal tears. There, mutual services are professed, while mutual injuries are intended; and there, the guile of the serpent simulates the gentleness of the dove: all this, it is true, at the expense of sincerity; but, upon the whole, to the advantage of social intercourse in general.

I would not be misapprehended, and supposed to recommend good-breeding, thus profaned and prostituted to the purposes of guilt and perfidy; but I think I may justly infer from it, to what a degree the accomplishment of good-breeding must adorn and enforce virtue and truth, when it can thus soften the outrages and deformity of vice and falsehood.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my native country is not perhaps the seat of the most perfect good-breeding, though I really believe that it yields to none in hearty and sincere civility, as far as civility is (and to a certain degree it is) an inferior moral duty of doing as one would be done by. If France exceeds us in that particular, the incomparable author of *L'Esprit de Loir* accounts for it very impartially, and I believe very truly. *If my countrymen, says*

*he, are the best-bred people in the world, it is only because they are the vainest.* It is certain that their good-breeding and attentions, by flattering the vanity and self-love of others, repay their own with interest. It is a general commerce usually carried on by a barter of attentions, and often without one grain of solid merit, by way of medium, to make up the balance.

It were to be wished that good-breeding were in general thought a more essential part of the education of our youth, especially of distinction than at present it seems to be. It might even be substituted in the room of some academical studies, that take up a great deal of time, to very little purpose; or, at least, it might usefully share some of those many hours that are so frequently employed upon a coach-box, or instables. Surely those who by their rank and fortune are called to adorn courts, ought at least not to disgrace them by their manners.

But I observe with concern, that it is the fashion for our youth of both sexes, to brand good-breeding with the name of ceremony and formality. As such they ridicule and explode it, and adopt in its stead, an offensive carelessness and inattention, to the diminution, I will venture to say, even of their own pleasures, if they know what true pleasures are.

Love and friendship necessarily produce, and justly authorise familiarity: but then good-breeding must mark out its bounds, and say thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; for I have known many a passion and many a friendship degraded, weakened, and at last (if I may use the expression) wholly *slattered* away, by an ungarded and illiberal familiarity. Nor is good-breeding less the ornament and cement of common social life: it connects; it endears, and at the same time that it indulges the just liberty restrains that indecent licentiousness of conversation, which alienates and provokes. Great talents make a man famous, great merit make him respected, and great learning makes him esteemed; but good-breeding alone can make him beloved.

I recommend it in a more particular manner to my country-women, as the greatest ornament to such of them as have beauty, and the safest refuge for those who have not. It facilitates the victories, decorates the triumphs, and secures the conquests of beauty; or in some degree atones for the want of it. It almost defies a fine woman, and procures respect at least to those who have not charms enough to be admired.

Upon the whole, though good-breeding cannot, strictly speaking, be called a virtue, yet it is productive of so many good effects, that, in my opinion, it may justly be reckoned more than mere accomplishment.



No. 149.] THURSDAY, NOV. 6, 1755.

*Cantantes licet usque, minus via lædet, eamus.*

VIRGIL.

A song will help to cheat our dreary way.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I do not know that you, or any of your predecessors, have ever paid your compliments to a most useful branch of this community; I mean the ancient and reputable society of Ballad-singers. These harmonious itinerants do not cheat the country-people with idle tales of being taken by the Turks, or maimed by the Algerines, but earn an honest livelihood, by a proper exertion of those talents with which nature has endowed them. For if a brawny-shouldered porter may live by turning prize-fighter, or a gentleman of the same make, by turning petticoat-pensioner, I do not see why a person endued with the gift of a melodious voice, is not equally entitled to all the advantages which can possibly arise from it.

With regard to the antiquity of this profession, in all probability, we owe the invention of it to old Homer himself, who hawked his Iliad about the streets for an obolus a book. But as the trade was not then brought into any repute, and as his poetry wanted the refinement of modern times, he could scarce earn bread for himself and his family. Thespis, the Athenian, made a great improvement in the art; he harnessed Pegasus to a cart, from which he dispersed his ballads; and by keeping all the public fairs, made shift to pick up a tolerable maintenance. This improvement our English ballad-singers have neglected: whether they think there is any thing really ominous in mounting a cart, or whether the sneers of the populace, who are always throwing out their insolent jests on their superiors, have prevented them from making use of that vehicle, I will not pretend to determine.

Among the Romans too this practice was preserved. Virgil makes one of his shepherds say to another, by way of reproach,

— Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas,  
Stridentî miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen?

But this was because, as Milton translates it, "his lean and flashy songs grated on his scrannel pipe of wretched straw." But this never can be objected to my fair country-women, whose melodious voices give every syllable (not of a lean and flashy, but of a fat and plump song) its just emphasis, to the delight and instruction of the

attentive audience. By the way, I suspect that Virgil was a hawker himself: for he says,

*Ascraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen;*

which in plain English is no more than this,

I sing my ballads through the streets of Rome.

Were it not for this musical society, the country-people would never know how the world of letters goes on. Party songs might come out, and the parson never see them; jovial songs, and the squire never hear them; or love songs, and his daughter never sigh over them. I would have a ballad-singer well furnished with all these, before she sets out on her travels; then bloody murders for school-boys and apprentices, conundrums and conjuring books for footmen and maid-servants, histories and story-books for young masters and misses, will turn to an excellent account. And as the trades of ballad-singing and fortune-telling generally go together in the country, like surgeon and apothecary, I think it would not be amiss if their friends the poets would furnish them with rhymes suited to the occasion, that their predictions may wear the true mask of oracles, and like those of the Sybils, be given out in metre. And to come still nearer to the original, a joint-stool would make an excellent tripod.

Useless as this profession may seem, it serves to support two others; I mean the worshipful and numerous companies of printers who have no business, and poets who have no genius. A good song, that is a very good song, *I love Sue*, for instance, or *Colin and Phæbe*, will run you through fifty editions: but let it be never so good, it will always give way to a newer; so that the printer has by this means constant employment for his press, which would otherwise be idle, and the poet a constant market for his wit, which would otherwise live and die with its author in obscurity.

As I have a great regard for these itinerant syrens, not arising from any personal favours that I have received from them, nor founded on whim and fancy, but from a well-weighed consideration of their service to the public, I have thought of a scheme, which will at once both ennoble their profession, and render their lives infinitely more comfortable. It is this: many professors of music, whose talents have shamefully been neglected in town (for in these degenerate days men of merit are but little regarded), condescend, for the amusement of the country-people, to enliven the humours of the wake with violins, dulcimers, harpinets, &c. With these ingenious gentlemen I would persuade our fair ballad-singers to incorporate. Some few misfortunes

they have indeed met with, which I think myself obliged in honour to reveal: and those are, the loss of eyes, legs, and other trifles, which a prudent thinking woman would disregard, when over-balanced by such excellent qualifications. The expense of children may possibly be urged, as an objection to this scheme; but I answer, that children will of necessity come, whether our ballad-singing ladies are married or not: and while the parents are mutually travelling with the younger at their backs, the elder will, in all probability, be able to walk: so that they may get a reputable livelihood, by the lawful profession of begging, till such time as they are of a proper age to learn the rudiments of music under the tuition of their father. But pilfering I would by all means have them avoid; it hurts the credit of the profession.

Now what a comfortable life must this be! A perpetual concert of vocal and instrumental music! And if Orpheus, with only his lyre, drew after him beasts and trees (by which people are apt to imagine, that nothing more is meant than the country bumpkins,) what will not the melodious fiddle of one of these professors do, when in union with the voice of his beautiful helpmate?

As for the marriage act, and guardian's consent, and such new fangled stuff, I would by no means have them pay any regard to it. For as the ladies, when in town for the winter season, are generally resident about Fleet-Ditch, a certain public-spirited clergyman, who lodges in that neighbourhood, and whom I would by all means recommend, will take together half-a-dozen couple at a minute's warning, and the parliament be never the wiser.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. D.

*Whereas two letters signed A. Z. have been lately sent to Mr. Fitz-Adam; the first containing a very witty but wanton abuse of a lady of great worth and distinction: the second full of scurrilous resentment against Mr. Fitz-Adam, for not publishing the said letter; this is to acquaint the writer of it, that till his manners bear some little proportion to his wit, he cannot be admitted a correspondent in this paper.*

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No. 150.] THURSDAY, NOV. 13, 1755.

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TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

HAVING observed of late years, that our young gentlemen are endeavouring to rival the ladies in all the refinements and delicacies of dress, and

are ornamenting the bosoms of their shirts with jewels; I have, for the good of my country, and the emolument of my own sex, been contriving a method of rendering jewels of use, as well as ornament, to the male part of the human species. It was an ancient custom in several of the eastern countries, and is the practice of some few nations at this very day, for women to wear jewels in their noses; but I am of opinion, that as affairs now stand, it would not be improper to have this elegant piece of finery transferred from the ladies to the gentlemen.

It must indeed be acknowledged, that this custom of ornamenting the nose has no where prevailed, but in those heathenish and barbarous nations, where the women are kept in constant subjection to their husbands; and therefore I suppose it took its origin from the tyrannical institution of the men, who put a RING in the wife's nose, as an emblem of her slavery. I apprehend also, that the wife, when she found she was to be *rung*, very wisely made a virtue of necessity, and added jewels to the RING, which served two purposes at once, that of making it costly to the husband, and rendering it ornamental to herself. But as, in these politer and more christian countries, the barbarous institution of obedience from wives to husbands has been entirely laid aside, the ladies have judged it proper to throw off this badge of their subjection. And as in many instances our young ladies, and young gentlemen seem inclinable to invert the order of nature, and to recommend manly airs to the female sex, and effeminate behaviour to the men, I think it advisable to comply with the just sentiments of the present generation, and, as I said before, to transfer this ornamental part of dress from the noses of the ladies to the noses of the men.

I find myself indeed inclinable to carry this institution of the RING a little farther, and would have every man whatsoever, whether married or unmarried, if he be of a right non-resisting and passively-obedient disposition, to be well *rung*. And for this use I would have a particular sort of nose-jewel invented, and established by public authority, which, by the emblem or device that was engraven upon it should express the kind of subjection to which the wearer was inclined to submit. And when these passive gentry were all enrolled under their proper banners, they might annually choose some one person of distinguished merit who should be styled, for the time being, grand master of the most honourable order of the RING.

There was a time, when all the laity of the whole christian world ought to have worn RINGS in their noses; and if the device had been a *triple crown*, it would not have been unexpressive.

The gentlemen of the army have sometime



taken it into their heads to *ring* every body about them; and we have had instances how able they have been by the help of these *RINGS*, to lead both houses of parliament by the nose. The device engraved on those *nose-jewels* was, *The Protector*. At present, indeed, it is thought that the gentlemen of the law have a great superiority over the gentlemen of the army, and that they are preparing *RINGS* for all the noses in these kingdoms, under the well-conceived device of *Liberty and Property*.

It has been a maxim of long standing among statesmen, never to employ any person whatever who will not bear being *run*g; and as this very much depends on the shape of the nose, which ought to be of such a disposition as not to be refractory to a perforation, I would in a particular manner recommend it to all leaders of parties, to make the knowledge of the human nose a principal object of their study; since it is manifest that many of them have found themselves grievously disappointed, when they have presumed to count noses, without a sufficient investigation of this useful science.

As I have for many years taken much pains in the study of physiognomy, I shall, for the good of my country, communicate through the channel of your paper some of those many observations, which I have made on that remarkable feature, called the nose: for as this is the most prominent part of the face, it seems to be erected as a sign, on which was to be represented the particular kind of ware that was to be disposed of within doors. Hence it was, that amongst the old Romans, very little regard was paid to a man without a nose; not only as there was no judgment to be made of the sentiments of such a person, but as in their public assemblies, when they came to reckon noses, he must of consequence be always omitted out of the account.

Among these ancient Romans the great offices of state were all elective, which obliged them to be very observant of the shape of the noses of those persons to whom they were to apply for votes. Horace tells us that the *sharp nose* was looked upon as an indication of satirical wit and humour: for when speaking of his friend Virgil, though he says, *At est bonus, ut melior non alius quisquam*, yet he allows that he was no joker, and not a fit match at the *sneer* for those of his companions who had *sharper noses* than his own. *Minus aptus* (says he) *acutis NARIBUS horum hominum*. They also looked upon the *short nose*, with a little inflection at the end tending upwards, as a mark of the owner's being addicted to *jibing*: for the same author, talking of *Mecænas*, says, that though he was born of an ancient family, yet he was not apt to turn persons of low birth into ridicule, which he expresses by saying that he had not a *turn-up nose*. *Nec NASO suspendis adunco*. Martial, in one of his

epigrams, calls this kind of nose the rhinocerotie nose, and says that every one in his time affected this kind of snout, as an indication of his being master of the talent of *humour*. But a good statesman will hardly think it worth his while to spend *nose-jewels* upon such persons, unless it be to serve them as you do swine, when you *ring* them only to keep them from *rooting*.

The Greeks had a very bad opinion of the *flat nose*. The remarkable story of Socrates and the physiognomist is too well known to be particularly repeated: but I cannot help observing, that the most particular feature in the face of Socrates was his nose, which being very flat, with a little inflection upwards towards the end, caused the physiognomist to pronounce him a drunken, impudent and lustful person; which the philosopher acknowledged to be a true character of him in his natural state.

The Hebrews looked upon this kind of nose to be so great a blemish in a man's character, that though of the lineage of Aaron, his having a *flat nose* was by the express command of Moses an absolute exclusion from the sacerdotal office. On the other hand, they held *long noses* in the highest esteem, as the certain indication of a meek and patient mind. Hence it is, that in the book of Proverbs the original words, which literally signify *he that has a long nose*, are in our English translation, and by all interpreters, rendered, *he that is slow to wrath*: and the words which signify *he that has a short nose*, are always translated *he that is soon angry, or hasty of spirit*. I shall only remark upon this, that the Welch, who are by no means the *slowest to anger*, have generally *short noses*.

The elephant is of all animals the most docible and servile; and every body knows how remarkable that creature is for the length of his snout. Though sometimes it happens that he is not altogether so patient of injuries as might be wished. Hamilton, in his travels to the East-Indies, tells us of an elephant of Surat, that was passing with his keeper to his watering place through the streets of that city, who seeing the window open of a taylor's shop, and thrusting in his trunk in search of provision, received an affront from the needle of the taylor, as he was sitting at his work. The story adds, that the elephant went soberly on to water, and after drinking his usual draught, drew up a great quantity of mud into his trunk, and returning by the window of the taylor, discharged an inundation of it on his work-board. This was, I own, an unlucky trick; but we ought not to have a worse opinion of *long noses* in general for the sake of one such story, the like of which may not probably happen again in a whole century.

I have many more curious observations to make on the various kinds of noses, which, for fear of exceeding the bounds of your paper, I shall reserve to another opportunity, when I



intend to descant at large on the method of *ringing* them : for some men are of such untoward and restiff dispositions, that they are like the Leviathan mentioned by Job, into whose nose there is no putting a *hook*, as our translators render it, but the original word signifies a RING.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

No. 151.] THURSDAY, NOV. 20, 1755.

I WAS lately subpoenaed by a card, to a general assembly at lady Townly's, where I went so awkwardly early, that I found nobody but the five or six people who had dined there, and who, for want of hands enough to play, were reduced to the cruel necessity of conversing, till something better should offer. Lady Townly observed with concern and impatience, that people of fashion now came intolerably late, and in a glut at once, which laid the lady of the house under great difficulties to make the parties properly. That, no doubt, said Manly, is to be lamented; and the more so as it seems to give your ladyship some concern: but in the mean time, for want of something better to do, I should be glad to know the true meaning of a term that you have just made use of, *people of fashion*: I confess I have never yet had a precise and clear idea of it; and I am sure I cannot apply more properly for information, than to this company, which is most unquestionably composed of *people of fashion*, whatever *people of fashion* may be. I therefore beg to know the meaning of that term: what are they, who are they, and what constitutes, I had almost said, anoints them, *people of fashion*? These questions, instead of receiving immediate answers occasioned a general silence of above a minute, which perhaps was the result of the whole company's having discovered for the first time, that they had long and often made use of a term which they had never understood: for a little reflection frequently produces those discoveries. Belinda first broke this silence, by saying, one knows well enough who are meant by *people of fashion*, though one does not just know how to describe them: they are those that one generally lives with; they are people of a certain sort—They certainly are so, interrupted Manly; but the point is, of what sort? If you mean by people of a certain sort, yourself, which is commonly the meaning of those who make use of that expression, you are indisputably in the right, as you have all the qualifications that can, or, at least, ought to constitute and adorn a *woman of fashion*. But pray, must all *women of fashion* have all your accomplishments? If so, the myriads of

them which I had imagined from what I heard every day, and every where, will dwindle into a handful. Without having those accomplishments which you so partially allow me, answered Belinda, I still pretend to be a *woman of fashion*; a character which I cannot think requires an uncommon share of talents or merit. That is the very point, replied Manly, which I want to come at; and therefore give me leave to question you a little more particularly. You have some advantages, which even your modesty will not allow you to disclaim, such as your birth and fortune: do they constitute you a *woman of fashion*? As Belinda was going to answer, Bellair partly interposed, and said, Neither, to be sure, Mr. Manly: if birth constituted *fashion*, we must look for it in that inestimable treasure of useful knowledge, the peerage of England; or if wealth, we should find the very best at the Bank, and at Garraway's. Well then, Bellair, said Manly, since you have taken upon you to be Belinda's sponsor, let me ask you two or three questions, which You can more properly answer than She could. Is it her beauty? By no means neither, replied Bellair; for at that rate, there might perhaps be a *woman of fashion* with a gold chain about her neck in the city, or with a fat amber necklace in the country; prodigies, as yet unheard of and unseen. Is it then her wit and good-breeding? continued Manly. Each contributes, answered Bellair, but both would not be sufficient, without a certain *je ne sçay quoy*, a something or other that I feel better than I can explain. Here Dorimant, who had sat all this time silent, but looked mischievous, said, I could say something—Ay, and something very impertinent, according to custom, answered Belinda; so hold your tongue I charge you. You are singularly charitable, Belinda, replied Dorimant, in being so sure that I was going to be impertinent, only because I was going to speak. Why this suspicion of me? Why! because I know you to be an odious, abominable creature upon all subjects of this kind. This amicable quarrel was put an end to by Harriet, who on a sudden, and with her usual vivacity, cried out, I am sure I have it now, and can tell you exactly what *people of fashion* are: they are just the reverse of your *odd people*. Very possibly, Madam, answered Manly, and therefore I could wish that you would give yourself the trouble of defining *odd people*; and so, by the rule of contraries, help us to a true notion of *people of fashion*. Ay, that I can very easily do, said Harriet. In the first place, your *odd people* are those that one never lets in, unless one is at home to the whole town. A little more particular, dear Harriet, interrupted Manly. So I will, said Harriet, for I hate them all. There are several sorts of them. Your prudes, for instance, who respect and value themselves upon the unblem-

ished purity of their characters; who rail at the indecency of the times, censure the most innocent freedoms, and suspect the lord knows what, if they do but observe a close and familiar whisper between a man and a woman, in a remote corner of the room. There are, besides, a sober, formal, sort of married women, insipid creatures, who lead domestic lives, and who can be merry, as they think at home, with their own and their husband's relations, particularly at Christmas. Like turtles, they are true and tender to their lawful mates, and breed like rabbits, to beggar and perpetuate their families. These are very *odd women*, to be sure; but deliver me from your severe and august dowagers, who are the scourges of *people of fashion*, by interesting all public places, in order to make their spiteful remarks. One meets them every where, and they seem to have the secret of multiplying themselves into ten different places at once. Their poor horses like those of the sun, go round the world every day, baiting only at eleven in the morning, and six in the evening, at their parish churches. They speak as movingly of their *poor late lords*, as if they had ever cared for one another: and to do them honour, repeat some of the many silly things they used to say. Lastly, there are your maiden ladies of riper years, orphans of distinction, who live together by twos and threes, who club their stocks for a neat little house, a light-bodied coach, and a foot-boy—And, added Bellair, quarrel every day about the dividend. True, said Harriet, they are not the sweetest-tempered creatures in the world; but after all, one must forgive them some malignity, in consideration of their disappointments. Well, have I now described *odd people* to your satisfaction? Admirably, answered Manly: and so well, that one can, to a great degree at least, judge of their antipodes, the *people of fashion*. But still there seems something wanting; for the present account, by the rule of contraries, stands only thus: that *women of fashion* must not care for their husbands, must not go to church, and must not have unemishied, or at least unsuspected reputations. Now, though all these are very commendable qualifications, it must be owned they are but negative ones, and consequently there must be some positive ones necessary to complete so amiable a character. I was going to add, interrupted Harriet, which, by the way, was more than I engaged for, that *people of fashion* were properly those who set the fashions, and who gave the tone to dress, language, manners, and pleasures to the world. I admit it, said Manly; but what I want still to know is, who gave them that power, did they usurp it? for, by the nature of that power, it does not seem to me to admit of a succession, by hereditary and divine right. Were they allowed to speak, said Dorimant, perhaps I could both shorten and clear up this case. But

I dare not, unless Belinda, to whom I profess implicit obedience, gives me leave. E'en let him speak, Belinda, said Harriet; I know he will abuse us, but we are used to him. Well, say your say then, said Belinda. See what an impertinent sneer he has already. Upon this, Dorimant, addressing himself more particularly to Belinda, and smiling, said,

—Then think

That he, who thus commanded dares to speak,  
Unless commanded, would have died in silence.

O, your servant, Sir, said Belinda; that fit or humility will, I am sure, not last long: but however, go on. I will, to answer Manly's question, said Dorimant, which by the way has something the air of a catechism. Who made these *people of fashion*? I give this short and plain answer; they made one another. The men, by their attentions and credit, make the *women of fashion*; and the women, by either their supposed or real favours, make the *men* such. They are mutually necessary to each other. Impertinent enough of all conscience, said Belinda. So without the assistance of you fashionable men, what should we poor women be? Why faith, replied Dorimant, but *odd women*. I doubt, as we should be but odd fellows without your friendly aid to fashion us. In one word, a frequent and reciprocal collision of the two sexes is absolutely necessary to give each that high polish which is properly called *fashion*. Mr. Dorimant has, I own, said Manly, opened new and important matter; and my scattered and confused notions seem now to take some form, and tend to a point. But as examples always best clear up abstruse matters, let us now propose some examples of both sorts, and take the opinions of the company upon them. For instance, I will offer one to your consideration. Is Berynthia a *woman of fashion* or not? The whole company readily, and almost at once, answered, doubtless she is. That may be, said Manly, but why? For she has neither birth nor fortune, and but small remains of beauty. All that is true, I confess, said Belinda; but she is well dressed, well bred, good humoured, and always ready to go with one any where. Might I presume, said Dorimant, to add a title, and perhaps the best, to her claims of *fashion*, I should say that she was of Belville's creation, who is the very fountain of honour of that sort. He dignified her by his addresses; and those who have the good fortune to share his reputation—Have, said Belinda, with some warmth, the misfortune to lose their own. I told you, turning to Harriet, what would happen if we allowed him to speak; and just so it has happened; for the gentleman has almost in plain terms asserted, that a woman cannot be a *woman of fashion* till she has lost her reputation.



Fye, Belinda, how you wrong me, replied Dorimant! Lost her reputation! Such a thought never entered into my head; I only meant mislaid it. With a very little care she will find it again. There you are in the right, said Bellair; for it is most certain that the reputation of a woman of fashion should not be too muddy. True, replied Dorimant, nor too limpid neither; it must not be mere rock-water, cold and clear; it should sparkle a little. Well, said Harriet, now that Berynthia is unanimously voted a woman of fashion, what think you of Loveit? Is she, or is she not one? If she is one, answered Dorimant, I am very much mistaken if it is not of Mirabel's creation.—By writ, I believe, said Bellair; for I saw him give her a letter one night at the opera. But she had other good claims too, added Dorimant. Her fortune, though not large, is easy; and nobody fears certain applications from her. She has a small house of her own, which she has fitted up very prettily, and is often at home, not to crowds indeed, but to people of the best fashion, from twenty occasionally down to two; and let me tell you, that nothing makes a woman of Loveit's sort better received abroad, than being often at home. I own, said Bellair, that I looked upon her rather as a genteel led-captain, a postscript to women of fashion. Perhaps too sometimes the cover, answered Dorimant, and if so, an equal. You may joke as much as you please upon poor Loveit, but she is the best-humoured creature in the world; and I maintain her to be a woman of fashion; for, in short, we all roll with her, as the soldiers say. I want to know, said Belinda, what you will determine upon a character very different from the two last, I mean lady Loveless: is she a woman of fashion? Dear Belinda, answered Harriet hastily, how could she possibly come into your head? Very naturally, said Belinda; she has birth, beauty and fortune; she is genteel and well-bred. I own it, said Harriet; but still she is handsome without meaning, well shaped without air, genteel without graces, and well dressed without taste. She is such an insipid creature, she seldom comes about, but lives at home with her lord, and so domestically tame, that she eats out of his hand, and teaches her young ones to peck out of her own. Odd, very odd, take my word for it. Ay, mere rock-water, said Dorimant; and, as I told you an hour ago, that will not do. No, most certainly, added Bellair, all that reserve, simplicity, and coldness, can never do. It seems to me rather that the true composition of people of fashion, like that of Venice treacle, consists of an infinite number of fine ingredients, but all of the warm kind. Truce with your filthy treacle, said Harriet; and since the conversation has hitherto chiefly turned upon us poor women. I think we have a right to insist upon the definition of you men of fashion. No

doubt on't, said Dorimant; nothing is more just, and nothing more easy. Allowing some small difference for modes and habits, the men and the women of fashion are in truth the counter parts of each other; they fit like tallies, are made of the same wood, and are cut out for one another. As Dorimant was going on, probably to illustrate his assertion, a valet de chambre proclaimed in a solemn manner the arrival of the dutchess dowager of Mattador, and her three daughters, who were immediately followed by lord Formal, Sir Peter Plausible, and divers others of both sexes, and of equal importance. The lady of the house, with infinite skill and indefatigable pains, soon peopled the several card-tables, with the greatest propriety, and to universal satisfaction; and the night concluded with flams, honours, best-games, pairs, pair-royals, and all other such rational demonstrations of joy.

For my own part, I made my escape as soon as I possibly could, with my head full of that most extraordinary conversation which I had just heard, and which, from having taken no part in it, I had attended to the more, and retained the better. I went straight home, and immediately reduced it into writing, as I here offer it for the present edification of my readers. But as it has furnished me with great and new lights, I propose, as soon as possible, to give the public a new and complete system of ethics, founded upon these principles of people of fashion; as in my opinion, they are better calculated than any others, for the use and instruction of all private families.

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No. 152.] THURSDAY, Nov. 28, 1755.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRET.

For as from sweetest flowers the labouring bee  
Extracts her precious juice; great soul, from thee  
We all our golden sentences derive. CREECH.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR, OXFORD, Nov. 11th, 1755.

I HAVE, for a long time past, had a strong inclination upon me to become one of your correspondents; but from the habits contracted from this place of my education and residence, I have felt a certain timidity in my constitution, which has hitherto restrained me (pardon the expression) from venturing into the world. However when I reflect that Oxford, as well as her sister Cambridge, has always been distinguished with the title of one of the eyes of England, I cannot



suppose that you will pay so little respect to so valuable a part of the microcosm, as to reject my letter with disdain, merely because it comes related to you from this ancient seat of learning; specially as I assure you, you shall see nothing in it that shall savour at all of that narrow and unsocial spirit, which was heretofore the characteristic of the productions of the college.

No, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though learning itself be my subject, I will not treat of it in a manner that shall disgust the politest of your readers; and though I write from a place, which, within the memory of many now living, enjoyed in some sort the monopoly of it, yet I will not lament the loss of that privilege, but am, with Moses, thoroughly contented that all the Lord's people should be prophets.

Indeed, the main business I am upon is to congratulate the great world on that diffusion of science and literature, which, for some years, has been spreading itself abroad upon the face of it. A revolution this, in the kingdom of learning, which has introduced the levelling principle, with much better success than ever it met with in politics. The old fences have been happily broken down, the trade has been laid open, and the old repositories, or storehouses, are now no longer necessary or useful, for the purpose of managing or conducting it. They have had their day; and very good custom and encouragement they had while that day lasted; but surely our sons, or, at farthest, our grand-sons, will be much surprised, when they are told for what purposes they were built and endowed by our ancestors, and at how vast an expense the journey-men and factors, belonging to them, were maintained by the public, merely to supply us with what may now be had from every coffee-house, and Robin-Hood assembly. In short, it has ended with learning, as with our pine-apples. At their first introduction amongst us, the manner of raising them was a very great secret, and little less than a mystery. The expenses of impost, hot-houses, and attendance, were prodigious; and at last, at a great price, they were introduced at the tables of a few of the nobility and gentry. But how common are they grown of late! Every gardener, that used to pride himself in an early cucumber, can now raise a pine-apple; and one need not despair of seeing them sold at six a penny in Covent-Garden, and become the common treat of taylors and hackney-coach-men.

The University of London, it is agreed, ought to be allowed the chief merit of this general dissemination of learning and knowledge. The students of that ample body, as they are less restrained by rules and statutes, have been much more communicative than those of other learned societies. It seems, indeed, to be their established principle, to let nothing stay long by them. Whatever they collect, in the several courses of

their studies, they immediately give up again for the service of the public. Hence that profusion of historians, politicians, and philosophers, with whose works we are daily amused and instructed. I am told, there is not a bookseller within a mile of Temple-bar, who has not one or two of these authors constantly in his pay, who are ready, at the word of command, to write a book of any size, upon any subject. And yet I never heard that any of these gentlemen ever drank, in a regular manner, of the waters of Helicon, or endeavoured to trace out that spring, by the streams of Cam or Isis.

But it is not merely the regular book, or legitimate treatise, which has thus abounded with learning and science; but our loose papers and pamphlets, periodical as well as occasional, are, for their bulk, equally profuse of instruction. Monthly magazines, which, some years since, were nothing more than collections to amuse and entertain, are now become the magazines of universal knowledge. Astronomy, history, mathematics, antiquities, and the whole history of inscriptions and medals, may now be had, fair and fresh, at the most easy rates from the repositories of any of these general undertakers. What an advantage is this to the modern student, to have his mess of learning thus carved out for him, at proper seasons and intervals, in quantities that will not over-cloy his stomach, or be too expensive to his pocket! How greatly preferable, both for cheapness and utility, is this method of study, to that of proposing a whole system to his view, in all the horrid formalities of a quarto or folio! Much praise and honour are undoubtedly due to the celebrated Mr. Amos Wenman, for reducing the price of punch, and suiting it to the capacities and circumstances of all his majesty's subjects; and shall not that self-taught philosopher, Mr. Benjamin Martin, the great retailer of the sciences, come in for some share of our acknowledgment and commendation?

I expect to be told (for indeed the objection is obvious enough), that since the streams of learning have been thus generally diffusive, they have, in consequence of that diffusion, been proportionably shallow. Now, notwithstanding the prejudice which may still prevail with a few grave and solemn mortals, against the shallowness of our modern learning, I should be glad to know what good purpose was ever served by all that profundity of science, which they and our ancestors seem so fond of. It was, as is allowed on all hands, confined to a very few of the candidates for literary reputation; and the many, who aimed at a share of it, waded out of their depths, and became a sacrifice to their own useless ambition. On the contrary, no one that I know of, ever had his head turned, or his senses drowned, in the philosophy of a magazine, or the critique of a news-paper. And

thus the stream, which lay useless when confined within its banks, or was often dangerous to those who endeavoured to fathom the bottom of it, has, by being drained off into the smaller rills and channels, both fertilized and adorned the whole face of the country. And hence, Mr. Fitz-Adam, have risen those exuberant crops of readers as well as writers. The idea of being a reader, or a man given to books, had therefore something very solemn and frightful in it. It conveyed the notion of severity, moroseness, and unacquaintance with the world. But this is not the case at present. The very deepest of our learning may be read, if not understood, by the men of dress and fashion; and the ladies themselves may converse with the abstrusest of our philosophy with great ease, and much to their instruction.

To say the truth, the men of this generation have discovered, that what their fathers called solid learning, is a useless and cumbersome accomplishment, incommodious to the man who is possessed of it, and disgusting to all who approach him. Something, however, of the sort, that sits light and easy upon us, we are willing to attain to: but surely, for this, there is no need of going to the expense of massy bullion, when our own leaf gold, or a little foreign lacker, will answer the purpose full as well, and make a better figure in the world.

Give me leave, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to conclude with my congratulations to this place of academical education, on some happy symptoms I have lately observed, from whence it should appear that the manufacture of modern learning may, one day, be able to gain some footing amongst us. The disadvantages it lies under, from ancient forms and establishments, are, it is true, very great; the general inclination, I own, is still against it; and the geniuses of our governors are, perhaps, as deep and as solid as ever; but yet, I hope, we have a set of young gentlemen now rising, who will be able to overcome all difficulties, and give a politer turn to the discipline and studies of the university. I can already assure you, that the students of this new sect, amongst us, have advanced so far as to make the coffee-houses the chief and only places of application to their studies. The productions of your London authors are here taken in, as we call it, by subscription: and, by this means, the deepest learning of the age may be dived into at the small price of two or three shillings by the year. Thus the expenses of university education are reduced, and the pockets of the young men are no longer picked by those harpies, the booksellers.

I can see but one reason to suspect the probability of their not gaining a sure and certain settlement amongst us; and that is, the great shyness which is observed in all these gentlemanly students, with regard to the old-fashioned

languages of Greek and Latin. The avenues to our foundations are, hitherto, secured by guards detached from the ancients. Our friends, therefore, cannot very safely enter into the competitions at college elections, where these are always retained against them. But who knows what time may bring forth? Fellows of colleges themselves may reform, and become mere moderns in their learning, as well as in their dress, and other accomplishments. I could even now point out some of these, who are better acquainted with the writings of Petrarch, Guarini, and Metastasio, than with those of Homer and Horace; and know more of Copernicus and Sir Isaac Newton, from the accounts given of them by Fontenelle, Voltaire, and Pemberton, than from the original works of those two philosophers. But I shall say no more at present, for fear of betraying that interest which it is the *sincere* purpose of this letter to improve and advance.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,  
NEO-ACADEMICUS.

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No. 153.] THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1755.

HAVING been frequently pressed by Sir John Jolly (an old friend of mine, possessed of a fine estate, a large park, and a plentiful fortune) to pass a few weeks with him in the country, I determined last autumn to accept his invitation, proposing to myself the highest pleasure from changing the noise and hurry of this bustling metropolis, for the agreeable silence and soothing indolence of a rural retirement. I accordingly set out one morning, and pretty early on the next arrived at the habitation of my friend, situated in a most delicious and romantic spot, which (the owner having fortunately no TASTE) is not yet defaced with IMPROVEMENTS. On my approach, I abated a little of my travelling pace, to look round me, and admire the towering hills, and fertile vales, the winding streams, the stately woods, and spacious lawns, which, gilded by the sunshine of a beautiful morning, on every side afforded a most enchanting prospect: and I pleased myself with the thoughts of the happy hours I should spend amidst these pastoral scenes, in reading, in meditation, or in soft repose, inspired by the lowing of distant herds, the falls of waters, and the melody of birds.

I was received with a hearty welcome, and many shakes of the hand, by my old friend, whom I had not seen for many years, except once, when he was called to town by a prosecution in the King's-bench, for misunderstanding the sense of an act of parliament, which, on ex-



amination, was found to be nonsense. He is an honest gentleman of a middle age, a hale constitution, good natural parts, and abundant spirits, a keen sportsman, an active magistrate, and a tolerable farmer, not without some ambition of acquiring a seat in parliament, by his interest in a neighbouring borough; so that between his pursuits of game, of justice and popularity, besides the management of a large quantity of land, which he keeps in his own hands, as he terms it, for amusement, every moment of his time is sufficiently employed. His wife is an agreeable woman, of about the same age, and has been handsome; but though years have somewhat impaired her charms, they have not in the least her relish for company, cards, balls, and all manner of public diversions.

On my arrival I was first conducted into the breakfast-room, which, with some surprise, I saw quite filled with genteel persons of both sexes, in dishabille, with their hair in papers; the cause of which I was quickly informed of, by the many apologies of my lady for the meanness of the apartment she was obliged to allot me, "By reason the house was so crowded with company during the time of their races, which," she said, began that very day for the whole week, and for which they were immediately preparing." I was instantly attacked by all present with one voice, or rather with many voices at the same time, to accompany them thither; to which I made no opposition, thinking it would be attended with more trouble than the expedition itself.

As soon as the ladies and the equipages were ready, we issued forth in a most magnificent cavalcade; and after travelling five or six miles through bad roads, we arrived at the Red Lion, just as the ordinary was making its appearance upon the table. The ceremonials of this sumptuous entertainment, which consisted of cold sh, lean chickens, rusty hams, raw venison, stale game, green fruit, and grapeless wine, destroyed at least two hours, with five times that number of heads, ruffles, and suits of clothes, by the unfortunate effusion of butter and gravy. From hence we proceeded a few miles farther to the race-ground, where nothing, I think, extraordinary happened, but that amongst much disorder and drunkenness, few limbs, and no necks, were broken: and from these Olympic games, which, to the great emolument of pick-pockets, lasted till it was dark, we galloped back to the town through a soaking shower, to dress for the assembly. But this I found no easy task; nor could I possibly accomplish it, before my clothes were quite dried upon my back: my servant staying behind to settle his bets, and having shoved my portmanteau into the boot of some coach, which he could not find, to save himself from the trouble and indignity of carrying it.

Being at last equipped, I entered the ball-

room, where the smell of a stable over which it was built, the savour of the neighbouring kitchen, the fumes of tallow-candles, rum-punch and tobacco, dispersed over the whole house, and the balsamic effluvia from many sweet creatures who were dancing, with almost equal strength contended for superiority. The company was numerous and well dressed, and differed not in any respect from that of the most brilliant assembly in London, but in seeming better pleased, and more desirous of pleasing; that is, happier in themselves, and civiler to each other. I observed the door was blocked up the whole night by a few fashionable young men, whose faces I remember to have seen about town, who would neither dance, drink tea, play at cards, nor speak to any one, except now and then in whispers to a young lady, who sat in silence at the upper end of the room, in a hat and negligée, with her back against the wall, her arms a-kimbo, her legs thrust out, a sneer upon her lips, a scowl on her forehead, and an invincible assurance in her eyes. This lady I had also frequently met with, but could not then recollect where; but have since learned, that she had been a toad-eater to a woman of quality, and turned off for too close and presumptuous an imitation of her betters. Their behaviour affronted most of the company, yet obtained the desired effect: for I overheard several of the country ladies say, "It was a pity they were so proud; for to be sure they were prodigious well-bred people, and had an immense deal of wit:" a mistake they could never have fallen into, had these patterns of politeness condescended to have entered into any conversation. Dancing and cards, with the refreshment of cold chickens and negus about twelve, carried us on till day-break, when our coaches being ready, with much solicitation, and more squeezing, I obtained a place in one, in which no more than six had before artificially seated themselves; and about five in the morning, through many and great perils, we arrived safely at home.

It was now the middle of harvest, which had not a little suffered by our diversions; and therefore our coach-horses were immediately degraded to a cart: and having rested during our fatigues, by a just distribution of things, were now obliged to labour, while we were at rest. I mean not in this number to include myself; for, though I hurried immediately to bed, no rest could I obtain for some time, for the rumbling of carts, and the conversation of their drivers, just under my window. Fatigue at length got the better of all obstacles, and I fell asleep; but I had scarce closed my eyes, when I was awakened by a much louder noise, which was that of a whole pack of hounds, with their vociferous attendants, setting out to meet my friend, and some choice spirits, whom we had just left behind at the assembly, and who chose this



manner of refreshment after a night's debauch, rather than the more usual and inglorious one of going to bed. These sounds dying away by their distance, I again composed myself to rest; but was presently again roused by more discordant tongues, uttering all the grossness of Drury-lane, and scurrility of Billingsgate. I now waked indeed with somewhat more satisfaction, at first thinking, by this unpastoral dialogue, that I was once more returned safe to London; but I soon found my mistake, and understood that these were some innocent and honest neighbours of Sir John's, who were come to determine their gentle disputes before his tribunal, and being ordered to wait till his return from hunting, were resolved to make all possible use of this suspension of justice. It being now towards noon, I gave up all thoughts of sleep, and it was well I did; for I was presently alarmed by a confusion of voices, as loud, though somewhat sweeter than the former. As they proceeded from the parlour under me, amidst much giggling, laughing, squeaking and screaming, I could distinguish only the few following incoherent words—*horrible—frightful—ridiculous—Friesland hen—rouge—red lion .at Brentford—stays-padded—ram's-horn—saucy minx—impertinent coxcomb*. I started up, dressed me, and went down, where I found the same polite company who breakfasted there the day before, in the same attitudes, discoursing of their friends, with whom they had so agreeably spent the last night, and to whom they were again hastening with the utmost impatience. I was saluted with how-d'ye from them all at the same instant, and again pressed into the service of the day.

In this manner I went through the persecutions of the whole week, with the sufferings and resolution, but not with the reward of a martyr, as I found no peace at the last: for at the conclusion of it, Sir John obligingly requested me to make my stay with him as long as I possibly could, assuring me, that though the races were now over, I should not want diversions; for that next week he expected lord Rattle, Sir Harry Bumper, and a large fox-hunting party; and that the week after, being the full-moon, they should pay and receive all their neighbouring visits, and spend their evenings very sociably together; by which is signified, in the country dialect, eating, drinking, and playing at cards all night. My lady added with a smile, and much delight in her eyes, that she believed they should not be alone one hour in the whole week, and that she hoped I should not think the country so dull and melancholy a place as I expected. Upon this information I resolved to leave it immediately, and told them I was extremely sorry that I was hindered by particular business from any longer enjoying so much polite and agreeable company; but that I had

received a letter, which made it necessary for me to be in town. My friend said, he was no less concerned; but that I must not positively go, till after to-morrow: for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, some of whom were facetious companions, and sung well. This determined me to set out that very evening: which I did with much satisfaction, and made all possible haste, in search of silence and solitude, to my lodgings next door to a brazier's at Charing-cross.

No. 154.] THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1755.

STEPPING into a coffee-house in the Strand the other day, I saw a set of young fellows laughing very heartily over an old sessions-paper. The gravity of my appearance would not permit me to make any inquiry about what they were reading: I therefore waited with some impatience for their departure, and as soon as they were gone, took up the paper as it lay open, and found the subject of their mirth to have been the trial of a young lad of seventeen, for robbing a servant-maid of her pockets in St. Paul's church-yard. The evidence of the maid was in the following words.

"And please you, my lord, I had been with another maid-servant at Drury-lane play-house to see the Country-wife. A baddish sort of a play to be sure it turned out; and I wish it did not put some wicked thoughts into the head of my fellow-servant; for she gave me the slip in the play-house passage, and did not come home all night. So walking all alone by myself through St. Paul's church-yard, the prisoner overtook me, and would needs have a kiss of me. Oho! young spark, thought I to myself, we have all been at the play, I believe; but if a kiss will content you, why e'en take it, and go about your business; for you shall have nothing more from me, I promise you. This I said to myself, my lord, while the young man was kissing me; but, my lord, he went on to be quite audacious: so I stood stock-still against the wall, without so much as speaking a word; for I had a mind to see how far his impudence would carry him. But all at once, and please you, when I was thinking of no such thing, crack went my pocket-strings, and away run the young man with the pockets in his hand. And then I thought it was high time to cry out: so I roared out murder, and stop thief, till the watchman took hold of him, and carried us both before the constable. And please you, my lord, I was never in such a flurry in my life; for who would have thought of any such thing from so good-looking a young man? So I stood stock-still, as I told you before, without so much

as stirring a finger; for as he was so young a man, I had a great curiosity to see how far his impudence would carry him."

The extreme honesty of this evidence pleased me not a little: and I could not help thinking that it might afford a very excellent lesson to those of my fair readers, who are sometimes for indulging their curiosity upon occasions where it would be prudence to suppress it, and for holding their tongues when they should be most ready to cry out.

Many a female in genteeler life, has, I believe, indulged the same curiosity with this poor girl, without coming off so well, though the thief has never been brought to the Old Bailey for the robbery he has committed: indeed, the watchmen are usually asleep that should seize upon such thieves, unless it be now-and-then a husband or a father; but the plunder is never to be restored.

To say the truth, the great destroyer of female honour is curiosity. It was the frailty of our first mother, and has descended in a double portion to almost every individual of her daughters. There are two kinds of it that I would particularly caution my fair country-women against: one is the curiosity above mentioned, that of trying how far a man's impudence will carry him; and the other, that of knowing exactly their own strength, and how far they may suffer themselves to be tempted, and retreat with honour. I would also advise them to guard their pockets, as well as their persons, against the treachery of men: for in this age of play, it may be an undetermined point whether their designs are most upon a lady's purse or her honour; nor indeed is it easy to say, when the attack is made upon the purse, whether it may not be a prelude to a more dangerous theft.

It used formerly to be the practice, when a man had designs upon the virtue of a woman, to insinuate himself into her good graces by taking every opportunity of losing his money to her at cards. But the policy of the times has inverted this practice; and the way now to make sure of a woman, is to strip her of her money, and run her deeply in debt: for losses at cards are to be paid one way or other, or there is no possibility of appearing in company; and of what value is a lady's virtue, if she is always to stay at home with it?

A very gay young fellow of my acquaintance was complaining to me the other day of his extreme ill-fortune at piquet. He told me that he had a very narrow miss of completely undressing one of the finest women about St. James's, but that unfortunate repique had disappointed him of his hopes. The lady, it seems, had dined with him at her own house, till all her ready money was gone; and upon his refusing to proceed with her upon credit, she consented to setting a small sum against her cap, which

he won and put into his pocket, and afterwards her handkerchief; but that staking both cap and handkerchief, and all his winnings, against her tucker, he was most cruelly repiqued when he wanted but two points of the game, and obliged to leave the lady as well dressed as he found her.

This was indeed a very critical turn of fortune for the lady: for if she had gone on losing from top to bottom, what the last stake might have been, I almost tremble to think. I am apprehensive that my friend's impudence would have carried him to greater lengths than the pick-pocket's in the trial, and that he would hardly have contented himself with running off with her clothes; and besides, what modest woman, in such a situation, would object to any concessions, by which she might have recovered her clothes, and put herself into a condition to be seen?

Since my friend's telling me this story, I have been led into two or three mistakes in walking through the streets and squares of the politer part of this metropolis: for as I am naturally short-sighted, I have mistaken a well-dressed woman's tailor, whom I have seen coming out of a genteel house with a bundle under his arm, for a gentleman who has had the good fortune to strip the lady of her clothes, and was moving off in triumph with his winnings.

To what lengths this new kind of gaming might have been carried, no one can tell, if the ladies had not taken it up in time, and put a stop to beginnings. A prudent man, who knows he is not proof against the temptations of play, will either keep away from masquerades and ridottos, or lock up his purse in his escritoire. But as, among the ladies, the staying at home is an impracticable thing, they have adopted the other caution, and very prudently leave their clothes behind them. Hence it is that caps, handkerchiefs, tippets, and tuckers, are rarely to be met with upon the young and handsome: for as they know their own weakness, and that the men are not always complaisant enough to play with them upon credit, they throw off at their toilets all those coverings which they are in any immediate danger of losing at a *tête-à-tête*.

The ladies will, I hope, think me entitled to their thanks at least, for ascribing to their prudence that nakedness of dress, which inconsiderate and ignorant persons have constantly mistaken for wantonness or indiscretion. At the same time I would recommend it to all young ladies, who are known to be no gamesters, either to wear a covering on their necks, or to throw a cloak over their shoulders in all public places, lest it should be thought that by displaying their beauties to attract the eyes of the men, they have a curiosity, like the maid-servant in the trial, to see how far their impudence will carry them.

To conclude a little seriously, I would entreat my fair readers to leave gaming to the men, and



the indelicacies of dress to the women of the town. The vigils of the card-table will sully those beauties which they are so desirous of exhibiting; and the want of concealment render them too familiar to be admired. These are common observations, I confess: but it is now the season for repeating and for enforcing them. Loss of time and fortune are the usual mischiefs of play; but the ruin does not always end there: for, however great may be the paradox, many a woman has been driven to sell her honour, to redeem her credit. But I hope my countrywomen will be warned in time, and that they will study to deserve a better eulogy than was once given, in a funeral oration, of a lady who died at a hundred and five, "that towards the latter part of her life, she was exemplary for her chastity."

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No. 155.] THURSDAY, DEC. 18, 1755.

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TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to sit at the feet of a Gamaliel in this city, in the capacity of a parish-clerk, which office I hold in commendam with the employment of an undertaker. The injuries I have suffered are so little cognizable by the laws of the land (till it shall please God to teach our senators so much wisdom as to amend them in this particular) that I have none to whom I can appeal, but the world; to whom I beg that you would please to present this my humble remonstrance and proposal.

I hope you will excuse the trouble I now give you, not only because I choose to submit myself to the judgment of your court, but as I have reason to believe that the news-writers would not be faithful enough to lay this complaint before the public; these gentlemen being the very parties concerned, and against whom it is to be lodged.

My case, Sir, is this. As I was one morning furnishing my head with the news of the day, to my great surprise I read a paragraph, which informed me that a very rich gentleman of our parish died the day before. This startled me, as I had never heard of his illness, and therefore had employed nobody to watch him in his last moments, and to bring me the earliest intelligence of his death, that I might not be wanting in my respects to the family by my condolence, and the offers of my service in paying my last duties to so worthy a master. I was apprehensive too, lest some sharper looker-out might be beforehand with me, and run away with the job. I therefore whipt on my black coat and white periwig, as fast as I could, to wait on the disconsolate widow. I rung gently at the door, for

fear of disturbing her; and to the footman who opened it, delivered my duty and condolence to his lady, and begged, if she was not provided with an undertaker, that I might have the honour to bury Mr. Deputy.

The servant gaped and stared, and from the great concern he was under for the loss of his master (as I apprehended) was rendered so stupid that he seemed not readily to understand what I said. Before I could new-frame my message, to put it, if possible, into more intelligible words, I was myself seized with the utmost horror and confusion, at seeing the apparition of the deceased stalk out of the counting-house, which opened into the passage where I stood. I observed a redness in his countenance, more than was usual in *dead people*; and indeed, more than himself was wont to wear when he was alive: and there was a sternness and severity in his features, beyond what I had ever seen in him before. Straight a voice more dreadful than thunder burst out, and in the language of hell, swearing, cursing, calling me a thousand names, and telling me he would teach me to play tricks with him, he dealt me half a score such substantial blows, as presently convinced me they could proceed from no ghost. I retreated with as much precipitation as I could, for fear of falling myself into the pit, which I hoped to have dug for him.

Thus, Sir, the wantonness of the news-papers disappointed me of furnishing out a funeral, deprived me of my dues as clerk, got me well thrashed, and will probably lose me the gentleman's custom for ever: for, perhaps, next time he dies, he will order another undertaker to be employed.

Now, Sir, is it not a shame, that people should thus die daily, and not a single fee come to the clerk of the parish for a burial? and that the news-writers, without commission from his Majesty, or commission from Warwick-lane, should kill whom they please, and we not get a shilling to comfort us in the midst of so much mortality.

There are other inconveniences, though of an inferior consideration, which may attend this dying in print. A young heir at Oxford, just come of age, reads that his father was carried off by an apoplectic fit such a day! catching the lucky minute, he marries that divine creature his tailor's daughter, before the news can be contradicted. When it is, fear of the old gentleman's displeasure makes him bribe his new relations to secrecy for a while: in process of time he marries a lady of fortune and family by his father's directions: Tatterella raves with all the spirit and dignity of a lady of the British fishery; proves her prior marriage: not only calls, but records lady Mary a whore; bastardizes the children of the second venter, and old Snip's grandson runs away with the estate.

How often have these disturbing papers



whirled up expectants of places to town in their post-chaises, to whirl back again, with the old SQUEEZE, and "I shall not forget you WHEN the place is vacant?" How often has the reverend divine suffered the violent concussions of a hard-trotting horse for above threescore miles together, to wait on a patron of a benefice vacated by the Evening Post; where he has met with the mortification of smoking a pipe with the incumbent? Perhaps a lady too, whose tenderness and sensibility could not permit her to attend her sick husband to Bath, reads an account of his death in the papers. What shrieks, what faintings, what tears, what inexpressible grief afflicts the poor relict! and when she has mourned in half a week as much as any reasonable widow would do in a whole year, and having paid the legacy of sorrow to his memory in three days, which by the courtesy of England she might have taken a twelvemonth for) begins to think of a *new husband*, home comes the *old one*, and talks in rapture of the virtues of Bath-water. While all the satisfaction the news-writers give this unfeignedly afflicted poor lady, s, "The death of A. B. Esq. mentioned in these papers last week, proves a mistake."

I know but one instance where any regard to parish-clerks has been had, or our interests in the least taken care of in these temporary and occasional deaths; and that was a gentleman of rank, who was generally reported and allowed for dead. His heirs at law, not caring to bury the real body, for reasons best known to themselves (though one of those reasons might be because it was alive) yet convinced of the reasonableness that a funeral should follow a demise, dug up a poor drowned sailor out of a hole on the shore, into which he had been tumbled, and with great solemnity interred the departed knight by proxy. There was justice in this; every man had his due. It was acting with the wisdom of an old Athenian.

A practice of the Athenians may serve as an answer to such (if any such there are) who from modern prejudices object to the funerals of people not really dead. Our doctor told us one of his sermons upon regeneration, that among these Athenians, if one who was living were reported to be dead, and funeral obsequies performed for him—(which plainly implies their custom of celebrating funerals for persons who were dead in their newspapers, though they were not so in reality)—if afterwards, he appeared, and pretended to be alive, he was looked upon as a profane and unlucky person, and no one would keep him company. One who fell under this misfortune (it matters not for his time, though I think the doctor called him Larry Stonehouse, \* or something like it) consulted the oracle how he might be re-admitted

among the living: the oracle commanded him to be regenerated, or new christened; which was accordingly done, and grew to be the established method of receiving such persons into community again.

And here in England before the reformation, as I am informed, it was usual when a rich person died, to celebrate yearly and daily masses, obits, and commemorations for him; so that one who died but once, should be as good as buried a thousand times over: but among us it is just the reverse; a man may die here a thousand times, and be buried but once.

However, I hate popery, and would not wish the restoration of it: yet as I hope a christian country will not come behind-hand with a heathen one in wisdom and justice, permit me to recommend the practice of the Athenians before mentioned, and petition the WORLD immediately to pass it into a fashion, and ordain that hereafter, every man living, who has been killed in the newspapers, shall account to the clerk of the parish where such decease is reported to have happened; or, if no place is specified to the clerk of the parish where the person has resided for the greater part of the month preceding, for a burial fee: and also before he is admitted to any ball, rout, assembly, tavern, church, drum, or coffee-house, that he account to the said clerk for his regeneration, or new-christening fee; and in case the report was made without the privy and consent of the party, and if he shall be found not guilty of his own death, that then he shall have a fashionable demand upon the publishers for the recovery of both fees to reimburse himself.

This, Sir, might put some stop to this very alarming practice, so grievously to the disappointment of widows, heirs, and expectants: or at least do some justice to that very respectable, but greatly-injured body of parish-clerks, to which I have the honour to belong.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS BASSOON.

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No. 156.] THURSDAY, DEC. 25, 1755.

*An idco tantum venis, ut exires?* MARTIAL.

And came you hither but to go away?

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As I find you are a person who make the reformation of mankind your care, and stand forth

\* Aristinus.

like another Hercules to correct the irregularities and indiscretions which folly, vice, or that unmeaning fickle thing called fashion, give birth to; I take the liberty of troubling you with my thoughts upon a species of animals, which at present are very numerous, and to be found in all public places of amusement. But though I am going to give you my remarks upon this race of beings, I must confess that I have never yet heard of any appellation by which they are distinguished. The futility indeed of the age, has occasioned many ridiculous and contemptible persons to rise up among us, who, without aiming at any laudable purpose, or acting under the dictates of any principle, have formed themselves into clubs and societies, and assumed names and titles, as innocent of sense and meaning, as are the persons themselves who bear them. Such are the *Bucks*, *Stags*, and *Bloods*, and many more with which the news-papers have from time to time made me acquainted. But the animals which I would now place under your notice, are of a very different kind; they are in short, a species of young men, who from a certain blind impulse are always rambling up and down this town, and never fail to be present at all places of diversion, without having a taste or capacity to enjoy any.

Upon my going lately to a capital play, I saw several of them sitting indeed with great order and decorum, but so inattentive, so indifferent, and unmoved through the whole performance, whilst the rest of the audience were all eye and ear, that they appeared to me to be so many statues. Their behaviour surprised me extremely, and led me at the same time to ask myself for what purpose those young sparks came to a play? and if, like Cato of old, it was *only to go away again*? For if they never attend to what passes before them; if they are not susceptible of those emotions, which a well-wrought scene raises in every feeling breast; if they do not follow the actor through all the sweet delusion of his art: in short, if they do not, as other people do, *laugh with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep*, what business have they there?

To judge indeed by their appearance, one would imagine nothing could make them quit their tea-table and looking-glass. And yet, Sir, no public place is free from them; though, as far as I can judge, the opera-house is their favourite haunt. To reconcile this seeming contradiction, I must inform you that I have studied and examined them with great attention, and find their whole composition to consist of two ingredients only; these are *self-admiration* and *insensibility*; and to these two causes operating jointly and separately, all their actions must be referred. Hence it is that they are always to be found in public places, where they go, not to see, but to be seen, not to hear, but to

be heard. Hence it is, that they are so devoted to the opera; and here indeed they seem to be peculiarly directed by that power called *instinct*; which always prompts every creature to pursue what is best and fittest for it. Now, the opera is to them, if I may use the expression, a very nursing mother, which feeds them with the pap of its own soft nonsense, and lulls and rocks them to their desired repose. This is indeed their proper element, and as if inspired by the genius of the place, I have sometimes seen them brighten up and appear with an air of joy and satisfaction.

The mind, as well as the stomach, must have food fitted and prepared to its taste and humour, or it will reject and loath it; now the opera is so good a cook, and knows so well how to please the palates of these her guests, that it is wonderful to see with what an appetite they devour whatever she sets before them; nay, so great is their partiality, that the same food dressed by another hand shall have no relish; but minced and frittered by this their favourite, shall be delicious. The plain beef and mustard of Shakespeare (though served up by very good cooks) turn their stomachs, while the macaroni of Rollo, is, in their opinion, a dish fit for the gods. Thus Julius Cæsar, killed by the conspirators, never touches them: but *Julio Cesare* killing himself, and singing and stabbing, and stabbing and singing, till swan-like, he expires, is *caro caro*, and *divino*. Scipio, the great conqueror of Africa, with them a mighty silly fellow; but *Shippione* is a charming creature. It is evident then, that the food must be suited to the taste as the taste to the food: and as the waters of a certain fountain of Thessaly, from their benumbing quality, could be contained in nothing but the hoof of an ass, so can this languid and disjointed composition, find no admittance but in such heads as are expressly formed to receive it. Thus their insensibility appears as well in what they like, as in what they reject; and like a faithful companion, attends them at all times, and in all places; for I have remarked that, wherever they are, they bring a *mind not to be changed by time or place*. However, as a play is the very touchstone of the passions, the neutrality which they so strictly observe, is no where so conspicuous as at the theatres. There they are to be seen, one while when tears are flowing all around them, another when the very benches are cracking with peals of laughter, sitting as calm and serene, as if they had nothing but their own innocent thoughts to converse with.

Upon considering their character and temper, as far as they can be guessed at by their actions, and observing the apathy in which they seem to be wrapt, I once was inclined to think, that they might be a sect of philosophers, who had adopted the maxims of the stoics of old; but

when I recollected that a thirst after knowledge, contempt of pain, and whatever is called evil, together with an inflexible rectitude in all their actions, were the characteristics of those sages, I soon perceived my mistake: for I cannot say that I ever found that these philosophers practise any of those virtues. To speak the truth, it is very difficult to know in what class to place them, and under what denomination they ought to pass. Were I to decide, I should at once pronounce them to belong to the vegetable world, and place them among the beings of still-life; for they seem too much under the standard of their species to be allowed to rank with the rest of mankind. To be serious, is it not strange that their heads and hearts should be impenetrable to all the passions that affect the rest of the world; nay, even more so than age itself, whose feelings Time with his icy hand has chilled, and almost extinguished? and yet age with all its infirmities is more quick, more alive and susceptible of the finer passions, than these sons of indifference in their prime and vigour of youth.

An old woman, whom I found at my side in the pit the other night, gave me an instance of the truth of this assertion. She did justice both to the poet and the actors, and bestowed her applause plentifully, though never but where it was due. At the same time, I saw several of these inanimate bodies sitting as unconcerned, as if they had not known the language, or could not hear what was said upon the stage.

It is a proverbial expression (though perhaps a little injurious) to call an insipid and senseless person of the male sex an *old woman*. For my part I was so charmed with mine, that I will make no disrespectful comparisons: but yet, Sir, how contemptible must these triflers be, who can be out-done by a toothless old woman, in quickness, spirit, and the exertion of their faculties? From a regard then to that agreeable and sensible matron, I will not liken these *insipid* to those grave personages; but yet I cannot forbear thinking that they approach very near to what is most like old women, *old men*; and that they resemble the picture of those crazy beings in the last stage of life, as drawn by that inimitable painter of human nature, Shakspeare: for these young men, like his old men, are *sans eyes, sans ears, sans taste, sans every thing*.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful,

Humble servant,

PHILONOUS.

P. S. The verses underneath upon the same subject as the letter, I venture to tack to it (like a bit of embroidery to a plain cloth,) and if you think either or both deserving any notice, you

may present them with my service to the gentle reader.

#### THE INSENSIBLE.

While crowded theatres attentive sit,  
And loud applauses echo through the pit,  
Unconscious of the cunning of the scene,  
Sits smiling Florio with insipid mien.  
Fix'd like a standing lake, in dull repose,  
No grief, no joy his *gentle* bosom knows:  
Nature and Garrick no attention gain,  
And hapless Wit darts all her stings in vain:  
Thus on the Alps eternal frosts appear,  
Which mock the changes of the various year;  
Intensest suns unheeded roll away,  
"And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play."

No. 157.] THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1756.

ONE can scarce pass an hour in any company, without hearing it frequently asserted, that the present generation of servants in this country are the proudest, and the laziest, the most profligate, insolent, and extravagant set of mortals any where to be found on the face of the globe: to which indisputable truth I always readily give my assent, with but one single exception, which is that of their masters and ladies. Now, though by this exception I have incurred the contemptuous smiles of many a wise face, and the indignant frowns of many a pretty one, yet I shall here venture to show, that the pride and laziness of our servants, from whence their profligacy, insolence, and extravagance must unavoidably proceed, are entirely owing, not only to our example, but to our cultivation, and are but the natural productions of the same imperfections in ourselves.

In the first place then, pride has put it into our heads, that it is most honourable to be waited on by gentlemen and ladies: and all, who are really such by birth or education, having also too much of the same pride, however necessitous, to submit to any servitude, however easy, we are obliged to take the lowest of the people, and convert them by our own ingenuity into the genteel personages we think proper should attend us. Hence our very footmen are adorned with gold and silver, with bags, toupees, and ruffles: the valet de chambre cannot be distinguished from his master, but by being better drest: and Joan, who used to be but *as good as my lady in the dark*, is now by no means her inferior in the day-light. In great families I have frequently entreated the *maitre d'hôtel* to go before me, and have pulled a chair for the



butler, imagining them to be part, and not the least genteel part of the company. Their diversions too are no less polite than their appearance: in the country they are sportsmen; in town they frequent plays, operas, and taverns; and at home have their routes and their gaming-tables.

But lest thus exalting our servants to an equality with ourselves should not sufficiently augment their pride, and destroy all subordination, we take another method more effectually to complete the work, which is, debasing ourselves to their meanness by a ridiculous imitation of their dresses and occupations. Hence were derived the flapped hat, and cropped hair, the green frock, the long staff, and buckskin breeches: hence, among the ladies, the round-eared cap, the stuff night-gown, white apron, and black leather shoe; and hence many persons of the highest rank daily employ themselves in riding matches, driving coaches, or in running before them, in order to convince their domestics how greatly they are inferior to them in the execution of these honourable offices. Since then we make use of so much art to corrupt our servants, have we reason to be angry with their concurrence? Since we take so much pains to inform them of their superiority, and our weakness, can we be surprised that they despise us, or be displeased with their insolence and impertinence.

As the pride of servants thus proceeds from the pride, so does their laziness from the laziness of their masters; and indeed, if there is any characteristic peculiar to the young people of fashion of the present age, it is their laziness, or an extreme unwillingness to attend to any thing that can give them the least trouble or quietude; without any degree of which they would fain enjoy all the luxuries of life, in contradiction to the dispositions of Providence and the nature of things. They would have great estates without any management, great expenses without any accounts, and great families without any discipline or economy! In short, they are fit only to be inhabitants of *Lubberland*, where, as the child's geography informs us, men lie upon their backs with their mouths open, and it rains fat pigs ready roasted. From this principle, when the pride they have infused into their servants has produced a proportionable degree of laziness, their own laziness is too prevalent to suffer them to struggle with that of their servants; and they rather choose that all business should be neglected, than to enforce the performance of it; and to give up all authority, rather than take the pains to support it; from whence it happens, that in great and noble families, where the domestics are very numerous, they will not so much as wait upon themselves; and was it not for the friendly assistance of

char-women, porters, chair-men and shoe-blacks, procured by a generous distribution of coals, candles, and provisions, the common offices of life could never be executed. In such it is often as difficult to procure conveniences, as in a desert island: and one frequently wants necessities in the midst of profuseness and extravagance. In such families I have sometimes been shut up in a cold room, and interdicted from the use of fire and water for half-a-day; and though during my imprisonment I have seen numberless servants continually passing by, the utmost I could procure of them was, that they would send somebody to relieve my necessities, which they never performed. In such I have seen, when a favourite dog has discharged a too plentiful dinner in the drawing room, at the frequent ringing of the bell numerous attendants make their appearance, all entreated to depute some one to remove the nuisance with the utmost expedition, but no one has been found in such a house mean enough to undertake such an employment; and so it has lain smoking under the noses of the illustrious company during the whole evening.

I could produce innumerable instances, minute indeed, and unobserved, but well worthy observation, of the encroachments of our servants on our easiness and indolence, in the introduction of most of the fashions that have prevailed for several years past, in our equipages and domestic economy; all which are entirely calculated for their pleasure, ease, or advantage, in direct contradiction to our own. To mention but a few: our coaches are made uneasy, but light, that they may whirl us along with the utmost rapidity, for their own amusement. Glasses before are laid aside, and we are immured in the dark, that the coachman may no longer be under our inspection, but be drunk or asleep without any observation. Family liveries are discarded, because badges of servility, which might give information to whom their wearers belonged, and to whom complaint might be addressed for their enormities. By their carelessness and idleness they have obliged us to hire all our horses, and so have got rid of the labour of looking after them. By their impositions on the road they have forced us into post-chaises, by which means they are at liberty to travel by themselves as it best suits their own ease and convenience. By their impertinence, which we have not patience to endure, nor resolution to repress, they have reduced us to dumb-waiters, that is, to wait upon ourselves; by which means they have shaken off the trouble and condescension of attending us. By their profusion and mismanagement in house-keeping, they have compelled us to allow them board wages; by which means they have obtained a constant excuse to loiter at public-houses, and

money in their pockets to squander there in gaming, drunkenness and extravagance. The last of these is an evil of so gigantic a size, so conducive to the universal corruption of the lower part of this nation, and so entirely destructive of all family order, decency, and economy, that it well deserves the consideration of a legislature, who are not themselves under the influence of their servants, and can pay them their wages without any inconvenience.

From what has been said, it plainly appears, that every man in this country is ill-served, in proportion to the number and dignity of his servants: the parson, or the tradesman, who keeps but two maids and a boy not exceeding twelve years old, is usually very well waited on; the private gentleman, infinitely worse; but persons of great fortunes or quality, afraid of the idols of their own setting up, are neglected, abused, and impoverished by their dependents; the king himself, as is due to his exalted station, is more imposed on, and worse attended, than any one of his subjects.

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No. 158.] THURSDAY, JAN. 8, 1756.

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DURING the course of these my labours, there is nothing that I have applied myself to with more diligence and attention, or that I have hoped for with greater pleasure and delight, than the reformation of the fair sex. Their dressing, gaming, and painting, have been from time to time the subjects of my animadversions. Happy indeed should I have been, if my success had borne any proportion to my zeal; but as my philosophy has taught me to bear with patience those evils which I cannot redress, I am contented, under certain limitations, to wink at those enormities, which I wanted to have removed. In regard to dress, I consent that the fashion shall continue as it now is; but I enter my protest against absolute nakedness; for while I am conniving at low stays and short petticoats, I will permit no lady whatsoever (as a brother essayist very wittily has it) *to make both ends meet*. I consent also to the present fashion of curling the hair, so that it may stand a month without combing; though I must confess (and I believe most husbands and lovers are of my opinion) that I think a fortnight or three weeks might be a sufficient time: but I bar any application to those foreign artists, who advertise in the public papers that they have the secret of making up a lady's head for a complete quarter of a year. As to gaming, I permit it to go on as it does,

provided that the ladies will content themselves with injuring their husbands in no other respect than by ruining their fortunes. Painting likewise I submit to; and indeed as cards and late hours have so totally destroyed the natural complexion, it is not altogether unreasonable, that a little art should be introduced to repair it. But to make this art as little hurtful as possible to the health, the breath, the teeth, and the skin of those who practise it, I have consulted almost every author, both ancient and modern, who has written on the subject. The most satisfactory of these is Jo. Paul Lomatius, a painter of Milan. His works were translated by Richard Haydock, of New College, Oxford, in the year 1598. In the third book of which are the following observations, which the author calls *a discourse of the artificial beauty of women*.

"Having treated of so many and divers things, I could not but say something of such matters as women use ordinarily in beautifying and embellishing their faces; a thing well worth the knowledge: insomuch as many women are so possessed with a desire of helping their complexions by some artificial means, that they will by no means be dissuaded from the same.

"Now the things which they use are these, viz. ointments of divers sorts, powders, fatts, waters, and the like: whereof Jo. Modonese, doctor of physic, hath written at large, in his book intituled the *Ornaments of Women*, wherein he teacheth the whole order of beautifying the face.

"Now my intent in this treatise is only to discover the natures of certain things which are in daily use for this purpose; because it often falleth out, that instead of beautifying, they do most vilely disfigure themselves. The reason whereof is, because they are ignorant of the natures and qualities of the ingredients. Howbeit, partly by my directions, and partly by Modonese's book, I hope to content and satisfy them in all such sort, that they shall have just cause to thank us both: and in truth, for their sakes have I specially undertaken this paines, by teaching them to understand the natures of the minerals, vegetables, and animals which are most applied to this use. So that if any shall henceforth fall into the inconveniencie after specified, their own peril be it. And first, concerning sublimate.

"*Of SUBLIMATE, and the bad effects thereof.*

"Divers women use sublimate diversly prepared for increase of their beauty. Some bray it with quicksilver in a marble mortar with a wooden pestle, and this they call *argentatam*: others boyl it in water, and therewith wash their face; some grind it with pomatum, and sundry other waies; but this is sure, that which way



sover it be used, it is very offensive to man's flesh, and that not only to the face, but unto all the other parts of the body besides: for proof whereof, sublimate is called *dead fier*, because of its malignant and biting nature; the composition whereof is of *salte*, *quicksilver*, and *vitriol*, distilled together in a glassen vessell.

"This the chirurgions call a corrosive, because if it be put upon man's flesh, it burneth it in a short space, mortifying the place, not without great pain to the patient. Wherefore such women as use it about their face, have always black teeth standing far out of their gums like a Spanish mule, an offensive breath, with a face half scorched, and an unclean complexion: all which proceed from the nature of sublimate; so that simple women, thinking to grow more beautiful, become disfigured, hastening old age before the time, and giving occasion to their husbands to seek strangers instead of their wives, with divers other inconveniences.

*"Of CERUSSE, and the effects thereof.*

"The cerusse, or white lead, which women use to better their complexion, is made of lead and vinegar, which mixture is naturally a great drier; so that those women which use it about their faces, doe quickly become withered and grey-headed, because this doth so mightily dry up the natural moysture of their flesh: and if any give not credit to my report, let them but observe such as have used it, and I doubt not but they will easily be satisfied.

*"Of PLUME ALUME.*

"This alumine is a kind of stone, which seemeth as it were made of tow, and is of so hot and dry a nature, that if you make the wicke of a candle therewith, it is thought it will burn continually without going out; a very strange matter, and beyond credit. With this some use to rub the skin off their face, to make it seem red by reason of the inflammation it procureth; but questionlesse it hath divers inconveniencies, and therefore to be avoided.

*"Of the JUICE of LEMONS.*

"Some use the juice of lemons about their face, not knowing the evil qualities thereof; for it is so forcible, that it dissolveth the hardest stones into water, and there is nothing which sooner dissolveth pearl than it. Now if it can dissolve stones in this manner, what think you will it do upon man's flesh? Wherefore I exhort all women to eschewe this and the like fretting and wearing medicines.

*"Of the OYL of TARTARIE.*

"There is no greater fretter and eater than the oyl of tartarie, which in a very short time mortifieth a wound, as well as any other caustic

or corrosive: and being so strong a fretter, it will take any stain or spot out of linen or woollen cloth: wherefore we may easily think, that if it be used about the face, it will work the like effects on the same, by scorching and hardening it so, that in many days it will not return to the former state.

*"Of the ROCKE ALUME.*

"Rocke alumine doth likewise hurt the face, inasmuch as it is a very piercing and drying mineral, and is used in strong water for the dissolving of metals, which water is made only of rocke alumine and sal nitrum distilled, and is found to be of that strength, that one drop thereof being put on the skin, burneth, shriveleth, and parcheth it, with divers other inconveniencies, as loosing the teeth, &c.

*"Of CAMPHIRE.*

"Camphire is so hot and drie, that coming any thing neere the fier, it suddenly taketh fier, and burneth most vehemently. This being applied to the face, scaldeth it exceedingly, causing a great alteration, by parching of the skinned, and procuring a flushing in the face: and in this the women are very much deceived.

*"Of all such things as are enemies to the health, and hurtful to the complexion.*

"All those paintings and embellishings which are made with minerals and corrosives, are very dangerous for being laid upon the flesh, especially upon the face of a woman, which is very tender and delicate by nature (besides the harm they doe to the natural beauty) doe much prejudice the health of the body: for it is very certain that all paintings and colourings made of minerals or half minerals, as iron, brass, lead, tinn, sublimate, cerusse, camphire, juice of lemons, plume alumine, salt peeter, vitriol, and all manner of saltes, and sortes of alumes (as hath bin declared) are very offensive to the complexion of the face; wherefore if there be no remedy, but women will be meddling with this arte of polishing, let them insteade of those mineral stuffs, use the remedies following:

*"Of such helps of beauty as may safely be used without danger.*

"There is nothing in the world which doth more beautifie and adorne a woman, than cheerfulness and contentment: for it is not the red and white which giveth the gratus perfection of beauty, but certain sparkling notes and touches of amiable cheerfulness accompanying the same; the truth whereof may appear in a discontented woman, otherwise exceeding faire, who at that instant will seem y<sup>e</sup> favoured and unlovely: as contrariwise an hard-favoured and browne woman, being merry, pleasant, and jocund, will seem sufficient beautiful.



"Secondly, honesty : because though a woman be fair and merry, and yet be dishonest, she must needs seem most ugly to an ingenuous and honest mind.

"Thirdly, wisdom : for a foolish, vain, giggling dame cannot be reputed fair, inasmuch as she hath an impure and polluted mind.

"But hereof sufficient, till a further opportunity be ministered. Mean while, if any be desirous to be more satisfied on this point, I referre them to an oration or treatise of Nazianzen's concerning this matter."

Thus far Lomatius ; and as I have not been able to procure the treatise he refers to, I could wish with all my heart that the ladies would lay aside their paint for a few weeks, and make trial of his receipt. It will indeed cost them some trouble, and may possibly require a little alteration in their manner of living : but I will venture to assert, that the united toilettes of a hundred women of fashion cannot furnish a composition that will be half so efficacious.

No. 159.] THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1756.

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OLD as I am, my curiosity carried me the other night to see the new dramatic satire, called *The Apprentice*, which, considering the present epidemic madness for theatrical employments raging through the lower ranks of people, will I hope be as serviceable to cure the English mob of that idle disorder, as the immortal work of Cervantes was to exorcise from the breasts of the Spanish nobility the demon of knight-errantry. The piece is new and entertaining, and has received no inconsiderable advantages from the masterly performance of a principal comedian, who, with a true genius for the stage, has very naturally represented the contemptible insufficiency of a pert pretension to it. At my return to my lodgings, I found the following letter on my table :

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

Among the many benevolent designs which have adorned the present well-disposed age, I remember to have read one a few years ago, in a periodical pamphlet, intituled, "*A proposal for building an hospital for decayed authors*," which gave me, and many other charitable people, much satisfaction. If the aged, the lame, and the blind, are proper objects of compassion, how much more so are those, who (if I may use the expression) have mutilated their understandings by an application to an art which incapacitates

its professors for all other pursuits ! How many sublime geniuses have we daily seen, who, scorning the mechanic drudgeries to which they have been destined by their muck-worm parents, have so feasted their minds with Pierian delicacies, as to leave their bodies to perish through nakedness and hunger !

Having heard that the author of that essay made an impression not only upon those who shed often the tears of pity, but even upon usurers, attorneys, and sober tradesmen, I have ventured by the conveyance of your paper, to lay my thoughts before the public; in compassion to the distresses of another order of men, who, in a subordinate degree, are connected with the sublime race of authors, and, as retainers to the muses, claim mine and your assistance. The persons I mean are such as, either from the want of ambition or capacity, are prevented from soaring high enough to oblige mankind with their own conceptions, and yet, having a taste or inclination above handling a yard, or engrossing parchment, entertain and instruct the rest of their species by retailing the thoughts of others, and animating their own carcasses with the everliving sentiments of heroes, heroines, wits, and legislators. These gentlemen and ladies, whilst they are resident in London, are called in plain English, actors : but when they condescend to exhibit their illustrious personages in the country, the common people distinguish them by the name of stage-players, the rural gentry by the uncivil appellation of strollers, and a more unmannerly act of parliament by the names of vagrants and vagabonds. Such, Sir, is the present ill-bred dialect of our common statute law.

I must confess it has grieved me not a little, when I have beheld a theatrical veteran, who has served all the campaigns of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Henry the fifth, cast off by cruel fate, or the caprice of a manager, and condemned (in the tragic words of a celebrated poet)

———To beg his bitter bread  
Through realms his valour saved :

but judge, Mr. Fitz-Adam, what must have been my anxiety, when I have heard that a truly Christian actor (which is no small miracle in our days) who has inoffensively trod the stage many years without ever molesting our passions, or breaking the commandment by representing the likeness of any thing upon the earth, should be discarded merely upon the account of this his quiet deportment, and sent to eat the unmuse-like bread of industry, behind the entrenchment of a counter ! Shall a man, born with a soul aspiring to imitate the rapine of a Bajazet, or a woman with a heart burning to emulate the whoredoms of a Cleopatra, be sent, the one to weigh out sugar and spices to dirty

mechanics, and the other to be cruelly fettered in the bonds of matrimony, among a phlegmatic race of creatures, where chastity is reckoned a virtue? Indeed, Sir, when you come seriously to think of these things, I dare say you will lament with me, that in all this hospital-erecting town there is no charitable asylum yet founded for these unfortunate representatives of the greatest personages that ever trod the stage of earth.

We are told by Hamlet, that it is not impossible to trace Alexander's carcase, after his world-conquering spirit had left it, to the stopping of a bung-hole: but methinks it would not be decent for so civilized a nation as our own, to suffer any *living* hero to be so reduced by fortune, as to stop that place which the *dead* Macedonian monarch was supposed to perform the office of clay to. In plain English, would it not be shocking to see a fine periwig-pated emperor, whom we have beheld ascend the capitol as Julius Cæsar, degraded to fill small-beer barrels at Hockley-in-the-Hole?

To what base uses may we turn?

But that such heart-breaking anticipations may not weigh upon the spirits of these theatrical geniuses, while they are bringing the stately personages of antiquity before our eyes; and that our Pyrrhuses, Tamerlanes, and Marc Antonies, even though itinerant, may not sneak into the sheepish look of taylor, by foreboding that the cruel lot of fate may ere long destine those legs, which are now adorned with the regal buskin, to cross one another again upon an obscure shop-board in a garret; I say, that we may drive misery from the minds of these worthies, when she puts on such horrid shapes, I would propose to the nobility and gentry of this metropolis a subscription for raising an hospital for decayed actors and actresses, that our performers may constantly be cherished with the assurance that meagre want shall never grin at their royal heels, and that whenever age, accident, or the caprice of the town deprives those of their heroic callings, who fortunately have escaped violent deaths (for these representatives of heroes are sometimes known to imitate their originals, and, as the poet sings,

—Ere nature bids them die,  
Fate takes them early to the pitying sky)

they will be supported whilst alive; and, *when the sisters three shall slit the fatal thread*, they may be enabled to make an exit as they have lived, in mimetic grandeur, and have the insignia of their honours carried before them *to the grave's lightless mansion*.

If I find the generality of your readers are inclined to encourage this useful charity, I will take the liberty to offer to them a plan for the

building such an hospital, a scheme for the raising a fund for its support, to point out what qualifications are necessary to entitle a candidate to a place in it, and, last of all, to recapitulate the many advantages that must necessarily be derived to society from so laudable an undertaking.

But that no well-disposed persons may be influenced by the uncharitable insinuation that I have some selfish views in the erecting this hospital, I think it absolutely necessary to declare, that I am neither an unemployed physician, an unpractised surgeon, nor a drugless apothecary; nor do I any other way expect either emolument or pleasure from the institution, than in that sweetest of sensations which the heart feels in having contributed to the relief of others, which always rises in proportion to the object. What then, and how great must be mine, to have contributed to the comfort of so illustrious a race of worthies!

I am, with very sincere esteem, Sir,  
Your most humble faithful servant,  
A. Z.

No. 160.] THURSDAY, JAN. 22, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

I THINK, Sir, more than three years are past, since you began to bestow your labours on the reformation of the follies of the age. You have more than once hinted at the great success that has attended your endeavours; but surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you deceive yourself. Which of your papers have effectuated any real amendment? Have fewer fools gone to, or returned from France, since you commenced author? or have fewer French follies been purchased or propagated by those who never were in France? Do not women, dressed French, still issue from houses dressed Chinese, to theatres dressed Italian, in spite of your grave admonitions? Do the young men wear less claret, or the beauties less *rouge* in obedience to your lectures? Do men of fashion, who used to fling for a thousand pounds a throw, now cast only for five hundred? or if they should, do you impute it to Your credit with Them, or to Their want of credit? I do not mean, Sir, to depreciate the merit of your lucubrations: in point of effect, I believe they have operated as great reformation as the discourses of the divine Socrates, or the sermons of the affecting Tillotson. I really believe you would have corrected that young Athenian marquis, Alcibiades, as soon as his philosophic preceptor. What I would urge is, that all the preachers in the world, whether jocose, sa-

tic, severe, or damnatory, will never be able to bring about a reformation of manners by the mere charms of their eloquence or exhortation. You cannot imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, how much edge it would give to your wit to be backed by a little temporal authority. We may in vain regret the simplicity of manners of our ancestors, while there are no sumptuary laws to restrain luxury, no ecclesiastical censures to castigate vice. I shall offer to your readers an instance or two, to elucidate the monstrous disproportion between our riches and extravagance, and the frugality of former times; and then produce some of the wholesome censures and penalties, which the elders of the church were empowered to impose on persons of the first rank, who contravened the established rules of sobriety and decorum.

How would our progenitors have been astonished at reading the very first article in the late will of a grocer! *Imprimis*, I give to my dear wife *one hundred thousand pounds*. A sum exceeding a benevolence, or two subsidies, some ages ago. Nor was this enormous legacy half the personal estate of the above-mentioned tradesman, on whom I am far from designing to reflect; he raised his fortune honestly and industriously; but I hope some future antiquarian struck with the prodigality of the times, will compute how much sugar and plums have been wasted weekly in one inconsiderable parish in London, or even in one or two streets in that parish before a single shop-keeper could have raised four hundred thousand pounds by retailing those and such like commodities. Now let us turn our eyes back to the year 1385, and we shall find no less a person than the incomparable and virtuous lady Joan, princess dowager of Wales, by her last will and testament, bequeathing the following simple moveables; and we may well believe they were the most valuable of her possessions, as she divided them between her son the king, and her other children. To her son king Richard, she gave her new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves proceeding from their mouths. Also to her son Thomas, earl of Kent, her bed of red camak, paled with red, and rays of gold; and to John Holland, her other son, one bed of red camak. These particulars are faithfully copied from Dugdale, vol. 2, p. 94. an instance of simplicity and moderation in so great and illustrious a princess, which I fear I should in vain recommend to my contemporaries, and which is only likely to be imitated, as all her other virtues are, by the true representative of her fortune and excellence.

I come now, Sir, to those proper checks upon licentiousness, which, though calculated to serve the views of a popish clergy, were undoubtedly great restraints upon immorality and indecency,

and we may lament that such sober institutions were abolished with the real abuses of popery. Our ecclesiastic superiors had power to lay such fines and mullets upon wantonness, as might raise a revenue to the church and poor, and at the same time leave the lordly transgressors at liberty to enjoy their darling foibles, if they would but pay for them. Adultery, fornication, drunkenness, and the other amusements of people of fashion, it would have been in vain to subject to corporeal punishments. To ridicule those vices, and laugh them out of date by Tatlers, Spectators, and Worlds, was not the talent of monks and confessors, who at best only knew how to wrap up very coarse terms in very bald Latin and jingling verses. The clergy steered a third course, and assumed a province, which I could wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, was a little connected with your censorial authority. If you had power to oblige your fair readers and offenders to do penance in clean linen, for almost wearing no linen at all, I believe it would be an excellent supplement to your paper of May the 24th, 1753. The wisest exercise that I meet recorded of this power of inflicting penance, is mentioned by the same grave author, from whom I copied the will above-mentioned: it happened in the year 1360, in the case of a very exalted personage, and shows how little the highest birth could exempt from the severe inspection of those judges of manners. The lady Elizabeth, daughter of the marquis of Juliers, and widow of John Plantagenet earl of Kent, uncle of the princess Joan above-mentioned, having on the death of the earl her husband, retired to the monastery of Waverley, did (I suppose immediately) make a vow of chastity, and was solemnly veiled a nun there by William de Edendon, bishop of Winchester. Somehow or other it happened, that about eight years afterwards, sister Elizabeth of Waverley became enamoured of a goodly knight, called Sir Eustace Dawbridgecourt, smitten (as tradition says she affirmed) by his extreme resemblance to her late lord; though, as other credible writers affirm, he was considerably younger: and notwithstanding her vows of continence, which could not bind her conscience, and, in spite of her confinement, which was not strong enough to detain a lady of her great quality, she was clandestinely married to her paramour in a certain chapel of the mansion-house of Robert de Brome, a canon of the collegiate church of Wyngham, without any license from the archbishop of Canterbury, by one Sir John Ireland, a priest, before the sun-rising, upon Michaelmas day, in the 34th of Edward the third.

Notwithstanding the great scandal such an indecorum must have given, it is evident from the subservience of two priests to her desires, that her rank of princess of the blood set her above all apprehension of punishment for the breach of her monastic vows; yet it is evident



from the sequel of the story, that her dignity could not exempt her from such proper censures and penalties, as might deter others from commission of the like offences; as might daily and frequently expose the lady herself to blushes for her miscarriage; and as might draw comfort to the poor, from taxing the inordinate gratification of the appetites of their superiors; a sort of comfort, which to do them justice, the poor are apt to take as kindly, as the relief of their own wants.

My author says, vol. 2, page 95, that the lady dowager and her young husband being personally convened before the archbishop of Canterbury for the said transgression, at his manor-house of Haghsfeld, upon the seventh ides of April, the archbishop for their penance enjoined them to find a priest to celebrate divine service daily for them, the said Sir Eustace and Elizabeth, and for him, the archbishop; besides a large quantity of penitential psalms, pater-nosters, and aves, which were to be daily repeated by the priests and the transgressors. His grace moreover ordered the lady Elizabeth (whom for some reasons best known to himself, I suppose he regarded as the seducer) to go once a year on foot in pilgrimage to the tomb of that glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury; and once every week during her life to fast on bread and drink, and a mess of pottage, wearing no smock, especially in the absence of her husband; a penance that must appear whimsical to us, and not a little partial to Sir Eustace, whom the archbishop seems in more respects than one to have considered rather as disobedient to the canons, than guilty of much voluptuousness by his wedlock. But the most remarkable articles of the penance were the two following. The archbishop appointed the said Sir Eustace and the lady Elizabeth, that the next day after any repetition of their transgression had passed between them, they should competently relieve six poor people, and both of them that day to abstain from some dish of flesh or fish, whereof they did most desire to eat.

Such was the simplicity of our ancestors. Such were the wholesome severities to which the greatest dames and most licentious young lords were subject in those well-meaning times. But though I approve the morality of such corrections, and perhaps think that a degree of such power might be safely lodged in the hands of our great and good prelates; yet I am not so bigotted to antiquity as to approve either the articles of the penance or to think that they could be reconciled to the difference of modern times and customs. Pater-nosters and aves might be supplied by prayers and litanies of a more protestant complexion. Instead of a pilgrimage on foot to Canterbury, if an inordinate matron were compelled to walk to Ranelagh, I believe the penance might be severe

enough for the delicacy of modern constitutions. For the article of leaving off a shift, considering that the upper half is already laid aside, perhaps to oblige a lady-offender to wear a whole shift, might be thought a sufficient punishment; for wise legislators will allow a latitude of interpretation to their laws, to be varied according to the fluctuating condition of times and seasons. What most offends me, and which is by no means proper for modern imitation, is, the article that prescribes charity to the poor, and restriction from eating of a favourite dish, after the performance of certain mysteries. If the right reverend father was determined to make the lady Elizabeth ashamed of her incontinence, in truth he lighted upon a very adequate expedient, though not a very wise one; for as devotion and charity are observed to increase with increase of years, the bishop's injunction tended to nothing but to lessen the benefactions of the offenders as they grew older, by the conditions to which he limited their largess.

One can scarce reflect without a smile on the troops of beggars waiting every morning at Sir Eustace's gate, till he and his lady arose, to know whether their wants were to be relieved. One must not word, but one cannot help imagining the style of a modern footman, when ordered at breakfast by his master and lady, to go and send away the beggars, for they were to have nothing that morning. One might even suppose the good lady pouting a little, as she gave him the message. But were such a penance really enjoined now, what a fund of humour and wit would it open to people of fashion, invited to dine with two illustrious penitents under this circumstance! As *their* wit is never indelicate; as the subject is inexhaustible; and as the ideas on such an occasion must be a little corporeal, what *bon mots*, wrapped up indeed, but still intelligible enough, would attend the arrival of every new French dish, which Sir Eustace or my lady would be concluded to like, and would decline to taste!—But I fear I have transgressed the bounds of a letter. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who sway the censorial rod with the greatest lenity, and who would blush to put your fair penitents to the blush, might be safely trusted with the powers I recommend. Human weaknesses, and human follies, are very different: continue to attack the latter; continue to pity the former. An ancient lady might resist wearing pink; a matron who cannot resist the powers of Sir Eustace Dawbridgecourt, is not a topic for satire, but compassion; as you, who are the best-natured writer of the age, will I am sure agree to think with,

Sir,

Your constant reader and humble servant,

THOMAS HEARNE, jun.

No. 161.] THURSDAY, JAN. 29, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

By a very tender letter, in one of your papers, from an officer's wife, we have seen the distresses of a father and mother, and the misconduct of a daughter, whose meekness and gentleness of temper have drawn upon herself and family the utmost misery and distress. Give me leave to lay before you a character of another kind, the too great gentleness and weakness of a son.

In the forty-second year of my age, I was left a widower, with an only son of seven years old, who was so exact a likeness of his mother, both in person and disposition, that from that circumstance alone I could never prevail upon myself to marry again. The image of the excellent woman I had lost was perpetually before my eyes, and recalled to my memory the many endearing scenes of love and affection that had passed between us. I heard her voice, I saw her mien, and I beheld her smiles in my son. I resolved therefore to cultivate this tender plant with more than common care; and I endeavoured to take such proper advantages of his puerile age and hopeful temper, as might engage him to me, not more from moral duty, than from real inclination and attachment. My point was, to make him my friend; and I so far succeeded in that point, that till he was seventeen years old, he constantly chose my company preferable to any other.

I should have told you, that I placed him early at a great school; and to avoid the mischiefs that sometimes arise from boarding at a distance from parents, I took a house near the school, and kept him under my own eye, inviting constantly such of his school-fellows to amuse him, as were pointed out to me by the master, or were chosen by my own discernment, in consequence of my son's recommendation. All things went on in the most promising train; but still I saw in him a certain easiness of temper, and an excess of what is falsely called *good-nature*, but is real *weakness*, which I feared must prove of dreadful consequence to him, whenever he should tread the stage of the great world. However, it now grew time to advance him to the university: and he went thither, I can with truth say it, as free from vice, and as full of virtue, as the fondest parent could desire. What added farther to my hopes was, his strength of body, and the natural abhorrence which he had to wine, even almost to a degree of loathing.

When he was settled at college, I insisted upon his writing to me once a week; and I constantly answered his letters in the style and manner which I thought most conducive to the

improvement of his knowledge, and the extension and freedom of his thoughts. During some time our mutual correspondence was kept up with great punctuality and cheerfulness; but in less than two months it drooped and grew languid on his side; and the letters I received from him contained seldom more than three lines, telling me, "that he was much engaged in his studies, and that the departing post-boy hindered him from adding more than that he was my dutiful son."

Not to trouble you with too many particulars, in six months after he had been at the university I made him a visit; but I cannot find words to express the astonishment I felt, in discovering my gentle, easy, sweet-natured son, not only turned into a buck, but a politician. Never was any young man less fitted for either of those characters; never any young man entered deeper into both. He was a buck without spirit or ill-nature, and a politician without the least knowledge of our laws, history, or constitution. His only pretence to buckism was, his affected love of wine; his only skill in politics was the art of jumbling a parcel of words together, and applying them, as he imagined, very properly to the times. By this means he became distinguished among his associates as the jolliest, honestest toast-master in the university. But alas! this was a part assumed by my son, from a desire of pleasing, mixed with a dread of offending the persons into whose clubs and bumper-ceremonies he had unhappily enlisted himself. Poor miserable youth! he was acting in opposition to his own nature, of which had he followed the dictates, he would neither have meddled with party politics nor wine; but would have fulfilled, or at least have aimed at, that beautiful character of Pamphilus in Terence, so well delineated in the Bevil of Sir Richard Steele's *Conscious Lovers*.

To preserve his health, I withdrew him from the university as expeditiously and with as little noise as I could, and brought him home, perfectly restored, as I vainly imagined, to himself. But I was mistaken. The last person who was with him, always commanded him. The companions of his midnight hours obliterated his duty to his father, and, notwithstanding his good sense, made him, like the beast in the fable, fancy himself a lion, because he had put on the lion's skin. With the same disposition, had he been a woman, he must have been a prostitute; not so much from evil desires, as from the impossibility of denying a request. He worshipped vice, as the Indians do the devil, not from inclination, but timidity. He bought intemperance at the price of his life; his health paid the interest-money during many months of a miserable decay; at length his death, little more than two years ago, discharged the debt entirely, and left me with the sad consolation of having per-



formed my duty to him, from the time I lost his mother till the time he expired in my arms.

I have borne my loss like a man; but I have often lamented the untowardness of my fate, which snatched from me an only child, whose disposition was most amiable, but whose virtues had not sufficient strength to support themselves. He was too modest to be resolute; too sincere to be wary; too gentle to oppose; too humble to keep up his dignity. This, perhaps, was the singular part of his character: but he had other faults in common with his contemporaries; he mistook prejudices for principles; he thought the retraction of an error a deviation from honour; his aversions arose rather from names than persons; he called obstinacy steadiness; and he imagined, that no friendship ought ever to be broken, which had been begun, like the orgies of Bacchus, amidst the frantic revels of wine.

Thus, Sir, I have set before you, I hope without any acrimony, the source and progress of my irreparable misfortune. It will be your part to warn the rising generation, in what manner to avoid the terrible rocks of mistaken honour and too pliant good-nature.

In the last century, the false notions of honour destroyed your youth by fashionable duels; and they were induced to murder each other by visionary crowns of applause. The false notions of honour, in the present age, destroy our youth by the force of bumpers, and the mad consequences arising from every kind of liquor that can intoxicate and overturn sense, reason, and reflection. Why are not healths to be eaten as well as drank? Why may not the spells and magic arising from mouthfuls of beef and mutton be as efficacious towards the accomplishment of our wishes as gallons of port, or overflowing bowls of punch? Certainly they might. I hope, therefore, that by your public admonition, the young men of our days, who eat much less than they drink, may drink much less than they eat: and I must farther add, that as it may be dangerous to abolish customs so long established, I humbly advise that you permit them to eat as many healths as they please.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader

And most humble servant,

L. M.

No. 162.] THURSDAY, FEB. 5, 1756.

It has been my weekly endeavour, for some years, to entertain and instruct the public to the best of my abilities. That I am thought entertain-

ing is beyond dispute; for as no one peruses a periodical paper for conscience' sake, or by way of penance, it is evident, that, since I am read, I please.

How far I may have attained the other purpose of my papers, that of instructing, is another question, and which cannot easily be resolved. The pen of a writer, like the hand of time, works imperceptibly; and perhaps the reformation which may be occasioned by these my labours, will not be completed in less than a century. Thus much, however, I may venture to affirm, that I have done no harm. All my contemporaries may not, perhaps, be able to say as much for their writings. People of fashion have not more abounded in thoughtlessness and prodigality since the publication of the *World*. Legal debts are no worse paid than they were formerly; nor have the weekly bills of adultery considerably increased. Though I may not have been able to hew off the *marble*, and bring out the *man*, I have spoilt the *block*; and some happier artist may yet exercise his chisel upon it.

It has always been my particular endeavour to avoid blame; for to please every body is a vain attempt: and yet to meet with censure where applause was due, is affecting to a generous spirit: such has been my lot. Many of my readers will hardly believe me when I tell them, that I have been censured for not writing in a serious manner. The accusation is indeed severe; for it implies that I have mistaken the genius of the people. Seriousness is not, I think, the present disposition of Britons, however they may have been celebrated for that quality in former times. Why then should I be serious, who write for the youthful, the well-dressed, and for every body one knows? The very word *seriousness* is expelled from polite life; it is never mentioned at all, but in some account of the author, or in funeral panegyrics; and even then it is only applied to writers of good books, or to ancient maiden gentlewomen. What then has poor Adam Fitz-Adam done, that he should be obliged to turn parson, and write seriously?

But there are certain seasons and occasions that call upon me for real seriousness; occasions where humour and ridicule would be ill-applied, and justly censurable. Such is the present; when on the morrow of this day a general humiliation is appointed, to deprecate the Divine displeasure, and to implore deliverance from those dreadful devastations which have so lately alarmed or destroyed a neighbouring people, and laid their metropolis in ruins. For an occasion so solemn, I have reserved a letter which I received some time since from a very valuable correspondent, and which I shall here lay before my readers, as the properest preparation that I am able to present them with.



TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I shall make no apology for addressing the public, by the channel of your paper, on an occurrence that has so lately and justly alarmed us; I mean the desolation of Lisbon and the adjacent country. The terror we express, on the bare hearing of that distant calamity, strongly implies the relation we bear as men to the unhappy sufferers; and the pity and support we give them, show how readily we suppose the case might have been our own. Nor are we indeed wholly exempted from a share in the event: we are not destroyed, but we are admonished. In this sense the shock was general; and though the blow was partial, the warning is universal.

Among the many hints of improvements suggested by so awful a devastation, the necessity of a general reformation seems a very obvious one. A small acquaintance with mankind will show us how vice and immorality prevail, under the specious names of custom and politeness; while virtue, if not ridiculed, is too often and generally neglected. Irreligion and profaneness furnish constant matter of reproof for the pulpit; and the enormities that attend them, employment for the hand of justice. If then the Divine displeasure is to be dreaded for the impieties of a nation, how small is our security!

We join in our concern for a people or city, ruined by so fatal and sudden a stroke as an earthquake, and image to ourselves the horrors of the scene; but how faintly! for who can fully describe a distress which guilt can only aggravate, and the testimony of a good conscience only alleviate?

The instability of all earthly good, is a truth so well known, both from precept and experience, that it may be thought unnecessary to consider it here, as another lesson contained in so melancholy a providence: but to me there appears something more striking in the ruins of an earthquake, than the usual vicissitudes of life subject us to. In the ordinary changes of life, the loss of wealth, honour, and friends, is often gradual and expected; and our resignation, in proportion, less painful: we are (if I may be allowed the expression) weaned from enjoyments we know are so precarious; but to be robbed at once of all we have, and all we love, and perhaps survive, the sad spectators of our own ruin, is to be attacked when we are least on our guard, and to feel the evils of a whole life in a moment. If we look round us, we shall see what unwearied application and prudent circumspection are necessary to obviate the misfortunes we daily encounter; but what application can befriend, what circumspection warn, when rocks fail us, and seas overwhelm us?

Another lesson we may learn from this calamity, is humility. What weak pretensions to pre-eminence are riches, honour, and applause, when a moment can efface them! Death, in his usual progress, shows us their insufficiency; but by slower approaches. The trophy out-lives the hero, and the monument the patriot; wealth and titles descend to future generations; and though the prince and the peasant meet the same fate, the eulogy of the one survives, and distinguishes him from the other: but here all characters are blended, distinctions lost, the rich levelled, and the ambitious humbled. Such a general confusion may well alarm us, and make us look with indifference on the objects of our present envy: for what is treasure but a security against want? and what is important, that is not permanent?

But not to dwell any longer on particulars, which every one's reflections will naturally enlarge on, we have here a faint picture of that awful day, "when the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise." The reader will, I doubt not, be pleased with a description of this scene, as given us by a celebrated genius of the present age.

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At the destined hour,  
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,  
See all the formidable sons of fire,  
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings play  
Their various engines; all at once disgorge  
Their blazing magazines; and take by storm  
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.  
Amazing period! when each mountain height  
Out-burns Vesuvius! rocks eternal pour  
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;  
Stars rush, and final Ruin fiercely drives  
Her plough-share o'er creation.

The recital of such sudden and universal desolation fills us with terror, and we shudder at the prospect of a catastrophe, in which each of us shall be so immediately concerned. But our interest in it will appear in a stronger light, if we consider this change of things as the prelude of an unchangeable and eternal state of happiness or misery. Our best efforts here are mixed with many imperfections, and our best enjoyments liable to frequent disappointments; but when life's drama is completed, the applause or censure of an unerring judge shall determine how far we have acted the different characters allotted us with propriety: the dissolution of earthly felicity shall be succeeded by the more substantial joys of heaven; and even those joys shall be heightened by their duration.

C. B.

No. 163.] THURSDAY, FEB. 12, 1786.

THERE was an ancient sect of philosophers, the disciples of Pythagoras, who held, that the souls of men and all other animals existed in a state of perpetual transmigration, and that when by death they were dislodged from one corporeal habitation, they were immediately reinstated in another, happier or more miserable, according to their behaviour in the former: so that when any person made his exit from the stage of this world, he was supposed only to retire behind the scenes to be new dressed, and to have a new part assigned him, more or less agreeable, in proportion to the merit of his performance in the last.

This doctrine of transmigration, I must own, was always a very favourite tenet of mine, and always appeared to me one of the most rational guesses of the human mind into a future state. I shall here therefore endeavour to show the great probability of its truth, from the following considerations: first, from its justice; secondly, from its utility; and lastly, from the difficulties we lie under to account for the sufferings of many innocent creatures without it.

First, then, the justice of this system exceeds that of all others; because, by it, the great law of retaliation may be more strictly adhered to; for, by means of this metamorphosis, men may suffer in one life the very same injuries which they have inflicted in another; and that too in the very same persons, by a change only in situation. Thus, for instance, the cruel tyrant who in one life has sported with the miseries of his slaves, may in the next feel all the miseries of slavery under a master as unmerciful as himself. The relentless and unjust judge may be imprisoned, condemned, and hanged in his turn. Divines may be compelled by fire and faggot to believe the creeds and articles they have composed for the edification of others; and soldiers may be plundered and ravished in the persons of defenceless peasants and innocent virgins. The lawyer reviving in the character of a client, may be tormented with delay, expense, uncertainty, and disappointment; and the physician, who in one life has taken exorbitant fees, may be obliged to take physic in another. All those who under the honourable denomination of sportsmen, have entertained themselves with the miseries and destruction of innocent animals, may be terrified and murdered in the shape of hares, partridges, and woodcocks; and all those who under the more illustrious title of heroes, have delighted in the devastation of their own species, may be massacred by each other in the forms of invincible game-cocks, and pertinacious bull-dogs. As for statesmen, ministers, and all great men devoted to great busi-

ness, they, however guilty, cannot be more properly, nor more severely punished, than by being obliged to reassume their former characters, and to live the very same lives over again.

In the next place, the utility of this system is equal to its justice, and happily coincides with it: for by means of this transmigration, all the necessary inconveniences, and all the burdensome offices of life, being imposed on those only who by their misbehaviour in a former state have deserved them, become at once just punishments to them, and at the same time benefits to society; and so all those who have injured the public in one life by their vices, are obliged in another to make reparation by their sufferings. Thus the tyrant, who by his power has oppressed his country in the situation of a prince, in that of a slave may be compelled to do it some service by his labour. The highwayman who has stopped and plundered travellers, may expedite and assist them in the shape of a post-horse. The metaphorical buck, who has terrified sober citizens by his exploits, converted into a real one, may make them some compensation by his haunches; and mighty conquerors, who have laid waste the world by their swords, may be obliged, by a small alteration in sex and situation, to contribute to its repeopling, by the qualms of breeding, and the pains of childbirth.

For my own part, I verily believe this to be the case. I make no doubt but that Louis the fourteenth is now chained to an oar in the galleys of France, and that Hernando Cortez is digging gold in the mines of Peru or Mexico. That Turpin, the highwayman, is several times a day spurred backwards and forwards between London and Epping: and that lord\*\*\* and Sir Harry\*\*\* are now actually roasting for a city feast. I question not, but that Alexander the great, and Julius Cæsar, have died many times in child-bed since their appearance in those illustrious and depopulating characters; that Charles the twelfth is at this instant a curate's wife in some remote village, with a numerous and increased family; and that Kouli Khan is now whipped from parish to parish, in the person of a big-bellied beggar-woman, with two children in her arms, and three at her back.

Lastly, the probability of this system appears from the difficulty of accounting for the sufferings of many innocent creatures without it; for if we look round us, we cannot but observe a great and wretched variety of this kind; numberless animals subjected, by their own natures, to many miseries, and by our cruelties to many more: incapable of crimes, and consequently incapable of deserving them; called into being, as far as we can discover, only to be miserable for the service or diversion of others less meritorious than themselves; without any possibility of preventing, deserving, or receiving recompence for their unhappy lot, if their whole existence is



comprehended in the narrow and wretched circle of their present life. But the theory here inculcated removes all these difficulties, and reconciles these seemingly unjust dispensations with the strictest justice: it informs us, that these their sufferings may be by no means undeserved, but the just punishments of their former misbehaviour in a state, where, by means of their very vices, they may have escaped them. It teaches us that the pursued and persecuted fox was once probably some crafty and rapacious minister, who had purchased, by his ill-acquired wealth, that safety which he cannot now procure by his flight: that the bull, baited with all the cruelties that human ingenuity or human malevolence can invent, was once some relentless tyrant, who had inflicted all the tortures which he now endures: that the poor bird, blinded, imprisoned, and at last starved to death in a cage, may have been some unforgiving creditor: and the widowed turtle, pining away life for the loss of her mate, some fashionable wife, rejoicing at the death of her husband, which her own ill usage had occasioned.

Never can the delicious repast of roasted lobsters excite my appetite, whilst the ideas of the tortures in which those innocent creatures have expired, present themselves to my imagination. But when I consider that they must have once probably been Spaniards at Mexico, or Dutchmen at Amboyna, I fall to, both with a good stomach and a good conscience, and please myself with the thoughts, that I am thus offering up a sacrifice acceptable to the manes of many millions of massacred Indians. Never can I repose myself with satisfaction in a post-chaise, whilst I look upon the starved, foundered, ulcerated, and excoriated animals, who draw it, as mere horses, condemned to such exquisite and unmerited torments for my convenience; but when I reflect, that they once must undoubtedly have existed in the characters of turnkeys of Newgate, or fathers of the holy inquisition, I gallop on with as much ease as expedition; and am perfectly satisfied, that in pursuing my journey, I am but the executioner of the strictest justice.

I very well know that these sentiments will be treated as ludicrous by many of my readers, and looked upon only as the productions of an exuberant imagination; but I know likewise, that this is owing to ill-grounded pride, and false notions of the dignity of human nature: for they are in themselves both just and serious, and carry with them the strongest probability of their truth: so strong is it, that I cannot but hope it will have some good effect on the conduct of those polite people, who are too sagacious, learned, and courageous to be kept in awe by the threats of hell and damnation: and I exhort every fine lady to consider, how wretched will be her condition, if, after twenty or thirty years spent at cards, in elegant rooms, kept warm by

good fires and soft carpets, she should at last be obliged to change places with one of her coach-horses; and every fine gentleman to reflect, how much more wretched would be his, if, after wasting his estate, his health, and his life in extravagance, indolence, and luxury, he should again revive in the situation of one of his creditors.

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No. 164.] THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1756.

I HAVE set apart this day's paper for the miscellaneous productions of various correspondents.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am a citizen of no mean city; however, in respect to the metropolis, we are deemed the country, and must therefore be prescribed to by London, from whence, as I am told, we receive all our fashions. But surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, some things which I have seen of late are too absurd to have come from thence for our imitation, and can only have been unhappy necessities in some person of vogue, which others have mistaken for choice and fashion.

A few days ago, I saw a young lady in our neighbourhood, who after some considerable absence from home, returned with her hair all off, except as much as might grow in a fortnight after close shaving; and that too standing thin and staring. I asked my wife when I came home, if she knew where Miss Giddycrown had been; for that I was sadly afraid she had been confined in some mad-house; for her head had been shaved and blistered, her hair was but just coming on to grow again, and she had, I observed, a particular shy and wild look. As this was the first instance of the kind ever seen here, my wife knew no more than myself what to make of it: she hoped, indeed, that it might possibly not be so bad; that it might only be some external disorder of her head: or, had miss been married, she should have thought that her hair might possibly have fallen off in a lying-in.

But alas, Sir! this disorder of the head has proved contagious; and being given out as the fashion, is prodigiously spread. Now if this be only a hum (as I suppose it is) upon our country apes, it being blown in the WORLD will put an end to it; but if it be a real fashion, pray be so good as to set the World against it. I am sure I should be rejoiced to find any remedy in the World for this falling off of the hair; for indeed it is a very unseemly and frightful disorder.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

T. L.



MR. FITZ-ADAM;

I am infested by a swarm of country cousins, that are come up to town for the winter, as they call it, a whole family of them. They ferret me out from every place I go to, and it is impossible to stand the ridicule of being seen in their company.

At their first coming to town, I was in a manner obliged to gallant them to the play; where having seated the mother with much ado, I offered my hand to the eldest of my five young cousins; but as she was not dexterous enough to manage a great hoop with one hand only, she refused my offer, and at the first step fell all along. It was with great difficulty I got her up again; but, imagine, Sir, my situation: I sat like a mope all the night, not daring to look up, for fear of catching the eyes of my acquaintance, who would have laughed me out of countenance.

You may imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I contrived all manner of means to get off from any future engagements with my cousins; but it has unfortunately so happened, that we have met almost every where. No longer ago than last night, as I was going into a rout, and moving towards the lady of the house, to pay my devoirs to her, what should I hear but one of the hoydens, who had not seen me for two or three days, bawling out, "O law! there's my cousin!" I advised the mother to take the young lady immediately back into the country; for that I feared the same violence of joy which discovered itself in her voice and looks at only seeing me as a relation, might carry her greater lengths where the affection was stronger.

My acquaintance see how I am mortified at all public places, and it is a standing jest with them, wherever they meet me, to put on the appearance of the profoundest respect, and to ask, "Pray, Sir, how do your cousins do?"

This leads me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to propose something for the relief of all those whose country cousins, like mine, expect they should introduce them into the world; by which means we shall avoid appearing in a very ridiculous light: for whoever sees the dancing bears, must include the man who shows them in the subject for laughter. I would, therefore, set up a person, who should be known by the name of Town-Usher. His business should be to attend closely all young ladies who never were in town before, to teach them to walk into the play-house without falling over the benches, to show them the tombs, and the lions, and the wax-work, and the giant, and instruct them how to wonder, and shut their mouths at the same time: for I really meet with so many gapers every day in the streets, that I am continually yawning all the way I walk.

I shall only detain you to make one reflection upon these journeys to London. It appears very

odd to me, that people should choose to leave their home for two or three months, to make themselves unhappy in it the rest of their lives. My good cousin, the mother, thinks she has acted right in showing her children the world: and fully convinced that they have a thorough knowledge of it, carries them back into the country, where they despise those with whom they formerly lived in intimacy and friendship because they have not seen London. Miss walks with less pleasure about the fields since her fall in the play-house, and her sisters are pouting all day long, because the country can afford them no such sights as they saw in town.

I am, Sir,

Your great admirer,

A. W.

SIR,

I have the honour to be a member of a certain club in the city, where it is a standing order, "That the paper called the World be constantly brought upon the table, with clean glasses, pipes, and tobacco, every Thursday after dinner." In consequence of this order, a letter, or rather a petition, from one of your correspondents, was lately read, praying that you would establish it as a law, that healths should be *eaten* as well as *drank*. There appeared something so new and national in *eating the prosperity of our king and country*, that the whole club, with a vivacity unknown in that place before, rose up to applaud it, and after many wise and learned debates upon the subject agreed to the following orders and resolutions:

Ordered,

That in this club, the word *Toast* in drinking be changed to *Mouthful* in eating; and that every member, after naming the *Mouthful* he proposes, do fill his mouth as full as possible, in honour of the person or cause so named.

Ordered,

That the chairman be always *Mouthful-Master*.

Ordered,

That the *Mouthful-Master* do demand the *Mouthfuls* regularly from the members over the right thumb, and do cause them to be eaten regularly over his left.

Resolved,

That all the members of the club be obliged upon every club day to eat a large slice of roast beef, as a bumper health to old England.

Resolved,

That the city of London, and the trade thereof, be eaten in turtle.

Resolved,

Always to eat prosperity to Ireland in boiled beef, and to North Britain in Scotch collops.

Resolved,

To eat the administration in British herrings.

Resolved,

To eat success to our fleet in pork and pease.

Resolved,

As the greatest instance that this club can possibly show of their respect and devotion, that the healths of lady \* \* \*, and the dutchess of \* \* \*, be eaten by every member in mouthfuls of minced chicken.

Resolved,

That Mr. Fitz-Adam, or any of his friends be permitted to eat the members of this club as often as they please, provided that they do not knowingly and wittingly suffer any Frenchman whatsoever to eat the said members dead or alive.

Thus, Sir, you see that you are continually in our thoughts; and therefore, as a member of a society so warmly attached to you, you will believe me, when I assure you that I am.

Your most faithful

humble servant,

E. P.

No. 165.] THURSDAY, FEB. 26, 1756.

THERE are few things by which a man discovers the weakness of his judgment more, than by retailing scraps of common-place sentiment on that trite and thread-bare topic, the degeneracy of the times. We are told very seriously in almost every company, that the courage we received from our ancestors is evaporated; that our trade is ruined; that religion is but a badge to distinguish parties; and that the muses, kicked off of doors, have carried off with them truth, honour, justice, and all the moral virtues.

But to our comfort, this reflection is not confined to the present age; it extends itself equally to all. A touch on the times is a piece of satire, that almost runs parallel with the foundation of every state. How many authors do we hear bewailing the degeneracy of their contemporaries, and prognosticating the farther corruption of their posterity! Our very stature is diminished. Even in Homer's time, men were strangely decreased in their size since the Trojan war. Virgil says, that Turnus threw a stone at Æneas, which a dozen Romans could not have lifted; so that had men decreased since the days of Virgil, in the same proportion, we should long before now have dwindled into a race of atoms.

Livy, who flourished in the golden age of Augustus, tells us, that above three hundred years before, a spirit of equity and moderation animated the whole body of the people, which was not to be found then in one individual. Cicero is for ever declaiming against the degeneracy of his own times; and Juvenal says, that in his, vice was arrived to such a height, that posterity,

however willing, would not be able to add any thing to it. Yet consult the authors who have written since, and you will imagine that every former age was an age of virtue.

From all these passages, and many others, it is evident, that this complaint is by no means applicable to our times only. And really it is a great breach of good-manners, that modern fine gentlemen cannot put a little *rouge* on their faces, but the saucy quill of some impertinent author immediately rubs it off: but neither is it their own invention, nor imported from France; for Juvenal informs us, that the Roman beaux did the same.

There is but one reason that I know of, why a man may declaim with impunity against the degeneracy of the times; it is because the reflection is only general, and that he is as much the object of his own satire as any other man. But let a foreigner, in a company of Englishmen, presume to say, that they have degenerated from their forefathers, and not a Briton amongst them but will resent the indignity; or let the reflection become more particular still, and one man lay an act of degeneracy to the charge of another, and the consequence is too obvious.

To lament the loss of religion, and abuse its professors; to censure the constitution of a state, and its constituents, are quite different things. And though a man may prefer the army with which Henry the fifth beat the French at Agincourt, to our present soldiery, yet examine them one by one, and there is scarce a sergeant in the service that does not think himself equal to the most valiant commander, from Alexander the great, king of Macedonia, down to brave old Hendrick, Sachem of the Mohawk Indians. So that, if considered separately, we are more wise, more valiant, and more religious than our ancestors; if collectively, we are a set of fools, cowards, and infidels.

An ingenious correspondent of mine has carried his compliments on the present times farther than I have done. I shall conclude this paper with his letter and verses.

SIR,

A conquest over the affections and passions has been the highest boast of the philosophers of every age; and in proportion as they have attained this victory, future writers have celebrated their characters as the most exalted patterns of wisdom and prudence. But though a veneration for the rust of antiquity, or a fondness for every thing which happened before the memory of our grandfathers, may lead some to celebrate former ages, yet we may boast it among the felicities of the times in which we live, that the most important concerns of life are entered into only under the directions of reason and philosophy. To instance only in one particular; marriage is the effect of mere

prudence and forecast, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion, which has now no being but in play-books and romances.

In former ages, love was supposed to keep the door of Hymen's temple; but now, as the knowledge of the world may have been somewhat expensive in acquiring, and as our modern philosophers have spent that fortune on their youth, which it had been ridiculous to have reserved for the debility of old age, just before the last spark of vigour is extinguished, some rich heiress is won, who conduces both to the perpetuating a name, and to the providing a fortune for that posterity, which is to continue the family honours. Happy expedient! by which the weight of numerous younger children, the almost constant burden of former times, is most judiciously avoided.

That I may present your readers with a striking contrast between the follies of our ancestors, and the solid prudence of the present generation, I shall here subjoin a couple of short odes, which are written in the character of an old Englishman, and a modern one, on the day before their marriage.

#### THE OLD ENGLISHMAN.

##### I.

I'll tell you why I love my love;  
Because her thousand graces prove  
Her worth is very high:  
She's very fair, and very good,  
And not unwilling to be woo'd  
By one so plain as I.

##### II.

Wherever muse has fired the strain,  
On British or on Tuscan plain,  
Delighted has she roved;  
Has glow'd with all the generous rage  
That animates the storied page,  
By British bosoms loved.

##### III.

Oft has she sought, with careful feet,  
The hallow'd hermit's calm retreat,  
And traced with thought profound  
Each precept of the wise and good;  
That every wish has she subdued  
To wisdom's narrow bound.

##### IV.

Has learn'd the flattering paths to shun,  
Where folly's fickle votaries run,  
Deceived by fortune's glare;  
Has learn'd that food, and clothes, and fire,  
Are only nature's plain desire,  
Nor forms for more her prayer.

##### V.

Content with these, my Geraldine  
Has promised to be ever mine,  
For well she knows my heart;  
She knows it honest and sincere,  
And much too open to appear  
Beneath the veil of art.

##### VI.

She knows it pants for her alone,  
That not the splendour of a throne  
From her my steps could lure;  
To-morrow gives to these fond arms  
My Geraldine in all her charms,  
And makes my bliss secure.

#### THE MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

##### I.

No, no; by all the powers above,  
My heart's as little touch'd by love  
As ever in my life.  
Full well, dear Hal, to thee is known  
Whom fortune to my lot has thrown,  
To be my wedded wife.

##### II.

But why I wed? should any ask,  
To answer is an easy task,  
Want, want! my honest Harry:  
What can a man, whose fortune's spent,  
Who's mortgaged to his utmost rent,  
But drown, or shoot, or marry?

##### III.

Of these the best is sure the bride;  
For when once plunged beneath the tide,  
Adieu to all our figure.  
Full sudden is the pistol's fate;  
When once 'tis touch'd, alas! too late  
We wish undrawn the trigger.

##### IV.

'Tis thus resolved then, honest boy,  
To-morrow thou may'st wish me joy,  
Joy will I buy by wiving:  
Soon to her mansion, far from town,  
Six rapid Bays shall whirl us down,  
As if the devil were driving.

##### V.

There shall the brisk capacious bowl  
Drown every care that haunts the soul,  
And rouse me to new life:  
And, Hal, for all that she can say,  
Some blooming village queen of May  
Shall—wait upon my wife.

##### VI.

When all the tedious farce is o'er,  
And spouse has crown'd me with her dower,  
Should sudden ruin meet her,



Even though her coachman broke her neck,  
Unmoved I'd stand amidst the wreck,  
Nor swear at heedless Peter.

No. 166.] THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1756

*Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret,  
Quem, nisi mendosum, et medicandum?*

HOR.

False praise can charm, unreal shame control—  
Whom, but a vicious or a sickly soul?

FRANCIS.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG all the prostitutions of language, so justly observed by many celebrated writers, I know of none more to be lamented, than those which rob virtue of her true title, and usurp her name and character.

It may be observed, that in all countries, and states, the farther they have gone from their original purity and simplicity, the greater have their advances been in this respect. The Romans, whose poverty only kept them within the bounds of virtue, when they had quitted their humble stations for scenes of ambition and glory, not only changed their manners, but lost the sense of those words which were in high estimation with their ancestors. The words *frugal*, *temperate*, and *modest*, were no longer held in any degree of reverence, when riches, and a licentious enjoyment of them, were the only things in vogue.

We have gone beyond them in this respect, and quite reversed the meaning of words. *Knave* and *villain*, formerly the denominations of laudable industry, are now the marks of the greatest reproach. Our manners have adulterated our words; and for fear they should reproach us with our conduct, we disfranchise and condemn them to infamy, that their testimony may be invalid, and their evidence of no credit.

There are many instances in modern times, where a false and blind zeal has heightened the signification of words of very little meaning, to an unaccountable degree of veneration; as, on the contrary, a loose and libertine way of thinking has debased and sullied those of the highest dignity.

I am not a little pleased with a saying of King Theodorick, who being advised by his courtiers to debase the coin, declared, "That nothing which bore his image should ever lie." Are we not all accessory to the propagation of falsehood, when we suffer any thing that carries

the image and representation of our minds, to be guilty of an untruth, and when we enter into a combination to support words in a signification foreign to their meaning, and quite different from the ideas those sounds ought to form in our minds?

Custom is the tyrant of the language; it can alter, adjust, and new-model, but it cannot annihilate. It can settle new phrases, introduce a whole colony of fashionable nonsense from foreign parts, and render old words obsolete; but it cannot erase ideas from language. It can do more than an absolute prince; because it can create new words; a privilege which was not allowed to the Roman emperor Tiberius, who having coined a word in the senate, his flatterers desired it might be adopted into their language, as a compliment to the emperor; but an old senator, not quite degenerated from the honest sincerity of his ancestors, made this memorable reply, "You may give, Sir, the freedom of the city to *men* but not to *words*."

There is no word of greater import and dignity than Honour. It is virtue adorned with every decoration that can make it amiable and useful in society. It is the true foundation of mutual faith and credit, and the real intercourse by which the business of life is transacted with safety and pleasure. It is of universal extent, and can be confined to no particular station of life, because it is every man's security, and every man's interest. But to its great misfortune its own virtues have undone it. Its excellent character has of late years recommended it so much to the patronage of the great, that they have entirely appropriated it to their own use and communicated to it a part of their own privileges, that of being accessible only to a few. It now no longer retains its former good qualities; its real dignity is lost, and it is become rather the ornament, than the foundation of a character: it is a kind of polish, that implies a finished character, and too often conceals a very imperfect one.

Thus has honour got an imaginary title, instead of a real one. It has lost by its acquisitions; and by being the particular idol of a few, is no longer of use to the many. Its new-acquired trophies are the spoils of its former greatness; and the remembrance of what it was, serves only to heighten the melancholy idea of what it now is. It formerly constantly attended merit, as a friend and guardian; it now accompanies greatness as a flatterer and parasite.

It is a compliment to the taste of the present age to allege, that honour is its darling attribute. It is in itself a composition of every thing that is valuable and worthy of commendation; and even in its degenerate state, it is, in a degree, the picture of virtue: it is finely drawn, but the lines are not just, and the colours too glaring

The endeavours of the artists to set it off to advantage, have made it more like a piece of gaudy pageantry, than a true copy of nature.

To justify the truth of what I assert, I appeal to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and beg leave to ask you, what are your ideas of a man, when you hear him particularly recommended as a man of honour? Are your notions at all enlarged, in respect to his moral character? Would you give him the preference in your vote, as a representative in parliament? Or should you conceive him to have a more than ordinary zeal for the true religion of his country? Would you trust him the sooner were you a tradesman? Or could you with more safety admit him into your family, to an intimacy with your wife and daughters? You would undoubtedly rather game with him, because he will not cheat; and you would be sure to receive your money, if you gained any advantage, however his more just creditors might suffer. You would certainly show him more respect, because you dare not affront him; honour being a thing of so very delicate a nature, that the least indignity endangers its destruction: having lost its true essence, it can only be supported by the courage and zeal of those, who will not suffer its title to be disputed.

What is become of poor Honesty? Is she confined to the habitations of Mark and Mincinglane? Dare she not appear in the polite world? I make no doubt she is as frequent in her visits there, as in any place; but for want of a proper dress, she is obliged to be incog. She is not a little afraid of the pert raillery of Honour, whom she would be sure to meet in her travels to those parts of the town; and as the latter is a burlesque on her character, she chooses always to avoid her.

Her name seems to be quite banished to the unbred world, and is so much out of vogue at present, that an honest man as certainly means a tradesman, as a man of honour does a gentleman.

The word is fairly worn out: it has been so long in mercantile hands, that it is no longer fit for gentlemen. They have laid it aside by universal consent, and bestowed it, with their old clothes, on their servants and dependants.

The ladies, who form the most considerable part of the fashionable world, have a peculiar sort of honour of their own. They entrench not upon that already appropriated to the other sex, but take it where the men leave it. Conscious of their own frailties and infirmities, they are not ashamed to invoke its aid and assistance, to guard them in a part where they are most liable to surprise. No other branch of their conduct comes within the jurisdiction of honour; for honour, at present, is no more than what the world expects from you; they are at free liberty

in every other article; and, like our original parents, have but one thing prohibited.

The different value and credit of particular virtues, at several periods of time, would form a very entertaining and useful history; and by looking back into former times, and observing the different faces and changes that virtue has appeared in, we might reduce it to a degree of calculation, and form a tolerable conjecture when any particular species of it would again come into fashion. The present rage for liberty will not easily admit of many articles of belief; they are a degree of servitude of the mind, which we disdain: but as it is very proper to observe some appearance of religion, we voluntarily give up the freedom of the body, to preserve that of the mind: and admit of some regulations and restrictions, which custom has established as indispensably necessary to maintain the connections of social life.

But the body is full as rebellious as the mind, and has as strong an aversion to restraint; for which reason it has been found expedient to grant some degree of indulgence, to moderate between pleasure and strict virtue, and to make a compromise between the severer duties, and most prevailing passions.

To form this alliance, and strengthen it by the firmest tie, the word honour was introduced, a word very much the favourite of virtue, and so enchanting in its sound, that vice could make no objection. She consented; but on these conditions; that she should have a due proportion of advantage: and if it was allowed to heighten many virtues, it should likewise be permitted to cover almost an equal degree of vice. Thus it is made to serve both as a cordial and palliative; it exalts the character of virtue, and takes off from the deformity of vice. But the mixture is so unnatural, that the poison gets the better of the medicine; and if some strong antidote is not speedily applied, all the humours will be vitiated, and the whole mass corrupted.

No person who is any ways conversant in antiquity can be ignorant of the allegorical situation of the temples of VIRTUE and HONOUR at Rome. They were so placed, that there was no entrance into the latter but through the former; which has given rise to a very beautiful thought in Cicero's first oration against Verres. Both these temples were built by Marcellus, whose original design was to have placed the two goddesses in one temple: but the priests, who are always for extending the plan of ceremonial religion, would not permit it; which obliged him to alter his first intention. But he pursued the meaning of it, by building two temples contiguous to each other, and in such a situation, that the only avenue to the temple of HONOUR should be through the temple of VIRTUE; leaving by this emblem a very elegant and useful



lesson to posterity, that virtue is the only direct road to HONOUR.

It is impossible to have too great a regard and esteem for a man of strict HONOUR; but then let him prove his right to this title, by the whole tenor of his actions. Let him not hold some doctrines in high estimation, and reject others of equal importance: let him neither attempt to derive his character, or form his conduct from fashion or the opinion of others: let a true moral rectitude be the uniform rule of his actions; and a just praise and approbation will be their due reward.

No. 167.] THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE want of happiness has been the perpetual complaint of all ranks and conditions of men, from the beginning of the world to the present times: and at the rate they still go on in, it is absolutely impossible that the complaint should cease. Happiness is a fruit always within their reach, but they will not give themselves the trouble to gather it. It is hourly at their doors as a friend, but they will not let it in. It solicits them in every shape, yet they reject its offers. Ignorance and indolence are its constant enemies.

Most people have parts and application sufficient to learn the easy rules of Whist, Cribbage, and Chess; and as soon as they are informed (what they little suspect, and will be delighted to hear) that Happiness is a GAME, and a much greater and deeper one than even Pharo or Hazard, I make no doubt that men, women, and children will immediately set themselves to learn the rules and finesses of this important PLAY.

When they are satisfied it is a game that will be universally used in all companies in town and country, what mortal will be so stupid as not to learn it in some degree of perfection? For who, without the greatest gratitude, can reflect upon the benovolence of nature, that has introduced felicity into the world, in the welcome and ever fashionable guise of deep play, and high gaming.

This divine attainment could not have been annexed to books and learning; head-achs, perpetual reasonings, and fierce disputations, would have embarrassed every step; neither could it have been coupled to riches, which are ever attended with care and anxiety. If poverty and contentment had been the vehicles appropriated to convey it, a sickly calm would have stagnated

all activity. Had it been given to political pursuits, how could it have been reconciled to the desultory sentiments of majorities and minorities? Therefore bountiful nature has annexed it to CARDS, and seasoned it to the palates of mankind, by the spirit of gaming, which she has almost equally infused into all her rational children.

Now, as I have always professed myself a great friend and admirer of PLAY, I shall endeavour to lay down a few of the most certain rules, by which all persons may be instructed in the art of playing at this ROYAL GAME OF HAPPINESS. And I am the more willing to promote the knowledge of this game, as it depends rather upon skill and address, than chance and fortune. It is not played with ever-dangerous dice, like Back-gammon or Trick-track: nor like Bragg, by audacity of countenance, and polite cozenage: and though, like Picquet, there is much putting out and taking in, yet every card is playable.

I am elated with pleasure, when I consider that I am going to teach miserable mortals this great GAME: which, without vanity I may say, is making them a present of more than a sixth sense, and enabling them to exercise their five primary ones in the most delightful manner. I need not here expatiate upon the pleasures of PLAY, the first pastime of infancy, and the ultimate amusement of decrepid age; the faculty which most distinguishes the rational from the brute creation; that levels the lacquey with the prince, and the humble cinderwench with the stately dutchess; the cement of all true society, which, by discarding volumes of words confines all wit, sense, and language within the limits of half a score short and significant sentences. How admirable is the sagacity of the adepts! or, in other words, the people of fashion! who are perpetually taking into their hands, and dealing about most liberally, all that is desirable in the world! For though the uneducated class of mortals may think a club is but a club, and a spade, a spade, these exalted and illumined characters thoroughly comprehend, that clubs denote power, diamonds riches, spades industry, and hearts popularity and affections of every sort. From this consideration, I never enter a great apartment without being struck with solemnity and awe. I look upon the different contenders at each table, as so many mighty giants, tossing about with stupendous strength these glorious symbols of every thing valuable in the creation.

What giggling miss shall hereafter presume to disturb these rites with more than female levity? What puny senator shall dare here to recollect the little politics of either house, the partial interests of insignificant islands and nations, whose comparative greatness is lost in such a scene; where every motion decides the fates of kings and queens, and every ordinary



trick includes as much wisdom and address as would set up a moderate politician, statesman, or minister? I consider these assemblies as the great academies of education, and observe with pleasure, that all parents, guardians, and husbands, are bringing their families to town for at least six months in the year, to take the advantage of these noble schools and well instituted seminaries.

What ideas must we form of the hospitable inhabitants of a great capital, where the houses and heads of the most respectable families are night after night devoted to public benefit and instruction! How much superior are these to the porticoes, gardens, and philosophic schools, that rendered the names of Athens and Rome so greatly celebrated! Here our daughters are capacitated to marry the first prince that may happen to ask them, instead of falling the unhappy victims of the narrow domestic views of some neighbouring country gentleman. And here the married ladies are taught to pass the winter evenings without a yawn, even in the absence of their husbands. Here they collect that treasure of masculine knowledge, those elegant ideas and reflections, that wonderfully alleviate the solitude of the old family mansion, where, amidst the cawing of rooks, the murmuring of streams, and fragrant walks of flowering shrubs, they wait the return of winter with a philosophic composure.

But I am wandering from my purpose, and expatiating upon general Play, when I intended only to teach my new and great Game of Happiness, which will render the whole universe like one grand assembly or rout.

Know then, ye hence happy mortals! that the game called Happiness is played with packs of cards, each pack consisting of three hundred and sixty-five different cards; the backs of which, instead of being white, are of a dusky sooty colour. Every seventh card is equivalent to a court card, of which there are fifty-two in each pack; and upon playing properly these court cards, the fortunate event of the game is thought greatly to depend.

It is played from one to any number of players. The game of one is the least entertaining: the game of two is much applauded by lookers on: but, as a greater number must naturally give more variety to the game, a party of ten or a dozen is the most desirable set, though the players may be subject to many revokes. Great lovers of the game are indeed fond of sitting down to a crowded table; but it is generally observed, that an inattentive and slovenly manner of playing is too often the consequence. One pack of cards will last a considerable time, as may be conjectured from their sooty backs; inasmuch as the greatest players are seldom known to pay for more than three score and ten packs during the whole course of their lives.

They that have the most tricks win the largest division of the stake; but every player gets something, besides the great pleasure of playing, which is thought to be superlative.

This great Game partakes of the excellences of all other games. You are often piqued and repiqued, as at Picquet. You are sometimes beasted, as at Quadrille; often checked, as at Chess; put back, as at the game of Goose; and subject to nicks, after the manner of Hazard. It differs in one particular from all other games, viz. that the sharper is always sure to be over-matched by the fair player.

It would fill a large volume, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to recount all the varieties of this truly Royal Game; and already I am afraid of having transgressed the bounds of your paper; I shall therefore defer the rules I promised at the beginning of this letter to another opportunity, at which time I shall take care to make the meanest of your readers an adept at happiness.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

L. T.

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No. 168.] THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

EVERY disquisition that tends to remove the prejudices, and enlighten the understandings of mankind, though it may chance to come from an obscure hand, will not be without its admirers and advocates in this learned and truly philosophical age. It is needless then to make any apology for desiring you to print this.

I set out in life with a good share of medical skill, botany, chemistry, anatomy, and medical philosophy; in the last of which especially I excelled; seldom failing to investigate the efficient cause of any phenomenon; and being sensible of my own superior abilities, I never was so mean-spirited as to give up a disputed point. But from two or three failures in practice, when the medicines had not the effect I intended, and indeed once when they had, in relieving a nymph at six months' end from a disorder which would have lasted nine, my business and my fees began to fall short.

I must confess myself shocked to find merit so disregarded, and determined to search out what faculty there might be in the mind of man, that could induce him to treat with contempt and ingratitude any person who professed a design of serving him. This led me into moral inquiries, in which I soon made sufficient progress: and being persuaded that it was incumbent upon every rational member of society to

communicate happiness, as far as his influence may extend, I kept not the result of my inquiries secret, but formed a club of the thinking part of my acquaintance, to whom, with the greatest freedom, I imparted my speculations; and, in spite of prejudice, inculcated many important truths. These I once thought of making more public from the press; but there is no necessity for it, seeing the noble and better sort of philosophers are confessedly of my opinion, and discarded, with one voice, all that metaphysical jargon which would persuade us to believe the immateriality of the soul and a future state. Our sentiments are calculated universally to promote human felicity, as they free the mind from any terrors and disagreeable apprehensions. It certainly then becomes the duty of every one who would be deemed benevolent, to propagate, as far as possible, principles of such manifest utility. But we must expect opposition to this salutary design, from those who make a gain of the prejudices of the world. They will never be so disinterested as easily to forego the great emoluments arising thence. And perhaps some thinking men (since moral virtues are indispensably necessary to the well-being of the community) may judge it not quite so proper to loose the vulgar at once from all ties, except such as arise from the inherent rectitude or depravity of actions.

I have a scheme to obviate this, to which no rational objection can be made. I acknowledge myself indebted to an ingenious Spanish author for the first hint; but as he did not pursue his reasoning so far, either for want of abilities, or through fear of the Inquisition, I may justly assume to myself the merit of the invention. This author tells us, "Physicians, seeing the great power the temperament of the brain hath in making a man wise and prudent, have invented a certain medicine, composed in such a manner, and replete with such qualities, that being taken in proper doses, it renders a man capable of reasoning better than he could before. They call it the confection of wisdom." Now, if there is a medical composition known (as from this authority we have sufficient reason to believe,) that will improve the rational faculties and illumine the understanding, we may with equal truth assert, there are to be found medicines which will curb the passions, those great obstacles to moral virtue, and make men live according to the fitness of things.

The thinking part of man being allowed to be a modification of matter, it must be supposed to be a part of the body: at least, it is so strictly united and adherent to it, that in all things it suffers with, and cannot by any arguments of reason be proved capable of existing without it. Hence it will indisputably follow, that all the powers of the mind, even the moral faculties, are inseparably connected with the temperament

and habit of that body of which she is part. Inasmuch, that prudence (the foundation of all morality) as well as justice, fortitude, and temperance (the other cardinal virtues,) and their opposites, entirely depend upon the constitution. It will therefore become the province of the physician to extirpate the vicious habits of mankind, and introduce the contrary; to suppress luxury, and create chastity; to make the foolish prudent, and proud humble; the avaricious liberal, and the coward valiant. And all this is easy to be done, by the assistance of alterative medicines, and by a properly adapted regimen, that shall be perfective of each virtue, and repugnant to each vice.

In confirmation of my sentiments, I could quote the fathers of physic, Hippocrates and Galen, as well as Plato and Aristotle, the chief of philosophers. But an example will be of more real authority than a multiplication of quotations. Man will be impelled to act by those appetites, good or bad, which arise from the habit of his constitution; the physician then who can alter his constitution, may make the vicious become virtuous. And moral philosophers greatly err, when they do not avail themselves of the science of medicine, which only by changing the temperament of the body, will force the mind to relish virtue, and distaste vice. If a moralist undertakes to reform a luxurious person, who gives himself up to high living and lascivious indulgences, by treating him according to the rules of his art, what means would he use to instil the principles of temperance and chastity, that they should take such deep root in the mind, as constantly and uniformly to influence his conduct? He will set out by showing him the deformity of intemperance and debauchery, and enumerating all that train of evils which proceed from such courses; and if the patient has not entirely got over the prejudices of a superstitious education, he will endeavour to affright him by a terrible detail of those inexpressible miseries his soul is in danger of suffering hereafter, if death should surprise him without giving him time to repent and forsake his debaucheries. After this, he will advise him to fast and pray, sleep little, and avoid the company of women; and perhaps to wear hair-cloth, to macerate his body by rigorous austerities, and keep it under by bloody discipline. These methods, if he continues long to practice them, will render him pallid and feeble, and so far different from what he was, that instead of running after women, and placing his *summum bonum* in good eating and drinking, he will scarce bear to hear a female mentioned, and nauseate the very thoughts of a sumptuous entertainment. The moralist, seeing the man so changed, will be apt to impute the whole to his art, and suppose the habits of temperance and chastity come from I



know not whence, and are the effect of his ratiocination. The physician knows the contrary, and is fully sensible they proceed from the languid and debilitated state of the body; for if this be restored to its pristine vigour, the patient will soon return to his old practices of excess and riot. Daily experience must convince us of this. What we have proved of luxury and chastity, will in the same manner hold good with regard to all other vices and virtues; because each has its proper temperament of body peculiarly adapted to it. Bleeding, then, and blistering, cupping and purging, may be usefully administered in mental as well as corporal disorders. A brisk salivation may cure the mind and body both of a venereal taint; and a strong emetic may have a more salutiferous effect than barely cleansing the stomach of an epicure.

I could add many more instances, but have already said enough to evince the rationality and practicability of my scheme; and being determined not to lose the honour of my inventions, I do not care to discover too much, lest some paltry plagiarist should, with some little variation, obtrude them upon the world as his own. I have with great labour and thought reduced the whole to a complete system, and am compiling a didactic treatise of all the vices incident to human nature, and their different degrees, with the symptoms, prognostic and diagnostic, the curatory indications, and a proper dietetic regimen to be observed in all cases. The whole will be comprised in ten volumes folio: and when the work is quite ready for the press, I may, perhaps, venture to publish proposals more at large, with a specimen annexed. But as your paper is generally well received by good company, I thought this would be no improper method of communicating the first hint of my design, that I may judge from what the intelligent say of this, how they will relish the larger work of, Sir,

Your humble servant,  
ACADEMICUS.

No. 169.] THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1756.

THE following letters have lain by me some time. The writers of them will, I hope, excuse me for the delay, and for the few alterations which I judged it necessary to make in them.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

In a late paper you have declared absolutely against total nakedness in our sex, and by others you have given us to understand that we are

very impolitic in our late near approaches to it: for that while we are leaving little or nothing for imagination to exercise itself upon, or for curiosity to desire, we are certainly losing our hold upon the men. But I cannot say, that since I have undressed myself to the utmost extent of the fashion, I have fewer admirers than when I appeared like a modest woman; though, to confess the truth, I have had but one since, that has not plainly discovered a thorough aversion to marriage; and him I imprudently lost, by granting to his importunity the full display of my whole person: indeed, the argument he used was so extremely reasonable, that I knew not how to object to it; and whilst he pleaded with the utmost tenderness, that what he requested as a tribute to love, was but a *very little more* than what I daily lavished indiscriminately on every eye, I had not the confidence to deny him.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as I think it not improbable, by the advances the ladies have made this winter towards complete nakedness, that as the summer comes on they will incline to throw off all covering whatsoever, I have thought proper to set before them the untoward effect which I have experienced from leaving nothing to discover. I can assure them, as an important truth, that if they have a desire to retain even any admirers, they must stop where they are, and uncover no farther; or if they aim at getting husbands, they will do wisely to conceal, and reserve among the acquisitions to be obtained only by marriage, a great deal of which they now show, to no other purpose than the defeating their own schemes.

Give me leave, Sir, to conclude this letter with a short transcript from an author, who, I believe, is not unknown to you, and who has taken some pains to instruct the ladies in this particular point.

THE maid, who modestly conceals  
Her beauties, whilst she hides reveals.  
Give but a glimpse, and Fancy draws  
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was,  
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,  
All dress was meant for Fancy's aid,  
Which evermore delighted dwells  
On what the bashful nymph conceals.  
When Celia struts in man's attire,  
She shows too much to raise desire;  
But from the hoop's bewitching round,  
Her very shoe has power to wound.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,  
S. B.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

In this free and communicative age, in which business of almost all kinds is transacted by advertisements, it is not uncommon to see wives



and milch-asses, stolen horses, and strayed hearts, promiscuously advertised in one and the same paper. It is a curious, and frequently an entertaining medley: but amidst all the remarkable advertisements I have lately seen, I think the following by far the most curious; and for that reason, I desire it may be made still more public than it is already, by appearing in the *WORLD*.

“WANTED,

“A Curate at Beccles, in Suffolk. Enquire further of Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yarmouth carrier, who inns at the Crown, the corner of Jesus-Lane, Cambridge.

“N. B. To be spoke with from Friday noon to Saturday morning nine o’clock.”

I have transcribed this from a news-paper, Mr. Fitz-Adam, verbatim et literatim, and must confess I look upon it as a curiosity. It would certainly be entertaining to hear the conversation between Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and Yarmouth carrier, and the curate who offers himself. Questionless Mr. Strutt has his orders to inquire into the young candidate’s qualifications, and to make his report to the advertising rector, before he agrees upon terms with him. But what principally deserves our observations, the propriety of referring us to a person who traffics constantly to that great mart of young divines, Cambridge. The advertiser might there find numbers to flock to the person he employed, who (by the way) might have been somebody more like a gentleman (no disparagement to Mr. Strutt, I know him not) than a Yarmouth carrier. It is pleasant too to observe the N. B. at the end of the advertisement: it carries with it an air of significance enough to intimidate a young divine, who might possibly have been so bold as to have put himself on an equal footing with this negotiator, if he had not known that he was only to be spoke with at stated hours.

There are some of us laymen (you, I dare say, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among the rest) who are old-fashioned enough to have some respect for the clergy; it does not therefore give us any pleasure to see them thus advertised like barbers’ journey-men.

But why did not the advertiser mention expressly the qualifications he expected in his curate? That would have saved much trouble and altercation between the prolocutor and the young divine. I will have done, however, with his particular advertisement, and leave the whole to your animadversion; only desiring that you would order, under your own hand, that from henceforth all advertisements for curates should be worded in the following manner:

“WANTED,

“A Curate at \*\*\*. He must be one that can play at Back-gammon, and will be willing to receive five-and-twenty pounds a-year for doing the whole duty of a parish, while his rector receives two hundred for doing none of it. He must keep what company, and preach what doctrine his rector pleases, &c. &c. &c. Whoever will comply with these reasonable terms, may apply to \*\*\*; innkeeper at \*\*\*; for full information.

“I am, Sir,

“Yours, L. L.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

It is with pleasure that I see you less addicted to dreaming than most of your predecessors; to say the truth, I have seldom found you inclined to nod; though without any disparagement to you, your betters and elders have sometimes slept in a much shorter work. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, was what I told my school-master, when he whipt me for sleeping over my book.

Life has been often called a dream; nay, we are told of some old Grecians, who used to be always in doubt whether they were asleep or awake. Indeed, the number of waking dreamers that are daily exhibiting themselves in this metropolis, is inconceivable; even the pulpit is not free from them. The first time I ever heard the character of a dreamer given to a preacher, was on the following occasion: A reader to a country cure took a printed sermon of an eminent divine into the pulpit with him to preach: unfortunately it happened to be a farewell sermon. The young gentleman began with acquainting the people that he was then going to leave them. As they had never received the least hint of this before, they were a good deal surprised; but when he concluded with telling them that he had been exhorting them with all diligence for sixteen years (when he had hardly been with them as many weeks,) and talked of his high dignity in the church, some of the congregation said he was mad, most of them that he was dreaming.

I could wish, indeed, that these dreamers in the pulpit would contrive to dream their own dreams, or that they would take care not to convert the serious thoughts of others into something more absurd than dreams, for want of reading beforehand what they would be supposed to deliver as their own compositions. It is by way of hint to such dreamers that I have told this story, which being the principal purpose of my letter, I shall add no more, than that

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

A. S.

No. 170.] THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1756.

*Post mortem nobilitari volunt.*

CICERO.

O vain attempt to give a deathless lot  
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!

COWPER.

TAKING my walk of observation the other day, as is often my custom, I was led by the course of my tour into one of our famous hospitals. The magnificence of the building, the order and regularity of the household, the multitude that were received, and their several accommodations, threw me naturally into a very pleasing contemplation on the extensive charity of my good countrymen. From one of these endowed habitations I was carried on to another, till I believe I made myself acquainted with all the public edifices of this nature that this large and opulent city abounds with. Some of them I found of royal and very ample foundation, others raised and maintained by a single and munificent family, others by a joint act of the whole people; all, however, noble in their purposes, and admirably adapted for the particular uses to which they were distinctly appropriated. I admired throughout the number of inhabitants thus perfectly provided for in every stage of their conditions, together with the continual increase of the fund which must support such an addition of charges, as I observed by the augmentation of apartments, and decorations of more cost, perhaps than utility. Charity, thought I, works in secret; and these matters are of course hidden from me. But happening to turn myself on one side of the chamber, I discovered two or three long tablets, with several names inscribed in large golden characters, which in my simplicity I took for the votive histories of the poor, who had felt the efficacy of relief under these merciful mansions; but upon nearer inspection I found them to be no other than an enumeration of the very worthy and pious persons of both sexes, who annually or occasionally afforded what it pleased them in their liberality to bestow.

I was resolved, since chance had thrown so much information in my way, to peruse, against my custom, the accounts of other families; which practice, however, I thought the less impertinent, as I could perceive no other end in their being placed there. Here I discovered a contribution that did honour indeed to the names that were annexed to it, and would have done so to the greatest. The immense sums, notwithstanding, that were adjoined to the names of several private persons, larger than I could have suspected to be within their power, raised my curiosity enough to make a farther inquiry into the history of some of these very liberal donors. Two of them I accordingly pitched

upon to be the subject of my investigation, as they stood upon the list; the one a maiden lady who bequeathed at her death five thousand pounds to the poor of this house, the other, an old gentleman, who had settled, after his decease, his whole estate upon them for ever.

The good lady's story cannot be better known than by a letter which I received, in the course of my inquiry, from her nephew; who, with three sisters, had retired in sorrow at their aunt's death to a country village, in the northern parts of this kingdom; it is written with such plainness and simplicity, and is so much suited to the circumstances of the writer, that I own myself much captivated with my rural correspondent. The letter is this:

SIR,

It is neither our inclination, nor I am sure our interest, to conceal any thing from you, who have taken so much generous pains in our service. Your offers are received by us all most thankfully: but you are misinformed as to the hundred pounds; for my late aunt has left every shilling to the hospital, after her funeral expenses were discharged, which amounted to a good deal, as she was whimsical in many articles that related to her burial. How she passed us by in this manner, is still a matter of wonder and perplexity to us, as she continued to the very day of her death to declare that she had nobody to look upon, this side of heaven, but her dear nephew and nieces. She was accounted always a vain woman; but we thought her very religious, especially as she began to decline. For some months before she died, she never missed morning or evening service throughout the week, besides her private devotion in her own house, at which none of the family were suffered to be present. The minister and she would sometimes stay two or three hours together. She used often to discourse upon charity, and said she loved the poor; though I do not remember to have seen her bestow any alms whilst I lived with her, which surprised us the more that she should leave all to them at her death. She has given them her picture too, with orders that it should be hung over the great door of the chapel. Remember, Sir, it is by your own desire I collect these trifling particulars, that concern ourselves only, and the memory of so fantastical and unjust a woman; for such I must call her, notwithstanding I assure you I am perfectly and contentedly resigned to my lot.

I am, &amp;c.

It was with great difficulty I could learn any thing relating to the old gentleman, who is mentioned to have disposed of his whole estate in this manner. Those of his blood and nearest kindred had betaken themselves to the lowest supports

which employment affords to the miserable, and were either dispersed in the navy, or in such stations, that all inquiries of this sort were fruitless. The very name was obliterated every where, except where it pointed out the disposal of a very considerable fortune. All I could gather of him was, that he had increased a very good paternal inheritance by every art of thriving in trade, that is safely practicable: that he was always called in the city, a hard money-getting man; and that he had left his brothers, sisters, and grand-children to make their way without the least provision or assistance. There was a statue erecting for him, I found by his own orders, in the hospital.

Thus ended my pursuit, which I quitted with as much eagerness as it was undertaken. I was displeased over and over with myself at my search, and wished for that tranquillity of mind, which is always the portion of a happy ignorance. The stream, as I viewed it, was clear; and it is certain I went out of my way to look at the fountain. The generosity I at first contemplated with rapture, was now exchanged for the disgust I felt at pride and injustice. Were strokes indeed of this nature not so severe in the effect, there is something so ridiculous in these ostentatious charities, and such an absurdity in appropriations of this sort, under the circumstances I have described, that I confess I could indulge a less serious reflection at the examination of them.

The two originals above, have many counterparts in this nation; persons who are frequently so very charitable as to reduce their whole families to beggary. The raising a church, or endowing an hospital, are the two main objects of an elderly sinner's piety; and no matter by what means, so that the end be but accomplished. This is such a compendious way of discharging all the duties of life at once, and at the expense only of what there is no possibility of retaining any longer, that no wonder these sponges of charity are in so much use at some certain periods, and at such alone.

I would not dwell upon errors which I thought incorrigible, or endeavour to discover causes without hopes of amending the effects; but I am really of opinion, that the grievances here set forth owe their birth chiefly to a few mistakes, which my acceptance of the word *charity* inclines me very much to rectify, for the service especially of these pious and liberal benefactors; for such I make no question many of them are, only as I have said before, they are unfortunate enough to lie under some mistakes. In the first place, therefore, I shall venture to lay it down as a maxim, that there is no such thing as posthumous charity. There may be equity, and there may be propriety, in a last designation of earthly goods, but real or intrinsic generosity or benevolence there can be none.

— *Quo more pyris vesce Calaber jubat hospes.*

It is a modern supposition, nourished by hope and weakness, that leads people to reckon upon an act, that does not take place whilst they are alive. I do not remember that any one of the apostles, the preachers and examples of every social obligation, ever enforced the duty of testamentary acts of goodness; nor did David set apart a charge upon the revenue his son was to enjoy after him, towards building a temple which he found was not to be the glory of his own reign.

Another error which I hope to set right, arises from the general idea of poverty, which seems not to be very well settled. The poor under your eye, and the poor unborn, stand in a very different relation of indigence together. Thus a crippled pennyless sister, or an infirm cousin, are thought by no means equal objects of bounty with the future offspring of a future beggar. All that I have to say to a persuasion of this sort is, that I will affirm, a relation or dependent left to starve is in every article as true a beggar as any between St. Paul's and St. Peter's. Upon the whole, since money has no currency on the other side of the grave, and no real value but in its application on this, I could wish the last disposition of it were a little better considered. It is but reasonable surely to expect, that those who do no good with it whilst they live, should do less mischief with it when they die.

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No. 171.] THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1756.

THERE is no privilege of which an Englishman is so jealous, nor for which he so highly values the constitution of his country, as the liberty that is allowed him, not only of thinking as he pleases, but of generously communicating his thoughts to the public. This glorious charter, limited as it is, and ought to be, by wholesome laws, has infinite advantages derived from it; particularly as it tends to cultivate the liberal arts, and helps to carry on the great work of science. But whether it is always for the improvement of our taste, any more than our morals, that we should be allowed to realize our sentiments, especially where the object falls immediately under the public eye, is a question that may perhaps admit of a debate.

Thus, for instance, if an ingenious gentleman, for the greater embellishment of his private library, should think proper to erect the head, or even the entire figure of a shaking Mandarin, between the busts of Tully and Demosthenes, or to exalt the divinities of Pekin to the same



degree of honours in his gallery that he has already paid to the Grecian Venus and Apollo, it would be an infringement upon British liberty to check his devotion. But if the same innovating taste should intrude upon the muses' shrine in our public seats of learning, I should wish for some authority to stop so sacrilegious an attempt.

The same care should extend even to our amusements; I do not mean to debar any of them from their right of appearing as often as their patrons please to call for them; I would only assign them the proper limits of time and place, and prevent their bringing any confusion upon themselves and others. It is certainly very just, that Harlequin should flourish with his dagger of lath, and invert the order of nature, whenever he finds it necessary; but though I am delighted with the ingenuity of my party-coloured friend, it would grieve me to see him so far mistake his talents, as to introduce himself very familiarly into the company of Shakspeare and Johnson.

To carry this observation a little higher, I think any one of our public entertainments, that more peculiarly belongs to the refined part of the world, should be preserved from any alloying mixture that may sink and debase its value, or make us look upon its standard below the original worth that it pretends to claim. It is upon this account, that I cannot enough lament the present state of our Italian opera, which seems to be continually declining, without any friendly hand to interpose which might restore it to its native purity, or preserve it from total decay. But before this kind reformer can be met with, or if any such should appear, before his endeavours could hope for any success, it will be proper to examine our own taste, to find whether it will stand the trial, and whether we should not think his care very impertinent and ill applied.

At present our attention seems to be so entirely fixed upon AIR, that we think nothing enhances the value of an opera so much, as allowing the performers to introduce their own favourite songs at pleasure; and this elegant assortment, selected from dramas of opposite subjects, written by poets of irreconcilable geniuses, and set to music by composers of contrary feelings, is served up, to our inexpressible satisfaction, and eagerly devoured under the modish title of a *Pasticcio*.

If I may be permitted to enter into a serious disquisition of this entertainment, after what I have said of it in a former paper, I must beg leave to observe, that the Italian opera carries much more meaning in it than one part of its audience is possibly aware of, and many of the other part are willing to allow; but it is therefore necessary to choose Metastasio for the

poet, upon whose single merit this species of drama must stand or fall.

And here, notwithstanding the laudable partiality which directs us to give the palm to our own countrymen, it must be confessed that this foreigner has at least as good a title to it as any English tragedian of this century; and if (like them too) he has not the advantage of striking out much that is new, he has the happiness of throwing an air of novelty upon the sentiment which he adopts, by the agreeable dress he gives them, and the advantageous point of view in which they are placed.

It would be exceeding the bounds of this paper to dwell upon every peculiar excellency; but it is no more than justice to enter into a fair examination, and, without any invidious comparison, to inquire whether his thoughts are not as pure and as classical, his language as expressive and poetical, his characters as distinctly marked, as strongly supported, and as judicially finished, his conduct of the drama as well carried on, and leading as clearly to the grand catastrophe, as those among the most admired of our modern writers. In the last circumstance he has a difficulty in his way, which the ablest hand would sometimes be at a loss to remove: as the nature of this work requires every thing to be brought to a happy conclusion, it cannot but be observed, with how masterly a step he deviates from the true to the feigned event, without confusion, or swerving from the intention of his original plan.

But it is not sufficient to examine Metastasio's pretensions by the common rules of criticism; there is much more required of him than of the ordinary tragic poet; not only as he is confined to the measure of three acts, but even those must be concisely managed, to avoid the drowsiness of a weary recitative. His dialogue, therefore, and even his narration, is short as it is clear; a significant expression, sometimes a single word, conveys a whole sentiment, and that without leaving room for doubt, or throwing the least obscurity. His soliloquies, where the composer has an opportunity of introducing the accompanied recitative, perhaps the most noble part of an opera, are not only distinguished by the finest touches of poetry, but abound in all that variety and transition of passions which naturally work in the human mind, when it is wrought up to the height of its distress. His songs and chorusses, where all the power of music ought to combine, are made up of sentiment; these indeed are so finely imagined, and finished with so happy an elegance, that perhaps they would not suffer even by appearing among the ancient Lyric writers.

If this be true of our poet, (and surely it is but justice to allow him this,) let us bring him upon the stage, attended as he ought. And here

It is not enough that the composer be thoroughly skilled in all the art of music, and feel the whole force of it, but he must partake of the poet's spirit, catch the flame through every scene, and be so far wrapt in the genius of his author, as to preserve the same cast of sentiment through the whole work. This indeed is so necessary an attention to his character, that a single composer, though but of the second class, who shall follow him with affection, and enter into a social feeling with him as far as he is capable, will do him more justice than a suite of the ablest masters at his heels, who perform their alternate service, and consider his ideas separately, without having regard to the union and harmony of the whole.

But let the poet and his attendant harmonist be ever so happily united, there is still a reasoning, but perhaps not the most feeling, part of mankind, will by no means allow the opera any dramatic merit, and consequently deprive it at once of its distinguishing worth. Their judgment, it seems, is irreparably hurt in finding heroes conquering, rivals contending, lovers despairing, to the sound of music; and they cannot reconcile it to their senses, that people who seem discoursing upon very interesting subjects, should be obliged to do it by time and measure. The learned among these will probably meet with an apology, from something similar upon the Grecian stage, and the others will do well to consider whether they are not literal critics in music, as grammarians are in learning; perhaps they cannot separate from harmony the idea of fiddle-strings and pipes, any more than these can from language the invariable chime of adverb, conjunction, and preposition; whereas the music we are speaking of is the voice of nature, in her various accents of joy, grief, rage, lamentation, pity or despair. The notes indeed are divested of their wildness, have their temperaments, cadences, and limits; but they seem to be no other than the laws which nature has set them, and their bounds are too nicely concealed to have the appearance of borrowing any thing from art.

A distinguishing ear, or rather a feeling heart, that yields to the impression which a noble accompaniment carries with it, will be so far from calling off his attention from the principal part, or considering the additional harmony as the effect of mechanic art, that it will more intimately strike him as a sympathetic sense, which arises in the mind itself, unconnected and independent of any assistance from without. Even those whose ideas are less abstracted, but who have souls prepared for the reception of harmony, when they hear from the orchestra the animating strains, or dying falls, as Shakspeare expresses it, will, without any critical reflections, consider them as having the same effect upon the ear as a well painted scene

upon the eye, where that man would surely wrong his imagination much, who, instead of indulging it in the supposed reality of rocks, woods, and rivers, should check his feeling at once, and consider every thing before him merely as canvas and colours.

If these observations are at all founded upon truth, an opera, well conducted, must be one of the noblest representations that lies within the reach of mimic art, and consequently there cannot be too much care and attention employed to produce it with every advantage. How this will best be effected, may, perhaps, be worth the inquiry; but it can only be so upon a supposition that the thing itself has really a great share of that merit which it pretends to assume. There cannot, indeed, be a stronger ridicule than to give an air of importance to amusements, if they are in themselves contemptible and void of real taste; but if they are the object and care of the judicious and polite, and really deserve that distinction, the conduct of them is certainly of consequence, as that alone will determine the public approbation, and by that only their patrons can preside over them with dignity.

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No. 172.] THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE impatience of the public to be farther instructed in the Royal Game of Happiness, has no doubt been very great, since your publication of my letter on this subject, the eleventh of last month; for where the stake is so considerable, the desire of playing the game to the best advantage, must needs be excessive; and where the cards are so numerous, (though the generality of players think them too few,) the address required must be almost infinite.

Had it not been for this truly entertaining game, Adam and Eve, with all their innocence, had passed their hours but dully even in paradise. Before the fall they played the game in its original purity, and with the utmost skill; afterwards, indeed, they were guilty of many revokes and oversights, as were their immediate descendents, though they consumed an immense quantity of packs of cards. Methuselah spent more time at the game than any man, but with what success is not absolutely certain. Tradition, with tolerable exactness, handed down the rules of play from father to son, to the death of Solomon, who in his younger years was a great lover of this game: it afterwards became various and uncertain, by the novelties and

innovations that were every where introduced into it. In France one method of play has obtained; in England another; in Japan it is played very different from what it is in Peru.

From the corruption of this Royal Game of Happiness are derived all our modern games; and so fond are we of these inventions, that the true old game is almost imperceptibly forgotten. Happy is it therefore for the world and me, that neither the splendid honours of the bar, the reverend dignities of the church, the profound researches of physic, nor the aerial castle of politics, have diverted my attention from the more honourable and useful investigation of the long-lost rules of this Royal Game of Happiness.

When I considered that every science has its mystery, that chemistry has its philosopher's stone, geometry its quadrature of the circle, astronomy its longitude, mechanics its perpetual motion, and natural philosophy its gravitation, it soon occurred to me, that social life must likewise have its occult mystery, which, like a key-stone in architecture, sustains and supports the whole edifice. When I considered the various and general principles of animated life, I plainly perceived that Play was the great pervading power, from the leviathan that sporteth in the waters, to the microscopic insect that wantons invisibly in the air. When I considered that the mighty fabric of the universe might only be a great game played at by superior existences, I was led to think, that it was agreeable to the most reverential ideas of nature to suppose that life was nothing else than Play. And when I likewise considered that the passion for gaming was universally predominant in mankind, that it was the natural remedy for all cares, and the only amusement of the irksome hours, I readily discovered that life was indeed nothing more than a certain term allotted to play at the Royal Game of Happiness.

As the great secret of this game depends principally upon the playing well the court-cards, as soon as I shall have procured a patent for the sole and exclusive privilege of teaching, (which I make no doubt of obtaining, by the favour of some great men, my particular friends, who have more than once pulled off their hats to me; and one in particular, who was so graciously condescending as to ask me one day what o'clock it was,) I shall then take care to appoint under-teachers in every parish, to instruct the good people in the country in the best and properest manner of playing the seventh cards, which, when they are thorough masters of, they will soon become perfect in playing the other cards.

Having in my former letter touched upon the general properties of the game, in compliance with my promise, I here subjoin the most ne-

cessary rules and directions for attaining a thorough knowledge of this Royal Game.

## RULES AND DIRECTIONS

### FOR PLAYING AT THE

## ROYAL GAME OF HAPPINESS.

When you begin a new game, recall to your memory the manner in which you played the foregoing one, that you may avoid a repetition of the same mistakes.

When you have well considered the card you are about to play, play it with steadiness and composure; and be sure not to betray any suspicion of your own ignorance.

When you shuffle or cut, do it above-board, to prevent any suspicion of deceit.

If you have won a large share of the stake; by playing a particular card well, be cautious of venturing it all on any single card in the same deal, unless you play a forced game.

Whether you play a small or a great game, exert your best skill; and take care not to discover the badness of your hand by peevishness or fretting.

Observe the play of others, and draw consequences from it for the improvement of your own game.

If you play at court, remember to hold up your hand, and attend to the finesses of the place. If you play your cards well there, you may conclude yourself a tolerable master of the game.

When you are in the country, play frequently with your neighbours and tenants; they generally play better than finer folks, and will greatly improve you in the plain rules of the game.

Avoid the general error of this game, of fancying that every body plays better at it than yourself.

If you agree with a lady to go halves with her, the agreement once made, you are not at liberty afterwards to find fault with her game.

Whoever drops a card, loses it; and one card lost is of very bad consequence in the game.

When a card is once played, it can never be recalled.

Seldom play from your own hand; you win most by playing into the hands of other people.

Teach your children to play the game early, and be sure to put money in their card purses; for if they wait for it till your death, it may be too late to learn the game.

Good-humour is a more necessary requisite at this game than good sense; but where both are joined, success is almost certain.

The greatest proficients in all other games, are the most ignorant at this: the best players are those that practise most in their own families.



Kings and princes are generally strangers to the game, and their ministers want time to learn it.

Great dignitaries in the church, and most beneficed clergymen, are too indolent to play at it in public; and their curates are forced to be lookers-on, for want of a sufficient allowance to pay for their cards.

Poets and authors have sometimes struck a bold stroke in the game: but of all men living they are the most liable to mistakes; and it is generally observable that the whole table is against them.

Most new married couples are successful at first setting out; but before the whole pack is played, they commonly lose all attention to the game.

It is remarkable, that young people play better than old; for avarice is the bane of the game.

I should be tempted, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to continue these my rules and observations, if I did not find myself running into length; and as it is my intention to publish very shortly a volume upon the subject, I shall trouble you no more at this time, than to assure you that I am, Sir,

Your most faithful  
humble servant,  
I. T.

No. 173.] THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1756.

It was the advice of an old friend of mine, upon his death-bed, to his son, who had been guilty of some enormous offences which he wished to keep concealed, that he should take care how he offered himself as a candidate for a seat in parliament; for that an opposition would be like doom's day to him, when all his sins would be remembered and brought to light. This is generally the case at elections; the most secret actions of the candidates themselves are not only revealed, but the ashes of their ancestors are ransacked in the grave, to supply matter for scandal and defamation.

Common as this observation may be, it will enable us to account for all the malice and uncharitableness which we meet with in the world. We are all candidates for wealth, honour, or fame; and cannot bear that another should succeed in what ourselves have failed.

But why the spirit of defamation should be so frequently exerted against the dead, is a matter somewhat puzzling. Death, by putting an end to rivalry, should, one would think, put an end to all the animosities which arose from that rivalry; and the grave that buries

the man, should bury also his failings. But, according to Shakspeare,

The EVIL that men do, lives after them;  
The GOOD is oft interred with their bones.

It is indeed very hard, that death, which pays all other debts, should be able to make no composition with envy: yet so it is; and excepting a late memorable instance, where the virtues of a great and good man were too glaring in his life to be forgotten at his death, I have scarcely known it to be otherwise. The ladies, indeed, whom I am always ambitious of honouring, have too much gentleness and good humour to defame the dead, especially their dead husbands. After burying the very worst in the world, it is usual with them, on a second marriage with the best, to put them daily in mind of the complying dispositions and other virtues of their *poor dear first husband*.

Happy is it that the works of men of wit, learning, and genius, have justice done them after their deaths; though I am apt to believe the merit we ascribe to them has its foundation in ill-nature; as by admiring the productions of the dead, we are enabled, by the comparison, to condemn those of the living. We read the works of the former with a desire to find out beauties, and of the latter to discover faults. Our acquaintance with an author is another circumstance against him: we are too apt to connect the foibles of his life with what he writes; and if he has unfortunately wanted talents to shine in conversation, we are generally blind to the wit of his writings. The reasoning of an atheist in proof of a first cause, or of a libertine for morality, is sure to be laughed at by those who know them; and it is only when a man's writings can be separated from his life, that they will be read with candour and impartially. It may be observed farther, that in a country like ours, where party is apt to influence every thing, a man that professes himself openly on one side of the question, will never be allowed the least degree of merit by those on the other. Of this, the immortal Milton is a witness, whose attachments to Cromwell had thrown such a cloud over his abilities at the Restoration, that the copy of the noblest poem in the world was not only sold for a mere trifle, but many years elapsed before it was discovered to be a work worth reading. Even Addison, whose Spectators and other essays are deservedly the admiration of all who read them, and by comparison with which it is a kind of fashion to condemn all other writings of the same kind, gives us to understand, in his Spectator, No. 542, and elsewhere in that work, that he met with as many cavillers as any of his successors.

I have been led by these reflections seriously to consider what method an author ought to take, to secure to his writings the approbation of the

public while he is still alive. It was the saying of Doctor Radcliff to a young physician, who asked him what he should do to get practice, "Turn atheist, and make yourself talked of." But though many a young physician may have availed himself of this advice, there are other practices that may succeed better with an author. Personal slander has always been esteemed a very excellent method, and so indeed has wantonness; but where both are happily blended in the same work, as one sometimes sees them in very modern performances, they seldom fail of drawing the attention of the public. I have known nastiness attended with very happy effects, inasmuch as it frequently supplies the want of wit, and is sure of exciting the laugh in the genteelst companies. That the ladies are not displeased at it, is easy to be accounted for; nastiness is a stranger to them, and therefore entitled to their respect.

But if an author unfortunately wants talents for this kind of writing, there is nothing left for him that I know of, but to die as fast as he can, that his works may survive him. But the disadvantage even in this case is, that common and natural deaths are but very little talked of; so that a man may give up the ghost to no manner of purpose: it is therefore most earnestly to be recommended to all authors who are ambitious of sudden and lasting fame, that they set about some device to get themselves hanged. The sessions paper is more universally read than any other of the papers, and the deaths it records are more authentic and interesting. A good dying-speech would be an excellent preface to an author's works, and make every body purchasers. An advertisement like the following could never fail of exciting curiosity.

"This day are published, the political, moral, and entertaining works of Thomas Crambo, Esq.; now under sentence of death in Newgate, for a rape and murder."

Under these circumstances, indeed, an author may taste of fame before death, and take his leap from the cart with this comfortable assurance, that he has embraced the only opportunity in his power of making a provision for his family.

If it should be asked, why the having committed a rape or murder should raise the curiosity of the public to peruse the author's works? the answer is, that people who do spirited things, are supposed to write in a spirited manner. It is for this reason that we are so fond of the histories of warriors and great men, who, though they have happened to escape the gallows, have done something every day to show that they deserved it.

It is indeed as much to be wondered at as lamented, that while every author knows how essential it is both to his fame and the support of his family to get himself hanged, we do not

see the words EXECUTED AT TYBURN, always subjoined to his name in the title-page of his works. I hope it is not that authors have less regard for their families than other men, that this is not usually the case; for as to the love of life, we cannot suppose them to be possessed of it in an equal degree with other people; nor can they possibly be ignorant, that the world will have a particular satisfaction in hearing that they have made so desirable an end.

As for myself, I am an old man, and have not spirit enough to engage in any of those enterprises that would entitle my works to universal esteem. It was expected, indeed, that when I declared in my first paper against meddling with religion, I would avow myself an atheist in the second; but this is a discovery that I have not hitherto thought proper to make; nor have I, by any strokes of personal abuse, lewdness, or nastiness, endeavoured to introduce my papers into every family. And to confess the truth, I have at present no designs of committing any capital offence, being as I said before, too old to ravish, and having too tender a disposition to commit a murder. I shall therefore content myself with going on in the old way, and leave my writings to shift for themselves, without deputing the Ordinary of Newgate to publish an account of the birth, parentage, and education, the trial, confession, condemnation, and execution of the author, together with a catalogue of the works he has left behind him.

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NO. 174.] THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1756.

THE following letter has so genuine and natural an air, that I cannot doubt of its coming from a correspondent who has experienced every circumstance he has described; I shall therefore lay it before my readers, without the alteration of a single word.

TO MR. FITZ ADAM.

SIR,

Among the variety of subjects with which you have entertained and instructed the public, I do not remember that you have any where touched upon the folly and madness of ambition; which, for the benefit of those who are dissatisfied with their present situations, I beg leave to illustrate by giving the history of my own life.

I am the son of a younger brother of a good family, who at his decease left me a little fortune of a hundred pounds a-year. I was put early to Eton school, where I learned Latin and Greek, from whence I went to the university, where I learned — not totally to forget them. I came to my fortune while I was at college; and having no



inclination to follow any profession, I removed myself to town, and lived for some time, as most young gentlemen do, by spending four times my income. But it was my happiness, before it was too late, to fall in love, and to marry a very amiable young creature, whose fortune was just sufficient to repair the breach made in my own. With this agreeable companion I retreated to the country, and endeavoured, as well as I was able, to square my wishes to my circumstances. In this endeavour I succeeded so well, that, except a few private hankerings after a little more than I possessed, and now and then a sigh when a coach-and-six happened to drive by me in my walks, I was a very happy man.

I can truly assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that though our family economy was not much to be boasted of, and in consequence of it, we were frequently driven to great straits and difficulties, I experienced more real satisfaction in this humble situation than I have ever done since in more enviable circumstances. We were sometimes, indeed, a little in debt; but when money came in, the pleasure of discharging what we owed was more than equivalent for the pain it put us to: and though the narrowness of our circumstances subjected us to many cares and anxieties, it served to keep the body in action as well as the mind: for as our garden was somewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourselves, and drew health from our necessities.

I had a little boy, who was the delight of my heart, and who probably might have been spoiled by nursing, if the attention of his parents had not been otherwise employed. His mother was naturally of a sickly constitution; but the affairs of her family, as they engrossed all her thoughts, gave her no time for complaint. The ordinary troubles of life, which to those who have nothing else to think of are almost insupportable, were less terrible to us than to persons in easier circumstances; for it is a certain truth, however your readers may please to receive it, that where the mind is divided between many cares, the anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. Or even in the happiest situation, in the midst of ease, health, and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itself, losing the immediate enjoyment of those invaluable blessings, by the painful suggestion that they are too great for continuance.

These are the reflections that I have made since; for I do not attempt to deny that I sighed frequently for an addition to my fortune. The death of a distant relation which happened five years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for a time the happiest man living. My income was now increased to six hundred a year, and I hoped, with a little economy, to be able to make a figure with it. But

the ill health of my wife, which in less easy circumstances had not touched me so nearly, was now constantly in my thoughts, and soured all my enjoyments. The consciousness too of having such an estate to leave my boy, made me so anxious to preserve him, that instead of suffering him to run at pleasure where he pleased, and to grow hardy by exercise, I almost destroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, because we were in circumstances to have it kept by others; but as air and exercise were necessary for our healths, we resolved to abridge ourselves in some unnecessary articles, and to set up an equipage. This in time brought with it a train of expenses, which we had neither prudence to foresee, nor courage to prevent. For as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our visits, it greatly increased our acquaintance, and subjected us to the necessity of making continual entertainments at home, in return for all those which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living were much too great for the income we possessed; inasmuch that we found ourselves, in a very short time, more necessitous than ever. Pride would not suffer us to lay down our equipage; and to live in a manner unsuitable to it, was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the debts I had contracted, I was soon forced to mortgage, and at last to sell the best part of my estate; and as it was utterly impossible to keep up the parade any longer, we thought it advisable to remove of a sudden, to sell our coach in town, and to look out for a new situation, at a great distance from our acquaintance.

But unfortunately for my peace, I carried the habit of expense along with me, and was very near being reduced to absolute want, when by the unexpected death of an uncle and his two sons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I succeeded to an estate of seven thousand pounds a year.

And now Mr. Fitz-Adam, both you and your readers will undoubtedly call me a very happy man; and so indeed I was. I set about the regulation of my family with the most pleasing satisfaction. The splendour of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of servants that attended me, the elegance of my house and furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpressible delight, so long as they were novelties; but no sooner were they become habitual to me, than I lost all manner of relish for them; and I discovered in a very little time, that by having nothing to wish for, I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew palled by satiety, a perpetual crowd of visitors robbed me of all domestic enjoyment, my servants plagued me, and my steward cheated me.



But the curse of greatness did not end here. Daily experience convinced me that I was compelled to live more for others than myself. My uncle had been a great party man, and a zealous opposer of all ministerial measures; and as his estate was the largest of any gentleman's in the county, he supported an interest in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court party, which determined me in gratitude to declare myself on that side; but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me; insomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almost every thing I have undertaken. To desert the cause I have embarked in would disgrace me, and to go greater lengths in it will almost undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual state of warfare with the principal gentry of the county, and am cursed by my tenants and dependents for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleased to tell me) contrary to their conscience.

My wife and I had once pleased ourselves with the thought of being useful to the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the poor and industrious; but the perpetual hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourselves; and the agents we intrust are either pocketing our bounty, or bestowing it on the undeserving. At night, when we retire to rest, we are venting our complaints on the miseries of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace which was only the companion of our humblest situation.

This, Sir, is my history; and if you give it a place in your paper, it may serve to inculcate this important truth, that where pain, sickness, and absolute want are out of the question, no external change of circumstances can make a man more lastingly happy than he was before. It is to an ignorance of this truth, that the universal dissatisfaction of mankind is principally to be ascribed. Care is the lot of life; and he that aspires to greatness in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himself into a furnace to avoid the shivering of an ague.

The only satisfaction I can enjoy in my present situation is, that it has not pleased Heaven in its wrath to make me a king.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

and most humble servant,

A. B.

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No. 175.] THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1756.

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TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

You must have frequently observed upon the face of that useful piece of machinery, a clock,

the minute and hour hands, in their revolutions through the twelve divisions of the day, to be not only shifting continually from one figure to another, but to stand at times in a quite opposite direction to their former bearings, and to each other. Now I conceive this to be pretty much the case with that complicated piece of *mechanism*, a modern female, or young woman of fashion; for as such I was accustomed to consider that part of the species, as having no power to determine their own motions, and appearances, but as acted upon by the mode, and set to any point, which the party who took the lead, or (to speak more properly) its *regulator*, pleased. But it has so happened in the circumrotation of modes and fashions, that the present set are not only moving on continually from one pretty fancy and conceit to another, but have departed quite aside from their former principles; dividing from each other in a circumstance wherein they were always accustomed to unite, and uniting where there was ever wont to be a distinction or difference.

I do not know whether I make myself sufficiently understood; but you will easily comprehend my drift, when I tell you that the prevailing mode, in respect of dress, is at present to have no mode at all. There is now no such thing as a *uniform* among the ladies, no dutiful conformity to the pattern or standard, as heretofore; but the mode is *laid open*, and there appears the same spirit against a *conclusive fashion*, as against an *exclusive trade*. The pride now is to get as far away as possible, not only from the vulgar, but from one another, and that too as well in the first principles of dress, as in its subordinate decorations: so that this fluctuating humour is perpetually showing itself in some new and particular sort of cap, flounce, knot, or tippet; and every woman that you meet, affects independency, and to set up for herself.

Now, as I profess myself to be a stickler for liberty, and against all invidious limitations, as well as a lover of variety, and an encourager of invention, I am therefore not displeased with these fair independents for this notable attempt of theirs to vindicate the honour and freedom of their own fancies and judgments upon this occasion. But as they have wandered away from each other in the several articles of dress, so have they united altogether as happily in a point which cannot fail of recommending itself to such as have a critical ear, and are apt to be offended with any disagreement of sounds, namely in *voice* and *elocution*, in which they maintain a surprising uniformity. A friend of mine, whose ear (as you will perceive from what I am going to relate of him) is not turned for our modern oratory, was introducing the other day some uncourtly observations upon this head, which I shall take the freedom to set down at full length.

"The beauty and power of speech," says he, "was wont to be the result of clearness and perspicuity, of a distinct and harmonious elocution, of a just and proper cadence, together with a natural and easy diversity of manner and phrase, growing out of the subject, and congenial with it. Conversation is never so pleasing as when it is composed of a well-ordered variety of persons and characters, tempering and recommending each other; where the forward and importunate are qualified and restrained by the diffident and the modest: the bold and peremptory by the more supple and complaisant; where the spirited with the meek, the lively with the sedate, make a happy mixture; and all together go into the composition of an agreeable society. Whereas the conversation of the female world (continues my friend) is at present all out of the same piece: all distinctions are taken away, and the several ranks and orders among them laid into one. There is one line of sentiment, air, manner, tone, and phrase running through the whole, and no discerning, for a few seconds, a young woman, with six or eight hundred pounds to her fortune, from a dutchess, especially if she happens to have been allowed to keep company with her betters. I know several of these humble companions, who with no less impropriety than impotence, are ever straining themselves and their throats in company, to get upon a level with their quality friends; and at all other times you shall see them affecting to speak (as the Latins well express it) *ore rotundo*, full and sonorous, round and peremptory, with a very decisive emphasis, as if there could lie no appeal from their sentence; taking a larger scope for utterance, by opening their mouths to a disproportionate width; insomuch that I have looked upon myself while in their company, as sitting in the midst of half a score hautboys, a sort of music, that, when attempted by unskilful hands, has something in it mightily overbearing, though they tell me, when exercised by such as were qualified for it, and mixed with other instruments, it will answer very well. Such is the pomp of utterance of our present women of fashion; which, though it may tend to spoil many a pretty mouth, can never recommend an indifferent one. And hence it is that there is so great a scarcity of originals, and that the ear is such a daily sufferer from an identity of phrase, whether it be *vastly, horribly, abominably, immensely, or excessively*, which, with three or four more calculated for the same Swiss-like service, make up the whole scale or gamut of modern female conversation.

"There are many causes assigned (continues he) why so many of the males live single, and it has been principally ascribed to the cheap and easy opportunities of gratification which fall in their way. Now this may in a great measure

be true; but our fine ladies forget, that while they are daily making some new revelation of their persons, and are so studious to furnish out a variety of entertainment to the eye, they have neglected to make a suitable provision for the ear; and that, should love chance to straggle in at the former, he may yet find his way out at the latter. And I have frequently remarked, that when a female of this turn, with her sails and streamers out, has begun to *bear down*, in hopes of a prize, the object of the chase has frequently sheered off, and left her to complain of her ill-success to those much fitter companions, the winds and waves.

"Now the members of this class are the most considerable in point of numbers; but when upon my retiring from some of these, and betaking myself to a distant and more peaceable quarter of the room, I have fallen in with others, whose conversation has been of a more moderate cast, and more under the wind, yet I have still observed the same monotony to prevail, the same conformity of manner and phrase, and that their pipes were all tuned to the same quality note. For, as in the former instance, the generality of those in high life are ever raising their voices to a proportionable elevation above the ordinary level, and distinguishing themselves by a round and sonorous elocution; so there are others of the same class, who seeing nature has not furnished them with an adequate strength of lungs, or with organs framed for a more bold and voluble utterance, have therefore a good deal of what Tully calls the *concisum ac minutum*, a laconic, mincing kind of speech, extremely quick and peremptory, equally emphatical and decisive, and generally enforced with a short dictatorial bridle and nod of the head, as an incontestable ratification of what they are pleased to affirm or deny. And these, as well as the above-mentioned, have multitudes of inferior admirers, and copyists in their train, pressing close behind, and treading upon their heels.

"It is true, I am an enemy, for the most part, to that reigning practice of making the person, who last left the company, a subject for general canvass by those that remain: yet whenever any of these non-originals (whom we cannot so properly pronounce to be *full of themselves* as *full of other people*) shall have taken her leave, and got the door upon her back, the company, in my opinion, should have free scope and license to go into an immediate inquiry who she is, what fortune she has, what her education has been, whether handsome, tolerable, or, &c. and so on through the usual course of particulars. In short."—

My friend was going on in the same strain, when I interposed, and began to expostulate with him upon some of the above particulars.

"Nay, nay," says he, "do not think me partial



neither ; I may perhaps give them their revenge upon our sex at some future opportunity ;" and so left me.

Upon the whole, I very much suspect (as I said before) that my friend's ear is none of the best ; but at the same time I must do him the justice to observe, that I myself am at times somewhat deaf, and that he is generally allowed to be a very sensible well-judging man. I am,  
Mr. Fitz-Adam, &c.

My honest correspondent appears to be in some pain, lest the freedom and simplicity of his friend's argument may not happen to square with that delicacy and complaisance which have been hitherto maintained by the WORLD towards the beautiful part of our species ; but, however that be, I must confess that I have fallen of late myself into somewhat of the same train of thinking.

It is certain, there is a distinction and subordination of *style*, as well as of rank, and a gradation to be preserved in point of *phraseology*, as well as of *precedency*. Any encroachment in the one case being altogether as unseemly as in the other. An affectation of *talking* above our level, is as bad as *dressing* above it ; and that which is current within the precinct of St. James's, will hardly pass any where else. Here the originals are to be found ; all the rest are counterfeits, and are easily discovered. Nay, though people of quality have the unquestionable privilege of breaking the peace, and violating the laws of grace and harmony, there ought nevertheless to be a due proportion observed even among these. Thus a dutchess may be twice as loud and overbearing as a countess ; a countess as a simple baroness, and so downward : but such a pompousness of elocution, phrase, and manner, (as my correspondent's acquaintance seems to point at,) such *great swelling words*, must, one would think, sit as ill upon one of a moderate face, rank, or fortune, as a great swelling hoop is found to do upon another not five foot high.

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No. 176.] THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1756.

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GOING to visit an old friend at his country seat last week, I found him at backgammon with the vicar of the parish. My friend received me with the heartiest welcome, and introduced the doctor to my acquaintance. This gentleman, who seemed to be about fifty, and of a florid and healthy constitution, surveyed me all over with great attention, and after a slight nod of the head, sat himself down without opening his mouth. I was a little hurt at the supercilious behaviour of

this divine, which my friend observing, told me very pleasantly, that I was rather too old to be entitled to the doctor's complaisance ; for that he seldom bestowed it but upon the young and vigorous ; but, says he, you will know him better soon, and may probably think it worth your while to *book* him in the World ; for you will find him altogether as odd a character as he is a worthy one. The doctor made no reply to this raillery, but continued some time with his eyes fixed upon me, and at last, shaking his head, and turning to my friend, asked if he would play out the other hit ? My friend excused himself from engaging any more that evening, and ordered a bottle of wine, with pipes and tobacco, to be set on the table. The vicar filled his pipe, and drank very cordially to my friend, still eyeing me with a seeming dislike, and neither drinking my health, nor speaking a single word to me. As I have long accustomed myself to drink nothing but water, I called for a bottle of it, and drank glass for glass with them ; which, upon the doctor's observing, he shook his head at my friend, and, in a whisper, loud enough for me to hear, said, " Poor man, it is all over with him, I see." My friend smiled, and answered in the same audible whisper, " No, no, doctor, Mr. Fitz-Adam intends to live as long as either of us." He then addressed himself to me on the occurrences of the town, and drew me into a very cheerful conversation, which lasted till I withdrew to rest ; at which time the doctor rose from his chair, drank a bumper to my health, and giving me a hearty shake by the hand, told me I was a very jolly old gentleman, and that he wished to be better acquainted with me during my stay in the country.

I rose early in the morning, and found the doctor in the breakfast-room. He saluted me with great civility, and told me he had left his bed and home sooner than usual to have the pleasure of taking a walk with me. " Your friend," says he, " is but lately recovered from an attack of the gout, and will hardly be stirring till we have gone over his improvements." I accepted of the proposal, and we walked through a very elegant garden into the most beautiful fields that can be imagined ; which as I stopped to admire, the doctor began thus : " These are indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, very delightful grounds ; and I wish with all my heart, that the owner of them was less troubled with the gout, that I might hold him in more respect" — " Respect ! doctor," said I, interrupting him. " Does a painful distemper, acquired by no act of intemperance, lessen your respect ?" " It does, indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and I wish in this instance, I could help it ; for I am under many obligations to your friend. There is another very worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, who presented me to this vicarage ; but he has the misfortune to labour under an inveterate scurvy, which, by



subjecting him to continual headaches, must of course shorten his days, and so I never go near him."

I was going to interrupt the doctor again, when a coach and six drove by us along the road, and in it a gentleman, who let down the glass, and made the doctor a very respectful bow; which, instead of returning, he passed by him with a stately air, and took no notice of him. This instance of his behaviour, together with the conversation that had passed between us, raised my curiosity to a very high degree, and set me upon asking who the gentleman was. "Sir," says he, "that unfortunate object is a man of eight thousand a year estate; and from that consideration he expects the return of a bow from every man he meets. But I, who know him, know also that he is dying of an asthma; and as (blessed be God for it!) I am in perfect health, I do not choose to put myself on a level with such a person. Health, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is the only valuable thing on earth; and while I am in possession of that, I look upon myself as a much greater man than he. With all his fortune, he would rejoice to be the poor vicar of \*\*\*, with my constitution. I pull off my hat to no such persons. Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, he has not many months to live."

I made no reply to this conversation of the vicar, and he went on thus: "You are an old man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and I believe were a little fatigued with your journey last night, which I mistook for infirm health, and therefore was wanting in the civilities that I should otherwise have shown you; but your conversation afterwards proved you to be a very hearty man, and I saw you resolved to continue so by your temperance; for which I honour you, and as I told you then, shall be glad of your acquaintance. It is true you are an old man, and therefore my inferior; but you are healthy and temperate, and not beneath the notice of much younger men."

In this manner we walked on till he came to a hedge, where some labouring men were repairing the fences. My companion accosted them with the utmost complaisance and good nature. "Ay," says he, turning to me, "these are men worth mixing with. You see their riches in their looks. Have you any of your lords in town, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that have such possessions? I know none of these lords," says he, "myself, but I am told they are so sickly and diseased, that a man in health would scorn to pull off his hat to them." He then entered into a familiar conversation with the men, and after throwing them sixpence to drink, passed on.

There now overtook us in the lane a company of sportsmen setting out for the chace. Most of them saluted the doctor as he passed. But he took no notice of any of them but one, whom he shook hands with over the hedge, and told

him he intended taking a dinner with him the next day. "That gentleman," says he, "is worth as much health as any man in England; he hunts only by way of exercise, and never takes a leap where there is the least danger. But as for the rest they are flying over every hedge and gate in their way, and if they escape broken necks in the morning, they are destroying themselves more effectually by intemperance in the evening. No, no, Mr. Fitz-Adam, these are no companions for me; I hope, with the blessing of Heaven, to outlive a score of them."

We came soon after to a little neat house upon the road, where, the doctor told me, lived a very agreeable widow lady, to whom he had formerly paid his addresses. "She had at that time," says he, "as large a fortune of health as any woman in the county; but she has since mortgaged it to the apothecary for slops, and I have taken my leave of her. She was determined to be a widow, and so married an officer, who had his head knocked off at Fontenoy. Those are a sort of men that I make no acquaintance with; they hold their lives on too precarious a tenure." "But they are useful members of society," said I, "and command our esteem." "That may be, Sir," returned the doctor, "and so are miners in our coal pits, who are every hour in danger of being buried alive. But there is a subordination of degree, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which ought strictly to be observed; and a man in ill-health, or of a dangerous profession, should not think himself on a level with people of sound constitutions, and less hazardous employments."

I was determined to interrupt the doctor no more; and he went on thus: "Mr. Fitz-Adam, you may possibly think me an odd kind of a man; but I am no enemy to people of bad constitutions, nor ever withhold my bounty from them, when their necessities demand it; but though I am doing them all the services in my power, I cannot consent to lower myself so far as to make them my companions. It is more in the power of the physician to confer rank than the king; for the gifts of fortune are nothing; health is the only riches that a man ought to set a value on; and without it all men are poor, let their estates be what they will. If I differ from the common opinion in this particular, I do also in another. The tradesman or mechanic, who has acquired an estate by his industry, is seldom reckoned a gentleman; but it was always my sentiment, that a man who makes his own constitution, has more merit in him than he that was born with it; the one is the work of chance the other of design: and it is for this reason that I am seen so often with your friend; for though the gout is generally an impoverishing distemper, yet temperance and regularity may in time subdue it; whereas the gentleman who drove by us with his six horses, has an incurable asthma, which renders him

with his large estate, as poor as the beggar who is dying under a hedge. The more you think of these things, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the more you will be of my opinion. A poor man in health, is a companion for a king; but a lord without it is a poor man indeed; and why should he expect the homage of other people, when the very meanest of his domestics would refuse to change places with him?"

My companion was stopped short in his harangue by our arrival at my friend's house. We found him in good health and spirits, which greatly heightened the vicar's complaisance; and as I took care to conceal from him the complaints and infirmities of old age, I passed a very agreeable week, and was so much in his good graces, that at my departure he presented me with some Turlington's balsam, and a paper of Dr. James's powder. "There," says he, "they may rob you of your money, if they please; but for bruises and fevers, you may set them at defiance."

On my return home, I made many serious reflections on this whimsical character; and in the end, could not help wishing, that, under certain limitations, the sentiments of the vicar were a little more in fashion. Health is certainly the riches of life; and if men were to derive their rank from that alone, it would in all probability make them more careful to preserve it. Society might be benefited by it in another respect, as it would tend to keep complaining people at home, who are the perpetual disturbers of all companies abroad.

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No. 177.] THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1756.

THE two following letters are so whimsically contrasted, and the young people who are the subjects of them so particularly adapted to each other, that though I have never professed myself an advocate for the trade of match-making, I cannot help wishing that by means of this paper they may grow acquainted with each other. It is for this reason that I have taken the very first opportunity of publishing the letters of their parents.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As you have undertaken the social office of redressing grievances, I shall lay one before you, which I am sure must have often occurred to you, though I do not remember that you have hitherto animadverted upon it. The grievance I am speaking of has so fatal a tendency, that wit, parts, learning, education, knowledge, reading, and travel, are rendered utterly useless by it, and by which the most illiterate dunce, who has never

been at school, nor opened a book beside the Fairy Tales, provided his outside be properly ornamented, is exactly upon a level with the most accomplished gentleman. This grievance, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is no other than the pernicious custom of card-playing, which has of late so universally prevailed in all private families, as well as public assemblies.

I am not considering this custom in its necessary consequences of destroying fortunes and constitutions, ruffling tempers, promoting quarrels, and occasioning almost infinite distresses and disquietudes; for if taken singly in this point of view, it is only hurtful to those who are the promoters of it, and is of little or no consequence to the rest of mankind, who are not sharers in the evil.

I must inform you, Sir, that I am the father of an only son, to whom (as I have a large estate to leave him) I have given the most perfect education that this country can afford: and it is the highest satisfaction to me that none of my care has been thrown away upon him. When he had finished his studies at the university, and perfected himself in town in all the necessary accomplishments of a young man of fashion, I sent him under the direction of a very excellent tutor, on his travels through France, Italy, and Germany; from which, after an absence of four years, he returned last winter, improved beyond my utmost hopes.

But, alas, Sir, when I expected to see him the admiration of all companies, and to have been every where congratulated on the happiness of having such a son, I found from the universal attention to cards, that his acquirements were totally unnoticed, and that all the cost and trouble I had been at in his education, answered no other purpose than to make him company for himself, and a few unfashionable friends who have no commerce with the world.

If this insatiable passion continues, it were as well if our public schools and universities were abolished, and that travel and all other means of acquiring knowledge and refinement were at once prohibited; and in their places, other seminaries erected in this metropolis, and proper masters appointed, to instruct our children in the rudiments of Brag, Cribbage, and Lansquenet, till they were of a proper age to study Whist, and the other games of skill, at the academy of Mr. Hoyle. By such a method our children would be trained up to make a figure in the world, and their parents saved the trouble and expense of a useless education.

I wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you would give us your thoughts upon this matter, which will certainly be agreeable to the serious part of your readers, and a great obligation to, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

C. Y.



P. S. Since my writing the above, I have been looking over the first volume of the World, and am sorry to find Mr. Fitz-Adam himself so very fashionable a man, as to countenance and recommend with his pen the grievance I have been complaining of. In Number 7, of your papers, you are pleased to express yourself in the following words: "I look upon cards as an innocent and useful amusement, calculated to interrupt the formal conversations and private cabals of large companies, and to give a man something to do, who has nothing to say." If I had been your adviser, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the passage should have stood thus: "I look upon cards as a senseless and pernicious amusement, calculated to interrupt the improving conversations and enlivening sallies of all companies, and to level men of genius and understanding with fools and coxcombs." This is really the truth of the matter: and if you consider it as you ought, you will, I hope, retract your opinion as publicly as you have given it.

Yours, &c.

The other letter is from a mother complaining of the untoward disposition of an only daughter.

Sir,

I am a widow of five-and-thirty, with a handsome jointure, and have refused many good offers for the sake of an only child, whom I have endeavoured to bring up in the most fashionable manner I was able. She will have twelve thousand pounds to her fortune when she comes of age, and I have supported her at my own expense, that the interest of her portion may be added to the principal. I assure you, Sir, that I am not like other mothers of my youth and complexion, who, in order to appear younger than they really are, confine their grown-up daughters at home for fear of being rivalled by them in public assemblies. I thank heaven, I have no need of such arts; for as often as I go abroad with mine, I am taken for her sister; and I have the pleasure of observing, that I have more civil things said to me by the men, than my daughter can ever hope for. Not that the girl is either ugly or awkward; she is as tall too as her mother, and has been of a marriageable age this year or two, being complete fifteen the 12th of last March; but as a colonel in the guards was pleased to tell me a few nights ago at Ranelagh, I have a certain air and manner, that my daughter must quite despair of imitating.

I mention these trifles, Sir, to convince you that I have not the motive of other mothers for locking up my daughter whenever I go abroad; on the contrary, I have carried her, at times, to all the polite assemblies in town; but alas, Sir!

I cannot make her company for people of fashion. She will neither play at cards with them, nor enter into the spirit of their conversation. She even pretends to blush at (what she calls) the liberties I allow the men to take with me. She would not toast a sentiment for the world; and for those delicate double entendres, that so enliven all private companies, I cannot for the life of me teach her to understand them. To be sure the girl has not so white a skin as her mother, nor can she value herself upon that beautiful fall of shoulders, and elegance of neck, for which (I may say it without vanity) I was always admired. But then, Mr. Fitz-Adam, those parts of her person are not absolutely odious; though by pinning her handkerchief constantly under her chin, she would make every body believe so.

I have taken immense pains in her education to fit her for the world; but it is my misfortune to see, that from an unaccountable perverseness of mind, she had rather shut herself up in her closet, poring upon the Spectators (which to my knowledge she has read twenty times over) than sit down to a card-table with the first company in England. And yet the girl does not want understanding neither; nay, her uncle in the country, who is a clergyman and an archdeacon, will have it that she is the most accomplished young lady this day in England. But what can a country parson know of accomplishments? We who live in the polite circle, are certainly the best judges of those matters. She plays well upon the music indeed, and has an immense pretty voice; but the misfortune is, that when she should be dressing for a rout, she is either practising a lesson, or singing a song; so that I must be forced to go without her, or stay till the card-tables are all full. A fig for her accomplishments! I am sure they have almost broken my heart; and I verily believe I shall be tempted to marry again, that I may have other children of more towardly dispositions. It was but last Sunday, after spending the evening at cards, at the politest assembly in town (where I would gladly have taken her) that at my return home, I found her in her dressing-room, reading a sermon to her maid. I am by no means against sermons, Mr. Fitz-Adam; they do well enough at church; and when they are enlivened by good company, I can endure them as well as any body; but the morning is the time for those sort of things, and they ought never to interfere with more agreeable amusements.

The girl has another whim too. You must know she is naturally of a pale complexion; and for all that I can say or do, I cannot prevail upon her to lay on a little red, even though she sees every day how becoming it is to Me, who do not need it so much; so that she goes into com-



pany like a mere ghost; but of what sex, if it were not for her petticoats, would be hard to determine: for she is absolutely covered from head to foot. She had the sauciness to tell me the other day, that I wanted her to dress and look like a woman of the town. I would have you dress and look like a woman of the world, Miss, says I; but to your shame be it spoken, there are women of the town who are capable of improving you. One may look like a woman of the town, though one would scorn to act like one.

In this manner, Mr. Fitz-Adam, she talks and behaves. I have threatened her often to expose her in the World: but my immense tenderness for her has prevailed over my resentment: for to confess the truth, I had no other intention when I drew up this letter, than only to read it to her, and frighten her out of her follies; but her behaviour upon the occasion determined me to send it, and to desire your publication of it. "Lord, Mamma," said she, "Mr. Fitz-Adam will think you are ridiculing Yourself and complimenting Me: for if I am really this kind of girl, I shall be quite in love with myself. Pray, Madam, give me the letter, and I'll carry it to Mr. Dodsley's with my own hands." "No Miss," says I, "a servant will be more punctual, I believe: and since you are so in love with your own character, it shall go this minute."

Favour me so far, Sir, as to give it a place in your next Thursday's paper; and if you will tell her of her absurdity, and how ill-suited her behaviour is both to her education and her fortune, you will immediately oblige, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

M. C.

No. 178.] THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1756.

Not long since, I met at St. James's coffee-house an old acquaintance of mine, Sir Harry Prigg; who having been long rusticated, and much altered, I should never have recollected, had it not been for the information of a fine old coat, in which I remembered him to have made a figure about town many years ago. After the usual civilities had passed between us, amongst many other questions, he asked me when I had seen our old school-fellow, Sir John Jolly? \* I answered that I had last summer spent some days with him at his country seat, in a manner which would have been highly agreeable to a person of a more fashionable turn, but was to me rather fatiguing from its excess of gayety and hospitality, which, according to my unpolite taste, were by no means consistent with the soft and se-

rious pleasures of a rural retirement. He said, he perfectly agreed with me in my sentiments, and passed his time in the country in conformity to them: his manner of life, he was sure, would exactly suit me, and obligingly begged I would make the experiment, adding that he should go down in a few days, and would carry me with him in his chariot. I accepted his invitation, not so much out of inclination, as curiosity to see a new scene of country life, formed on principles so opposite to what I had before experienced, and promised to attend him at the time appointed.

But first it will be proper to give some account of the birth, parentage, and education of my friend. He came young to his title and a small estate, and was soon after sent to the university; where his title absurdly giving him the rank of nobility, and his estate, though small, an allowance sufficient to support that rank at that place, he there contracted an affectation of grandeur, and a pert kind of self-importance, which he has ever since retained, and which neither poverty nor solitude has been yet able to conquer. Having in two or three years acquired the usual advantages of that sort of education, such as the arts of sporting, toasting, billiards, and coachmanship, he came to London, entered into the gay world, and had address and qualifications sufficient to introduce himself into what he still calls the best company; that is, the company of smarts, bucks, jockeys, and gamesters. Nor was he deficient in point of gallantry; for he soon commenced an intrigue with the sister of one of these his friends. Whether his intentions were at first honourable, is not perfectly clear; but he was quickly obliged to declare them so, being acquainted that a lady of her rank was not to be trifled with, and that he must either fight or marry; the latter of which he courageously chose, as being the most daring action of the two. This lady had more gentility than beauty, more beauty than understanding, more understanding than fortune, and a fortune about equal to her reputation. She was tall and well-shaped, carried her head very high, and being the younger daughter of the younger son of the first cousin of an Irish baron, looked upon herself as a woman of quality. In a little time Sir Harry heartily hated her for compelling him to marry; and she no less despised him for being compelled: so that finding little happiness at home, they were obliged to seek it abroad at plays and routs, operas and gaming-tables, at no small expense. This could not continue long, so that before one winter was at an end, they discovered that the town-air would not agree with them, and so retired to their country-seat about forty miles from London; whither I shall now conduct my reader.

On the morning appointed, I attended early at their lodgings in town, where I found the

\* See Number 153.

post-chariot at the door, and my friend standing by it, with a long whip in his hand, ready to mount the box; saying at the same time, that coachmen were such insolent and expensive rascals there was no keeping them, and that therefore he always chose to be his own. In the parlour sat my lady, and colonel Macshean, a gentleman who had long been very intimate with Sir Harry, and not less so with her ladyship; and in the passage stood her French-woman, in a sack and long ruffles, with her arms full of band-boxes and bundles; which were no sooner disposed of in various parts of the chariot, than my lady, and myself, with a woman on a low stool at our feet, were stuffed into the little room that was left. Sir Harry mounted the box, his valet de chambre rode by, and a snivelling foot-boy climbed up behind. Thus the whole family with their baggage, and myself into the bargain, were conveyed without the expense of either a stage coach or a waggon.

Nothing passed during our journey worth relating. Her ladyship spoke little, and that little was only complaints of her bad nerves, and ill state of health; to which, having no expectation of a fee, I paid little attention. They both declared that nobody but a carrier could dine at an inn, therefore they never stopped on the road: so, with the assistance of a fresh pair of horses, that had come twenty miles that morning without a bait, about sun-set we arrived at our journey's end. The colonel got there before us, having rode post: for Sir Harry frequently declared to us both, that, though his friends were welcome, he never entertained their horses; that it was not the fashion of that country: neither my lord \*\*, nor the duke of \*\*\*, nor himself, did it.

It was not long before the dinner made its appearance; which was so very genteel, that had it not been rendered uneatable by a bad affectation of French cookery, it would not have been half sufficient, after so many miles travelling, and so long fasting. At the conclusion we had mead, which passed for tokay, and elder wine, which Sir Harry swore was the best burgundy in England, and that he himself had imported it, in conjunction with a noble lord in the neighbourhood. Over a glass of this, the cloth being removed, he informed us "that when the smoke of London, and the bad hours incident to keeping good company, would no longer agree with his own or his wife's constitution, he had determined to seek health and quiet in an elegant retirement. He had been offered indeed a seat in parliament, and a considerable employment; but his crazy constitution would not permit him to accept of the one, nor his sound principles of the other. Retirement was their object; therefore all they dreaded was the horrible irruptions of a country neighbourhood; but this they had happily prevented. That indeed on their first

coming, every family within ten miles round, tormented them with their impertinent visits; but they returned none, affronted them all, and so got rid of them. Don't you think we did right, my dear?" turning to his wife. "I think," answered she, in a surly and dejected voice, "that it is better to forget the use of one's tongue, than to converse with squires' wives and parsons' daughters." "You are right, Madam," added the colonel, with an oath and a loud laugh; "for what can one learn in such damned company?" "To-morrow," says my friend, addressing himself to me, "you shall see that we want no company, and that we can sufficiently amuse ourselves with building and planting, with improvements and alterations, which I dare say will be honoured with your approbation."

Accordingly the next morning, as soon as breakfast was finished, my lady and the colonel retired into her dressing-room to cribbage, and Sir Harry and myself to reconnoitre the place. The house stands at the end of a dirty village, and close by it are a few tame deer, impounded in an orchard, to which he gives the pompous title of a park. Behind is a fen, which he calls a piece of water, and before it a goose-common, on which he bestows the name of a lawn. It was built in that deplorable era of English architecture, which introduced high doors, long windows, small rooms, and corner chimneys; and of gardening, which projected gravel walks, clipt yews, and straight lined avenues, with a profusion of brick walls, iron pallsadoes, and leaden images. But all these defects, and many others, he has now corrected by a judicious application of modern taste. His doors are so reduced, you cannot enter with your hat on; and his windows so contracted, that you have scarce light enough to find it, if you pull it off. In the midst of the front, one large bow-window is stuck on, resembling a piece of whited-brown paper plastered on a broken nose; and a great room is added behind to dine in, which, was it ever inhabited, would make all the little ones appear still less; but having never yet been finished, for want both of cash and credit, it remains at present only a repository of broken china, a pair of back-gammon tables, and the children's playthings. His brick walls are converted into chimneys and ovens, and his yew-trees supply them with faggots: his iron-work is sold to the blacksmiths, and his heathen gods to the plumber, for the pious use of covering the parish church: his gravel walks are sown with grass; and he frequently repeats that frugal, yet genteel maxim, that sheep are the best gardeners. His horse-pond, being made serpentine, is become useless, lest it should be trod up; and his fences, being all Chinese, are no fences at all; the horses leaping over, and the hogs walking under them at their pleasure. The transplanted avenue is



expiring in leafless platoons; the kitchen-garden, for convenience, is removed two furlongs from the house; and the kitchen itself unjustly turned out of doors, for smelling of victuals; a crime of which it has ever been acquitted by the voice of the whole country.

When our survey was finished, our amusements were all at an end; for within doors the pleasures both of society and solitude were equally wanting. Of our conversation I have given a specimen; and books there were none, except a small one containing tunes for the French horn, belonging to Sir Harry; and the third volume of Peregrine Pickle, and a Methodist prayer-book, the property of her ladyship. I began now to wish for a little of my friend Sir John's hospitality, of which there was not here the least appearance. We heard not of a human creature except by their injuries and insults, not altogether indeed unprovoked; for the pantry and cellar, though usually empty, were always locked. Strong-beer there was none; and the small, though nobody at home could drink it, was not suffered to be given away. The servants were always out of humour, and frequently changing; and the tradesmen who brought their bills, were paid only by a wrangle, or a draft on some tenant who owed no rent. There was not a neighbour very near except the parson of the parish, and alderman Grub, a rich citizen, who had purchased a considerable part of it from Sir Harry. With these they lived in a state of perpetual hostilities; they quarrelled with the alderman for presuming to buy an estate which they wanted to sell; and the parson quarrelled with them, because he was in possession of the only living in the gift of Sir Harry, and the alderman had a much better to dispose of. By the encouragement of these good neighbours, and their own ill-conduct, consisting of a strange mixture of insolence and avarice, of meanness and magnificence, they were despised, persecuted, and affronted by all around them. Their pigs were worried, their poultry murdered, their dogs poisoned, their game destroyed, their hedges broke, and their hay-stacks set on fire. They were hissed and hooted at; and now-and-then a great pair of horns were fixed on their gates; an insult at which they were highly enraged, but the meaning of which neither Sir Harry nor my lady, not even with the assistance of the colonel, could ever guess at.

I soon grew weary of this land of contention and uneasiness; and having recourse to the old excuse of urgent business, I took my leave, and went post to town; reflecting all the way with surprise on the ingenuity of mankind, to render themselves at once miserable and ridiculous: and lamenting that the happiness and innocence of rural life are now scarce any where to be found, but in pastorals and romances.

No. 179.] THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1756.

I AM never better pleased than when I can oblige a group of correspondents at once. This I am enabled to do in my paper of to-day.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM

SIR,

The expediency of people's putting up bills at their doors, who have houses or lodgings to let, is so very apparent, that as often as I walk the streets of this metropolis, I wonder that the same practice has not prevailed in other instances, and that we do not see it written at every door as often as there is occasion, *Wanted a coachman, butler, cook, chambermaid, &c.* By such a method the expense of public advertisements would be saved, and every body accommodated in the most expeditious manner.

But I would by no means confine these bills to lodgers and servants; there are other wants which are at least equally pressing, and which it might be proper to signify in the same manner. Thus, for instance, at the door of an attorney or solicitor, it would not be amiss if we were to read in large letters, *Wanted Honesty.* At the door of a new beneficed parson, *Wanted Humility.* At the garret window of a poet or author, *Wanted a Dinner.* At the door of a man of quality, *Wanted Credit.* At the door of a patriot, *Wanted a Place.* At the door of a bishop, *Wanted a House at Lambeth.* And at the doors of all great men, *Wanted Sincerity.*

By this method the wants of all mankind would be known, and in all probability be relieved more expeditiously than by any other means.

If you give this proposal a place in your paper, you will oblige the public in general, and in particular, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

C. L.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

The following advertisement has lately fallen into my hands: and I believe with a few of your observations upon it, it might furnish some entertainment for the public, as you have already made some very just remarks upon servants, in your paper of the first of January last.

I am, Sir, &c.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

"The grooms of the chambers, butlers, and other servants of persons of quality, concerned in card-money, are desired to meet at the society's quarterly meeting place, St. James's, on Friday the 12th of this instant March, at nine



in the morning, to take under consideration the further duty said to be intended to be laid on cards.

"Note, It is desired, that no gentleman, &c. belonging to noblemen or others, will enter into any agreement with their ladies, as to card-money, &c. till after this meeting. The servants of citizens and tradesmen, whose mistresses keep routs, may attend if they think proper.

"The best of teas, French rolls, and butter, will be provided on the occasion."

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE WORLD.

SIR,

I am married to a haberdasher of small-wares at the court-end of the town; and with Heaven's help and my own, my husband has been able to lay up a few hundreds for our two girls, who are all the children we have. They both serve in the shop every day in the week but Thursday, when I have a little assembly in the dining-room, where we amuse ourselves with a pack of cards.

Now you must know, Sir, that my husband is very much offended at this, and is telling me twenty times a day that his customers are neglected, and the business of the shop standing still from my fooleries as he calls them. I do not deny, Sir, that these assemblies on a weekday are a little inconvenient to us, and therefore I have some thoughts of changing them to Sunday. To be sure a Sunday's assembly would be perfectly agreeable on many accounts. In the first place it would interfere with no sort of business. Secondly, it would be much genteeler. Thirdly, I should see a great deal more company; and, fourthly, my husband and the prentice would then be at leisure to attend the tea-table. But I have one doubt about the matter, which is, that there are envious people in the world, who might possibly give out that I am setting up for a person of fashion; for it is a notion they have got, that none but people of fashion should have routs on a Sunday. At present I am undetermined in this affair, and am resolved to continue so, till I have your opinion; which I beg you will give me as soon as possible; and

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

MARY TAPE.

In answer to Mrs. Tape, I freely confess that she has more substantial reasons for having her rout on a Sunday than any lady I know: and whenever I give my assent to card-meetings on that day, she shall certainly be indulged.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I have lately made a discovery, which, for the

good of mankind, I hope you will permit me to make public by the means of your paper.

I must inform you that by the death of an aunt, I am lately come to the possession of a fine old manor-house in the country, which, on my going thither with my family to reside, I found so overrun with rats, that we were in danger of being devoured by them. You may be sure I left nothing untried to rid the house of them; but they baffled the attempts of the rat-catchers, and continued to increase rather than diminish; till all at once, they vanished of their own accord, and never visited me afterwards. I was very much puzzled to account for this strange desertion: and it was not till near a fortnight had elapsed that I was let into the secret by a very uncommon and offensive smell, that proceeded from the door of an old lumber-room. I immediately entered it, and saw a multitude of rats lying dead upon the floor. On examining into the cause, I cast my eyes upon a little drawer, which I remembered to have left open in my search after some papers of my aunt, and that it was filled with various sorts of quack medicines, such as pills, powders, ointments, and other things, for which she had the highest veneration. This drawer, which was quite full when I opened it, was now almost empty: which sufficiently convinced me that I was indebted for my deliverance to these medicines; but I was cautious of asserting it, till I had tried the experiment. For this purpose I procured a rat-catcher half-a-dozen live rats; to each of them I gave a different medicine. In half an hour and three minutes, two of my patients died in convulsions; the rest were thrown into profuse sweats, vomiting and purging to so violent a degree, that they survived their companions but three quarters of an hour, and then gave up the ghost in the same convulsions.

I was highly pleased with this experiment, as it taught me the real use of these excellent medicines; and it is with great pleasure that I take this opportunity of recommending them to all captains of ships, maltsters, mealmen, and farmers, and to those gentlemen and ladies who live in old houses.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader, and humble servant,

G. H.

P. S. By a second experiment, I have discovered that one of these pills, pounded or crumbled, will destroy twenty mice. They may also be of excellent use in thinning a poor family of young children, being thus pounded or bruised, and spread in small quantities upon their bread and butter.

I shall conclude this paper with a very ingenious little piece, which is just now communi-

cated to me by my good friend Mr. Dodsley, and which shows what an agreeable and elegant use a man of taste and memory may make of his reading. It was thrown together by a member of a society of gentlemen, who meet once a year to celebrate the birth-day of Shakspeare, and is as follows :

ON THE  
BIRTH-DAY OF SHAKSPEARE.

A CENTO.

TAKEN FROM HIS WORKS.

*Natura ipsa valere, et mentis viribus excitari,  
et quasi quodam divino spiritu afflari.* CICERO.

Peace to this meeting,  
Joy and fair time, health and good wishes.  
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are met,

Is in celebration of the day that gave  
Immortal Shakspeare to this favour'd isle;  
The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
Which from the prime creation e'er she framed.  
O thou divinest nature! how thyself thou blazon'st

In this thy son! form'd in thy prodigality,  
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time  
Its very form and pressure! When he speaks  
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravish'd;  
So voluble is his discourse—Gentle  
As zephyr blowing underneath the violet,  
Not wagging its sweet head—Yet as rough,  
(His noble blood enchain'd) as the rude wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to th' vale—'Tis wonderful

That an invisible instinct should frame him  
To loyalty, unlearn'd; honour untaught;  
Civility, not seen in other; knowledge  
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sown. What a piece of work!  
How noble in faculty! Infinite in reason!  
A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal.  
Heaven has him now—Yet let our idolatrous fancy

Still sanctify his relics; and this day  
Stand aye distinguish'd in the calendar  
To the last syllable of recorded time:  
For if we take him but for all in all  
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

No. 180.] THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

You have reading and experience enough to

know, that some of the greatest ornaments and conveniences of life owe their rise to inconsiderable beginnings; and on the contrary, that little abuses and mistakes, by continual repetitions and aggravations, have grown into calamities, which have severely exercised, as well the wisdom, as the patience of mankind. In this light it is hoped the following petition will be considered. It was not drawn up barely to amuse your readers for five or six minutes, but with a view to very important consequences that may possibly be derived from it. Your labours sufficiently intimate that you consider your species as one great family, of which you are a member, and consequently under an obligation to countenance every thing that has a tendency to its advancement. It is for that reason application is made to you.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader and humble servant.

THE  
HUMBLE PETITION

OF

ALL THE LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET,

EXCEPT E AND O,

SHOWETH,

That your petitioners cannot, without great violence to their modesty, insist upon any thing that may reflect honour upon themselves; but the necessity of the case will plead their excuse; and therefore they beg leave most humbly to represent, that in conjunction with E and O, they have been for many ages, in a great part of the world, the only support of the whole intercourse of human life. By them men have been enabled to converse when they meet, and to communicate their thoughts to each other at any distance. By them the social virtues exist, are multiplied and improved, to a degree not easily conceived by those who, either from ignorance, or a too constant familiarity, are apt to contract a sort of contempt for objects of the greatest use.

The body which your petitioners almost entirely compose, is known to consist of but few individuals: and the business they are employed in is infinite: yet no transaction has ever suffered from any defect in them. Under proper direction, they never fail to execute what is intended, though in the course of their service, circumstances frequently occur of the nicest and most delicate nature. By their intervention, contending princes dispute their claims of empire. Upon them depend divines, statesmen, lawyers, and physicians; all professions, all trades; and with their assistance the beggar asks his alms. An influence more extensive, more

universal, is hardly to be imagined: so many and so great are the purposes answered by your petitioners: a society that does more honour to the species, than all others put together.

But the utility and importance of your petitioners have, for their foundation, a perfect harmony and good understanding among themselves; inasmuch as the least dissension may prove of fatal consequence: for should any one of them withdraw his assistance from the rest, their activity, which qualifies them for all employments, would in a moment cease, and they must become, in the strictest sense of the words, dead letters.

Nevertheless so it is, that certain persons, either through folly or perverseness, have opened a door to discord, an enemy ever upon the watch, and that must inevitably prevail, if a speedy and effectual stop be not put to a practice, which has for many years had its favourers in the greatest and most polite assembly of this metropolis. A thousand witnesses might be produced to prove, that at every Ridotto, part of the company is seated at a round table, which has a hollow moveable circle in the middle, with a declivity from the centre, and its circumference divided into little separate cavities or cells, distinguished by the letters E and O, placed over them alternately: the hollow circle is put in motion, and a small ivory ball thrown upon it in a contrary direction; after several turns, the inclination of the surface carries the ball down towards the cavities prepared for its reception, in one of which, having rebounded several times, it at last rests, and the parties concerned in this interesting event succeed or fail, as they chance to have chosen, or not, the letter under which the ball happens to settle.

Now, Sir, the grievance complained of by your petitioners is, that the game should be wholly and absolutely governed by E and O, and derive its name from those letters alone. All impartial judges will acknowledge the preference to be an undue one, since all your petitioners are equally qualified for the service, ready to undertake it, and have spirit enough to claim a share in the honour.

There is indeed, and there must of necessity be, a precedence in the order of the alphabet; but this has never yet been understood to denote any superior excellence; and granting it did, the two associates in power cannot avail themselves of that circumstance, because all who know their letters, and are capable of counting not quite twenty, will find the former of them in the fifth, and the latter in the fourteenth place. Like other favourites, therefore, they have been advanced, not for their merit, but altogether from caprice.

The disadvantages of this practice are evident to all. The few who are well established in reading, by a perpetual and close attention to E

and O only, may entirely forget your petitioners, and by that means lose all the advantages of a learned education. As to the many, who have every thing to learn, the danger is, that not one of them will be prevailed on to go a step beyond O, which must absolutely defeat those expectations which the public may have formed from the rising generation.

The remedy for these evils is however easy and certain: it is only to have the letters over the cavities made to slide on and off, and to provide a complete alphabet of them; then, beginning with A and B, let them govern for a certain time; next C and D are to preside, and in this manner a regular rotation is to take place. The use of this contrivance must be obvious to every body, as a thousand things might be taught in this way, which it would be hopeless to attempt in any other whatsoever.

Your petitioners, submitting the premises to your consideration, humbly pray such relief, as to your great wisdom shall seem meet.

A. B.  
C. D.  
F. G.  
H. I.  
K. L.  
M. N.  
P. Q.  
R. S.  
T. U.  
W. X.  
Y. Z.

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No. 181.] THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1756.

It has been remarked by certain wise philosophers, that men are strangely apt to err in their notions of good and evil, virtue and vice. They tell us that we have no adequate idea of those words, but are continually mistaking and confounding them, calling good evil, and evil good, virtue vice, and vice virtue. One of these philosophers has very lately discovered that the contentions, misfortunes, and miseries of mankind are wholly owing to government and laws, and that a state of anarchy and confusion, where the weak are at the mercy of the strong, and the simple of the cunning, is the only state of concord, security, and happiness.

Another of these philosophers, who seems rather inclined to new model governments, than totally to subvert them, has proved to the satisfaction of multitudes, that fraud, luxury, corruption, and all the catalogue of vices (as men are mistakenly pleased to call them) are the only means to make a community great, flourishing, and happy; and on the contrary, that frugality,



temperance, continence, and the like; which are vulgarly termed virtues, tend finally to its destruction.

For my own part, I was not philosopher enough in my youth to investigate these deep truths; and now I am old, I find myself so bi-gotted to former opinions, as not easily to perceive that rapes, murders, and adulteries, are beneficial to society, or that a state of nature is better calculated for the preservation of property, or the ease, peace, and happiness of mankind, than government and laws. But lest it should be said of me, that from the peevishness and obstinacy of age, I am shutting my eyes against the light, I will freely confess that I am lately become a convert to some other opinions, which I formerly held in equal disesteem. I had long accustomed myself to look on gaming as a vice; and as such I have frequently treated it in the course of these papers; but I am now fully convinced of my error, and that I ought to have considered it as a national virtue, and productive of more advantages to society than any other whatsoever. That my readers may entertain the same opinion, I shall here present them with a letter which I have lately received from a very ingenious correspondent, whose reasoning upon this subject is too conclusive to be opposed.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I hope you will not think it inconsistent with the manner in which you have proposed to conduct your paper, to lay before the public the complaints of your correspondents, relating to that part of the world you more immediately preside over; especially as you have declared your design to interpose, whenever the critical emergencies of your country shall require your assistance.

You, who are acquainted with public proceedings, must have taken notice of the additional taxes that have been laid upon cards and dice; by which it is justly apprehended, that the profits arising from the honourable occupations dependent thereon will be greatly impeded. Whatever satisfaction gloomy and sullen minds (always disposed to anticipate the ruin of the kingdom) may express, I assure you, I cannot help considering this affair with the most painful concern; and I doubt not my reasons will be equally convincing to you.

At the time when the perfidious enemies of our country have rendered all foreign trade precarious and uncertain, to what happier resources can we fly than the commerce of game? By what means is the circulation of money, the life and spirit of trade, more speedily promoted? What other business can boast of such large returns? and (with honour be it mentioned) what

debts in any other kind of commerce are more punctually discharged? How strongly do the various fluctuations of fortune inculcate fortitude, courage, resignation, and a noble contempt of death! virtues for which the proficient in this science have been greatly renowned. What better method could be found out for humbling the grandeur, and diminishing the over-grown revenues of our nobility and gentry, than by blending their manners and fortunes with the lowliest of their fellow-creatures? Nor is it the least praise of this profession, that the fair sex are qualified to make a figure in it, and to exert those striking talents which we seem so solicitous to exclude from many of the arts of life. By a constant application to gaming, they gradually wear off the killing brightness of those eyes, and the overpowering splendour of those charms, which would otherwise be destructive to many thousands of mankind. Hence they are taught kindness and condescension, and rendered graciously accessible to the company and caresses of every adoring swain. I might observe farther, that while the merchant and tradesman are contracting a narrow avaricious turn of mind, a haughty contempt, and a supercilious air, the gallant spirits who have espoused this genteel commerce, acquire an engaging freedom of conversation, a boundless generosity of nature, and an inimitable politeness of manners.

If the political advantages of gaming are demanded of me, I answer, that it secures our money in the kingdom, and keeps it in perpetual circulation. Can there be a more convincing demonstration of the dangerous consequences of foreign trade, than that the riches of the kingdom are exhausted by it, and the national current wealth, according to the opinion of some wise calculators, reduced from forty millions to twelve? not to mention the importation of the various follies, fashions, and poisons, which expose, infatuate, and destroy so many of our deluded countrymen. Can any other argument be necessary to procure an unlimited indulgence to a commerce, from whence so many advantages spring, and which is so evidently conducive to the public good?

If it should be objected, that many persons of plentiful incomes are reduced to poverty by gaming, I should be glad to know what employments in life are totally exempted from misfortune, and how many bankrupts are recorded in our public chronicles, who despairing to rise in the world by the vulgar method of trade, have had recourse to this genteel profession, and quickly retrieved their fortunes?

It would be easy to mention many more circumstances in praise of so noble a commerce, if it was in the least necessary; I doubt not of the concurrence of all men of genius and spirit in these my sentiments; and I hope the legislature will henceforward look with favour on an art in

which the politeness, the morals, the constitution, and the riches of this kingdom are so greatly concerned; and instead of discouraging it with severe taxes, and heavy burdens, will contribute every thing to its advancement. To this end I cannot present you with a better proposal, than "that all those who can bring sufficient proof of their having lost from one thousand to one hundred thousand pounds, shall be maintained at the public expense, and rewarded for their patriotism, in sacrificing their fortunes so disinterestedly for the good of their country."

If you shall please to communicate these thoughts to the public, and recommend them by some arguments of your own, I shall think you that friend of the world you pretend to be, and may possibly give you some future advices, which may not be unworthy your notice.

I am, Sir,

Your sincere friend,  
and hearty admirer,  
JACK LOVEBOX.

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No. 182.] THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1756.

A VERY facetious friend of mine was observing the other day, that he could always discover with great certainty the shape, height, and complexion of any man's wife in company, by calling for his toast. If he gives you a lean woman, depend upon it, says he, his wife is a fat one; or if he drinks his bumper to a beauty of fine height and complexion, you may safely conclude that the lady at home is little and swarthy, and so on: for, continues he, I have ever found it to be true, that when a man has been married a full half year, he will be the constant admirer of all other women, in proportion as they differ from his own wife.

I wish with all my heart there was no colour of truth in this remark; but I am afraid that the wives of the generality of men, like their other possessions, are apt to pall a little upon their hands. Fine fortunes, fine houses, fine gardens, and fine equipages, bring but little enjoyment to their owners; insomuch that we are every day breaking the tenth commandment, by *coveting our neighbour's house, our neighbour's wife, or any thing that is our neighbour's.*

Whence this perverseness of mankind arises, I will not take upon me to determine. My friend, who never thinks enough to perplex himself, lays the fault upon human nature. He asserts that men are in every respect just what they were intended to be, and that we have the same reason to be angry with a bear for not being a man, as with a man for having the imperfections of one.

That we are frail by nature is too certain a truth; but the comfort is, that he who made us so does not expect perfection from us, and will pardon errors that do not proceed from wilful corruption, and obstinate disobedience.

There is a humorous fable of the ancients upon the general frailty of mankind, which as I have never seen in English, I have ventured to modernize and translate for the entertainment of my readers.

"Jupiter, after he had seized the throne of Saturn, conquered the Titans, and made the universe his own, left the government of this lower world, and the affairs of mankind, to the inferior deities. Each had his separate votaries, and no one was to interfere in the department of another. Mars was captain-general of the soldiery of all nations, Neptune was lord high admiral, Bacchus presided over clubs and festivals, Mercury over trade, Apollo over wit and physic, Minerva over learning, Venus and the Graces over beauty, Juno over marriage, Diana over chastity, and so on.

"In the first ages of the world the affairs of men seemed to be in a very flourishing condition; but the face of things began gradually to change, till at last a general depravity prevailed over the face of the whole earth. The gods, finding themselves unequal to the task imposed upon them, and angry with mankind, petitioned Jupiter to take the government of them into his own hands; but he frowned at their request, commanding them to proceed as they had begun, and leave the consequences to himself. The deities, perplexed at their repulse, convened a council among themselves, in which it was agreed that they should draw up a second petition to Jupiter, that for the better understanding the nature of mankind, they should have leave to pay a visit to the world, and to take upon them for a time the several natures of their votaries. Jupiter laughed, and consented to their petition, but with this particular limitation, that they should be entirely divested of supernatural powers, and that as they were to personate mortals, they should be subject to their frailties.

"The deities consented to the will of Jupiter, and having deliberated on the several parts they were to act, made their descent upon the earth. Mars bought himself a pair of colours in the guards, and being a gay, handsome young fellow, and a great favourite of the ladies, was quickly advanced to the command of a company. His equipage was the most splendid that could be imagined; he dressed, danced, gamed, and swore to the utmost perfection; he knocked down watchmen and constables, drew his sword upon chairmen and waiters, laughed at the parsons, bilked whores and hackney-coachmen, cheated taylor and lacemen, stormed towns at every tavern, and saluted at the head of his company with inimitable grace. But having unfortunate-



ly seduced the wife of his friend, and being called out on the occasion, he chose to decline fighting, and was broke for cowardice.

"Neptune was a hardy rough tar, and got early the command of a sixty-gun ship. He attacked the trade of the enemy with great intrepidity, and took prizes of immense value. His prudence was equal to his courage; inasmuch as his ship was never known to suffer by the enemy's shot, or a man to die on board her of a violent death. But as Neptune was now no more than a man, and therefore liable to error, he had the misfortune to mistake his Admiral's signal to attack, for a signal to sheer off, and happening to have no interest at court, was disabled from service, and sent to live upon his fortune.

"Bacchus was a country squire, and a great sportsman; he got drunk every day, and debauched all the wives and daughters of his tenants and neighbours; till being reduced by his extravagance, and driven to various shifts, he at last drew beer in a night-cellar to hackney-coachmen and street-walkers.

"Mercury was a linen-draper in the city, and acquired a plentiful fortune by being three times a bankrupt; but happening to be discovered in a fourth attempt, he was stript of all his wealth, and very narrowly escaped hanging. He was afterwards captain of a gang of thieves, and at last recalled to heaven from the condemned hold in Newgate.

"Apollo commenced mortal in the character of a physician, and so peopled the shades of Pluto with souls, that the boat of Charon became crazy by their weight. Jupiter grew incensed at his murders, and commanded him to begin the world again in a more innocent calling. Apollo obeyed, and became a wit. He composed loose sonnets and plays; he libelled the good, flattered the bad, blasphemed the gods, and was patronised by the great: but unhappily standing in need of their assistance, they withdrew their favours, and left him to starve in a garret on the bounty of the booksellers.

"Minerva was a lady of fine parts and learning, but a great slattern. She never stuck a pin in her clothes, nor changed them till they wore out. Her linen was stained with ink, her hair uncombed, her petticoats falling off, her stockings full of holes, and her feet slip-shod. She talked in syllogisms, wrote in heroics, and married her footman.

"Venus, who while a goddess had always a hankering after mortal flesh and blood, was highly pleased with this descent upon earth. She assumed the form of a beautiful girl of fourteen, took lodgings in Covent Garden, and dealt out her favours liberally to all visitors. Her state of mortality was so suited to her inclinations, that heaven and the goddesses were never thought of, till the loss of her nose made her sigh for immortality.

"Diana was a great prude all day, but had her Endymions by moon-light. It is reported of her, that she was eleven times brought to bed, without being able once to give the least probable guess at the father of the child.

"Of Juno it is only said, that she scolded seven husbands to death; and of the Graces, that they were exceeding neat girls till they married, and sluts afterwards.

"Having staid the limited time upon earth, they were all summoned to heaven in their human forms and habits, to make their appearance before the throne of Jupiter. Mars and Neptune made a tolerable figure but looked a little shy. Bacchus had a blue apron on, and a string of pewter pots thrown across his shoulder. Mercury appeared fettered and hand-cuffed: he had a woollen cap upon his head, a nosegay in his hand, and a halter about his neck. Apollo was full-drest in a suit of rusty black, a tie-wig, a silver hilted-sword, roll-upstockings, deep ruffles, but no shirt: his features were begrimed with snuff, and his mouth crammed with tobacco. As Minerva approached to make her courtesy, Jupiter held his nose, and beckoned her to keep aloof, telling her that for the future he would have no learned ladies upon earth. Venus held her fan before her face, till Jupiter commanded her to uncover. He then inquired after her nose, and asked if the gin she had drank that morning was right Hollands. Diana complained much of a dropsy; upon which Jupiter laughed, and promised to send Lucina to cure her; adding, that he hoped she had good times. Juno looked angry at not being first taken notice of, which upon Jupiter's observing, he gave her a gracious nod, and assured her that every one of her husbands was quiet in Elysium. The Graces would have apologized for their dishabille but Jupiter prevented them, and told them with a smile that he would have no marriages in heaven. He then restored them all to their divinities, and after ridiculing and rebuking them for their murmurings and curiosity, dismissed them to their several charges, telling them that they were now enabled to make allowances for the frailties and imperfections of human nature, having experienced in their own persons, that he had peopled the world with men, and not gods."

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NO. 183.] THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1756.

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It was with great satisfaction that I attended to the declaration of war against France, having for above a twelvemonth past been sensibly hurt in my own private property by the people of that nation. Yet injured as I was, I concealed my



resentment while there was the least expectation of peace, that it might not be said of me, I had contributed, by any complaints of my own, to the involving my country in a hazardous and expensive war.

Every-body knows, that till within these two years, or thereabouts, it was a general fashion for the ladies to wear hair upon their heads; and I had piqued myself not a little on the thoughts that these my papers had been of considerable service towards curling the said hair. I had indeed long ago discovered, that very few ladies of condition could spare time and attention enough from the various avocations of dress, visiting, assemblies, plays, operas, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall, to read over a paper that contained no less than six pages in folio; but as the demand for the *World* was still very considerable, I contented myself with knowing that I was every week adorning their heads, though I could not be permitted to improve their understandings; and it was a particular pleasure to me in all public assemblies, to think that the finest faces there were indebted to the goodness of my paper for setting them off. So long as the fashion of hair continued (and to say the truth, I never so much as dreamed that it was so soon to change) I depended on the custom of the fair and polite; but by the instigation of French hair-cutters, whom the ministers of their monarch have sent to this metropolis in pure spite to me, the ladies have been prevailed on to cut their hair close to their temples, to the great diminution of the sale of these papers.

It was formerly a very agreeable amusement to me to look in at Mr. Dodsley's on a Thursday morning, and observe the great demand for these my lucubrations; but though the same demand continues among the men, I have frequently the mortification of hearing a smart footman delivering a message in the shop, 'that his lady desires Mr. Dodsley will send her in no more *Worlds*, for that she has cut off her hair, and shall have no occasion for them any longer.'

Nobody will, I believe, make the least doubt that my principal view in this work was to amend the morals and improve the understandings of my fellow-subjects; but I will honestly confess, that ever since the commencement of it, I have entertained some distant hopes of laying up a fortune sufficient to support me in my old age; and as money is at so low an interest, I intended making a small purchase in some retired and pleasant part of England, that I might have devoted my labours to the cultivation of land, after having weeded men's minds of whatever choked the growth of virtue and good manners. This I do not yet despair of effecting, as I am not without hopes, that while we are at open war with France, the ladies

will conceive such a dislike to the fashions of their enemies, as to let their hair grow again. If this cannot speedily be brought about, I must be forced to apply to the ministers for some lucrative employment, in return for that indulgence and complaisance which I have at all times shown them. It is impossible for me to conceive that my merits have been overlooked, though they have been hitherto unrewarded; and I make no kind of doubt that I need only present myself at their levees, to be asked what post I would choose. They do not want to be assured that I am as willing as able to assist them in all emergencies; or, which is still better, to vindicate their conduct against all opposers, to stifle clamours in their birth, to convert fears to hopes, complaints to approbation, and faction to concord.

But as I do not at present recollect any particular post of honour and profit that would better suit me than another, and knowing that the abusers of an administration are first to be provided for, I am willing to accept of a handsome sum of money, till something else may be done: or if a seat in parliament with a proper qualification, be thought necessary for me, I entirely acquiesce, as my eloquence in the house must be of signal service in all critical conjunctures. It would also be perfectly agreeable to me, if the government were to take off weekly twenty or thirty thousand of my papers, and circulate them among their friends; or if they object to such an expense, and should discover no inclination to oblige me in any of the particulars above-mentioned, I humbly intreat, that in lieu of the depredations made upon me by the French hair-cutters, and in consideration of my firm attachment to his majesty's family and government, orders be immediately issued from the lord steward's office, the board of green cloth, or elsewhere, that henceforward all the tarts, pyes, pastry, and confectionary of any kind whatsoever, appertaining to his majesty's household, be constantly baked upon these papers. This would be making me sufficient amends, and greatly encourage me to continue this useful work, till a perfect library might be made of it, which otherwise must have an end before a hundred volumes can be completed.

That the ministry may entertain just notions of the efficacy of my good work, I shall here present them with some few of those offers, which are almost daily made by private persons.

A lady who has lately opened a new bagnio in Covent-garden, assures me in a letter, that if I will do her the favour to recommend her in the *World*, I shall not only have the run of her house, but every one of her young ladies shall be obliged to take in my paper as long as it lasts. A grocer in the Strand has sent me a pound of his best tea, and promises to wrap up every

ounce he sells, as also all his sugars and spices in these papers if I will honour him so far as to make mention of him in any one of them. He adds in a postscript that his wife and five daughters, who do a great deal of work, make all their thread-papers of WORLDS.

But a more material offer still, and which I have therefore reserved for the last, is contained in the following letter.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

This is to acquaint thee that we are makers of pins on the bridge called London-bridge, and that we have each of us given a considerable portion of money for the good-will of the habitations wherein we make abode: but by an act of the legislature lately passed, the said habitations are speedily to be pulled down, and their dwellers to be forced to remove to other abodes. If thou art in the least acquainted with traffic, thou canst not be ignorant of the benefits that accrue from an old established shop, in a street where the principal dealers in any particular commodity are known to dwell; inasmuch as when thou wantest a silken garment for thy wife, thou wouldst repair to the habitations of Round-court or Ludgate-hill; or if thy linen was rent, thou wouldst doubtless resort to Cheapside or Cornhill: in like manner, if thy helpmate or thy maidens wanted pins, thou wouldst not fail, if thou wert wise, to take thy walk to London-bridge. But by the act above-named, thy friends are exiled from their dwellings and compelled to sojourn in a strange street, where even their names are unknown. We therefore request it of thee, if the rulers of the land behold thee with regard, that thou wilt apply thyself speedily to obtain a repeal of this act; wherein, if thou succeedest, we will buy up thy weekly labours in reams, and stick all our pins therein, so that thy name shall be known far and wide, and thy days prosperous in the land.

If thou art a well-wisher to thyself, thou wilt use thy best endeavours for the service of thy friends,

EPHRAIM MINIKIN,  
MALACHY SHORTWHITE,  
OBADIAH MIDLING,  
HEZEKIAH LONGPIN, &c. &c.

After duly deliberating upon this proposal, I am inclined to trouble the government no farther at present, than to request the repeal of this act, which if they are so kind as to grant me, my papers will again find their way to the dressing-rooms of the ladies, in spite of the intrigues of France, and her emissaries the hair-cutters.

No. 184.] THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1756.

I WAS always particularly pleased with that scene in the first part of Harry the fourth, where the humorous Sir John Falstaff, after upbraiding the prince with being the corrupter of his morals, and resolving on amendment forms a very reasonable wish "to know where a commodity of good names may be bought." It happens indeed a little unfortunately, that he immediately relapses into his old courses, and enters into a scheme for a robbery that night, which he endeavours to justify, by calling it his *trade*: "Why, Hal," says he, "'tis my *vocation*, Hal: 'tis no *SIN* for a man to *labour* in his *vocation*."

As often as this passage has occurred to me, I could not help thinking that if we were to look narrowly into the conduct of mankind, we should find the fat knight's excuse to have a more general influence than is commonly imagined. It should seem as if there were certain degrees of dishonesty, which were allowable, and that most occupations have an acknowledged latitude in one or more particulars, where men may be rogues with impunity, and almost without blame.

It will be no difficult task to illustrate the truth of this observation, by scrutinizing into the conduct of men of all ranks, orders and professions. This shall be the subject of to-day's paper; and I shall begin where it is always good manners to begin, with my betters and superiors.

The tyrant, who to gratify his ambition, depopulates whole nations, and sacrifices the lives of millions of his subjects to his insatiable desire of conquest, is a *glorious Prince*; *destruction* is his *trade*, and he is only *labouring* in his *vocation*.

The statesman, who spreads corruption over a country, and enslaves the people to enrich himself, or aggrandize his master, is an *able minister*; *oppression* is his calling, and it is no *SIN* in him to *labour* in his *vocation*.

The patriot, who opposes the measures of the statesman; who rails at corruption in the house, and bawls till morning for his poor bleeding country, may, if admitted to a post, adopt the principles he abhorred, and pursue the measures he condemned: such a one is a *trader in power*, and only *labouring* in his *vocation*.

The condescending patron, who, fond of followers and dependents, deals out his smiles to all about him, and buys flattery with promises; who shakes the needy wit by the hand, and assures him of his protection one hour, and forgets that he has ever seen him the next, is a *great man*; *deceit* is his *vocation*.

The man in office, whose perquisites are wrung from the poor pittance of the miserable,

and who enriches himself by pillaging the widow and the orphan, receives no more than his *accustomed dues*, and is only *labouring* in his *vocation*.

The divine, who subscribes to articles that he does not believe; who neglects practice for profession, and God for his Grace; who bribes a mistress, or sacrifices a sister for preferment; who preaches faith without works, and damns all who differ from him, may be an orthodox divine, and only *labouring* in his *vocation*.

The lawyer, who makes truth falsehood, and falsehood truth; who pleads the cause of the oppressor against the innocent, and brings ruin upon the wretched, is a man of eminence in the world, and the companion of honest men: *lying* is his *trade*, and he is only *labouring* in his *vocation*.

The physician, who visits you three times a day in a case that he knows to be incurable; who denies his assistance to the poor, and writes more for the apothecary than the patient, is an *honest* physician, and only *labouring* in his *vocation*.

The fine lady of fashion, who piques herself upon her virtue, perhaps a little too much; who attends the sermon every Sunday, and prayers every week-day: and who if she slanders her best friends, does it only to reform them, may innocently indulge herself in a little *cheating* at *cards*; she has made it her *vocation*.

The tradesman, who assures you upon his honest word that he will deal justly with you; yet sells you his worst commodities at the highest price, and exults at over-reaching you, is a *good man*, and only *labouring* in his *vocation*.

The infidel, who, fond of an evil fame, would rob you of a religion that inculcates virtue, and insures happiness as its reward; who laughs at an hereafter, and takes from you the only expectation that can make life endurable, is a *dealer in truth*, and only *labouring* in his *vocation*.

The author, who to insure a sale to his works, throws out his slander against the good, and poisons the young and virtuous by tales of wantonness and indecency, is a *writer of spirit*, and only *labouring* in his *vocation*.

To take characters in the gross: the gamester, who cheats you at play; the man of pleasure, who corrupts the chastity of your wife; the friend, who tricks you in a horse; the steward, who defrauds you in his accounts; the butler, who robs you of your wine; the footman, who steals your linen; the housekeeper, who overcharges you in her bills; the gardener, who sends your fruit to market; the groom who starves your horses to put their allowance in his pocket; in short, the whole train of servants, who impose upon you in the several articles entrusted to their care, are only receiving their *lawful perquisites*, and *labouring* in their *vocations*.

I know but one set of men, who ought commonly to be excepted in this general charge; and those are the projectors. The schemes of

all such men are usually too romantic to impose upon the credulity of the world; and not being able to plunder their employers, they are *labouring* in their *vocations* to cheat only themselves.

I would not be misunderstood upon this occasion, as if I meant to advise all people to be honest, and to do as they would be done by in their several vocations; far be it from me to intend any such thing; I am as well assured as they are, that it would not answer their purposes. The tyrant would have no glory without conquests: his ministers no followers without bribes; the patriot no place, without opposition; the man in office no perquisites without fraud; the divine no pluralities without time-serving; the lawyer no clients without lying; the physician no practice without apothecaries; the tradesman no country-house without exacting; the fine lady no routs without cheating; the infidel no fame without proselytes; and the author no dinner without slander and wantonness; the gamester would be undone; the man of pleasure inactive; the gentleman-jockey would sell his horse at half-price; and the steward, the butler, the footman, the housekeeper, the gardener, the groom, and the whole train of servants, lose their necessary perquisites.

The old maxim, that "honesty is the best policy," has been long ago exploded: but I am firmly of opinion, that the *appearance* of it might, if well put on, promote a man's interest, though the *reality* must destroy it. I would therefore recommend it to persons in all vocations (if it be but by way of trial, and for the novelty of the thing) to put on now and then the *appearance* of a little honesty. Most men have a natural dislike to be cheated with their eyes open; and though it is the fashion of the times to wear no concealment, yet to deceive behind the mask of integrity, has been deemed the most effectual method. To further this end, the *appearance* of a small portion of *religion* would not be amiss: but I would by no means have this matter overdone, as it commonly is. Going to prayers every day, or singing psalms on a Sunday in a room next the street, may look a little suspicious, and set the neighbours upon the watch; nor would I advise that a tradesman should stand at the shop-door with a prayer-book in his hand, or that a lawyer should carry the *Whole Duty of Man* in his bag to Westminster-hall, and read it in court as often as he sits down: there are other methods that may answer the purpose of cheating much better. A yea and nay conversation, interrupted with a few sighs and groans for the iniquities of the wicked, loud responses at church, and long graces at meals, with here and there a godly book lying in the window, or in places most in sight, will be of singular utility; and farther than this I would by no means advise.

To all these gentlemen and ladies who follow



no vocations, and who have therefore no immediate interest in cheating, I would recommend the *practice* of honesty before the appearance of it. As such persons stand in no need of a cloak, I shall say nothing to them of religion, only that the reality of it might be useful to them in afflictions; or if ever they should take it into their heads that they must one day die, it might possibly alleviate the bitterness of so uncommon a thought. To do as they would be done by, would in all probability render them happier in themselves, and lead them to the enjoyment of new pleasures in the happiness of others.

No. 185.] THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

My case is a little singular, and therefore I hope you will let it appear in your paper. I should scarcely have attempted to make such a request, had not I very strictly looked over all the works of your predecessors, the Tatlers, Spectators and Guardians, without a possibility of finding a parallel to my unhappy situation.

I am not *henpecked*; I am not *grimallined*; I have no Mrs. Freeman with her *Italian airs*; but I have a wife more troublesome than all three, by a certain ridiculous and unnecessary devotion that she pays to her father, amounting almost to idolatry. When I first married her, from that specious kind of weakness which meets with encouragement and applause, only because it is called good-nature, I permitted her to do whatever she pleased; but when I thought it requisite to pull in the rein, I found that her having the bit in her teeth, rendered the strength of my curb of no manner of use to me. Whenever I attempted to draw her in a little, she tossed up her head, snorted, pranced, and gave herself such airs, that unless I let her carry me where she pleased, my limbs, if not my life, were in danger. The love of power is inherent in the disposition of woman-kind; and I do not pretend that her vapours, hysterics, low spirits, or whatever else the learned are pleased to call them, are not equalled by thousands of married women in these melancholy kingdoms; but the *father*, the *father* is the point which distinguishes me from the rest of my brethren.

This old fellow is of a most capricious, unequal temper, and, like the satyr in the fable, blows hot and cold in the same breath. Sometimes he is very fond of me and my friends, and at other times he will not suffer us to look at

him. In whatever mood the old gentleman thinks fit to appear, in the same mood Madam, his daughter, dispenses her pouts and frowns, or her smiles and good humour. Whatever shape old Proteus puts on, Cabera, his daughter, puts on the same. I call him Proteus, because though I have known him many years, I have never known him a week together in the same form. He is vapourish; so is his daughter: he is a quack; so is his daughter: one day he is an economist, even to the greatest degree of avarice; the daughter also has her days of frugality and improper thrift. Sometimes he is profuse, and a violent squanderer; after these fits my purse is sure to suffer most cruelly. Sometimes he is proud, sometimes he is humble; his daughter follows him closely in each of the two extremes. In short, Sir, both father and daughter practise more changes than Harlequin in the Emperor of the Moon. Judge then what figure a husband must make, who is indispensably obliged to conform with all these metamorphoses.

Last summer, though a cold one, Proteus took it into his head to dine in the cellar: and as soon as we arrived at my country-house, our cellar also was immediately announced to be our eating parlour. My neighbours tried the experiment once, in hopes perhaps of being made fuddled, contrary to my usual custom; but that not being the case, they never offered to return again: no, not even the curate of the parish, who declared he would drink bumpers in my cellar as long as I pleased, but he could not eat there and sip thimble-fulls, though he were sure to dine every day on a pasty, or a haunch of venison. So that my wife and I, for three months together, dined like king Pharaoh, amidst frogs and darkness: nor had we any other companions than the reptiles that crawled out of the walls, as imagining their territories invaded. But my wife endured every inconvenience with amazing patience, because she had heard her father say, that this was the best method to drink iced liquors, without being at the expense of an ice-house.

Last winter, I was still put to greater hardships. Proteus, who some time ago travelled abroad, neither for health nor improvement, but merely in search of that philosopher's stone called TASTE, declared that in Italy no nobleman's house had a chimney in any room except the kitchen; and he added, that as it was an example which he resolved to follow, he hoped it might be so relishable to his friends, that they would cut off that excessive dear article of firing, and expend their coal money in buildings, statues, or lakes. The word was no sooner given, than my wife bricked up every chimney, except the kitchen chimney, in my house; and in January, (though we were permitted to have little earthen stoves in our chambers,) the cold was so intense, that my little boy Tommy died of the

whooping-cough ; and I myself caught an ague, which lasted four months, and brought upon me an apothecary's bill, amounting to ninety pounds for drugs, which were indeed much fuller of *taste* than I desired.

The furniture of my house, and the shape of my gardens, have been changed at least ten times over ; yet if you were to judge, Mr. Fitz-Adam, from the constant conversation of my wife and her father, you would pronounce them the best economists in Europe ; and so they are, in small beer, oil, and vinegar.

Though I always avoid excess of drinking when at home (my father-in-law, since my marriage, having been remarkably sober) yet it is my misfortune, and I confess it is a fault, to go now and then to the tavern, and there to exceed the strict limits of sobriety. It is impossible, among jovial companions, not to indulge a vein of gayety ; the effect of which is, that at night I am apt to stagger towards the nuptial bed a little too heavily loaded with liquor. The night is snored away in oblivion : but oh ! when the morning approaches, and I awake and open my eyes, what a face of anger do I behold ! and what dreadful peals of conjugal thunder do I hear ! Those peals commonly end with a louder clap than ordinary, in words to this purpose : " Ah ! Mr. Tamedeer, Mr. Tamedeer, is this the reward for all my love and kindness ? Have I quitted my dear father for the embraces of a sot ? When was that good old man ever disguised in liquor ? " To this I might reply, if I dared to make an answer, that indeed he is so often disguised *out* of liquor, he ought never to be disguised *in* it ; and I might also add, that he is most injuriously slandered, if some five-and-twenty years since, he did not drink, smoke, and go through the *et cætera* as well as the best of us.

If I offend or rebel in any one point, and indeed I offend and rebel in very few, my wife immediately applies to my father-in-law, and I am ordered to alter my conduct, and to submit properly to judgments far superior to my own. Thus is my case (my wife's virtue always excepted) far more deplorable than Barnaby Rattle's in the play ; nor have I the comfort appendant to Sir John Enville, *knt.* in being married to a woman of quality. That circumstance at least might have proved an ingredient to satisfy my pride.

This uneasy situation, which I have described with exact truth, has occasioned me to ruminate continually upon some method of relief. None occurs to me except a formal divorce. You will ask what cause can be alleged, since there is not the least shadow of proof either of adultery, ill-usage, or any other matrimonial misdemeanor. True. But cannot I prove a prior marriage ? Was not she married to her father, to all outward appearance, long before she went

with me to the altar ? Does not that marriage evidently continue, without any other breach, than having a second husband in points where the first husband does not care to meddle ? Is she not more obedient to her first husband than her second ? Has she fulfilled, as she ought, her vow of matrimony to me ? Whom does she obey ? not me, but her father. Whom does she honour ? not me, but her father. May not I hope therefore to be relieved in any judicial or ecclesiastical court in England ?

Your opinion fully stated upon this case would encourage me to go on, or discourage me from proceeding. If I cannot be relieved by law or equity, I will try to summon up courage to fight my father-in-law. I know he is a coward, but then I am under apprehensions, that the jade has discovered to him that I am a greater coward than himself. At all events, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let me have your advice, because I am

Your constant reader,

and admirer,

THOMAS TAMEDEER.

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No. 186.] THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1756.

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TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM the same clergyman who troubled you with an account of his misfortunes in your paper, No. 31. and I am indebted to your kind publication of that letter for the ease and happiness which, with only one single interruption, I have enjoyed ever since. My uncommon, and I hope I may say, unmerited distresses, recommended me to the notice of a noble lord, who called to see me at my lodgings, brought me home to his lordship's own house, and honoured me so far as to make me his domestic chaplain. His lordship's regard for me was so truly sincere, that he married me soon after to my lady's woman, a young person of admirable beauty and virtue, and a great favourite of my lord, because, as his lordship used often to tell me, she was a clergyman's daughter, and for what reason he knew not, extremely hated by his lady. But my good fortune did not end here : his lordship, whose nature is, never to be tired with doing good, was so very obliging as to take us a little house, ready-furnished, in a retired and pleasant part of the town, paying the rent of it himself, and making us considerable presents from time to time : he was also so very condescending as to spend two or three evenings in a week with us, and frequently to take my wife with him into the chariot, for an afternoon's airing, as she had the misfortune, soon after

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our marriage, of labouring under an ill state of health, which, as we all feared, would terminate in a dropsy.

His lordship was still kinder to me in other affairs, insomuch that in less than two months after our marriage, he sent me into the west, with thirty guineas in my pocket, to supply the place of a worthy clergyman, whom my lord had sent for to town upon particular business; and because the ill health of my wife required a little country air, his lordship proposed taking lodgings for her at Knightsbridge during my absence, where she was daily to be attended by his own physician.

At the end of six weeks, his lordship was pleased to recall me to town, where I had the inexpressible satisfaction of finding my wife returned to her house perfectly cured of her disorder, with only a little paleness remaining from the violent remedies prescribed to her by her physician. I had the additional happiness of finding his lordship with my wife, waiting my return, and to be honoured with his thanks for the faithful discharge of my trust, together with the promise of the very first living that should fall within his gift.

I mention these things, Sir, to the honour of my noble benefactor, who ever since my marriage, which is now three years ago, has been lavishing his favours upon me; who has been so very condescending to stand godfather in person to my two children, and to take every opportunity of making me happy by his visits. But I am not entering into a particular detail of the pleasures I enjoy: I have another motive for troubling you with this letter.

His lordship, the beginning of this month, was pleased, amongst the many instances of his goodness, to procure for me a chaplainship in one of the regiments now in Scotland; and as my attendance was immediately necessary, and my wife too far gone with child to think of going with me: as soon as I had prepared every thing for my journey, I sent an advertisement to the Daily Advertiser in the following words:

"Wanted, an agreeable companion in a post-chaise to Edinburgh. Enquire for the reverend W. B. at the Green Park coffee-house, Piccadilly. Note, the utmost expedition will be necessary."

The next morning, as I was reading a newspaper in the coffee-room, I heard a young gentleman, of a very modest and decent appearance, inquiring at the bar for the reverend Mr. W. B. I told him that I was the person, and calling for a couple of dishes of coffee, we sat down together, and entered upon the subject of the advertisement. He assured me, that if his friends did not flatter him, he was a very agreeable companion; that he had business of consequence to transact at Edinburgh; that he was

particularly pleased to find by the advertisement that I was a clergyman, having a great veneration for gentlemen of that function; that he had entertained thoughts of becoming one himself, was a near relation of the bishop of \*\*\*, and though young as he appeared, he was never so happy as when engaged in serious conversation with a worthy divine. He was pleased to add, that he saw something in my appearance which entitled me to that character, and that he did not doubt of being greatly edified during so long a journey. Many civilities passed on my side in return; and in the end it was agreed that we should set out that very evening at six o'clock. He was punctual to his appointment, with a servant on horseback, leading a handsome gelding for his master, who with two young gentlemen his friends, were waiting for me at the inn. I could not help observing, while the chaise was getting ready, that these young gentlemen were taking a good deal of pains to stifle a laugh, which on our stepping into the carriage, they were no longer able to contain: but I made no remarks upon their behaviour, and we set out upon our journey.

We reached Ware that night, without any thing happening worthy of remark, except that we were stopt upon the road by two young gentlemen on horseback, and interrupted in a very serious conversation, by their saluting my companion with, "Z—ds, Jack! what, playing the saint, and travelling to heaven with a parson!" My fellow-traveller gave them a look of contempt, and after assuring them that he had not the honour of knowing them, and pulling up the glass, ordered the postillion to drive on.

Our evening at Ware was spent in remarks on the dissoluteness of the times, and the indecent liberties that wild and profligate young fellows were every where taking with the clergy. After much serious discourse, and moderate refreshment, we retired to rest. I slept longer than usual in the morning, and no sooner was I awake than I discovered, with equal confusion and surprise, that I was in bed with a woman, who, as I attempted to get up, threw her arms about my neck, and compelled me to lie down. The struggle and the noise I made upon this occasion, together with the screams of the woman, who still held me fast, alarmed the whole inn, and drew a crowd of spectators into the room, headed by my companion, and followed by a soldier, who called himself the husband of the woman, swearing that he would have my heart's blood, for corrupting the chastity of his wife. I pleaded my innocence to an unbelieving audience, while the woman accused me of having forced her against her will; pretending that it was her misfortune overnight to be a little in liquor, and that she had mistaken the room I lay in for her own.



To dwell no longer than is needful upon this disgraceful affair, I was in the end compelled to give a guinea to the soldier, and afterwards to submit with patience to the insults of a mob, who surrounded the inn at our entrance into the post chaise, and followed it with hootings to the very extremity of the town.

From the passive behaviour of my companion at the inn, and the demure looks that he now put on, I began to harbour a suspicion of him not greatly to his advantage; and while I was deliberating in what manner to address him, an accident happened, which at once threw him off his guard, and discovered to me, that instead of an agreeable companion, I was travelling with a fiend. This accident was the sudden and violent overturning of the post-chaise; upon which occasion, though neither of us was hurt, he discharged such a volley of curses on the postillion, as made me tremble to hear him. I endeavoured to pacify him by the gentlest admonitions, which instead of calming his anger turned it all upon myself; and amidst a thousand oaths and imprecations, he vowed revenge upon my head, telling me that he hated a parson as he hated old Nic; that he had bribed the soldier's whore to go to bed to me at the inn, and that he came out upon no other business than to play the devil with me all the way. I stood aghast at what I heard, and refused getting into the chaise again: upon which a struggle ensued, and blows passed between us; till, by the assistance of his servant, and the knavery of the postillion, whom he gained over to his side with a whole handful of silver, I was thrust into the chaise, and compelled to go on.

We had scarce travelled a mile before we overtook a couple of gypsies upon the road: one an old woman, the other a girl. They were all over rags and filth, and so intoxicated with liquor, that they reeled at every step. My companion called to the postillion to stop, and after questioning these wretches about the way they were going, got out of the chaise, and told me, that he could not in charity sit lolling at his ease, while two of the tender sex were walking bare-foot on the road; and that if I had no weighty objections, he would make the old lady an offer of his seat; and miss, as he was pleased to call her, might with great conveniency sit upon my knee. It was in vain for me to expostulate, or to attempt leaping out after him: his servant held me fast by the arm, while the master with great gravity and ceremony handed the creatures into the chaise, and then mounting his horse, rode close by its side, talking obscenity to the wretches, and instructing them to behave to me in a manner not to be endured nor described.

In this manner we passed through the villages, and entered Royston; the postillion being ordered to walk his horses gently to the inn, that

we might be followed by a mob, whom my companion called to at every turning to smoke the parson and his doxies.

I stepped from the chaise amidst the hallooing of the rabble, and ran into a room, the door of which I locked. Here I determined to remain, or to fly to the magistrate for protection, had not my tormentor made his appearance at the window, telling me that as the joke was now at an end, and as he believed I had had enough of an agreeable companion, he had altered his intention of visiting Scotland, and should return to town that morning. I thanked him for the favour, but kept close to my room, till I saw him with his servant ride out of the inn, and take the road to London. I then ordered some refreshment to be brought me, and a post-chaise to be in readiness; but how great was my astonishment, when feeling for my purse, which contained forty guineas at my setting out, I found that my pockets had been rifled, and that I had not so much as a brass farthing left me!

As it was no doubt with me that the gypsies had robbed me, I made immediate inquiry after them, but learned that they had disappeared on our arrival at the inn; and though the most diligent search was made for them, they were no where to be found.

It was now impossible for me to proceed: I therefore determined to remain where I was, till I could receive a fresh supply from my wife, to whom I dispatched a messenger with a letter, setting forth at large all the cruelties I had met with.

When the messenger was gone, it occurred to me, that however ill my companion had used me, he could not be base enough to concert this robbery with the gypsies, and therefore might be inclined to make up my loss, upon knowing that I had sustained it. For this reason I determined once more to transmit my complaints to the WORLD; that if the young gentleman has any one principle of honour remaining, he may send to Mr. Dodsley's the sum I have been defrauded of. My demand upon him is for seven-and-thirty guineas, which, unless he pays within six days after the publication of this letter, I will forthwith print his name in the newspapers, and proclaim to the public the injuries he has done me.

I have another reason for giving you this trouble, which is, to caution all gentlemen for the future against advertising in the papers for an *agreeable companion* in a post-chaise; as it consoles me not a little, that I am enabled to make other people wise, even by my own misfortunes. I am, Sir,

Your obliged

And most faithful servant,

W. B.

George Inn, at Royston.

July 16, 1756.

No. 187.] THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG all the grievances that your correspondents have from time to time laid before you, I have met with no one situation that bears any likeness to my own, or that deserves your compassion and advice half so much. I am the brother of four sisters, am the oldest of my family, a freeman of the city of London, and by trade a shoemaker. My father enjoyed a small place at court, which, I believe, one year with another, brought him in about a hundred and fifty pounds. My mother was descended from the third or fourth cousin of an attainted Scotch peer, was a lady's woman when my father married her, and brought with her a very large portion of pride, virtue, and fine breeding. My father, who, before his marriage, had held up his head very high as a courtier, was now of greater consequence than ever, in the thought that by this happy match he had allied himself to nobility. My mother, indeed, had one great mortification to surmount, which was that she had not only contaminated her blood by marrying a plebeian, who was formerly a broken tallow-chandler in the city, but had changed her illustrious maiden name for the coarse and vulgar appellation of Mrs. Laycock. She comforted herself, however, on the first appearance of her pregnancy, that so odious a surname should be qualified in her children with the genteel and most elegant Christian names that history or romance could possibly supply. My father approved the thought; and no sooner was I a fortnight old, than I was christened, with great pomp and grandeur, by the name of Ptolemy. My eldest sister, who came into the world a year after, was called Wilhelmina Charlotta, the second Penthesilea, the third Telethusa, and the fourth Honoria. There was also a second son, who died within the month, christened Agamemnon.

We were all of us trained up to regard these names as marks of superiority over other children, and such as would one time or other most certainly make our fortunes. If master Ptolemy was naughty, he was not chid as a vulgar child, but admonished with all the gentleness and forbearance due to so illustrious a name. If miss Wilhelmina Charlotta, or her sisters, miss Penthesilea, miss Telethusa, or miss Honoria, forgot to hold up their heads, or were caught at romps with the boys, they were put in mind of their names, and instructed to act up to them. Our dresses were, if possible, as fantastic as our names, and the formality of our behaviour was of a piece with both. And though we were the

plainest children in the world, and had not the least probable chance of receiving a single shilling to our portions, we were trained up to pride and idleness, and to turn up our noses at all the Dicks, Toms, and Harrys, the Sukeys and Pollys, that were our superiors in the neighbourhood.

The necessary expenses to support all this pride and folly, were more than could be spared from the narrow income of my father; and master Ptolemy, who was now eleven years old, must have been as totally uneducated as the misses his sisters, if my father's brother, who was a reputable shoemaker in the city, had not taken me into his care, and sent me to St. Paul's school at his own expense. To this accident of my life I owe my escape from ruin. I was called king Ptolemy by all the boys, and so laughed at for my importance, that I soon grew ashamed of my name: and at the end of three years, when my mother thought it high time for me to return to court, I chose to accept of an offer my uncle had made me, of becoming his apprentice, and entering into partnership with him when my time was expired. My father's consent was pretty easily obtained, as he found himself in an ill state of health, and unable to provide for me; but my mother was inexorable. She considered that my great name would but ill suit with so low a calling, and when she saw me determined, she told me in a flood of tears at parting, I was the first Ptolemy that ever made shoes.

For my own part, I had been so humbled at school about my name, that I never afterwards wrote more than the first letter of it; and as P. very luckily looked more like Philip than Ptolemy, I have escaped the ridicule that would otherwise have been thrown upon me.

At the end of my apprenticeship, my uncle gave me his only daughter in marriage, and dying soon after, I succeeded to his trade and effects, and to a fortune in good debts and money, to the amount of four thousand pounds.

My mother, who had never thoroughly recovered the shock of her son Ptolemy's disgrace, died a few months after my uncle, and my father followed her this summer, leaving to my sisters no other fortune than their names, which to my great sorrow has not been quite so current in the world as to enable them to live upon it. To be as short as I can, they were all thrown upon my hands, and are like to continue with me as long as I live. But the misfortune is, that to keep my sisters from starving, I must become a beggar myself; for the expenses they bring, and the nothing they do, will not suffer me to go on. By their dresses, their names, and the airs of quality they give themselves, I am rendered ridiculous among all my acquaintance. My wife, who is a very plain good woman



and whose name is Amey, has been new-christened, and is called Amelia; and my little daughter, a child of a year old, is no longer Polly, but Maria. They are perpetually quarrelling with one another about the superiority of their names; and because the eldest sister has two, and the others but one, they have entered into a combination to rob her of both, and almost to break her heart, by calling her miss Laycock.

I have shown them the impossibility of my maintaining them much longer, and, as tenderly as I was able, proposed their going into service: but they told me with the utmost indignation, that whatever a shoemaker in the city might imagine to the contrary, the names of Wilhelmina Charlotta, Penthesilea, Telethusa, and Honoria, were by no means servants' names, and unless I found myself inclined to make a better provision for them, they should continue where they were. Nay, my youngest sister, miss Honoria, who thinks herself handsome, had the impudence to tell me, that if ever she condescended to let out her person for hire, it should be for other uses than those of a servant; to which miss Telethusa was pleased to add, that indeed she was entirely of miss Honoria's opinion; for that the sin of being a mistress, was not half so shocking to her as the shame of being a servant.

You will judge, Sir, how desirous I am to rid the house of them, when I tell you that I have even offered to take a shop for them at the court end of the town, and to give each of them a hundred pounds to set up with in any way they shall choose; but their great names, forsooth, are not to be prostituted upon shop-bills, whatever their brother Ptolemy, the shoemaker, in his great zeal to serve them, may please humbly to conceive. Yet with these truly great names, that are not to be contaminated by trade or service, they have condescended to rob my till two or three times; and no longer ago than last week, when I caught my eldest sister in the fact, she told me with great dignity, that it became her brother Ptolemy to blush, at laying her under the necessity of doing an action that was so much beneath her.

I have laid the whole affair before the minister of the parish, who has taken a great deal of pains to reason them into their senses, but to no purpose: and unless you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are a travelled man, can direct them to any part of the globe, where great names, great pride, great indolence, and great poverty are the only qualifications that men look for in a wife, I must shut up shop in a few days, and leave miss Wilhelmina Charlotta, and the other misses her sisters, with their illustrious names, to go begging about the streets. If you know of any such place, and will do me the favour to mention it in your next Thursday's paper, you will save a

whole family from ruin, and infinitely oblige, Sir,

Your most sorrowful humble servant,  
P. LAYCOCK.

The case of my correspondent is, I confess, a very hard one; and I wish with all my heart that I had discovered in my travels such a country as he hints at. All the advice I can give him is, to send for the minister of the parish once more, and get his sisters re-baptized: for till they can be prevailed upon to have new names, it will be altogether impossible to give them new natures.

No. 188.] THURSDAY, AUG. 5, 1756.

THOUGH the first of the following letters bears a little hard upon the ladies, for whom I have always professed a regard even to veneration, yet I am induced to give it a place in my paper, from the consideration, that if the complaint contained in it should happen to have the least foundation in truth, they may have an opportunity of adding another proof to the multitudes they are daily giving, that they want only to be told of their errors to amend them. Of the second letter I shall say nothing more, than that the expedient proposed in it to remove the evil complained of has my entire approbation.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

With as much devotion for the fair as any man, and as high a sense of the happiness they are capable of imparting, I have resolved to die an old bachelor; yet not in the least determined by the strongest arguments against matrimony, or the most fashionable motives to a single life. It is my misfortune to esteem delicacy, economy, modesty, and some of the qualifications conveyed under the idea of notable, as the most engaging ornaments of a well-bred woman. How unhappy then am I, that none of these should be of repute in the present age!

I had once formed a design of transporting myself to Spain or China, for a lady of the domestic kind; but giving the preference to those of my own country, I delayed my intention, till I should see the influence your weekly admonitions were attended with. I am now sorry to find, that notwithstanding your censorial dignity, they have openly dared to persist in those fashions you have so long opposed. An unaccountable propensity to visit public places, a general nakedness of shoulders, a remarkable



bluffness of face, a loud voice, and a masculine air, have lately gained much ground in the country; and I am apt to think I shall shortly see the necks and bosoms of my fair countrywomen painted with devices of birds and beasts, in imitation of the ancient Britons, though they are now contented with plain white and red.

I have observed, that as we are gradually retreating from the courage and greatness of our sex the ladies are advancing with hasty strides upon us; and whether we shall long maintain the pre-eminence, is a point much liable to dispute.

I cannot but suspect them of entertaining designs of invading the province of man; and though I acknowledge their boundless power, I never was formed to obey, and cannot think of submission. But admitting that the present generation of beauties are totally unfit for wives, except to those gentle minds who would think themselves honoured by having their thousands spent in the genteelest manner, yet in another capacity they might be made of the greatest service to their country. When I see their hair tied in a knot behind, or either hanging down in a ramillie, or folded up in ribands, I cannot but look on them as the fair defenders of Britain, on whose gallantry I should rather choose to rely, than on all the boasted prowess of our military beaux. On this footing I can excuse them for sacrificing the thousand nameless powers of pleasing which nature has invested them with, for the powers of destroying, and consent to their changing the darts of Cupid for the armour of Mars. Whatever magazines of lightning are laid up in their bright eyes, I hope they will blaze out on this occasion.

If it should be objected that we ought to have proofs of their valour, and that a big look may be consistent with a faint heart; I answer, that there can be no great reason to doubt the bravery of those who have made it one of their first maxims, "never to be afraid of man:" and besides, that natural love of conquest which possesses every individual of the female world, would animate them forward to the boldest enterprizes. I would farther propose, that the more gay and airy of them should be distributed into a body of flying light-horse; the Gadabouts would make an excellent company of foragers; the more delicate of them would serve to carry the colours, and the sight of them would inspire the soldiers with unequalled resolution and courage. Thus they might all be disposed in ranks and stations suitable to their respective merits, distinctions, and qualifications, from the first lady of quality to the lowest belle in the country village. I should also advise, that a sufficient number of female transports should be sent to the relief of our garrisons abroad, if it was not from my apprehensions that they would not be able to sustain a long siege, and might perhaps

be captivated by the immense fineness of an embroidered knight of the order of St. Louis. I have only one circumstance more to mention to excite their zeal, which is, that they must be obliged to content themselves with their own invented fashions, till the successes of their arms shall oblige the French to accept of our wealth for those that are *à la mode de Paris*.

If this proposal be agreeable to your judgment I hope you will second it by the warmest encouragements. May we not exult in the prospect of that glorious career of success which must attend an army of heroines, bred to a contempt of danger, and trained up from infancy itself to the most intimate acquaintance with balls, drums, routs, hurricanes and the like?

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

A. SINGLETON.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I have a complaint to lay before you, which, to the best of my memory, you have not hitherto touched upon. The ground of my complaint, Sir, is this. News, you know, never were more fluctuating than at this moment. What we are told at breakfast is contradicted by noon, and that again is old by dinner; the dinner-tale scarcely lasts till coffee, and all is found to be false before night. And yet, Sir, there are a set of wise men who are always satisfied with the last tale, and constantly assure you they were all along of that opinion. "Lord, Sir, I knew it must be so: how could it be otherwise? I always said so:" and though accounts vary to-morrow, it does not at all affect them; for to-morrow they will have been all along perfectly well acquainted with just the contrary to what they knew so well to-day. This everlasting knowledge and secret intelligence is really, Sir, the most provoking insult on us poor things, who are not so knowing. If I am wrong to-day my friend is wrong to-morrow, and that puts us on equality; but these people who are always sure to be of the right opinion, because they have no opinion at all, are not to be endured.

But it is one thing to complain, and another to redress; and unless I thought I had some method to remedy the evil, I would not complain of it. The remedy I would propose is simply this: that the term *I* be for ever excluded all conversations. There is not, perhaps, one single impertinence or foppery in discourse, that is not imputable to that same little letter *I*. The old man, going to repeat the lie he has talked himself into a belief of, cries, *I* remember when I was young. The maiden of fifty blesses her stars, and says, *I* was not such a flirt. The bold colonel tells you, *I* led on the men, *I* entered the breach. The rake, *I* debauched such a girl, *I* drank down such a fellow. Now, Sir, fond as people are of being foolish, they would even com-

sent to be wise, if it were not confining their follies to their own dear persons. The old man's dull story is only to let you see what *he* was himself. The maiden gentlewoman only means to exemplify her own modesty, and does not care a pin for all the frailties of her neighbours, but that she has thereby an opportunity of telling you how virtuous she herself is. The soldier never tells you of a campaign, but the one he was himself in. The rake never tells you of any follies but his own; and the wise men I complained of in the beginning of my letter, never tell you Mr. Such-a-one always thought so, or Mr. Somebody always said so, but *I* always thought so, *I* always said so. Let me therefore entreat you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to forbid the use of this monosyllable, and you will much oblige, Sir,

Your friend, &c.

W.

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No. 189.] THURSDAY, AUG. 12, 1756.

WE are accused by the French, and perhaps but too justly, of having no word in our language, which answers to their word *police*, which therefore we have been obliged to adopt, not having, as they say, the thing.

It does not occur to me that we have any one word in our language (I hope not from the same reason,) to express the ideas which they comprehend under the word *les mœurs*. Manners are too little, morals too much. I should define it thus: *a general exterior decency, fitness, and propriety of conduct in the common intercourse of life.*

Cicero, in his offices, makes use of the word *decorum* in this sense, to express what he tells us the Greeks signified by their word (I will not shock the eyes of my polite readers with Greek types) *To Prepon*.

The thing however is unquestionably of importance, by whatever word it may be dignified or degraded, distinguished or mistaken; it shall therefore be the subject of this paper to explain and recommend it; and upon this occasion I shall adopt the word *decorum*.

But as I have some private reasons for desiring not to lessen the sale of these my lucubrations, I must premise, that notwithstanding this serious introduction, I am not going to preach either religious or moral duties. On the contrary, it is a scheme of interest which I mean to communicate, and which, if the supposed characteristic of the present age be true, must, I should apprehend, be highly acceptable to the generality of my readers.

I take it for granted that the most sensible and informed part of mankind, I mean people of

fashion, pursue singly their own interests and pleasures; that they desire as far as possible to enjoy them exclusively, and to avail themselves of the simplicity, the ignorance, and the prejudices of the vulgar, who have neither the same strength of mind, nor the same advantages of education. Now it is certain that nothing would more contribute to that desirable end, than a strict observance of this decorum, which, as I have already hinted, does not extend to religious or moral duties, does not prohibit the solid enjoyments of vice, but only throws a veil of decency between it and the vulgar, conceals part of its native deformity, and prevents scandal and bad example. It is a sort of pepper-corn quit-rent paid to virtue, as an acknowledgment of its superiority; but according to our present constitution, is the price of freedom, not the tribute of vassalage.

Those who would be respected by others, must first respect themselves. A certain exterior purity and dignity of character commands respect, procures credit, and invites confidence; but the public exercise and ostentation of vice, has all the contrary effects.

The middle class of people in this country, though generally straining to imitate their betters, have not yet shaken off the prejudices of their education; very many of them still believe in a Supreme Being, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and retain some coarse, homespun notions of moral good and evil. The rational system of materialism has not yet reached them; and in my opinion, it may be full as well it never should; for as I am not of levelling principles, I am for preserving a due subordination from inferiors to superiors, which an equality of profligacy must totally destroy.

A fair character is a more lucrative thing than people are generally aware of; and I am informed that an eminent money-scrivener has lately calculated with great accuracy the advantage of it, and that it has turned out a clear profit of thirteen and a half per cent. in the general transactions of life; which advantage, frequently repeated, as it must be in the course of the year, amounts to a very considerable object.

To proceed to a few instances. If the courtier would but wear the appearance of truth, promise less, and perform more, he would acquire such a degree of trust and confidence, as would enable him to strike on a sudden, and with success, some splendid stroke of perfidy, to the infinite advantage of himself and his party.

A patriot, of all people, should be a strict observer of this decorum, if he would (as it is to be presumed he would) bear a good price at the court market. The love of his dear country, well acted and little felt, will certainly get him into good keeping, and perhaps procure him a handsome settlement for life; but if his prostitution be flagrant, he is only made use of in



cases of the utmost necessity, and even then only by cullies. I must observe, by-the-by, that of late the market has been a little glutted with patriots, and consequently they do not sell quite so well.

Few masters of families are, I should presume, desirous to be robbed indiscriminately by all their servants; and as servants in general are more afraid of the devil, and less of the gallows, than their masters, it seems to be as imprudent as indecent to remove that wholesome fear, either by their examples, or their philosophical dissertations, exploding in their presence, though ever so justly, all the idle notions of future punishments, or of moral good and evil. At present, honest faithful servants rob their masters conscientiously only in their respective stations; but take away those checks and restraints which the prejudices of their education have laid them under, they will soon rob indiscriminately, and out of their several departments; which would probably create some little confusion in families, especially in numerous ones.

I cannot omit observing, that this decorum extends to the little trifling offices of common life; such as seeming to take a tender and affectionate part in the health or fortune of your acquaintance, and a readiness and alacrity to serve them, in things of little consequence to them, and of none at all to you. These attentions bring in good interest; the weak and the ignorant mistake them for the real sentiments of your heart, and give you their esteem and friendship in return. The wise indeed, pay you in your own coin, or by a truck of commodities of equal value; upon which however there is no loss: so that, upon the whole, this commerce, skilfully carried on, is a very lucrative one.

In all my schemes for the general good of mankind, I have always a particular attention to the utility that may arise from them to my fair fellow-subjects, for whom I have the tenderest and most unfeigned concern; and I lay hold of this opportunity, most earnestly to recommend to them the strictest observance of this decorum. I will admit that a fine woman of a certain rank, cannot have too many real vices; but at the same time, I do insist upon it, that it is essentially her interest, not to have the appearance of any one. This decorum, I confess, will conceal her conquests, and prevent her triumphs; but on the other hand, if she will be pleased to reflect that those conquests are known, sooner or later, always to end in her total defeat, she will not upon an average find herself a loser. There are indeed some husbands of such humane and hospitable dispositions, that they seem determined to share all their happiness with their friends and acquaintance; so that with regard to such husbands singly, this decorum were

useless: but the far greater number are of a churlish and uncommunicative disposition, troublesome upon bare suspicions, and brutal upon proofs. These are capable of inflicting upon the fair delinquent the pains and penalties of exile and imprisonment at the dreadful mansion-seat, notwithstanding the most solemn protestations and oaths, backed with the most moving tears, that nothing really criminal has passed. But it must be owned, that of all negatives, that is much the hardest to be proved.

Though deep play be a very innocent and even commendable amusement in itself, it is however, as things are yet constituted, a great breach, nay perhaps the highest violation possible of the decorum in the fair sex. If generally fortunate, it induces some suspicion of dexterity; if unfortunate, of debt; and in this latter case, the ways and means for raising the supplies necessary for the current year, are sometimes supposed to be unwarrantable. But what is still much more important, is, that the agonies of an ill run will disfigure the finest face in the world, and cause most ungraceful emotions. I have known a bad game, suddenly produced upon a good game, for a deep stake at Bragg or Commerce, almost make the vermillion turn pale, and elicit from lips, where the sweets of Hybla dwelt, and where the loves and graces played, some murmured oaths, which, though minced and mitigated a little in their terminations, seemed to me upon the whole to be rather unbecoming.

Another singular advantage which will arise to my fair countrywomen of distinction from the observance of this decorum, is, that they will never want some creditable led captains to attend them at a minute's warning to operas, plays, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall; whereas I have known some women of extreme condition, who, by neglecting the decorum, had slattered away their characters to such a degree, as to be obliged upon these emergencies to take up with mere toad-eaters of very equivocal rank and character, who by no means graced their entry into public places.

To the young unmarried ladies, I beg leave to represent, that this decorum will make a difference of at least five-and-twenty, if not fifty per cent. in their fortunes. The pretty men, who have commonly the honour of attending them, are not in general the marrying kind of men; they love them too much or too little, know them too well, or not well enough, to think of marrying them. The husband-like men are a set of awkward fellows with good estates, and who, not having got the better of vulgar prejudices, lay some stress upon the characters of their wives, and the legitimacy of the heirs to their estates and titles. These are to be caught only by *les mœurs*; the hook must be baited with the decorum; the naked one will not do.

I must own that it seems too severe to deny



young ladies the innocent amusements of the present times, but I beg of them to recollect that I mean only with regard to outward appearances; and I should presume that *tête-à-têtes* with the pretty men might be contrived and brought about in places less public than Kensington-gardens, the two parks, the high roads, or the streets of London.

Having thus combined, as I flatter myself that I have, the solid enjoyments of vice, with the useful appearances of virtue, I think myself entitled to the thanks of my country in general, and to that just praise which Horace gives to the author *qui miscuit utile dulci*; or in English, who joins the useful with the agreeable.

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NO. 190.] THURSDAY, AUG. 19, 1756.

I CAN remember, when I was a young man at the university, being so much affected with that very pathetic speech, which Ovid has put into the mouth of Pythagoras, against eating the flesh of animals, that it was sometime before I could bring myself to our college mutton again, without some inward doubt whether I was not making myself an accomplice to a murder. My scruples remained unreconciled to the committing so horrid a meal, till upon serious reflection I became convinced of its legality, from the general order of nature, who has instituted the universal preying upon the weaker as one of her first principles; though to me it has ever appeared an incomprehensible mystery, that she who could not be restrained by any want of materials from furnishing supplies for the support of her various offspring, should lay them under the necessity of devouring one another.

But though this reflection had force enough to dispythagorize me, before my companions had time to make observations upon my behaviour, which could by no means have turned to my advantage in the world, I for a great while retained so tender a regard for all my fellow-creatures, that I have several times brought myself into imminent peril, by my attempts to rescue persecuted cats from the hands and teeth of their worryers; by endeavouring to prevent the engagement of dogs, who had manifestly no quarrel of their own; and by putting butchers' boys in mind, that as their sheep were going to die, they walked full as fast as could be reasonably expected, without the cruel blows they were so liberal in bestowing upon them. As I commonly came off by the worst in these disputes, and as I could not but observe that I often aggravated, never diminished, the ill-treatment of these innocent sufferers, I soon found it

necessary to consult my own ease, as well as security, by turning down another street, whenever I met with an adventure of this kind, rather than be compelled to be a spectator of what would shock me, or be provoked to run myself into danger without the least advantage to those whom I would assist.

I have kept strictly ever since to this method of flying from the sight of cruelty, whenever I could find ground-room for it; and I make no manner of doubt, that I have more than once escaped the horns of a mad ox, as all of that species are called, that do not *choose* to be tormented as well as killed. But on the other hand, these escapes of mine have very frequently run me into great inconveniences; I have sometimes been led into such a series of blind alleys, that it has been matter of great difficulty to me to find my way out of them. I have been betrayed by my hurry into the middle of a market, the proper residence of inhumanity. I have paid many a six-and-eight-pence for non-appearance at the hour my lawyer had appointed for business; and, what would hurt some people, worse than all the rest, I have frequently arrived too late for the dinners I have been invited to at the houses of my friends.

All these difficulties and distresses, I began to flatter myself, were going to be removed, and that I should be left at liberty to pursue my walks through the straitest and broadest streets, when Mr. Hogarth first published his prints upon the subject of cruelty; but whatever success so much ingenuity, founded upon so much humanity, might deserve, all the hopes I had built of seeing a reformation proved vain and fruitless. I am sorry to say it, but there still remain in the streets of this metropolis more scenes of barbarity than perhaps are to be met with in all Europe besides. Asia is too well known for compassion to brutes; and nobody who has read Busbequius, will wonder at me for most heartily wishing that our common people were no crueller than Turks.

I should have apprehensions of being laughed at, were I to complain of want of compassion in our law; the very word seeming contradictory to any idea of it; but I will venture to own that to me it appears strange, that the man against whom I should be enabled to bring an action for laying a little dirt at my door, may with impunity drive by it half a dozen calves, with their tails lopped close to their bodies, and their hinder parts covered with blood. He must have a passion for neatness not to be envied, who does not think this a greater nuisance than the sight of a few cinders.

I know not whether it is from the clergy's having looked upon this subject as too trivial for their notice, that we find them more silent upon it than could be wished; for as slaughter

is at present no branch of the priesthood, it is to be presumed they have as much compassion as other men. The Spectator has exclaimed against the cruelty of roasting lobsters alive, and of whipping pigs to death: but the misfortune is, the writings of an Addison are seldom read by cooks and butchers. As to the thinking part of mankind, it has always been convinced, I believe, that however conformable to the general rule of nature our devouring animals may be (for I would not be understood to impeach, what is our only visible prerogative as lords of the creation, an unbounded license of teeth) we are nevertheless under indelible obligations to prevent their suffering any degree of pain, more than is absolutely unavoidable. But this conviction lies in such hands, that I fear not one poor creature in a million has ever fared the better for it, and I believe never will; since people of condition, the only source from whence this pity is to flow, are so far from inculcating it to those beneath them, that a very few winters ago they suffered themselves to be entertained at a public theatre by the performances of an unhappy company of animals, who could only have been made actors by the utmost energy of whiplash and starving.

I acknowledge my tenderness to be particularly affected in favour of so faithful and useful a creature as a dog: an animal so approaching to us in sense, so dependent upon us for support, and so peculiarly the friend of man, that he deserves the kindest and most gentle usage. For no less than the whole race of these animals I have been under the greatest alarms, ever since the tax upon dogs was first reported to be in agitation. I thought it a little hard indeed, that a man should be taxed for having one creature in his house in which he might confide; but when I heard that officers were to be appointed to knock out the brains of all these honest domestics, who should presume to make their appearance in the streets without the passport of their master's name about their necks, I became seriously concerned for them.

This enmity against dogs is pretended to be founded upon the apprehension of their going mad: but an easier remedy might be applied by abolishing the custom (with many others equally ingenious) of tying bottles and stones to their tails; by which means (and in this one particular I must give up my clients) the unfortunate sufferer becomes subject to the persecutions of his own species, too apt to join the run against a brother in distress. But great allowance should be made for an animal, who, in an intimacy of near six thousand years with man, has learnt but one of his bad qualities.

To conclude this subject: as I cannot but join in opinion with Mr. Hogarth, that the frequency of murders among us is greatly owing to those scenes of cruelty, which the

lower ranks of people are so much accustomed to; instead of multiplying such scenes, I should rather hope that some proper method might be fixed upon, either for preventing them, or removing them out of sight; so that our infants might not grow up into the world in a familiarity with blood. If we may believe the naturalists, that a lion is a gentle animal till his tongue has been dipped in blood, what precaution ought we to use to prevent man from being injured to it, who has such superiority of power to do mischief?

No. 191.] THURSDAY, AUG. 26, 1756.

*Difficile est Satiram non scribere.*

Juv.

Who can refrain from satire?

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It has always appeared to me that there is something extremely absurd in a general satire: for as it will always instruct vanity how to shun, and enable impudence to reject its application, I cannot discover that it is likely to answer any better purpose, than that of giving encouragement to rogues, and administering comfort to fools.

This species of writing is by no means of modern invention, and consequently can have no essential connection with the reigning manners of the present times. If we examine the satirists of any other age, we shall find that they have all unanimously followed the example of their father Simónides, and represented the human species in a very unnatural light; nor nor do I think it possible for any one to display his talents this way, without having recourse to the same expedient. From hence I would infer, that the description of a monstrous character, in those early days of simplicity and innocence, was considered only as an ingenious piece of invention, and that their false notion of wit was the sole occasion of their giving into such a ridiculous custom. And this, as I take it, will be sufficient to account for its being so fashionable with us at this time, though there be manifestly no other reason for our admitting it, than because we are pleased to fancy the judgment of the ancients, and love to copy indiscriminately from all their models with a servile veneration. But supposing this to be a true representation of the case before us, and that men of wit never satirize with any offensive design, but purely for the sake of displaying their abilities; yet what shall we



say for those churlish malecontents, who pretend to write satire, with no other earthly talent for it than rank malevolence? Why truly, it is to be feared, they have no less exasperating a reason for reviling all mankind, than because they are deservedly despised by every body that knows them. For as it is absurd to suppose, that a man who has always been very civilly treated by the world, should have any inclination to fall out with it in good earnest, so every worthless fellow who has been justly mortified by its contempt or aversion, will naturally be provoked to expose himself to its utmost derision, by a silly attempt to retaliate the insult. And hence it is, that if a few splenetic conceited wretches are not caressed up to the extravagant expectation of their own imaginary deserts, they shall immediately vent their resentment in all those alarming exclamations, which have, with equal propriety, been echoed through every century of the world. Then forsooth, that utter neglect of merit, which has been the constant reproach of every other age, shall once more be the peculiar infamy of this; then we shall be sunk again into the very dregs of time, and shall at length be most assuredly filling up that astonishing measure of iniquity, which has been just on the very brink of being completed, ever since the first judicial infliction of a universal deluge.

It is very remarkable that this whim of degeneracy has always been most prevalent in the most refined and enlightened ages, and that it has constantly increased in exact proportion with the progress of arts and sciences. Every considerate person, therefore, upon such a discovery, will of course be inclined to consider all invectives against the corruption of the present times, as so many convincing testimonies of our real improvement. I find, Mr. Fitz-Adam, it is your opinion, that the experience of our ancestors has not been entirely thrown away upon us, and that the world is likely to grow better and wiser the longer it lasts. I must own I am entirely of your way of thinking, and should be very ready to declare, was I not afraid of offending your modesty, how much benefit it is likely to receive from your weekly instructions.

To those who are sequestered from the more crowded scenes of life, and must therefore find themselves forestalled almost on every subject, but such as the private fund of their own imaginations can furnish them with; to those, I say, it may seem very surprising that you should be able to procure so many fresh materials for the gratification of their curiosity. But the fancy of the polite multitude is inexhaustibly fertile; and they who are conversant with it at this time, will be so far from imagining that you are distressed for want of novelty, that they will rather think it impossible for the

nimblest pen to keep pace with its innovations. The only thing that can give them any surprise is, that you should still be catching at every recent folly that comes in your way, when they can supply you with such a plentiful crop of new and unheard-of virtues. I am aware that new virtues will sound a little odd to some precise formal creatures, who have conceived a strange notion that all the virtues must eternally and invariably result from some certain unintelligible principles, which are called the relations and fitnesses of things. But surely no man in his senses would ever refuse to vary the fashion of his morals, if the taste of the times required it: for it would be absurd to the last degree, to suppose that it is not altogether as reasonable to dress out our manners to the best advantage, as to wear any external ornament for the recommendation of our persons; and not only because the common practice of the world will justify our using as much art in managing the former as the latter, but because it is difficult to conceive that there should be any more essential harm in new modelling a habit of the mind, than in altering the trim of a coat or waistcoat.

And really it is astonishing to think what an advantage our present improved state of morality has over all the ancient systems of virtue. If barely to avoid vice has been generally reckoned the beginning of virtue, to convert vice itself into virtue, must needs border very nearly on the very perfection of merit. And can any one pretend to deny but that many practices, which in times past were branded with infamy, have at length, by our ingenious contrivances, been transformed into the most reputable accomplishments? A great wit of the last age having asked, by way of a problem, why it was much more difficult to say any thing new in a panegyric than in a satire, endeavoured to account for it himself, by observing, that all the virtues of mankind were to be counted upon a few fingers, whereas their vices were innumerable, and time was hourly adding to the heap. But a late moralist has been so obliging as to make a great diminution in the number of our vices, and withal so ingenious, as to inlist the greatest part of them into the catalogue of virtues; so that at present a copious lampoon ought to be looked upon as a work of amazing invention, and a trite or barren dedication as the effect only of dulness. I will not pretend to prophesy to what an eminent degree of perfection this double advantage must in time advance us. It is certain that we have at present but few vices left for us to encounter with; and as I have reason to believe, that it is their names chiefly which make them formidable, I think it would be very prudent first of all to give their characters a little softening: for could we but once bring ourselves to look upon them with



indifference, I make no doubt but we should soon be able, either to extirpate them entirely, or, at least, to gain them over with the rest of their party to the side of virtue.

Some travellers, indeed, have endeavoured to make us believe, that many of our modern virtues have been long since practised in some other parts of the world: but let them talk of the Mengrelians, Topinambos, and Hottentots as much as they please, yet I am satisfied that we have made more refinements, if not more discoveries, than any of them; and that we are still cultivating many curious tracks in the regions of virtue, which, in all likelihood, without our assistance, must have for ever remained in the terra incognita of morals.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

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No. 192.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1756.

In all my researches into the human heart (the study of which has taken up my principal attention for these forty years past) I have never been so confounded and perplexed as at discovering, that while people are indulging themselves openly and without disguise in the commission of almost every vice that their natures incline them to, they should desire to conceal their virtues, as if they were really ashamed of them, and considered them as so many weaknesses in their constitutions. I know a man at this very hour, who is in his heart the most domestic creature living, and whose wife and children are the only delight of his life, yet who, for fear of being laughed at by his acquaintance, and to get a reputation in the world, is doing penance every evening at the tavern, and perpetually hinting to his companions, that he has a mistress in private. I am acquainted with another, who being overheard upon a sick-bed, to recommend himself to the care of Heaven in a short ejaculation, was so ashamed of being told of it, that he pleaded light-headedness for his excuse, protesting that he could not possibly have been in his right senses, and guilty of such a weakness. I know also a third, who from a serious turn of mind, goes to church every Sunday, in a part of the town where he is totally unknown, that he may recommend himself to his acquaintance, by laughing at public worship and ridiculing the parsons.

There are men who are so fond of the reputation of an intrigue with a handsome married woman, that without the least passion for the object of their pursuit, or perhaps the ability to gratify it if they had, are toasting her in all companies, pursuing her to every public place, and

eternally buzzing in her ear, to convince the world that they are in possession of a happiness, which, if offered to them, would only end in their disappointment and disgrace. And what is still more unaccountable, the lady thus pursued, who possibly prefers her husband to all other men, should countenance by her behaviour the suspicions entertained of her: and contenting herself with the secret consciousness of her innocence, shall take pains to be thought infamous by the whole town.

That there are persons of a different stamp from these, I very readily allow; persons who determine to pay themselves by pleasure for the scandal they have occasioned. But it is really my opinion, that if the mask were torn off, we should find more virtues and fewer vices to exist among us, than are commonly imagined by those who judge only from appearances.

A very ingenious French writer, speaking of the force of custom and example, makes the following remarks upon his countrymen.

"A man (says he) of good sense and good nature, speaks ill of the absent, because he would not be despised by those who are present. Another would be honest, humane, and without pride, if he was not afraid of being ridiculous; and a third becomes really ridiculous, through such qualities as would make him a mode of perfection, if he dared to exert them, and assume his just merits. In a word (continues he), our vices are artificial as well as our virtues, and the frivolousness of our characters permits us to be but imperfectly what we are. Like the playthings we give our children, we are only a faint resemblance of what we would appear. Accordingly we are esteemed by other nations only as the petty toys and trifles of society. The first law of our politeness regards the women. A man of the highest rank, owes the utmost complaisance to a woman of the very lowest condition, and would blush for shame, and think himself ridiculous in the highest degree, if he offered her any personal insult. And yet such a man may deceive and betray a woman of merit, and blacken her reputation, without the least apprehension either of blame or punishment."

I have quoted these remarks that I might do justice to the candour of the Frenchman who wrote them, and at the same time vindicate my countrymen (unaccountable as they are) from the unjust imputation of being more ridiculous and absurd than the rest of mankind.

In France, every married woman of condition intrigues openly; and it is thought the highest breach of French politeness, for the husband to interfere in any of her pleasures. A man may be called to an account for having seduced his friend's sister or daughter, because it may be presumed he has carried his point by a promise of marriage; but with a married woman the case is quite different, as her gallant can only

have applied to her inclinations, or gratified the longings of a lady, whom it had been infamy to have refused.

There is a story of a Frenchman, which as I have only heard once, and the majority of my readers perhaps never, I shall beg leave to relate. A banker at Paris who had a very handsome wife, invited an English gentleman, with whom he had some money transactions, to take a dinner with him at his country-house. Soon after dinner, the Frenchman was called out upon business, and his friend left alone with the lady, who, to his great surprise, from being the easiest and gayest woman imaginable, scarcely condescended to give an answer to any of his questions; and at last, starting from her chair, and surveying him for some time with a look of indignation and contempt, she gave him a hearty box on the ear, and ran furiously out of the room. While the Englishman was stroking his face, and endeavouring to penetrate into this mysterious behaviour, the husband returned; and finding his friend alone, and inquiring into the reason, was told the whole story. What, Sir, says he, did she strike you? How did you entertain her? With the common occurrences of the town, answered the Englishman; nothing more, I assure you. And did you offer no rudeness to her? returned the other. No, upon my honour, replied the friend. She has behaved as she ought, then, said the Frenchman; for to be alone with a fine woman, and make no attempt upon her virtue, is an affront to her beauty; and she has resented the indignity as became a woman of spirit.

I am prevented from returning to the subject of this paper, by a letter which I have just now received by the penny-post, and which I shall lay before my readers exactly as it was sent me.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

Walking up St. James's street the other day, I was stopped by a very smart young female, who begged my pardon for her boldness, and looking very innocently in my face, asked me if I did not know her. The manner of her accosting me, and the extreme prettiness of her figure, made me look at her with attention; and I soon recollected that she had been a servant girl of my wife's, who had taken her from the country, and after keeping her three years in her service, had dismissed her about two months ago. "What, Nanny," said I, "is it you? I never saw any body so fine in all my life." "O Sir!" says she, (with the most innocent smile imaginable, bridling her head, and courtesying down to the ground,) "I have been debauched since I lived with my mistress," "Have you so, Mrs. Nanny," said I: "And pray, child, who is it that has debauched you?" "O, Sir!" says she, "one of the worthiest gentlemen in the world; and he has bought me a new *negligée*

for every day in the week." The girl pressed me earnestly to go and look at her lodgings, which she assured me were hard by in Bury-street, and as fine as a dutchess's; but I declined her offer, knowing that any arguments of mine in favour of virtue and stuff-gowns, would avail but little against pleasure and silk *negligées*. I therefore contented myself with expressing my concern for the way of life she had entered into, and bade her farewell.

Being a man inclined to speculate a little, as often as I think of the finery of this girl, and the reason alleged for it, I cannot help fancying, whenever I fall in company with a pretty woman, dressed out beyond her visible circumstances, patched, painted, and ornamented to the extent of the mode, that she is going to make me her best courtesy, and to tell me, "O, Sir! I have been debauched since I kept good company."

But though this excuse for finery was given me by a woman, I believe it may with equal propriety be applied to the men. Fine places, fine fortunes, fine houses, and fine things of all kinds, are too often purchased at the expense of honesty; and I seldom see a plain country gentleman turned courtier, and bowing in a fine coat at the levees of great men, whose looks do not tell me that he is come to town to be debauched.

I could wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that from these rude hints, you would favour your readers with a speculation upon this subject, which would be highly entertaining to all, and particularly obliging to Sir,

Your most humble servant,

C. D.

No. 193.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 9, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As I have a singular favour to beg of you, I think it proper to preface my request with some account of myself.

I am at present one of the numerous fraternity of *distressed gentlemen*: a disconsolate being, daily contending betwixt pride and poverty; a mournful relic of mis-spent youth; a walking dial, with two hands pointing to the lost hours; and having been long ago tired with putting my fingers into empty pockets, am at last desirous of employing them in soliciting the assistance and recommendation of the WORLD.

I was bred at a great public school, not far from this metropolis, where I acquired a knowledge of the classics and the town superior to



my years. From this school I was transmitted to a renowned college in a celebrated university, from whence my dull and phlegmatic contemporaries have slid into the greatest preferments in church and state. They contented themselves indeed with going on a jog trot in the common road of application and patience, while I galloped with spirit through ways less confined, till at last I found myself benighted in a maze of debts and distresses. However, as I continued to adorn my mind with the most elevated sentiments of ancient and modern poetry, I was the most sanguine of all mortals, never once doubting but that the time would shortly arrive, when I was to be loaded with fortune, and distinguished by honours. I looked upon avarice as the meanest of vices, and therefore rooted it from my bosom. I considered friendship as the noblest of virtues, and therefore became the friend of every body. Impudence I discarded, and called in modesty and humility to be my counsellors. Thus generous, friendly, modest, and humble, I was placed by my friends in the Inner Temple. But I quickly discovered that my acquired virtues, and uncommon knowledge, were so many impediments to the study of the law; a profession too solid in itself to require any external advantages, and (except the great wig and sergeant's coiff) seeming absolutely independent of all acquisitions whatsoever. I therefore quitted it in time, and commenced fine gentleman. In this capacity I had the honour of sipping my chocolate in a certain house, was chosen member of a certain club, and soon found that I wanted nothing but money to have passed my time as agreeably as the best of them; that is to say, by being always in good company, without the fatigue of good conversation; ever at a feast, without the vulgar call of appetite; constantly at play, without the least sport; hungering after politics, without the powers of digestion; and embarrassed with acquaintance without a single friend. But wanting the one thing needful for all these enjoyments, and there being a war upon the continent, I quitted the fine gentleman for the soldier, and made a campaign in Flanders. My regimentals were highly pleasing to me; and I had certainly succeeded to a staff before the end of the war, could I have arrived at the least smattering either of gunnery or fortification. I had read Caesar's Commentaries and Polybius, and fancied myself improved by them; but Bland's treatise of military exercise was what I could never comprehend. However, I loitered through the campaign without ignominy, and at my return home wisely sold my commission.

The great and decisive step in life still remained untried. The temple of Hymen, with all its enchanting prospects, was open to my view, and allured my attention. The groups of Cupids that seemed to flutter in the roof, together with

the gayety and satisfaction that appeared in every face, tempted me to enter; and amidst a crowd of beauties, a young lady of a most ingenious countenance and slender make, soon captivated my choice. She was void of pride, notable, steady, enterprising, and every way qualified for the station of life in which fortune had placed her, which was that of a maid of honour to a foreign princess. Her name was Mademoiselle Necessité, daughter of a younger branch of the ancient family of that name in Gascony. She lent a favourable ear to my addresses; and indeed a strong similitude of features and circumstances seemed to have destined us for one another.

Amidst the inexpressible joys of this union, I became the father of two lovely daughters, who were christened by very genteel foreign names, signifying in English Assurance and Invention. I exhausted the small remainder of my substance on the education of these daughters; not doubting but that they were given to me for the support of my declining years. At the instigation of the eldest, I commenced author, and made the press groan with my productions in prose and verse. I sighed for the revival of factions and parties, to have an opportunity of signaling my pen in the service of my country; and like the heroine of old, who encompassed a large territory with a single hide, I entertained hopes, from a well-timed half-penny ballad, to new-hang my garret with the most elegant paper. But I soon found that I had nothing to eat but my own words, and that it was in vain for me to write, unless a scheme was found out to compel men to read: and indeed were it not for the charity-schools, which have in some measure multiplied the literati in this country, the names of author and publisher would long since have been obliterated.

You may easily perceive, Sir, that I am now in that class of life, which I can only distinguish by the title of a *distressed gentleman*. But however uncomfortable my situation may be, I am determined to give my existence fair play, and to see it out to the last act. You need therefore be under no apprehensions of my dying *suddenly*; and to say the truth, I have so great a veneration for physicians and apothecaries, that I cannot think of taking the business out of their hands, by becoming my own executioner.

My youngest daughter, who is really a most ingenious girl, has frequently solicited me to try a scheme of hers; which, after long and mature deliberation, I am inclined to think may be of great service to my country, and of no small benefit to myself and family.

I have long remarked the number of *sudden deaths* that abound in this island, and have ever lamented the disgraceful methods that persons of both sexes in this metropolis are almost daily taking to get rid of their being. The disfiguring



pistol, the slow stupefaction of laudanum, the ignominious rope, the uncertain garter, the vulgarity of the New River, and the fetid impurity of Rosamond's pond, must be extremely shocking to the delicacy of all genteel persons, who are willing to die decently as well as suddenly. At once therefore to remedy these inconveniences, I have contracted for a piece of ground near the Foundling-hospital, and procured credit with a builder to erect convenient apartments for the reception of all such of the nobility, gentry, and others, as are tired of life. I have contrived a most effectual machine for the easy decapitation of such as choose that noble and honourable exit; which no doubt must give great satisfaction to all persons of quality, and those who would imitate them. I have a commodious bath for disappointed ladies, paved with marble and fed by the clearest springs, where the patient may drown with the utmost privacy and elegance. I have pistols for gamesters, which (instead of bullets or slugs) are charged with loaded dice, so that they may have the pleasure of putting an end to their existence by the very means which supported it. I have daggers and poison for distressed actors and actresses, and swords fixed obliquely in the floor with their points upwards, for the gentlemen of the army. For attorneys, tradesmen, and mechanics, who have no taste for the genteeler exits, I have a long room, in which a range of halters are fastened to a beam, with their nooses already tied. I have also a handsome garden for the entombing of all my good customers, and shall submit their consideration of me to their own generosity, only claiming their heads as my constant fee, that by frequent dissections and examinations into the several brains, I may at last discover and remedy the cause of so unnatural a propensity. And that nothing may be wanting to make my scheme complete, I propose agreeing with a coroner by the year, to bring in such verdicts as I shall think proper to direct.

This, Sir, is my scheme; and the favour I have to ask, is, that you will recommend it to the public, and make it known through your World, that I shall open my house on the first day of November next; and that to prevent mistakes, there will be written, in large capitals over the door,

THE RECEPACLE FOR SUICIDES.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JOHN ANTHONY TRISTMAN.

No. 194.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 16, 1756.

I HAVE lately considered it as a very great

misfortune, that in various papers of this work I have made no scruple of honestly confessing to my readers, that I look upon myself to be the wisest and most learned philosopher of this age and nation. But the word is gone forth, and I cannot retract it; nor indeed would it be fair in me to attempt it, as I find no manner of decay in my intellectual faculties, but on the contrary, that I am treasuring up new knowledge day after day. I was aware, indeed, that such a confession, given modestly and voluntarily under my own hand, and confirmed every week by a most excellent essay, would gain universal belief, and bring upon me the envy of the weak and malicious; but with all my penetration, I was far from foreseeing the many inconveniences to which it has subjected me.

My lodgings are crowded almost every morning with learned ladies of all ranks, who, like so many queens of Sheba, are come from afar to hear the wisdom of Solomon: but it happens a little unfortunately, that though my answers to their questions give equal satisfaction with those of that monarch, yet the gold, and the spices, and the precious stones, which were the reward of his wisdom, are never so much as offered me.

In the families which I visit abroad, a profound silence is observed as soon as I enter the room; so that instead of mixing in a free and easy conversation, I labour under all the disadvantages of a king, by being so unfortunately circumstanced as to have no equal.

I have endeavoured by stratagem to remove these inconveniences, and have frequently written a very dull paper, that my companions may imagine they have caught me tripping, and be induced to converse with me as with other men; but they found out my design, and are so far from applying to me the *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, that they regard me as a prodigy wherever I am seen. Mrs. Fitz-Adam, indeed, who is less in awe of me than perhaps I would sometimes choose, and who is of a communicative disposition, never fails to inform me how the world goes on; she also encourages her maid Betty (who is a very knowing body in all family concerns) to bestow upon me, as she waits at table, her whole stock of intelligence; which, if I had a mind to be personal, would contribute greatly to the entertainment of these papers. I ought not to conceal that I owe the freedom with which the girl treats me to the small opinion she has conceived of my parts; having been often urged by her to turn the World into a newspaper, for that then there would be truth in it, and something worth reading.

At the coffee-houses I am still more perplexed than in private families: for as every man there is a politician, and as I have incautiously

declared in print that I am a consummate master of that science, I am surrounded at my entrance by all the company in the room, and questioned by twenty voices at once on the state of public affairs. I am drawn into an ambuscade with general Braddock, and kept in close confinement with admiral Byng. Russia and Prussia, though our very good friends and allies, have declared war upon my quiet, and the national militia has beaten me out of doors. To plead ignorance upon these occasions would be highly unbecoming a lover of truth, who has given it under his hand that he knows every thing; and to discover all I know, might, as matters stand at present, be a little imprudent. I am therefore a silent hearer of all the questions that are asked me, till having tired them with taciturnity, I am suffered to escape.

To remedy this inconvenience, and as I am a great walker, I now and then take a stroll to the coffee-houses about Moorfields and Cripple-gate, where if not my name, my person at least is unknown. At these places I have the good fortune of being an uninterrupted hearer of all that passes; and I cannot sufficiently express the pleasure I receive at seeing so many worthy tradesmen and mechanics met together every evening for the good of their country, and each of them laying down a system of politics, that would do honour to the sagacity of the ablest administration.

I am tempted to take these walks rather oftener than is agreeable to me, to avoid certain inconveniences at home, which my wonderful abilities are almost continually subjecting me to. The political writers are at present a numerous body; and as they cannot but take notice that I am making no pecuniary advantage of my great knowledge in public affairs, and are thoroughly sensible that a very small part of it would make a rich figure in a twelve-penny pamphlet, they are continually teasing me (according to the school-boy's phrase) for a little sense; but whatever sense the readers of those pamphlets may chance to find in them, I can truly assure them that it is none of mine. The constituents of boroughs are also very importunate with me for letters of instruction to their several members; but though I entirely approve of this custom, and think it highly necessary that every gentleman in parliament should be instructed by his constituents in the true interest of his country, yet I beg to be excused from meddling with such matters, and content myself with dismissing the said constituents with one word of advice, which is, that in all their remonstrances to their members, they would touch as slightly as possible upon the grievance of corruption; it being, in my private opinion, quarrelling with their bread and butter.

To balance all this weight of inconveniences,

I have nothing but a little vanity to throw into the scale: for to confess a very serious truth, the happiness I enjoy is more owing to my great virtue than my great knowledge; and were it not for my good-will to mankind, who will not suffer themselves to be instructed by any other hand, I would part with my wisdom at a very easy price, and be as ignorant as the best of them.

The value of every acquisition is only to be estimated by its use; and every body knows, that in the commerce with the world, an ounce of cunning is worth a pound of sense. I am sorry to say it, but the whistle, the top, the hobby-horse, and the raree-show, have administered more delight to my boyish days (for I have been a boy as well as others) than all the treasures of learning and philosophy have done to my riper years. Those pleasures, in time, gave way to others of a higher nature; and the facetious Mr. Punch took his turn to entertain me. The theatres at last attracted all my attention. There, while my imagination was cheated, and real kings and queens, in all the magnificence of royalty, seemed to be exhibiting themselves to my view, my delight was inexpressible. But reason and knowledge soon combining against me, showed me that all was deception; and in conjunction with a demon called Taste, suggested to me at one time the weakness of the performance, and at another the incapacity of the actors, till, in the end, nothing but a Shakspeare and a Garrick had power to entertain me.

Thus driven by too much refinement from all the pleasures of youth, I had recourse to those deep and profound studies, that have since made me the object of my own wonder, and the astonishment of mankind. But alas! how ineffectual and unsatisfying are all human acquisitions! The abilities that will for ever make my memory revered, are robbing me of my enjoyment; and besides the evils that I have already enumerated, I am regretting in the best company that I cannot enjoy the solidity of my own thoughts, and am hardly to be persuaded that there is any thing worth reading but what I write myself.

A little learning (as Mr. Pope observes) is a dangerous thing. Let me add from experience, that too much is a fatal one. And indeed it seems the peculiar happiness of the present age to chime in with these sentiments; insomuch, that it is hoped and expected of the rising generation, that they will be so trained up, as to suffer no inconveniences from any learning at all. The pleasures of childhood will then be constantly secured to them; and, with ignorance for their guide, they may take their pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, through a constant road of delight.



Sampson was destroyed by his own strength ; and the wisdom of Adam Fitz-Adam, like that of Solomon of old, is only vanity and vexation.

No. 195.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 23, 1756.

—————  
Generosius  
*Perire quærens, nec muliebriter  
Expavit ense.*

HOR.

But she a nobler fate explored,  
Nor woman-like beheld the deathful sword.

FRANCIS.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

To a well-disposed mind, there can be no greater satisfaction than the knowledge that one's labours for the good of the public have been crowned with success. This, Sir, is remarkably the case of your paper of September the 9th, on Suicide ; a fashionable rage, which I hope you will proceed to expose ; and I do not doubt but you will be as famous for rooting out what I may be allowed to call *single combat*, or the humour of fighting with one's self, as your predecessor, the Tatler, was for exploding the ridiculous custom of duels. The pleasantry of your essay on the reigning modes of voluntary deaths has preserved to a little neighbourhood a very hospitable gentleman, to the poor a good friend, to a very deserving son and daughter a tender parent, and has saved the person himself from a foolish exit. This character, Sir, which perhaps from a natural partiality I may have drawn a little too amiably, I take to be my own ; and not to trouble you with the history of a man who has nothing remarkable belonging to him, I will only let you into what is so far necessary, as that I am a gentleman of about fifty, have a moderate estate in very good condition, have seen a great deal of the world, and without being weary of it, live chiefly in the country with children whom I love. You will be curious to know what could drive my thoughts to so desperate a resolution, when I tell you farther, that I hate gaming, have buried my wife, and have no one illness. But alas ! Sir, I am extremely well born : pedigree is my distemper ; and having observed how much the mode of self-murder prevails among people of rank, I grew to think that there was no living without killing one's self. I reflected how many of my great ancestors had fallen in battle, by the axe, or in duels, according as the turn of the several ages in which they lived disposed of the nobility ; and I thought the descendant of so many heroes must contrive to perish by means as violent and illustrious. What a disgrace, thought I, for the

great grandson of Mowbrays, Veres and Beauchamps, to die, in a good old age, of a fever ! I blushed whenever I cast mine eyes on our genealogy in the little parlour.—I determined to shoot myself. It is true, no man ever had more reluctance to leave the world ; and when I went to clean my pistols, every drop of Mowbray blood in my veins ran as cold as ice. As my constitution is good and hearty, I thought it would be time enough to *die suddenly* twenty or thirty years hence ; but happening, about a month ago, to be near choaked by a fish-bone, I was alarmed for the honour of my family, and have been ever since preparing for death. The letter to be left on my table (which indeed cost me some trouble to compose, as I had no reason to give for my sudden resolution) was written out fair when I read your paper, and from that minute I have changed my mind ; and though it should be ever so great a disgrace to my family, I am resolved to live as long and as happily as I can.

You will, no doubt, good Sir, be encouraged, from this example, to pursue the reformation of this contagious crime. Even in the small district where I live, I am not the only instance of the propensity to such a catastrophe. The lord of the manor, whose fortune, indeed, is much superior to mine, though there is no comparison in the antiquity of our families, has had the very same thought. He is turned of sixty-seven, and is devoured by the stone and gout. In a dreadful fit of the former, as his physician was sitting by his bed-side, on a sudden his lordship ceased roaring, and commanded his relations and chaplain to withdraw, with a composure unusual to him even in his best health ; and putting on the greatest appearance of philosophy, or what, if the chaplain had staid, would have been called resignation, he commanded the doctor to tell him, if his case was really desperate. The physician, with a slow profusion of latinized evasions, endeavoured to elude the question, and to give him some glimmerings of hope, "that there might be a chance that the extremity of pain would occasion a degree of fever, that might not be mortal in itself, but which, if things did not come to a crisis soon, might help to carry his lordship off." "I understand you, by G—d," says his lordship, with great tranquillity, and a few more oaths : "Yes, damn you, you want to kill me with some of your confounded distempers ; but I'll tell you what, I only asked you, because, if I can't possibly live I am determined to kill myself ; for, rot me ! if it shall ever be said that a man of my quality died of a cursed natural death. There, tell Boman to give you your fee, and bid him bring me my pistols." However, the fit abated, and the neighbourhood is still waiting with great impatience to be surprised with an account of his lordship's having shot himself.



However, Mr. Fitz-Adam, extensive as the service is which you may render to the community by abolishing this heathenish practice, I think in some respects it is to be treated with tenderness; in one case always to be tolerated. National courage is certainly not at high-water mark: what if the notion of the dignity of self-murder should be indulged till the end of the war? A man who has resolution enough to kill himself, will certainly never dread being killed by any body else. It is the privilege of a free-dying Englishman to choose his death: if any of our high-spirited notions are cramped, it may leaven our whole fund of valour; and while we are likely to have occasion for all we can exert, I should humbly be of opinion, that you permitted self-murder till the peace, upon this condition, that it should be dishonourable for any man to kill himself till he had found that no Frenchman was brave enough to perform that service for him.

Indeed the very celebration of this mystery has been transacted hitherto in a manner somewhat mean, and unworthy people of fashion. No tradesman could hang himself more feloniously than our very nobles do. There is none of that open defiance of the laws of their country, none of that contempt for what the world may think of them, which they so properly wear on other occasions. They steal out of the world from their own closets, or before their servants are up in a morning. They leave a miserable apology behind them, instead of sitting up all night drinking, till the morning comes for despatching themselves. Unlike their great originals, the Romans, who had reduced self-murder to a system of good-breeding, and used to send cards to their acquaintance to notify their intention. Part of the duty of the week in Rome was, to leave one's name at the doors of such as were starving themselves. Particular friends were let in; and if very intimate, it was even expected that they should use some common-place phrases of dissuasion. I can conceive no foundation for our shabby way of bolting into t'other world, but that obsolete law which inflicts a cross-road and a stake on self-executioners; a most absurd statute; nor can I imagine any penalty that would be effectual, unless one could condemn a man who had killed himself to be brought to life again. Somewhere, indeed, I have read of a successful law for restraining this crime. In some of the Grecian states, the women of fashion incurred the anger of Venus—I have quite forgot upon what occasion; perhaps for little or none; goddesses in those days were scarce less whimsical than their fair votaries.—Whatever the cause was, she inspired them with a fury of self-murder. The legislature of the country, it seems, thought the resentment of the deity a little arbitrary; and to put a stop to the practice, devised an expe-

dient, which one should have thought would have been very inadequate to the evil. They ordered the beauteous bodies of the lovely delinquents to be hung up naked by one foot in the public squares. How the fair offenders came to think this attitude unbecoming, or why they imagined any position that discovered all their charms could be so, is not mentioned by historians; nor, at this distance of time, is it possible for us moderns to guess: certain it is, that the penalty put a stop to the barbarous custom.

But what shall one say to those countries which not only allow this crime but encourage it, even in that part of the species whose softness demands all protection, and seems most abhorrent from every thing sanguinary and fierce? We know there are nations where the magistrate gravely gives permission to the ladies to accompany their husbands into the other world, and where it is reckoned the greatest profligacy for a widow not to demand leave to burn herself alive. Were this fashion once to take here, I tremble to think what havoc it would occasion. Between the natural propensity to suicide, and the violence of conjugal engagements, one should not see such a thing as a lozenge, or a widow. Adieu jointures! adieu those soft resources of the brave and necessitous! What unfortunate relict but would prefer being buried alive to the odious embraces of a second passion? Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you must keep a strict eye on our fair country-women. I know one or two who already wear pocket-pistols, which, considering the tenderness of their natures, can only be intended against their own persons. And this article leads me naturally to the only case, in which, as I hinted above, I think self-murder always to be allowed. The most admired death in history is that of the incomparable Lucretia, the pattern of her sex, and the eventual foundress of Roman liberty. As there never has been a lady since that time, in her circumstances, but what has imitated her example, I think, Sir, I may pronounce the case immutably to be excepted; and when Mr. Fitz-Adam, with that success and glory which always has and must attend his labours, has decrised the savage practice in vogue, I am persuaded he will declare that she is not only excusable, but that it is impossible any woman should live after having been ravished.

I am, Sir,

Your truly obliged humble servant,  
and admirer,  
H. M.

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No. 196.] THURSDAY, SEPT. 30, 1756.

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It is a vulgar notion, and worthy of the vulgar,

for it is both false and absurd, that passionate people are the best-natured people in the world. "They are a little hasty, it is true; a trifle will put them in a fury; and while they are in that fury, they neither know nor care what they say or do: but then, as soon as it is over, they are extremely sorry and penitent for any injury or mischief they did." This panegyric on these choleric good-natured people, when examined and simplified, amounts in plain common sense and English, to this: that they are good-natured when they are not ill-natured; and that when in their fits of rage they have said or done things that have brought them to the gaol or the gallows, they are extremely sorry for it. It is indeed highly probable that they are; but where is the reparation to those whose reputations, limbs, or lives they have either wounded or destroyed? This concern comes too late, and is only for themselves. Self-love was the cause of the injury, and is the only motive of the repentance.

Had these furious people real good-nature, their first offence would be their last, and they would resolve at all events never to relapse. The moment they felt their choler rising, they would enjoin themselves an absolute silence and inaction, and by that sudden check rather expose themselves to a momentary ridicule, (which, by the way, would be followed by universal applause,) than run the least risk of being irreparably mischievous.

I know it is said in their behalf, that this impulse to wrath is constitutionally so sudden and so strong, that they cannot stifle it, even in its birth; but experience shows us, that this allegation is notoriously false; for we daily observe that these stormy persons both can and do lay those gusts of passion, when awed by respect, restrained by interest, or intimidated by fear. The most outrageous furioso does not give a loose to his anger in presence of his sovereign, or his mistress; nor the expectant heir in presence of the peevish dotard from whom he hopes for an inheritance. The soliciting courtier, though perhaps under the strongest provocations, from unjust delays and broken promises, calmly swallows his unavailing wrath, disguises it even under smiles, and gently waits for more favourable moments; nor does the criminal fly in a passion at his judge or his jury.

There is then but one solid excuse to be alleged in favour of these people; and if they will frankly urge it, I will candidly admit it, because it points out its own remedy. I mean, let them fairly confess themselves mad, as they most unquestionably are; for what plea can those that are frantic ten times a day, bring against shaving, bleeding, and a dark room, when so many much more harmless madmen are confined in their cells at Bedlam for being mad only once in a moon? Nay, I have been assured by the late

ingenious doctor Monro, that such of his patients who were really of a good-natured disposition, and who in their lucid intervals were allowed the liberty of walking about the hospital, would frequently, when they found the previous symptoms of their returning madness, voluntarily apply for confinement, conscious of the mischief which they might possibly do, if at liberty. If those who pretend not to be mad, but who really are so, had the same fund of good-nature, they would make the same application to their friends, if they have any.

There is in the *Menagiana*, a very pretty story of one of these angry gentlemen, which sets their extravagancy in a very ridiculous light.

Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was a choleric one, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, at which the rider grew very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury; to which the horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, replied with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed of the folly of his friend, said to him coolly, "Be quiet, be quiet, and show yourself the wiser of the two."

This sort of madness, for I will call it by no other name, flows from various causes, of which I shall now enumerate the most general.

Light unballasted heads are very apt to be overset by every gust, or even breeze of passion; they appreciate things wrong, and think every thing of importance, but what really is so; hence those frequent and sudden transitions from silly joy to sillier anger, according as the present silly humour is gratified or thwarted. This is the never-failing characteristic of the uneducated vulgar, who often in the same half-hour fight with fury, and shake hands with affection. Such heads give themselves no time to reason; and if you attempt to reason with them they think you rally them, and resent the affront. They are, in short, overgrown children, and continue so in the most advanced age. Far be it from me to insinuate, what some ill-bred authors have bluntly asserted, that this is in general the case of the fairest part of our species, whose great vivacity does not always allow them time to reason consequentially, but hurries them into testiness upon the least opposition to their will; but at the same time, with all the partiality which I have for them, and nobody can have more than I have, I must confess that, in all their debates, I have much more admired the copiousness of their rhetoric, than the conclusiveness of their logic.

People of strong animal spirits, warm constitutions, and a cold genius (a most unfortunate and ridiculous, though common compound) are most irascible animals, and very dangerous in their wrath. They are active, puzzling, blundering and petulantly enterprising and persever-



ing. They are impatient of the least contradiction, having neither arguments nor words to reply with; and the animal part of their composition bursts out into furious explosions, which have often mischievous consequences. Nothing is too outrageous or criminal for them to say or do in these fits; but as the beginning of their frenzy is easily discoverable by their glaring eyes, inflamed countenances, and rapid motions, the company, as conservators of the peace (which, by the way, every man is, till the authority of a magistrate can be procured,) should forcibly seize these madmen, and confine them, in the mean time, in some dark closet, vault, or coal-hole.

Men of nice honour, without one grain of common honesty (for such there are) are wonderfully combustible. The honourable is to support and protect the dishonest part of their character. The consciousness of their guilt makes them both sore and jealous.

There is another very irascible sort of human animals, whose madness proceeds from pride. These are generally the people, who having just fortunes sufficient to live idle and useless to society, create themselves gentlemen, and are scrupulously tender of the rank and dignity which they have not. They require the more respect, from being conscious that they have no right to any. They construe every thing into a slight, ask explanations with heat, and misunderstand them with fury. "Who are you? What are you? Do you know who you speak to? I'll teach you to be insolent to a gentleman," are their daily idioms of speech, which frequently end in assault and battery, to the great emolument of the Round-house and Crown-office.

I have known many young fellows, who, at their first setting out in the world, or in the army, have simulated a passion which they did not feel, merely as an indication of spirit, which word is falsely looked upon as synonymous with courage. They dress and look fierce, swear enormously, and rage furiously, seduced by that popular word "spirit." But I beg leave to inform these mistaken young gentlemen, whose error I compassionate, that the true spirit of a rational being consists in cool and steady resolution, which can only be the result of reflection and virtue.

I am very sorry to be obliged to own, that there is not a more irritable part of the species than my brother authors. Criticism, censure, or even the slightest disapprobation of their immortal works, excite their most furious indignation. It is true indeed that they express their resentment in a manner less dangerous, both to others and to themselves. Like incensed porcupines, they dart their quills at the objects of their wrath. The wounds given by these shafts are not mortal, and only painful in proportion to the distance from whence they fly. Those

which are discharged (as by much the greatest number are) from great heights, such as garrets or four-pair-of-stairs rooms, are puffed away by the wind, and never hit the mark; but those which are let off from a first or second floor, are apt to occasion a little smarting, and sometimes festering, especially if the party wounded be unsound.

Our Great Creator has wisely given us passions, to rouse us into action, and to engage our gratitude to him by the pleasures they procure us; but at the same time he has kindly given us reason sufficient, if we will but give that reason fair play, to control those passions; and has delegated authority to say to them, as he said to the waters, "Thus far shall ye go, and no farther." The angry man is his own severest tormentor; his breast knows no peace, while his raging passions are restrained by no sense of either religious or moral duties. What would be his case, if his unforgiving example (if I may use such an expression) were followed by his All-Merciful Maker, whose forgiveness he can only hope for, in proportion as he himself forgives and loves his fellow-creatures?

No. 197.] THURSDAY, OCT. 7, 1756.

If we give credit to the vulgar opinion, or even to the assertions of some reputable authors, both ancient and modern, poor human nature was not originally formed for keeping: age has degenerated; and from the fall of the first man, my unfortunate ancestor, our species has been tumbling on, century by century, from bad to worse, for about six thousand years.

Considering this progressive state of deterioration, it is a very great mercy that things are no worse with us at present; since, geometrically speaking, the human ought by this time to have sunk infinitely below the brute and the vegetable species, which are neither of them supposed to have dwindled or degenerated considerably, except in a very few instances: for it must be owned that our modern oaks are inferior to those of Dodona, our breed of horses to that of the Centaurs, and our breed of fowls to that of the Phœnixes.

But is this really the case? Certainly not. It is only one of those many errors which are artfully scattered by the designs of a few, and blindly adopted by the ignorance and folly of the many. The moving exclamations of "these sad times! this degenerate age!" the affecting lamentations over declining virtue and triumphant vice, and the tender and final farewell bidden every day to unrewarded and discoura-



ged public spirit, arts and sciences, are the common-place topics of the pride, the envy, and the malignity of the human heart, that can more easily forgive, and even commend, antiquated and remote, than bear contemporary and contiguous merit. Men of these mean sentiments have always been the satirists of their own, and the panegyrists of former times. They give this tone, which fools, like birds in the dark, catch by ear, and whistle all day long.

As it has constantly been my endeavour to root out, if I could, or if I could not, to expose, the vices of the human heart, it shall be the object of this day's paper to examine this strange inverted entail of virtue and merit upwards, according to priority of birth, and seniority of age. I shall prove it to be forged, and consequently null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever.

If I loved to jingle, I should say that human nature has always been invariably the same, though always varying; that is, the same in substance, but varying in forms and modes, from many concurrent causes, of which, perhaps, we know but few. Climate, education, accidents, severally contribute to change those modes; but in all climates, and in all ages, we discover through them the same passions, affections, and appetites and the same degree of virtues and vices.

This being unquestionably the true state of the case, which it would be endless to bring instances to prove from the histories of all times and of all nations, I shall, by way of warning to the incautious, and of reproof to the designing, proceed to explain the reasons, which I have but just hinted at above, why the human nature of the time being has always been reckoned the worst and most degenerate.

Authors, especially poets, though great men, are, alas! but men; and like other men, subject to the weaknesses of human nature, though perhaps in a less degree: but it is, however, certain, that their breasts are not absolutely strangers to the passions of jealousy, pride, and envy. Hence it is, that they are very apt to measure merit by the century, to love dead authors better than living ones, and to love them the better, the longer they have been dead. The Augustan age is therefore their favourite era, being at least seventeen hundred years distant from the present. That emperor was not only a judge of wit, but, for an emperor, a tolerable performer too; and Mæcenæ, his first minister, was both a patron and a poet: he not only encouraged and protected, but fed and fattened men of wit at his own table, as appears from Horace; no small encouragement for panegyric. Those were times indeed for genius to display itself in! It was honoured, tasted, and rewarded. But now—*O tempora! O mores!* One must, however, do justice to the

authors, who thus declaim against their own times, by acknowledging that they are seldom the aggressors; their own times have commonly begun with them. It is their resentment, not their judgment (if they have any) that speaks this language. Anger and despair make them endeavour to lower that merit, which, till brought very low indeed, they are conscious they cannot equal.

There is another and more numerous set of much greater men, who still more loudly complain of the ignorance, the corruption, and the degeneracy of the present age. These are the consummate volunteer, but unregarded and unrewarded politicians, who at a modest computation amount to at least three millions of souls in this political country, and who are all of them both able and willing to steer the great vessel of the state, and to take upon themselves the whole load of business and burden of employments, for the service of their dear country. The administration for the time being is always the worst, the most incapable, the most corrupt that ever was, and negligent of every thing but their own interest. "Where are now your Cecils and your Walsinghams?" Those who ask that question could answer it, if they would speak out,—"*Themselves.*" For they are all that, and more too.

I step the other day, in order only to inquire how my poor country did, into a coffee-house, that is, without dispute, the seat of the soundest politics in this great metropolis, and sat myself down within ear-shot of the principal council-table. Fortunately for me, the president, a person of age, dignity, and becoming gravity, had just begun to speak. He stated with infinite perspicuity and knowledge the present state of affairs in other countries, and the lamentable situation of our own. He traced with his finger upon the table, by the help of some coffee which he had spilt in the warmth of his exordium, the whole course of the Ohio, and the boundaries of the Russian, Prussian, Austrian, and Saxon dominions; foresaw a long and bloody war upon the continent, calculated the supplies necessary for carrying it on, and pointed out the best methods of raising them, which, for that very reason, he intimated would not be pursued. He wound up his discourse with a most pathetic peroration, which he concluded with saying, things were not carried on in this way in queen Elizabeth's days; the public was considered, and able men were consulted and employed. Those were days!—"Ay, Sir, and nights too, I presume," (said a young fellow who stood near him,) "some longer and some shorter, according to the variation of the seasons; pretty much like ours." Mr. President was a little surprised at the suddenness and pertness of this interruption; but recomposing himself, answered, with that cool contempt that becomes

a great man, "I did not mean astronomical days, but political ones." The young fellow replied, "O then, Sir, I am your servant," and went off in a laugh.

Thus informed and edified, I went off too, but could not help reflecting in my way upon the singular ill-luck of this my dear country, which, as long as ever I remember it, and as far back as I have read, has always been governed by the only two or three people, out of two or three millions, totally incapable of governing, and unfit to be trusted. But these reflections were soon interrupted by numbers of people, whom I observed crowding into a public-house. Among them I discovered my worthy friend and tailor, that industrious mechanic, Mr. Regnier. I applied to him to know the meaning of that concourse; to which, with his usual humanity, he answered, "We are the master-tailors, who are to meet to-night to consider what is to be done about our journeymen, who insult and impose upon us, to the great detriment of trade." I asked him whether under his protection I might slip in and hear their deliberations. He said, yes, and welcome; for that they should do nothing to be ashamed of. I profited of this permission, and following him into the room, found a considerable number of these ingenious artists assembled, and waiting only for the arrival of my friend, who it seems was too considerable for business to begin without him. He accordingly took the lead, opened the meeting with a very handsome speech, in which he gave many instances of the insolence, the unreasonableness, and the exorbitant demands of the journeymen tailors; and concluded with observing, "that if the government minded any thing now-a-days but themselves, such abuses would not have been suffered; and had they been but attempted in queen Elizabeth's days, she would have worked them with a witness." Another orator then rose up to speak; but as I was sure that he could say nothing better than what had just fallen from my worthy friend, I stole off unobserved, and was pursuing my way home, when in the very next street I discovered a much greater number of people (though by their dress of seemingly inferior note) rushing into another public-house. As numbers always excite my curiosity almost as much as they mutually do each other's passions, I crowded in with them, in order to discover the object of this meeting, not without some suspicion that this frequent senate might be composed of the journeymen tailors, and convened in opposition to that which I had just left. My suspicion was soon confirmed by the eloquence of a journeyman, a finisher, I presume, who expatiated with equal warmth and dignity upon the injustice and oppression of the master tailors, to the utter ruin of thousands of poor

journeymen and their families; and concluded with asserting, "it was a shame that the government and the parliament did not take notice of such abuses; and that had the master tailors done these things in queen Elizabeth's days, she would have mastered them with a vengeance, so she would."

I confess I could not help smiling at this singular conformity of sentiments, and almost of expressions, of the master politicians, the master tailors, and the journeymen tailors. I am convinced that the two latter really and honestly believed what they said, it not being in the least improbable that their understandings should be the dupes of their interests; but I will not so peremptorily answer for the interior conviction of the political orator; though, at the same time, I must do him the justice to say, he seemed full dull enough to be very much in earnest.

The several scenes of this day suggested to me, when I got home, various reflections, which perhaps I may communicate to my readers in some future paper.

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No. 198.] THURSDAY, OCT. 14, 1756.

*Nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo.*

PERS.

None dares investigate his secret self.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I BEG your advice and assistance to enable me to get rid of one of the most impertinent companions that ever existed. I have tried every art and contrivance in my power to free myself from his odious conversation; the creature will press upon my retirement, and force himself upon me in spite of my teeth; though the *tête à tête* is always the most shocking and unmannerly you can possibly conceive. The thing is always meddling in my affairs, in a manner to be quite intolerable; always setting them in such a light, as cannot fail to put me out of humour; and teasing me with reflections that make me weary of my life. I am sure I could more easily bear the spiteful tongues of twenty witty females at a masquerade, than the impertinence of this animal for a quarter of an hour; and with concern I find, that the more pains I take to free myself from him, the more troublesome he grows.

Nor do I complain only for my own sake, but for the sakes of almost the whole circle of my acquaintance, as well female as male, who in general are pestered in a most unreasonable manner by this saucy intruder, whom all are



forced to admit, though so few care for his company, and against whose presumption no rank or dignity, no quality or profession, can defend them. He will force himself into the closet, hover about the bed, and penetrate through the thickest darkness into the deepest recess; will travel with us by sea and land, and follow the wretch into banishment. In vain does the statesman hug himself in the success of his unjust schemes, or exult in the gratification of his ambition or revenge; unawed by his power, this haughty companion will check his career of transport, by placing before his eyes the instability of his situation, and the consequences of his actions. In vain does the flirt or coxcomb, when alone, endeavour to recollect with pleasure the *badinage* of the day; the creature will disturb their most delightful reveries, and by the magic of his interventions, convert all the imaginary *agréments* into vanity, folly, and lost time. You cannot wonder then that so many avoid and fly him, and that the panic spread by him should extend itself far and wide; nor can you be much amazed when I assure you, that it is no uncommon thing to see men of sense and courage fly from him without reason, and take refuge in those polite resorts, where dissipation, riot, and luxury, secure them from his visits, which they only decline because it is unfashionable to converse with him. It is surprising what pains are continually taken, what contrivances have been used: to get rid of this universal phantom. Some flatter him, some bully him, and some endeavour to impose upon him; but he never fails to detect their frauds, and to resent them with severity.

The beaus and fine gentlemen seem to revere and adore him, pouring forth libations of sweet water, and offering him the incense of perfumes; clothing him in dresses, elegant and expensive, as those of our Lady of Loretto: practising every art of heathen or popish idolatry, even torturing themselves for his sake: but all with no manner of success; for the brute in return is as unsociable and disagreeable to the pretty creatures, as the most savage squire, or the most formal pedant; so that, in spite of their pretences, they are obliged to fly, as a plague, from what they appear most to admire. I cannot here omit a whimsical circumstance in this paradoxical character, that most people are reproached with loving him with the greatest partiality and fondness, and are greatly delighted to hear him praised, yet very few seek to come to the knowledge of him, or cultivate his acquaintance; nay, the greater part try all possible means to avoid encountering him.

Our modern philosophers pretend, by their systems, to have silenced him, and by that means to have prevented his being troublesome to them or their acquaintance; but how fallacious these pretences are, is plain from their

avoiding all opportunities of being alone with him, and the confusion they express whenever by unavoidable necessity they are forced to it. Others, as he is a known enemy to the modern elegant tables, have exerted all the arts of the kitchen against him, lengthening the feast till midnight to keep him off; but like the reckoning he appears when the banquet is over, reproaching the bounteous host with his profusion, and the pampered guest with his wanton satiety: nay, so galling are his reprehensions, and so troublesome his intrusion, that there have not been wanting instances even in high life, of those, who not being able to keep him off otherwise, have called in to their relief the halter, dagger, and pistol, and fairly removed themselves into another world to get rid of him; though certain queer fellows pretend that they are bit, and that he has followed them even thither.

The fair sex, though generally favourable to the impertinent, are so rudely attacked by this insolent intruder, that to keep him off they have been obliged to call in to their assistance the relief of routs, balls, assemblies, operas, gardens, and cards; and all little enough for their protection. He might indeed pretend to some share of their favour, as, like themselves, he is a severe censurer of his acquaintance; but there is this difference in their management, that the ladies are generally fondest of fixing their censure on the innocent, and their adversary is a judge that condemns none but the guilty. The buck and the sot seem to be least affected by his importunity; as the one, from his natural insensibility, can attend to nothing, and the other is always asleep.

In the city those of the middling rank converse with him pretty familiarly; and the rich, to whom he might on some occasions prove troublesome, have a charm to keep him off. They place a number of bags, full of pieces of a particular metal, close together; or in their stead, some bits of paper, inscribed with certain cabalistical characters, which, with a Midas-like touch, they can transmute into gold. By the help of this charm, though they do not entirely get rid of him, they become quite insensible to every thing he can suggest. But as these materials are not always at hand, or are applied to other uses by the politer part of mankind, this magic is not properly understood or practised at the other end of the town; though it is said that some particular persons there had tried it with a proper effect.

Notwithstanding all I have advanced of this impertinent visitor, I cannot help owning, that some have attempted to insinuate a better opinion of him. A certain old gentleman for recommending his acquaintance, got the title of a wise man: a name at present but of small consideration; and I am told there never were but seven who were allowed that title. There are



indeed some few persons of high-rank of both sexes, that do vouchsafe to commune with him; but they are such sort of folks as are hardly fit to converse with any but with one another: and very happily, one is seldom pestered with them at places of polite association: scarce a man among them knowing how to make a bett, to drink his third bottle, or that has spirit to aspire at the reputation of a *bonne fortune*. The ladies of this class are also so unfit for the conversation of the world, that not one in ten of them knows how to play a rubber at whist, or dares to sit down to a party at brag.

I have now, Sir, laid my complaints before you, and beg your advice how to get clear of my perplexity. My troublesome companion, is, no doubt, too well known to you to require the insertion of his name; but as some of your readers (particularly females) may be subject to the frailty of forgetting their most intimate acquaintance, I will inform them, that this ghastly phantom that intrudes so impertinently upon all sorts of people, this creature that we so seldom know what to do with, and wish so heartily to get rid of, is no other than One's Self.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

TIMOTHY LOITER.

No. 199.] THURSDAY, OCT. 21, 1756.

AN extravagant passion for collecting flowers, and which obtained the name of *Tulipomania*, or Tulip madness, is said to have become, not many years ago, the subject of a restrictive law in one of the most frugal countries in Europe.

Indeed few nations or ages are without their madneses; and as it is remarked by physicians that every year has its peculiar disease, so we may observe, that every country, in the course of less than half a century, has its peculiar *Mania*.

At present the *Political Mania* is pretty violent in these kingdoms: but I believe, upon a little attention, that we shall find the *Genteel Mania* to have a long while extended itself with the most general influence among us.

The mere word *genteel* seems to have had so singular an efficacy in the very sound of it, as to have done more to the confounding all distinctions, and promoting a levelling principle, than the philosophical reflections of the most profound teacher of republican maxims.

To do the *genteel* thing, to wear the *genteel* thing, a *genteel* method of education and living, or a *genteel* way of becoming either a knave or a bankrupt, has ruined as many once worthy

families as a plague or a civil war, and rooted out of this country more real virtues than can be re-planted in it for many centuries.

A sense of duties in our several relations is prodigiously *ungenteel*. It is the prerogative of this age to do every thing in the *genteel*est manner. And though our ancestors were good honest people, yet, to be sure their notions were very *ungenteel*. Nothing now seems duller than their apophthegms, and their reasoning is as unfashionable as the cut of their coats.

The imitating every station above our own, seems to be the first principle of the *genteel mania*, and operates with equal efficacy upon the tenth cousin of a woman of quality, and her acquaintance who retails *gentility* among her neighbours in the Borough.

So deeply are all ranks of people impressed with the *genteel*, that Mrs. Betty is of opinion that routs would be very *genteel* in the kitchen; and it is no surprising thing for a Monmouth-street broker to assure a basket-woman, that the old gown he would sell to her is perfectly *genteel*.

This *genteel disease* shows itself under very different appearances. I have known a healthy young girl scarce a fortnight in town, but it has affected her voice, distorted her countenance, and almost taken away the use of her limbs, attended with a constant giddiness of the head, and a restlessness of being long in a place; till, at last, repeated colds caught at Vauxhall, a violent fever at a ridotto, something like a dropsy at a masquerade, and the small-pox in succession, with a general desertion of admirers, have restored her to her senses, and her old aunts in the country.

Florio made a good figure in the university, as a sensible sober young fellow, and an excellent scholar; till, unluckily for him, a scheme to town inspired him with the notions of *gentility*, usually contracted at the Shakspeare and a bagnio. Instead of his once rational friendships at the seats of literature, his passion now was, to enjoy the vanity of walking arm-in-arm with right honourables in all public places; to his former acquaintance (if it was sometimes impossible to avoid the meeting such disagreeable people) he scarce condescended to bow; and nothing under the heir-apparent of an earl could make him tolerably civil. In a short time he became, at the taverns of the first fashion, the principal judge of true relish, and the umpire of debates in every party at whist. His equipage, house, and liveries were the model of *gentility*, to men who had less genius for invention, though more fortune than himself; till having reduced the little patrimony left him by a frugal father, he was cured of the *genteel* by a proper regimen in the Fleet.

Dick Ledger was a plain honest man; his ancestors had been tradesmen for five generations, and to the fortune which they had already

accumulated for him, Dick, by his industry, had added about ten thousand pounds; when unfortunately the symptoms of the *genteel mania* appeared in the family. Mrs. Ledger's head was first turned immediately after her paying a visit to a very distant relation of fashion at the other end of the town. Her daughter soon caught the infection: and it was unanimously determined by the voice of the whole family, notwithstanding Mr. Ledger's opinion to the contrary, that it was right for a woman in *her* situation to make some appearance; that it was Mr. Ledger's duty, if he had any regard for her and his children to live a *little genteel*, and introduce his family properly into life. That it was very absurd of Mr. Ledger to think of making Tommy a soap-boiler, and that a lad of his parts should be brought up to some *genteel* profession. The result of these important deliberations was a coach and four horses, as many footmen, a fine seat in the country, and a town-house in Grosvenor-square for the residence of Mrs. Ledger.

Tommy, after taking lodgings for one year in the politest college at Oxford, spending there five hundred pounds, and becoming a perfect adept in tennis, set out upon his travels under the care of a French valet de chambre, to learn the Norman accomplishments at Caen; and at length, having left his modesty at Paris, his sobriety in Germany, his morality at Venice, and all religion at Rome, he returned, neither fit for a soap-boiler nor a gentleman, with too much pride for the former, and too little improvement for the latter. The sum of all was, that the reputation of the young ladies became somewhat equivocal, and Mrs. Ledger herself was thought to be no better than she should be. Mr. Ledger soon after saw his name among the numerous list of bankrupts in the Gazette. However, by returning into the air of the city, he quickly grew better, but it is thought that Mrs. Ledger will never recover.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I have a brother at Cambridge, who is a scholar, which I am not, because I am eldest. While he is writing a learned history of the fashions of the past ages in polite antiquity, I am here in town inventing new ones for the ornament of the present. He has studied whole volumes as big as church bibles, about the shape of the Roman shoes, the half-moons upon senatorial buskins, and the grasshopper *pompoons* worn by the ladies at Athens. Being well acquainted with busts and coins, he has settled with great critical exactness the origin of head-dresses, and the chronology of periwigs; and he says, that he is now at last, after several years' meditation and reading, able

to convince the world, that caps and lappets were invented by the Egyptians, and that the Greeks used paste in dressing the hair. As to myself, I am the first man who introduced the long walking-sticks. As soon as the public comes into my fashions I quit them, and generally have the distance of the smartest young fellows about town in the novelty of my habit. I intend to introduce roll-up stockings and high heels this winter; by the following winter, if the mode should take, then I shall wear no heels at all, and a pair of trunk hose, like my grandfather's picture in our great hall in the country. An old gentleman with whom I condescend now and then to converse (who by-the-bye is my father) often remonstrates to me what a mad way of dressing I am got into. I answer, that I wonder he should reprove me, when he himself is a fop, but of twenty years' standing: and as my acquaintance assure me that I have the *genteel*est fancy in the world, pray now come and see me at George's (for you will easily know me,) and tell me if you don't think so.

Yours,

NICHOLAS NOVEL.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

"This is to acquaint those who are inclined to encourage every *polite* attempt in this nation, that an academy will shortly be opened at a proper distance from the city, calculated in the *genteel*est taste for the reception of persons who would choose to be *fashionable*. None whose families are in trade will be admitted, but the *best* company only. The price of boarding is a hundred guineas a quarter, and every thing else in proportion. All personal accomplishments are taught in the same manner as abroad, and great care will be taken to inspire them with the *genteel*est sentiments upon all subjects, whether political, moral, or religious. As to the latter, the young gentlemen may be brought up in any way their friends think most convenient. Several phaetons and curricles will be kept for their amusement: and as the conversation of ladies is so necessary to form the *douceur* of their manners, the *agréments* of such a society will not be wanting. A gentleman, who has studied under Mr. Hoyle, will teach them to play at cards gratis.

"N. B. Judges, bishops, or any great officers that happen to be a little awkward in their address, may have an opportunity of learning to dance privately, or shall be waited upon at home, if they desire it."



No. 200.] THURSDAY, OCT. 28, 1756.]

Δεινὸν τι τὸ μηχανάσθαι  
Τίχνας ἀντὶ ἐλπίδ' ἔχων.

SOPH.

*Stabat et Paria lapides, spirantia signa.* VIRG.

The artist's skill with nature copes,  
And far exceeds our highest hopes.

The Parian marble there shall seem to move  
In breathing statues DRYDEN.

I AM indebted to a very ingenious correspondent at Cambridge for the following ode, which, in justice to its merit, and for the entertainment of those of my readers who have a true taste for poetical composition, I have taken the first opportunity to make public.

## AN ODE ON SCULPTURE.

Led by the muse, my step pervades  
The sacred haunts, the peaceful shades,  
Where Art and Sculpture reign;  
I see, I see, at their command,  
The living stones in order stand,  
And marble breathe through every vein!  
Time breaks his hostile scythe; he sighs  
To find his power malignant fled;  
"And what avails my dart," he cries,  
"Since these can animate the dead?"  
Since, waked to mimic life, again in stone  
The patriot seems to speak, the hero frown?"

There Virtue's silent train are seen,  
Fast fix'd their looks, erect their mien.  
Lo! while with more than stoic soul,  
The Attic Sage \* exhausts the bowl,  
A pale suffusion shades his eyes,  
Till by degrees the marble dies!  
See there the injured Poet † bleed!  
Ah! see he droops his languid head!  
What starting nerves, what dying pain,  
What horror freezes every vein!  
These are thy works, O Sculpture! thine to show  
In rugged rock a feeling sense of woe.

Yet not alone, such themes demand  
The Phydian stroke, the Dædal hand;  
I view with melting eyes  
A softer scene of grief display'd,  
While from her breast the duteous maid  
Her Infant Sire with food supplies.

\* Socrates, who was condemned to die by poison.

† Seneca, born at Corduba, who, according to Pliny, was orator, poet, and philosopher. He bled to death in the bath.

In pitying stone she weeps to see  
His squalid air and galling chains;  
And trembling, on her bended knee,  
His hoary head her hand sustains;  
While every look, and sorrowing feature  
prove,  
How soft her breast, how great her filial  
love.

Lo! there the wild Assyrian Queen,†  
With threatening brow, and frantic mien.  
Revenge! revenge! the marble cries,  
While fury sparkles in her eyes.  
Thus was her awful form beheld,  
When Babylon's proud sons rebell'd;  
She left the woman's vainer care,  
And flew with loose dishevell'd hair:  
She stretch'd her hand, imbrued in blood,  
While pale Sedition trembling stood;  
In sudden silence, the mad crowd obey'd  
Her awful voice, and Stygian discord fled!

With hope, or fear, or love by turns,  
The marble leaps, or shrinks, or burns,  
As Sculpture waves her hand:  
The varying passions of the mind,  
Her faithful handmaids are assign'd,  
And rise or fall by her command.  
When now life's wasted lamps expire,  
When sinks to dust this mortal frame,  
She, like Prometheus, grasps the fire;  
Her touch revives the lambent flame;  
While Phoenix-like, the statesman, bard, or  
sage,  
Spring fresh to life, and breathe through every  
age.

Hence, where the organ full and clear,  
With loud hosannas charms the ear,  
Behold (a prism within his hands)  
Absorb'd in thought, great Newton ‖  
stands!  
Such was his solemn, wonted state,  
His serious brow, and musing gait;  
When, taught on eagle's wings to fly,  
He traced the wonders of the sky,  
The chambers of the sun explored,  
Where tints of thousand hues are stored;  
Whence every flower in painted robes is drest,  
And varying Iris steals her gaudy vest.

Here, as Devotion, heavenly queen,  
Conducts her best, her favourite train,  
At Newton's shrine they bow;

† Semiramis, cum ei circa cultum capitis sui occupate nunciatum esset Babylonem defecisse; altera parte crinibus adhuc soluta protinus ad eam expugnandam cucurrit: nec prius decorem capillorum in ordinem quam tantam urbem in potestatem suam redegit: quocirca statua ejus Babylone posita est, &c. Val. Max. de Ira.

‖ A noble statue of Sir Isaac Newton, erected in Trinity-college chapel, by doctor Smith.



And while with raptured eyes they gaze,  
 With Virtue's purest vestal rays,  
 Behold their ardent bosoms glow !  
 Hail, mighty mind ! Hail, awful name !  
 I feel inspired my labouring breast !  
 And lo ! I pant, I burn for fame !  
 Come, Science, bright ethereal guest,  
 Oh come, and lead thy meanest, humble son,  
 Through Wisdom's arduous paths, to fair re-  
 nown !

Could I to one faint ray aspire,  
 One spark of that celestial fire,  
 The leading Cynosure, that glow'd  
 While Smith explored the dark abode,  
 Where Wisdom sat on Nature's shrine,  
 How great my boast ! what praise were mine !  
 Illustrious sage ! who first could'st tell  
 Wherein the powers of Music dwell ;  
 And every magic chain untie,  
 That binds the soul of Harmony !  
 To thee, when mouldering in the dust,  
 To thee shall swell the breathing bust :  
 Shall here (for this reward thy merits claim)  
 " Stand next the place to Newton, as in fame."

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 No. 201.] THURSDAY, NOV. 4, 1756.  
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OF all the improvements in polite conversation, I know of nothing that is half so entertaining as the *double entendre*. It is a figure in rhetoric, which owes its birth, as well as its name, to our inventive neighbours the French ; and it is that happy art, by which persons of fashion may communicate the loosest ideas under the most innocent expressions. The ladies have adopted it for the best reason in the world : they have long since discovered, that the present fashionable display of their persons is by no means a sufficient hint to the *mén* that they mean any thing more than to attract their admiration : the *double entendre* displays the mind in an equal degree, and tells us from what motive the lure of beauty is thrown out. It is an explanatory note to a doubtful text, which renders the meaning so obvious, that even the dullest reader cannot possibly mistake it. For though the *double entendre* may sometimes admit of a moral interpretation as well as a wanton one, it is never intended to be understood but one way ; and he must be a simple fellow indeed, and totally unacquainted with good company, who does not take it as it was meant.

But it is one thing to invite the attacks of men, and another to yield to them ; and it is by no means a necessary implication, that because a lady chooses to dress and talk like a woman of the town, she must needs act like one. I will

be bold to assert that the contrary happens at least ten or a dozen times within the space of a twelvemonth ; nay, I am almost inclined to believe, that when an enterprising young fellow, who, from a lady's displaying her beauties in public to the utmost excess of the mode, and suiting her language to her dress, is apt to fancy himself sure of her at a *tête à tête*, it is not above four to one but he may meet with a repulse. Those liberties indeed which are attended with no ruinous contingencies, he may reasonably claim, and expect always to be indulged in ; as the refusal of them would argue the highest degree of prudery, a foible, which in this age of nature and freedom, the utmost malice of the world cannot lay to the charge of a woman of condition ; but it does not absolutely follow, that because she is good-humoured enough to grant every liberty but one, she must refuse nothing.

It may possibly be objected, that there is neither good-breeding nor generosity in a lady's inviting a man to a feast, when she only means to treat him with the garnish ; but she is certainly mistress of her own entertainment, and has a right to keep those substantials under cover, which she has no mind he should help himself to. A hungry glutton may (as the phrase is) eat her out of house and home ; and if he will not be satisfied with whips and creams, he may carry his voraciousness to more liberal tables. A young lady of economy will admit no such persons to her entertainments ; they are a set of robust unmannerly creatures, who are perpetually intruding themselves upon the hospitable and the generous, and tempting them to choose costly treats, that have in the end undone them, and compelled them ever after to keep ordinaries for their support.

From this consideration, it were heartily to be wished that the ladies could be prevailed upon to give fewer invitations in public places ; since the most frugal of them cannot always answer for her own economy : and it is well known that the profusion of one single entertainment has compelled many a beautiful young creature to hide herself from the world for whole months after. As for married ladies indeed, who have husbands to bear the burden of such entertainments, and rich widows who can afford them something may be said ; but while gluttons may be feasted liberally at such tables, and while there are public ordinaries in almost every parish of this metropolis, a single lady may beg to be excused.

But to return particularly to my subject. The *double entendre* is at present so much the taste of all genteel companies that there is no possibility either of being polite or entertaining without it. That it is easily learned is the happy advantage of it ; for as it requires little more than a mind well stored with the most natural

ideas, every young lady of fifteen may be thoroughly instructed in the rudiments of it from her book of novels, or her waiting-maid. But to be as knowing as her mamma in all the refinements of the art, she must keep the very best company and frequently receive lessons in private from a male instructor. She should also be careful to minute down in her pocket-book the most shining sentiments that are toasted at table; that when her own is called for, she may not be put to the blush from having nothing to say that would occasion a modest woman to blush for her. Of all the modern inventions to enliven conversation, and promote freedom between the sexes, I know of nothing that can compare with these sentiments; and I may venture to affirm, without the least flattery to the ladies, that they are by no means inferior to the men in the happy talent of conveying the archest ideas imaginable in the most harmless words, and of enforcing those ideas by the most significant looks.

There is indeed one inconvenience attending the *double entendre*, which I do not remember to have heard taken notice of. This inconvenience is the untoward effect that it is apt to have upon certain discreet gentlewomen who pass under the denomination of old maids. As these grave personages are generally remarked to have the quickest conceptions, and as they have once been shocked by what they call the indelicacy of this figure, they are ever afterwards carrying it in their minds, and converting every thing they hear into wantonness and indecency. To ask them what o'clock it is, may be an ensnaring question: to pull off your gloves in their presence, is beginning to undress; to make them a bow, may be stooping for an immodest purpose; and to talk of bed-time, is too gross to be endured. I have known one of these ladies to be so extremely upon her guard, that having dropped her gold watch-case in a public walk, and being questioned by a gentleman who took it up, whether it was hers or not, was so alarmed at the indecency of throwing aside her apron to examine, that she flew from him with precipitation, suffering him to put it into his pocket and go fairly off with it.

This false modesty, which most evidently owes its birth to the *double entendre*, is a degree of impudence that the other cannot match. The possessors of it have unfortunately discovered that the most immodest meanings may be couched under very innocent expressions; and having been once put into a loose train of thinking, they are perpetually revolving in their minds every gross idea that words can be made to imply. They would not pronounce the names of certain persons of their acquaintance for the whole world, and are almost shocked to death at the sight of a woman with child, as it suggests to their minds every idea of sensuality.

It will doubtless be very astonishing to the reader to be told, that even the purity of my own writings has not at all times exempted me from the censure of these maiden gentlewomen. The Nankin breeches of poor Patrick the footman, in No. 130. of these papers, have given inconceivable offence. The word breeches, it seems, is so outrageously indecent, that a modest woman cannot bring herself to pronounce it even when alone. I must therefore in all future impressions of this work, either dismiss the said Patrick from his service, or direct him to wait upon his ladies without any breeches at all. Other complaints of the like nature have also been brought against me, which, conscious as I am of the purity of my intentions, have piqued me not a little. It is from these complaints that I have entered at present upon the subject of this paper, which I cannot conclude without expressing some little dislike to the *double entendre*; since with all the pleasantry and merriment it occasions, it has produced this false modesty, which, in my humble opinion, is impudence itself.

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No. 202.] THURSDAY, NOV. 11, 1756.

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Th' adorning Thee with so much art  
Is but a needless skill. COWLEY.

It is a general observation, that the character and disposition of every man may, in some degree, be guessed at from the formation and turn of his features; or in other words, that the face is an index of the mind. This remark is certainly not without foundation; nevertheless, as men do not make themselves, but yet are masters of their wills and actions, frequent instances happen, in which this rule is found to fail, and appearances contradict reality.

I have often thought that a surer way might be found of discovering the secret notions and bias of each person; and that if instead of consulting the physiognomy, we were to have recourse to such things as are the immediate objects of choice and fancy, we should arrive at a truer knowledge of the person who adopts them. The best clue we can lay hold of for this purpose is, in my opinion; the different modes of covering and adorning the body; or whatever is comprised under the idea of *dress*. The Spanish proverb says, "Tell me what books a man reads, and what company he keeps, and I will tell you what manner of man he is." It may be said with equal propriety, Tell me how such a person dresses, and I will tell you what he is. In fact, nature herself, by the appurtenances and ornaments which she bestows on different ani-



mals, seems to shadow and point out their latent qualities. Who can see the peacock strut and spread his gaudy train, without conceiving an idea of the pride and vanity of that fop among birds? The lion, wrapped up in the majesty of his mane, fills us with notions of the grandeur and nobleness of its nature. It is the same with men. What nature gives to irrational animals, man, by the help of art, supplies to himself: and in the choice and arrangement of his dress, speaks his real notions and sentiments.

In a theatre, which is the glass of fashion, and the picture of the world, it is well known that a strict attention is always paid to what is called the dressing of the characters. The miser has his thread-bare coat; the fop his grey powder, solitaire, and red heel; each character hanging out a sign, as it were, in his dress, which proclaims to the audience the nature of his part, even before he utters a word. The impression which this outward appearance makes upon the mind, is so strong, that states and governments have availed themselves of it for good and wise purposes. It is certain that the ignorant and vulgar part of mankind are most easily captivated by what strikes the sight. Love, it is said, enters in at the eyes; and I am apt to think, that most of the other passions enter into the mind through the same passage. Hence the necessity of applying to this sense; and hence the origin of dress, and the pomp of kings, magistrates, and others, calculated (according to Milton) only to

Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape.

Among the numberless instances that might be brought in proof of this assertion, I have however remarked one in which the means do not seem to me to answer the end proposed, or at least that ought to be proposed by them. The instance I mean is the regimentals now worn in the army. One would imagine, from contemplating the profession of a soldier, that whatever could most contribute towards giving an intrepid masculine air and look, whatever could impress on the spectator's mind an idea of courage, fortitude, and strength, would be deemed most proper to furnish out the appearance of those who devote themselves to all the toils, fatigues, and dangers of war. And yet, who will say that our troops speak their profession in any degree by their dress? The red, indeed, in which they are clothed, as it conveys the idea of blood, and appears as if stained with the colours of their trade, is most certainly proper. But what shall we say for all the other articles of their dress? Who that sees any of them so elaborately and splendidly equipped in all their trappings, would not be more apt to think by their appearance, that they were going to grace some public festival, or to assist at some joyful merriment, than that they were men set

apart to combat with every hardship, and to stand in the rough front of war? When Croesus, the Lydian king, displayed his heaps of treasure to Solon, the philosopher told him, that whoever had more iron, would soon be master of all his gold; intimating that show and pomp were of no account, compared to what was really useful, and that riches in themselves were of no value. To adapt this to our present purpose would not a sort of dress, calculated to help and defend the wearer, or annoy the enemy, be more serviceable than all the pride and tinsel that runs through the army, from the general to the private man?

The ancient rude Britons seemed to have had a better taste, or at least more meaning in their method of adorning themselves, than their polished descendants. As they were all soldiers, Cæsar tells us, they used to paint their bodies in such a manner as they conceived would make them appear terrible to their foes. Instead of powdering and curling their hair, they wore it loose, like the old Spartans, who always combed it down to its full extent: and as the admirable author of Leonidas expresses it, "clothed their necks with terror." For my own part, I cannot look on our troops, powdered and curled with so much exactness, without applying Falstaff's expression, and thinking indeed, that they are "food for powder." Nor can I behold the lace, and all the waste of finery in their clothing, but in the same light that I survey the silver plates and ornaments of a coffin: indeed I am apt to impute their going to battle so trim and adorned, to the same reason that the fine lady painted her cheeks just before she expired, that she might not be frightful when she was dead. To ask a plain question, Where is the need of all this finery? "Will it (as Falstaff says of honour) set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or heal the grief of a wound? No. It has then no skill in surgery, and is a mere scutcheon."

When I consider the brilliant, but defenceless state, in which our troops go to battle, I cannot help wondering at the extraordinary courage they have always shown: and am pleased to find that they unite in their persons the ancient and modern signification of the word brave, which implied formerly only finery or ornament, but in its present acceptation, means courage and resolution. They are indeed both brave and fine; brave as it is possible for men to be, but finer than it is necessary for soldiers to be; so that what Cæsar said of his troops, may with great justice be applied to ours, *Etiam unguentatos bene pugnare posse*; in spite of their finery and perfumes, they are brave fellows, and will fight.

I have been led to consider this subject by a short copy of verses lately sent me by a friend, presenting a picture of a modern warrior preparing for battle. Homer and Virgil described



their heroes arming for the fight; but my friend exhibits his hero dressing for the fight; it being observable, he says, that our military gentlemen use at present no more armour in the day of battle than they do when they go to church, or pay a visit to a mistress.

THE

### MODERN WARRIOR.

THE trumpet sounds. To war the troops advance,

Adorn'd and trim—like females to the dance.  
Proud of the summons to display his might,  
The gay Lothario dresses for the fight.  
Studios in all the splendour to appear,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
His well-turn'd limbs the different garbs infold,  
Form'd with nice art, and glittering all with gold.

Across his breast the silken sash is tied,  
Behind the shoulder-knot displays its pride;  
Glittering with lace, the hat adorns his head,  
Graced and distinguish'd by the smart cockade:  
Conspicuous badge! which only heroes wear,  
Ensign of war, and favourite of the fair.  
The graceful queue his braided tresses binds,  
And every hair in its just rank confines;  
Each taper leg the snowy guêtres deck,  
And the bright gorget dangles from his neck.  
Dress'd *cap-à-pie*, all lovely to the sight,  
Stands the gay warrior, and expects the fight.  
Rages the war; fell slaughter stalks around,  
And stretches thousands breathless on the ground:

Down sinks Lothario, sent by one dire blow,  
A well-dress'd hero, to the shades below.

Thus the young victim, pamper'd and elate,  
To some resplendent fane is led in state,  
With garlands crown'd, through shouting crowds proceeds,  
And dress'd in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.

province is *ὁδὸν γινώσκεις ἀλλὰ πράττεις*, not theory but practice, may find extremely defective in the day of trial. The truth is, that no schemes can be formed, no directions can be delivered for the conduct of the passions, without a previous knowledge of their nature, the various circumstances that may excite them, and the strength they exert in every individual. Speculation may in some measure prepare, but can never sufficiently provide for practice. Thus a moralist may prescribe patience in the case of pain; but if the anguish arise from an author's reading his own works, a patient ear, however useful in general, will serve only to aggravate the misery, and perhaps render it insupportable. And indeed such means as these will always be found either useless or fatal, for they will either have no effect upon the passion, or totally destroy it. Let us try therefore to find an expedient which shall preserve and nourish these elements of life, and at the same time prevent those evils which are so justly apprehended, and so frequently felt from them.

Aristotle has long ago observed that poetry is more philosophical than history; and Horace has not scrupled to prefer Homer to the philosophers themselves, even in points of instruction; in which all sensible men must unanimously concur. For the passions being a poet's peculiar province, he must indisputably be best acquainted with their nature, and best qualified to direct them. From the poets therefore we may expect information; and, if I am not much mistaken, every tragic writer will furnish us with the expedient we want. For there is scarce a single tragedy in which the passions of the hero have not full play, and yet, by the substitution of proper objects, are artfully diverted from the production of those mischiefs that usually attend them. To instance, in the tragedy of *Fatal Constancy*; the hero suspecting the cruelty of his mistress, or rather her obedience to her father, falls with the greatest propriety into the passion of anger, which thus bursts forth:

Cursed be the treacherous sex, cursed be the hour,  
Cursed be the world and every thing—but her!

Upon such a provocation as this, it was absolutely impossible to have prevented the passion; the poet therefore gives it free indulgence; and to avert the fatal effects it might have upon the lady, as the immediate cause, or upon the more remote one, her father, he supposes it employed in execrations against the sex in general, the hour, the world, and in short against every thing but his mistress. Now this artifice may, I think, be very advantageously removed from the stage to the world, from fictitious to real persons, as appears from the conduct of gamblers,

No. 203.] THURSDAY, NOV. 18, 1756.

WHILST the generality of moralists maintain the utility of the passions, the generality of men complain of their inconveniency. For though speculation can easily confine them to proper objects, restrain them within proper bounds, and make them assistant and subservient to the greatest purposes, experience finds them impatient of the rein, and we are hurried by them into every kind of extravagance. In like manner bachelors lay down incomparable rules for the government of a wife, which the husband, whose

who in an ill run, will with the greatest vehemence curse their fortune or their cards, and having vented their anger, will play on with the utmost composure and resignation, and be perfectly agreeable to their adversaries.

The ancients make mention of one Philoxenus, a celebrated eater, who instead of making his rivals at the table the objects of his passion, envied cranes for their length of neck; the short duration of pleasure being the only defect of his enjoyment. Mr. Pope too takes notice of a reverent sire,

Who envied every sparrow that he saw.

I produce these instances merely to show the possibility of an innocent exercise of the passions, which must be employed to prevent a stagnation in the mind, and by these means may be indulged without injury to others. Thus rural squires, who are pure followers of nature, to keep their dogs and themselves in breath, trail herrings along the road, when the season will not admit of real business.

But to remove all doubts concerning the possibility of this method, and at the same time to show its utility, I must introduce St. Austin to my readers. It is well known that the prevailing passion of this saint was love, and that an habitual indulgence had rendered it too formidable for a regular attack. He therefore engaged by stratagem, where his utmost strength was ineffectual, and by forming a woman of snow for his embraces, secured his own character, and the honour of his fair disciples, from those devastations to which they must otherwise have been fatally exposed.

An example like this is, I think, sufficient to confirm the principles, and recommend the practice of substituting objects for the exercise of the passions; but lest difficulties should arise from the choice, I shall point out such as will best correspond with some particular passions, that we may from thence be enabled to judge what will best suit with the rest. To begin with what is most important and most prevailing, Love. Should a young lady find herself unfortunately exposed to the unruliness of this passion, either by nature or education, by too close an attention to the study of romance, or too strong a confidence in the conversation of her friends, her condition must be very deplorable: for indulgence, the most obvious expedient, is prohibited by custom; opposition would always be found ridiculous, often impracticable, and sometimes fatal; and should she follow the example of poor *Viola* in *Shakspeare*,

——who never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek,

her case must be desperate indeed: for the de-

struction of her charms would infallibly destroy the very means of happiness, and make her fit only for the incurables of a convent, for which our protestant country has not yet thought proper to provide. Now all these inconveniences will be removed by substituting some other object to engross her affection. Thus a lap-dog, a squirrel, or a parrot, may relieve her distress, by being admitted to her bosom, and receiving those *douceurs* and caresses which her passion prompts her to bestow upon her lover. It is certain that the celebrated *Antonia* escaped the fatal effects of this passion, and preserved her character untainted amidst the slanders and corruption of the worst of courts, by fixing her affection upon a lamprey. In vain did the beaux of Rome offer up their vows; her tenderness was devoted to her favourite fish, on which she doted to that degree, that she fondly adorned it with her choicest ear-rings.

But if this method should not sufficiently answer the great purpose of giving exercise to the passion, I cannot forbear the mention of one more, and that is cards. A *parti carré* at cribbage or whist will give full scope to the restlessness of its nature, and enable the fair female to indulge it in all its stages: for every deal will excite her affection or her anger: will inflame her jealousy, or restore her ease; will give her all the pangs of disappointment, or furnish the silent transports of success.

What has been hitherto proposed is designed for the unmarried ladies; the situation and circumstances of a wife being in some respects different, may require a different treatment. If therefore what is here prescribed prove ineffectual, she may have recourse to St. Austin's remedy, which is always at hand: for by fixing her affections upon her husband, she may convert a lump of snow into a lover, and have the saint's exquisite pleasure of a mortifying indulgence.

I would now proceed to the other passions, and lay down rules for their regulation, did I not think it absolutely unnecessary: for several of them, such as *shame*, *fear*, &c. are become obsolete, and consequently unknown. Others may be constantly employed upon husbands, friends, and dependents: for these objects occur upon every occasion, and an ill choice can scarcely be made. Thus if anger be the passion of the day, a lady need not be told that she may exert it with the greatest safety and satisfaction upon a husband or a servant. Or should the fair one be under the influence of pride, on whom can it be exercised with greater propriety than upon a female friend, especially if poverty has reduced her to a state of indigence and dependence? For fortune has plainly marked such creatures for the use and amusement of her favourites.



No. 204.] THURSDAY, NOV. 25, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE season is now approaching when the wisdom of the nation provides the supplies necessary for the support of government. The two great questions commonly debated on such occasions, are the wherefore and the how. The wherefore, as the politician in the Rehearsal says, answers itself: but then as to the *quomodo*, or the how, here the invention of the ingenious lover of his country may, without offence, be exerted.

Certain unsubsidized pamphleteers have thought proper to observe that scarcely a single tax can be devised which has not been already imposed, in order to strip this *beggarly* nation (as they are pleased to call it) even of its rags: for if we credit these gentlemen, the nation does indeed hang in tatters, and we must expect very speedily to hear Britannia crying out with a most lamentable voice in the streets, "Pray, your honour, do, good your honour, one single farthing to a poor distressed gentlewoman, with a great charge of helpless children."

A certain emperor is reported to have offered a reward to any one who should discover a new species of pleasure; and it is hoped, that in imitation of that emperor, the ministry will make some promises to any one who shall invent a new tax.

For my own part, I flatter myself that I have discovered some methods of raising money by taxes, which have hitherto escaped the researches of projectors and politicians: but however various my ways and means may be, I shall content myself at present with communicating only one of my schemes, that from the reception it meets with from those in power, I may be tempted either to conceal or make public the rest.

There is a certain species of conversation, which is commonly termed the *saying of good things*. In this commodity almost every body deals. The cheesemonger's wife at a gossiping, and the haberdasher at the club, say good things as well as their betters, during the short intervals from whist. This commodity has hitherto escaped the observation of the legislature; and yet no sufficient reason appears why a tax may not be imposed upon every good thing which shall be said, uttered, or spoken, from and after Lady-day next.

It will possibly be objected, that some difficulties may occur as to the proper methods of levying this tax. The officers of the revenue, it may be said, cannot be supposed proper judges of what is, and what is not, a good thing; and an appeal to the quarter sessions in all probability would not much mend the matter. To this

it may be answered, that in the case before us, the user or consumer may be safely trusted on his bare affirmation; an indulgence which I should very unwillingly recommend on any other occasion. The method I would propose, is, that every person who says a good thing, shall receive a certificate thereof on stamped paper, for which certificate the sum of two shillings and sixpence only shall be exacted: provided always, that he who says a very good thing, may for such very good thing demand a certificate as aforesaid, on payment of five shillings in manner aforesaid.

It may be further objected, as this tax is proposed to extend to the *writing*, as well as *saying* good things, that it will be of inexpressible detriment to many professed authors. Their interest and their vanity will incline them to contribute largely to the stamp duty; but it cannot in reason be expected that they should ever be able to raise a single half-crown for the purchase of a certificate. My intention, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is not to injure these gentlemen. I pity poor authors with all my heart. They "who cannot dig, and who to beg are ashamed," must write; far be it from me therefore to deprive them of an ingenious livelihood. To quiet their minds, I humbly propose that they shall not be obliged to tax themselves, but that their readers shall tax them for every good thing which they may chance to publish. Thus will the tax become no intolerable grievance: indeed it will be scarcely felt, unless false English, low wit, and licentious scurrility be declared good things by public authority. All that I entreat is, that as I leave them the liberty of *writing* what they please, they will also allow me the liberty of *reading* what I please. By this means we shall have little intercourse, and consequently little occasion for quarrel.

This tax will indeed fall somewhat heavy upon you, Mr. Fitz-Adam; but in times of danger and difficulty, every man must contribute according to his ability to the necessities of his country. However, to make this matter easy, I am willing to yield you the whole honour of my invention; and I doubt not but you may obtain a saving clause, empowering you to write good things without the expense of a certificate.

We are all of us apt to show some degree of partiality to our own children; and this may perhaps induce me to be over-fond of my present project. Yet the most impartial must acknowledge, that no tax can be more extensive, or be levied with greater ease to the public and the subject. It will therefore afford me the highest satisfaction to see this my darling scheme enforced by the wisdom of the legislature. I can already in imagination rejoice over some future resolution of the honourable house, conceived in words to the following effect:

"Resolved, That the sum of one million



sterling be raised by way of lottery on annuities payable out of the produce of the tax upon good things."

It would be no less agreeable to me to read a paragraph in the London Evening Post, or some other loyal paper, importing that "this day the worshipful company of Fishmongers dined together at their hall in Thames-street, where the tax upon good things said after dinner amounted to four hundred and ten pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, being the largest sum which had ever been collected on that occasion."

I make no doubt but that great sums might be expected on this account from the common halls of our two learned universities; not to say any thing of the laudable society of Anti-Gallicans, the venerable order of Free Masons, and the numerous fraternities of Bucks, Bloods, and Choice Spirits.

It may possibly be insinuated that France will endeavour to avail itself of our example, and impose likewise a tax upon good things; but as freedom of speech is greatly restrained in all absolute monarchies, we have nothing to fear from such an attempt. Here then we shall be unrivalled, and shall be able for once to boast with justice, that we have *outwitted* our enemies.

If it should still farther be objected to this tax, that it will be a partial one, and grievously burdensome to the poor wit, while the rich alderman, the justice of the quorum, and the fine gentleman, will be totally exempted from it; I answer, that in these public-spirited times, and upon this particular occasion, every man will be ambitious of contributing his quota, whether he can be legally taxed or not; nay, I am humbly of opinion, that those who say the fewest good things, will generously make their demands upon the stamp-office for the greatest number of certificates.

I had once entertained thoughts of extending my project to the good things that people do as well as say; but upon consulting a few friends upon the matter, I was convinced that the benefits arising from such an addition would be too inconsiderable to be felt. I have, therefore, for the good of my poor country, and the ease of those in power, made what haste I could to communicate my scheme as it now is, which I desire you to publish as soon as possible: and am,

Sir,

Your most faithful  
humble servant.

No. 205.] THURSDAY, DEC. 2, 1756.

*Nunc adhibe puro  
Pectore verba, puer, nunc te melioribus offer* — HOR.

*Tendere ad Indos,  
Auroramque sequi.* — VIRG.

Thus in your youth  
From pure instruction quaff the words of truth.  
FRANCIS.

Be off for India and the farthest East.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG the many reasons that were urged against entering into the present war, and the various clamours that have been raised since the commencement of hostilities, I do not find any body has considered the importance of a peace with France, in regard to the education of our young nobility; and I cannot but think our ministers would have been less hasty in their measures, had they paid proper attention to an object of so great moment.

This oversight is the more surprising, as the dangers attending heirs-apparent at home, and the necessity of travel from the age of seventeen to twenty-one, have long been notorious to all the world. Who would trust a son in the way of pedantry and tobacco, party and elections, fox hounds and Newmarket; of the bewitching glances that lurk beneath a pompadour hat at Ranelagh, or the unadorned, but not less dangerous charms of the curate's daughter, near the mansion seat? On the other side, who is not aware that, abroad, national prejudices are destroyed, the mind is opened, the taste refined, the person improved? And what must be a farther consolation to parents, is, that the habits and manners contracted by young gentlemen in their travels, are likely to remain with them all their lives after. It seldom happens that the Paris pump and Lyons velvet give place to the tight boot and short skirt; or that a man accustomed to the elegance and loll of a *vis à vis*, with cushions of down within, and the varnish of Martin without, is so absurd at his return, as to trot ten miles before day in a dreary winter morning, and pass the hours due to hazard or a mistress on the side of a bleak cover, shivering in expectation of a fox.

As it is far from my intention to stir up a clamour against the advisers of this war, I shall not enter farther into a discussion of the advantages of a foreign, or the evils of a domestic education, but hasten to my scheme for the improvement of youth, in spite of our enemies; the first hint of which arose accidentally in conversation with a friend, at whose house in the country I spent some days last month.

Z z

We were walking in a park, decorated with all the variety of Asiatic ornament, which at present so generally prevails among improvers of taste, when this gentleman, who is a leading man of that class, as well as a thorough zealot in the modern system of education, took occasion to consult me in regard to the disposal of his eldest son, a youth about sixteen years of age, heir to a very large fortune, and at present at one of our universities. My friend, I found, was very uneasy lest he should contract the rust of the college, and most pathetically lamented his ill-fortune, that the doors of France should be so critically shut against a lad formed by nature for all the accomplishments which so eminently distinguish that polite nation.

In reflecting upon the good man's embarrassment, and admiring the several temples, bridges, and other edifices of Chinese architecture which surrounded me, I was led to consider whether to send our sons to Peking instead of Paris, would not better answer all purposes of travel. And though you may start, as did my friend, at the first view of this proposal, I doubt not, Mr. Fitz-Adam, but upon deliberation you will agree with me in many of the circumstances that I think must render such a progress preferable to the other, more entertaining to the young gentlemen themselves, more suitable to the intentions of their parents and guardians, and more beneficial to their country.

Among the many considerations which immediately occurred to me upon this subject, I shall beg leave principally to observe, that the manufactures of China, which have hitherto reached us, bear the preference to most of our own of the same kinds, in spite of European pride: and I am persuaded those politer arts, which are the great objects of travel, are in a degree of excellence, well worthy our notice, among the ingenious people of that country, though they have hitherto made their way to us slowly and imperfectly, for want of proper travellers. The merchant and the missionary (almost the only visitors of so distant a region) attend merely to those observations which regard the commerce and religion of their nation and sect; the views of the one are too confined, and of the other generally too enthusiastic to produce the good effects which will accrue from the inquiries of men of more enlarged ideas and unprejudiced sentiments. The present juncture seems marked by the good genius of this isle for the most important discoveries. How many young men of fashion might be picked out, whom no one could suspect of prejudices either in favour of trade or religion! and surely a mettle fellow could not hesitate in his choice between this rout and the old beaten one of France and Italy; where from a Calais landlord, to a Neapolitan princess, there is a sameness of adventure that is become extremely irksome to a

polite circle in the recital. A traveller will be greatly disappointed who fancies the tour of Europe will entitle him to attention at Arthur's or an assembly. Alas! after four years of expense, danger, and fatigue, if he expects auditors, he must have recourse to his tenants in the country, or seek them about four o'clock on a bench in St. James's park. On the contrary, let us suppose a young nobleman just arrived with a dress and equipage *à la Chinoise*, what a curiosity would be excited in the town! what entertainment, what admiration would it afford! What triumph would he feel in entering a rout, to see at his approach the lover rise from beneath the hoop on the settee, the dowager quit her cards, and all

With greedy ears devour up his discourse!

It would be a severe blow to the French, Mr. Fitz-Adam, should the Chinese succeed to the empire of taste; and it is worthy remark, as I hinted above, and as others of your correspondents have done before, what advances they daily make toward it. Without doors, from the seats of our dukes to the shops of our haberdashers, all is Chinese; and in most places within (at least where that sex, which ought always to have the lead in elegance, is concerned) Raphael and Titian give place to the more pleasing masters of Surat and Japan. Should their dress and cookery become as fashionable as their architecture and painting, adieu the most flourishing commerce of France: and I see no reason why they should not, if introduced by proper persons. Novelty is the soul of both, and quickness of invention the surest recommendation to the cook, as well as the tailor. For my own part, I have commissioned my two nephews, who are actually preparing for their voyage next spring, to bring over one of the greatest men they can find in each of these capacities; and I flatter myself that *their* dress and *my* table will give the taste to the whole town. I have likewise desired these young gentlemen to contract for the best dancers now in Asia, whether monkeys or men, and propose to oblige the managers of both theatres with a Chinese ballet, that I think will engage to them the support of the whole society of Anti-Gallicans.

If any young nobleman can want yet farther encouragement for this undertaking, let him consider how much greater scope there is to show his genius in the construction of a vessel, than in that of a post-chaise; not to mention the many conveniences and comforts he will have about him, which a land-carriage cannot afford: for instance, his cook, his toad-eater, his set at whist, and if he pleases, his girl: for, by the way, it would be cruel in a parent to deny a son, embarked on so useful a progress, any of those amusements or resources, so generally esteemed

innocent in other travels, and which indeed I have seldom heard that the most scrupulous governor objected to in France or Italy. It is possible that the article of sea-sickness may alarm the tenderness of some mothers: but what is it more than the qualms of claret? and a youth who has shown any spirit at college, cannot have much to apprehend from that complaint.

And here, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I cannot forbear hinting to our patriots, of what service such a system of education would prove to our marine, the great bulwark of the nation. I am persuaded it would turn out as good a nursery for sailors as the herring fishery: and what a resource would it be in any sudden emergency (like the present, for example) if the numerous retinues of the gay and great were able to go to a top-mast head! A set of fellows, who now serve only to excite the contempt or indignation of their industrious countrymen, would become useful members, and be regarded as a hidden strength of the state. Who knows but some of the young gentlemen themselves might take a more particular fancy to a blue uniform than to a red one? and I apprehend it would as soon entitle them to the esteem of their country, and not be less becoming in the eyes of the ladies.

But the point which will be thought of the most importance by your serious readers, is still behind. It has been remarked of late years (I fear with some truth) that the majority of our young travellers return home entirely divested of the religion of their country, without having acquired any new one in its place. Now as our free-thinkers are universally known to be the strictest moralists, I apprehend the doctrine of Confucius might have a very good effect upon them, and possibly give them a certain plan which they have all along wanted. In time, perhaps, they might institute some form of public worship, and thereby remove the scandal of Atheism, which our enemies abroad, from the behaviour of our travellers, are so apt to brand us with: and it is my private opinion, that if a Chinese temple were to be built by subscription, in a good quarter of the town, for the worship of the polite world, it could not fail of success.

I now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, leave you to comment upon my project. If it is recommended from your pen, I doubt not but it will be followed. We shall then see the new and old route distinguished by the title of the *grand* and *little tour*. It will be left to the ensign and the templar to trip to Paris, in absence from quarters and long vacations: plodding geniuses, admirers of the classics, philosophers, and poets will reach Rome; while the noble youth of more extensive fortune and more general principles, the rising spirits, born to take the lead, and set a pattern to the world, strike out a path

more worthy their genius, and more adapted to the enlightened age in which we live.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader and admirer,  
C.

No. 206.] THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1756.

*Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte  
Qui macchis non vultis, ut omni parte laborent,  
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas.*

HOR.

All ye, who wish some dire mishap may wait  
This horning tribe, attend while I relate  
What dangers and disasters they sustain,  
How few their pleasures, and how mixed with pain.  
FRANCIS.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

As the history of my life may be of some service to many of your readers, I shall relate it with all the openness and simplicity of truth. If they give a due attention to the errors and mistakes of my conduct, they will pass over those of my style. I am no scholar, having had a private education under the eye of my mother. Instead of conversing or playing with other boys, I went a visiting with her: and while she and my tutor were at cribbage, in which they passed a considerable part of the day, I read such books as I found lying about her room; the chief of which were the Atlantis, Ovid's Art of Love, novels, romances, miscellaneous poems, and plays. From these studies I contracted an early taste for gallantry; and as nothing pleased me so much as the comedies of the last age, my thoughts were constantly engrossed with the enviable situation of the heroes of those pieces. Your Dorimants and your Horners struck my imagination beyond the brightest characters in Pope's Homer; and though I liked the gallantry of fighting ten years for a woman, yet I thought the Greeks might have found a readier way of making themselves amends, by visiting their friends at Troy, and taking revenge in kind. Such were the exploits to command my admiration, and such the examples which I looked up to: and having manifest advantages of person, I entertained most extravagant conceits of my future triumphs. Yet even in the height of those extravagances, I had no hope of obtaining every favour that I solicited; much less should I have been persuaded that such uncommon success could be productive of any thing but consummate happiness. The history of my life will prove the contrary; and I choose to record it, with a view of showing what a succession of trouble, distress, and misery, arose from the very completion of my desires.



I was precipitately sent to Oxford, on being discovered in an intrigue with a young girl, whom my tutor had lately married, and who had a prior attachment to me. As my love for her was excessive, this separation was inexpressibly painful; and I learned from it, that past joys were no consolation for present disappointment. I found the university life so little suited to my taste, that I soon prevailed upon my mother to let me come to London. Before I had been a week in town, I was introduced to a young woman whom I took so great a fancy to, that the very violence of my passion made me despair of success. I was, however, so agreeably disappointed, that I could scarce conceal the transports of joy which possession gave me: but this joy was more than balanced, when at the end of some months I was told of the condition into which this kind creature was brought by her compliance with my desires. My anxiety upon this event was too great to be restrained; and honour, which alone had stopped the overflowings of my joy, prompted me to give a loose to my concern. I bewailed with remorse and tears the shame and misery of deluded innocence, and cursed myself as the author of so much ruin and infamy. I spared no expense to render her unhappy situation as comfortable as it could be made, and shut myself up with her till the expected time of her delivery. That fatal hour infinitely increased our mutual shame, by giving birth to a little negro, which, though it delivered me at once from the pangs of conscience, put me to an immoderate expense in bribes to the nurses, to keep the secret of my disgrace.

This unlucky adventure had almost spoiled me for a man of gallantry; but I soon lost all remembrance of ill usage in the innocent smiles and gentle sweetness of a young lady, who gave me every mark of tender love and constancy. Our mutual fondness made it impossible for us to bear that separation which discretion required. As she gave up all her acquaintance for my sake, she soon found herself abandoned by them; so that our constant living together, which hitherto had been choice, was now become an absolute necessity. This confinement, though it did not abate, but, if possible, increased my tenderness, had so different an effect upon her temper, as to cause a total change of behaviour to me and all about her: she stormed day and night like a fury, and did every thing to drive me from her company: yet if ever I went from her upon the most urgent business, she would throw herself into fits, and upbraid me with the most bitter reproaches. On my being sent for to attend my mother in her last moments, she threatened, with horrid imprecations, that if I left her then I should never see her more. I had scarce broke from her menaces, when she

flew from her lodgings in an agony of passion, and has not been heard of since.

Soon after the death of my mother, a lady of quality who visited her, and who had cast an envious eye upon her diamonds, which were not contemptible, took occasion to make some advances towards me. Whenever we met, her discourse always turned upon the great merits of my mother, and the taste which she showed in the choice and manner of wearing her jewels; and this conversation as constantly ended in an assignation at her house. Though I was at first a little proud to find my presents meet so ready an acceptance, I was not exceedingly flattered in the progress of this amour; especially when I came to perceive, that the strongest recommendation I had to her favour was growing weaker every day. I found also that a declaration which I had made of not loving cards, did not contribute to strengthen my interest in that family.

My next affair was with a lady who was really fond of me; and I thought myself then at the height of my wishes; for she managed so discreetly, that we had not the least interruption from her husband at home; but her conduct abroad was a perpetual scene of indiscretion and tyranny. She obliged me to attend her every night to the opera, and never to stir from her side. She would carry me to the most frequented plays, and keep me in a whisper during the most interesting scenes. Not satisfied with this, she made me walk with her eternally in the park, the old-road, and Kensington gardens; and to complete her triumph, she dragged me; a miserable object! about the streets of London, with the same pitiless ostentation as the inhuman conqueror trailed the lifeless carcass of Hector round the walls of Troy. To complete my misfortunes, it happened that the *beau monde* established a new mode of gallantry; and all knights amorous were required to make love after the new fashion, and attend their fair on horseback. Unluckily for me, my mother not suspecting that horsemanship would ever become, here, a requisite in gallantry, had made it no part of my English education: therefore being an absolute novice, I procured the quietest beast that was to be got, and hoped that I was properly mounted; but I soon found my mistake; for the dulness of the beast tended to bring a most disgraceful suspicion on the spirit of the rider; and I was obliged at all events to undertake a more mettlesome steed. The consequence was this: the moment I joined my mistress, she drew out her handkerchief, which fluttering in the wind, so frightened my horse that he carried me directly into the serpentine river. While I was taken up with my own danger and disgrace, her horse, which had started at the same time, ran a different way, and as she was no otherwise qualified

for a rider, but by the consciousness of being a woman of fashion, she was thrown against a tree and killed on the spot. The remembrance of her fondness for me, though so troublesome while living, was the cause of great affliction to me after her death : and it was near a twelvemonth before I settled my affections on a new object. This was a young widow, who though she did not give me the same occasion of complaint as the last, created me no less pain by turning the tables upon me. Instead of requiring my constant attendance, she would complain that I haunted and dogged her ; and would frequently secrete herself, or run on purpose into suspicious company, purely to give me uneasiness. Though confessedly her favourite I have frequently been denied admittance, when the most worthless pretenders have been let in : and when I have offered her tickets for a concert which she liked, she has refused them, and accepted a party to a dull play, with the most despicable of my rivals. When we have been at the same table at cards, she has made it remarked by the whole assembly that her eyes and her discourse have been industriously kept from me ; and such has been her cruelty, that when I have desired the honour of walking with her the next morning, she has answered with a significant sneer, she was very sorry she could not have my company, for she intended to ride. With all this, who could imagine that I was the happy man ? and yet, as I spared no pains or cost in the inquiry, I can venture to pronounce that no other persons whatever shared her favours with me. Of all the tortures that can be devised for the punishment of poor lovers, there are none so excruciating as this inequality of behaviour.

Not to trouble you with a farther detail of the plagues and disquietudes, the discoveries, expenses, fines, and dangers, which are incident to gallantry in general, I shall only tell you that I at last perceived there was no peace or comfort for the votaries of Venus but under the auspices of Hymen. To overcome my inveterate prejudices against the conjugal state, so long despised, insulted, and injured by me, was the great difficulty ; but as the thorough detection of the vanity and folly of every degree of gallantry had by no means extinguished my unalterable love for the sex, I found, upon mature reflection, that marriage was my only resource, and that I should run no great risk in exchanging the real for the imaginary pains of love.

Having taken this resolution, I stepped into the *ridotto*, fixed my eyes upon a very engaging figure, and immediately advertised for the young lady in blue and silver ; requiring only a certificate of her good humour. I went to the coffee-house, received a letter for A. B. and in the space of a few months, from being a restless, tyrannized, tormented wretch, I found myself a husband, a cuckold, and a happy man. I lived

ten years in a state of perfect tranquillity ; and I can truly say, that I once met with a woman, who to the day of her death, behaved to me with constant attention and complacency.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. Z.

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No. 207.] THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1756.

THE exorbitant exactions of servants in great houses, and the necessity imposed upon you, after dining at a friend's table, of surrendering all the money in your pocket to the *gang in livery* who very dexterously intercept every avenue to the street door, have been the subject of a former paper. This custom, illiberal and preposterous as it is, neither the ridicule with which I have treated it, nor my more serious reprehension, will, I fear, be able to abolish. My correspondents continue to complain, that though the hospitable door is opened wide for their admission, yet like that of Pluto in Virgil, it is hardly pervious at their retreat : nor can they pass the ninefold barrier without a copious shower of influencing silver. The watchful dragons still expect, and will expect for ever, their quieting sop, from his honour's bowing butler, with the significant napkin under his arm, to the surly Swiss who guards the vestibule. Your passport is not now received by these collectors, as a free gift, but gathered as a turnpike toll ; or, in other words, as the just discharge of your tavern reckoning. Thus the style of invitation, which runs generally that " Lord such-a-one desires you will do him the favour to dine with him," is explained by dear-bought experience, to import, that you will obligingly contribute your quota to the payment of his servants' wages.

Yet this abuse, grievous as it is to the guest, and disgraceful to the master, is by no means the greatest inconvenience arising from a want of attention to economical regulations. The following letter, which I have only room to insert at present, but which for the sake of my correspondent, I may possibly take under consideration at another opportunity, will sufficiently show the necessity of such regulations.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am a plain country gentleman, possessed of a plentiful fortune, and blest with most of the comforts of life ; but am at present (not through any fault of my own, that I can recollect) in great distress : which I am as much at a loss how to remedy, as I was unable to prevent. Though I have loved peace and quiet all my life,



and have endeavoured constantly to maintain good order and harmony in my family. I owe my grievances to the intrigues and jealousies which have unhappily subsisted for some time past among my servants. I give them good wages, which I pay punctually: I indulge them in every reasonable request, from a desire to make them happy; and I have been told by all of them in their several turns, that I am, without exception, the very best of masters.

Yet, with all my care and kindness, I cannot establish a proper subordination amongst them; without which, I am sensible no family government can long subsist: and for want of which (as they cannot find a decent and reasonable cause of complaint against me) they are perpetually quarrelling with one another. They do not, I believe, intend originally to hurt me: on the contrary, they pretend my advantage alone is the occasion of their disagreement. But, were this really true, my case is no less deplorable; for, notwithstanding the zeal they express for my service, and the respect and affection they profess to my person, my life is made miserable by their domestic squabbles; and my estate is mouldering away daily whilst they are contending who should manage it for me. They are so obliging, as to assure me, upon their honours, that their contests are only who can best serve so good a master, and deserve and claim the first place in his favour; but, alas! I begin to be a little apprehensive that their struggle is, and has been, who should get most vails and have most power under me; or as you may think perhaps, over me.

The first appearance of this intestine discord was upon the following occasion:

I have a very troublesome neighbour, who is continually committing encroachments upon my lands and manor. He attacks me first with his pen; and pretending to have found out some flaw in my settlements, he commences a suit of trespass against me; but at the same time, fearing lest the law should happen to decide in favour of right, he sends me word, he wears a sword. Not long ago he threatened me that he would break into my park, steal my fish out of my canal, and shoot my hares and deer within my pales. Upon the advice of my steward and other servants, I sent to my estate in the north for a trusty gamekeeper (whose bravery and fidelity I could rely upon) to come to my assistance, that he might help to preserve not only my game but my family, which seemed to be in no small danger. These orders were no sooner despatched, than to my great surprise, my postillion bolted into the parlour where I was sitting, and told me, with all the warmth of a patriot, that he could not consent to Ferdinand the game-keeper's admission into the house, for that he humbly conceived it was neither for my honour nor my interest to be indebted for any

part of my protection, or even safety, to a foreigner; for you must know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that very unfortunately for me, my poor honest Ferdinand did happen to be born somewhere or other in Germany. You may imagine, however, that I paid little attention to this remonstrance of my postillion; but dismissing him from my service, I sent for Ferdinand; who, upon the first summons, travelled night and day to come to my relief.

The next fit of affection that embarrassed me, broke out in my ambitious helper. He professed himself so excessively careful of my person, that he did not think it safe for me to be driven any longer by my old coachman; on which account he grew impatient to ascend the box himself. But his contrivances to facilitate this removal, were plain indications that he attended to his own advancement, more than to my preservation; for I have been informed, that he has often frightened the horses to make them start unexpectedly out of the quarter: at other times he has been detected in laying great stones in the way, with a design to overturn the coach; and in roads of difficulty and danger, was sure to keep out of the way himself; nay, at last, he tried to persuade the servants, that it was the coachman's intention to drive headlong over them, and break all their necks. But when he found I had too good an opinion of old Thomas to entertain any suspicion of his *honesty*, he came one morning in a pet, and gave me warning. I told him with great temper, he was to blame, paid him his wages, and bid Thomas provide himself with another helper. But I leave you to judge of my grief as well as surprise, when Thomas answered me with tears in his eyes, "that he must entreat my permission to retire from my service; he found," he said, "he had many enemies, both within doors and without: my family was divided into various parties: some were favourable to the helper, and others had been wrought upon by the late postillion; he should be always grateful for the goodness I had shown him; and his last breath he employed in praying for my prosperity." It was with great reluctance that I consented to his request; he had served me honestly above thirty years, from affection more than interest; had always greased my wheels himself, and upon every one of my birth-days, had treated all his brother whips at his own expense: so that far from being a gainer by my service, he had spent above half of what he had saved before he came into it. You may imagine I would willingly have settled a comfortable annuity upon him; but you will wonder at his behaviour on this occasion; indeed I have never met with any thing like it, in one of his low station: he declared, that he would rather live upon bread and cheese, than put my honour to any expense, when he could be no longer useful to me.



Thus have I been reduced, contrary to my inclination, to hire another coachman. The man I have now taken bears a very reputable character; but he happens to be so infirm, that he is scarce yet able to get upon his box: and though he promises, and I believe intends to take all possible care of my horses, I fear he has not been accustomed to drive a set so restive as mine are, especially in bad roads. I have also been persuaded to take my postillion again, as he is a great favourite of my present coachman. Between them they are new-modelling my family for me, and discharging those servants whom they happen to dislike. My experienced bailiff, who used to hold my courts, has left me; and my game-keeper, who has been obliged to lie, during this hard winter, in a tent in the garden, is ordered back again into the north, though he has given no sort of offence, but, on the contrary, has been greatly instrumental in protecting me from the insults of my blustering neighbour; so unpardonable a crime is it to be born in Germany!

Good Mr. Fitz-Adam, advise me, as a friend, what course to take. We Masters, as we are improperly called, are become of late so subservient to our servants, that I should apprehend this universal want of subordination in them must at last be detrimental to the state itself; for as a family is composed of many servants, cities and countries are made up of many houses and families, which together constitute a nation. Disobedience in the majority of individuals to their superiors, cannot fail of producing a general licentiousness, which must terminate at last in anarchy and confusion.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader

And admirer,

GEORGE MEANWELL.

No. 208.] THURSDAY, DEC. 23, 1756.

As the first of the following letters is written by a female correspondent, and the second intended for the service of that sex, I have taken the first opportunity of giving them to the public.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

Sir,

I am a young woman and live in the country with an uncle and aunt, whose characters, as they are somewhat particular, may perhaps contribute towards the entertainment of your readers. My uncle is a man so full of himself, that he approves of nothing but what is done

(to use his own words) after his maxim. About three years ago he caught a great cold: ever since which time he wears a great coat, and calls every man a fool that goes without one, even in the dog-days. The other day a relation coming to see him, was thrown off his horse and broke his leg.—When he was brought into the house, and my uncle came to be informed that the accident happened by his passing through a bad lane, in order to call upon a particular friend in his way to us, he told him with an air of great importance, that it was always a maxim with him, never to do two things at once. He then introduced a long story about queen Elizabeth and lord Burleigh, which, after it had lasted above half an hour, concluded with lord Burleigh's telling the queen, that he had made it a maxim, "never to do but one thing at a time." Thus did he perplex the poor gentleman who lay all the time with a broken limb; nor would he suffer any person in the room to go for a surgeon till his story was told. While the leg was setting, and the patient in the utmost torment, my uncle stood by, and with all the rhetoric he was master of, endeavoured to persuade his kinsman that his misfortune was entirely owing to a neglect of those excellent maxims which he had so often taught him. He concluded his harangue with a string of proverbs, mottoes, and sentiments, of which he is so ridiculously fond, that there is no single action of his life that is not entirely governed by one or other of them. I have seen him in the garden, in the midst of a most violent thunder-shower, walking a snail's pace towards the house, because his friend lord Onslow's motto is *festina lente*; which words I have heard him repeat and explain so often, that I have them always in my head.

My aunt is truly one flesh with her husband. She approves of nothing but what is done after her own example, though she is unable to support her prejudices even by a proverb or a saying. As I am so unfortunate as to differ from her in almost all my actions, we are extremely liable to quarrel. She gets up at six because she cannot sleep; and I lie in bed till nine, because I cannot easily wake. When we meet at breakfast, I am sure to be scolded for my drowsiness and indulgence, and questioned at least a dozen times over, "why I cannot do as she does, get up with the sun?" "Ay," says my uncle, "and go to rest with the lark, as the saying is." But alas! my aunt observes but part of the saying; for long before the lark goes to roost, she will fall asleep in her chair, unless kept awake by cards; though her usual bedtime is not till nine o'clock.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I would fain know whether the hours between nine and twelve, provided you are quite awake, are not of equal use with those between six and nine, when you

are half the time asleep? My aunt says, No; for that one hour in the morning, is worth two in the afternoon: which I cannot for the life of me comprehend.

The old lady is one of those good sort of women who think every thing beneath their notice but family affairs and housekeeping; for which reason, if ever she catches me reading a volume of the *Spectator* or *World*, she immediately asks me if the *Art of Cookery*, which she made me a present of, is mislaid or lost; to which she is sure to add, that for her part, she does not see what good can come of reading such heathenish books; and that had she given up her mind to nonsense and stuff, my uncle and his family must have been beggars, so they must.

Am I really to be governed by these old folks, or may I go on in my old way, and laugh at their absurdities? I read your paper every Friday when the post comes in, and shall be glad to see this letter inserted in your next, with your opinion of the matter, that I may know which is the wisest, my uncle, my aunt, or Mr. Fitz-Adam's

Humble servant,  
and admirer,  
C. P.

SIR,

If we pay a due regard to proverbial expressions, which are oftentimes founded in good sense and experience, the texture of the skull, particularly the extreme thickness or extreme thinness of it, contributes not a little to the stupidity or folly of our species. By a thick-skulled man, we always mean a fool, and by a thin-skulled fellow, one without any discretion. May we not therefore suppose that the state of men, respecting their understandings, is pretty much this; when their craniums are extremely solid, they are generally idiots; when in a medium, persons of sense; when somewhat thinner, wits; and when extremely thin, madmen?

What has led me into these reflections, is the present practice among our ladies, of going bareheaded, and a remarkable passage in Herodotus concerning the effect of that practice among the Egyptians.

This ancient and curious historian and traveller tells us, that passing by Pelusium, where there had been, many years before, a bloody battle fought between the Persians and Egyptians, and the skulls of the slain on each side being still in different heaps, he found upon trial that those of the Egyptians were so thick, they required a very strong blow to break them; whereas those of the Persians were so thin and tender, they scarcely resisted the slightest stroke. Herodotus attributes the thinness and tenderness of the Persian skulls, to their wearing warm caps or turbans; and the thickness

and hardness of the Egyptians, to their going bareheaded, and thereby exposing their heads to heats and colds. Now if this opinion of Herodotus, and the foregoing remarks, be well founded, what rueful effects may the present fashion of our ladies exposing their heads to all weathers, especially in the present cold season, be attended with! Instead of sensible, witty, and ingenious women, for which this country has so long been famous, we may in a little time have only a generation of triflers.

By what has happened to a neighbouring nation, we have the more reason to dread the like misfortune among ourselves. And happy are those who take warning by the misfortunes of others. Formerly, when the Dutch kept their heads warm in furred caps, they were a wise and brave people, delivered themselves from slavery, and established a wealthy and formidable republic: but since they have left off this good old fashion, and taken to French toupées, whereby their heads are much exposed, they are become so thick-skulled, that is, so stupid and foolish, as to neglect almost every means of national benefit and preservation.

Though the ancient Greeks were some of the wisest and most acute people in the world, yet the Beotians were remarkably ignorant and dull. What can we ascribe this difference between them and their fellow Greeks to, but the different conformations of the seat of knowledge? I wish our society of antiquaries would endeavour to find out if this did not proceed from the Beotians following the Egyptian fashion above-mentioned.

Are we to suppose that the only motive of our eminent physicians and great lawyers for wearing such large periwigs as they generally do, is merely to appear wiser than other people? Have they not experienced that these warm coverings of the head greatly contribute to render them really so? One apparent proof of their being wiser than most others is, that the former very rarely take any physic, and the latter never go to law when they can avoid it. However, we must for the sake of truth acknowledge, that too many of these gentlemen of both professions, seem to have carried the practice of keeping their heads warm to such an excess, as to occasion a kind of madness, which shows itself in so voracious an appetite for fees as can hardly be satisfied. But as we frequently see good proceed from evil, may it not be hoped that these extravagances of physicians and lawyers will put people upon making as little work as possible for either, by substituting temperance in the room of physic, and arbitrations instead of law-suits?

Whether your female readers will take warning by the examples here set before them, or much esteem your advice or mine, I know not; but surely such of them at least as go to church,



and there say their prayers, will pay a proper regard to St. Paul, who tells them that "every woman who prayeth with her head uncovered, dishonoureth her head."

In one of the islands of the Archipelago (I think it is Naxos) there was formerly a law that no woman should appear abroad in embroidered clothes, or with jewels, unless she were a professed courtesan; nor be attended when she walked the streets, with more than one waiting-maid, except she was in liquor. Now what I would propose is, that you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, should issue out an edict, that none of the fair sex in our island shall for the future be seen in public without a cap, but such as are known to be ladies of pleasure; unless you shall be pleased to except those who are apt to tipple a little too much, and therefore go in this manner to cool their heads.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

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No. 209.] THURSDAY, DEC. 30, 1756.

THE public will no doubt be a good deal astonished, that instead of the great name of Adam Fitz-Adam to this paper, they now see it written, by a poor weak woman, its publisher, and dated from the Globe, in Paternoster-Row. Alas! nothing but my regard and veneration for that dear good man could have got the better of my modesty, and tempted me to an undertaking that only himself was equal to.

Before these lines can reach the press, that truly great and amiable gentleman will, in all probability, be no more. An event so sudden and unexpected, and in which the public are so deeply interested, cannot fail to excite the curiosity of every reader; I shall therefore relate it in the concisest manner I am able, not in the least doubting but my defects in style will be overlooked, and that grief and concern will prevent criticism.

The reader may remember, that, in the first number of the World, and in several succeeding papers, the good old gentleman flattered himself that the profits of his labours would some time or other enable him to make a genteel figure in the world, and seat him at least in his *one horse chair*. The death of Mrs. Fitz-Adam, which happened a few months since, as it relieved him from the great expense of housekeeping, made him in a hurry to set up his *equipage*; and as the sale of his paper was even beyond his expectations, I was one of the first of his friends that advised him to purchase it. The *equipage* was accordingly bespoke and sent home; and as he had all along promised that his first visit in

it should be to me, I expected him last Tuesday at my country-house at Hoxton. The poor gentleman was punctual to his appointment; and it was with great delight that I saw him from my window driving up the road that leads to my house. Unfortunately for him, his eye caught mine; and hoping (as I suppose) to captivate me by his great skill in driving, he made two or three flourishes with his whip, which so frightened the horse, that he ran furiously away with the carriage, dashed it against a post, and threw the driver from his seat with a violence hardly to be conceived. I screamed out to my maid, "Lord bless me!" says I, "Mr. Fitz-Adam is killed!" and away we ran to the spot where he lay. At first I imagined that his head was off; but upon drawing nearer to him, I found it was his hat! He breathed indeed, which gave me hopes that he was not quite dead; but for other signs of life he had positively none.

In this miserable condition, with the help of some neighbours, we brought him into the house, where a warm bed was quickly got ready for him; which, together with bleeding and other helps, brought him by degrees to life and reason. He looked round about him for some time, and at last, seeing and knowing me, inquired after his *chaise*. I told him it was safe, though a good deal damaged. "No matter, Madam," he replied; "it has done my business: it has carried me a journey from this world to the next: I shall have no use for it again." Here his speech failed him, and I thought him expiring; but after a few minutes, recovering as it were from a trance, he proceeded thus: "Mrs. Cooper," says he, "you behold in the miserable object now before you, a speaking monument of the folly and madness of ambition. This fatal chaise was the ultimate end of all my pursuits; the hope of it animated my labours, and filled me with ideas of felicity and grandeur. Alas! how has it humbled me! May other great men take warning by my fall! The World, Mrs. Cooper, is now at an end! I thought it destined to a longer period; but the decrees of fate are not to be resisted. It would indeed have pleased me to have written the last paper myself; but that task, Madam, must be yours; and however painful it may be to your modesty, I conjure you to undertake it." He paused here for a moment or two, as if waiting for my answer; and, as well as I could speak for sorrow and concern, I promised what he asked. "Your knowledge as a publisher, Madam, (proceeded he) and your great fluency of words, will make it perfectly easy to you. Little more will be necessary than to set forth my sudden and unhappy end: to make my acknowledgments to the public for the indulgence it has shown me; and above all to testify my gratitude to my numerous correspondents, to whose elegant



pieces this paper has been principally indebted for its uncommon success. I intended, (with permission) to have closed the work with a list of those correspondents; but death prevents me from raising this monument to my fame."

A violent fit of coughing, in which I feared the poor gentleman would have gone off, robbed him of his speech for more than half an hour: at last, however, he came again to himself, and though more feebly than before, proceeded as follows: "I am thankful, Madam, that I yet live, and that an opportunity is given me of confessing the frailties of my nature to a faithful friend." I winked at Susan to withdraw, but she would not understand me: her stay, however, did not prevent Mr. Fitz-Adam from giving me a full detail of the sins of his youth; which as they only amount to a few gallantries among the ladies, with nothing more heinous than a rape or two at college, we bid him be of comfort, and think no more of such trifles. "And now, Madam," says he, "I have another concern to trouble you with. When I was a boy at school, it always possessed my thoughts, that whenever I died I should be buried in Westminster Abbey. I confess freely to you, Madam, that this has been the constant ambition of my riper years. The great good which my labours have done to mankind will, I hope, entitle my remains to an interment in that honourable place; nor will the public, I believe, be disinclined to erect a suitable monument to my memory. The frontispiece to the *WORLD*, which was the lucky thought of my printer, I take to be a most excellent design; and if executed at large in virgin marble, must have an admirable effect. I can think only of one alteration in it, which is, that in the background I would have, in relief, a one-horse chair in the act of overturning, that the story of my death, as it contains a lesson for the ambitious, may be recorded with my name. My epitaph, if the public might be so satisfied, I would have decent and concise. It would offend my modesty, if after the name of Fitz-Adam, more were to be added than these words,

He was the deepest philosopher,  
The wittiest writer,

AND

The greatest man  
Of this age or nation.

I say, Madam, of this age and nation, because other times and other countries have produced very great men; insomuch that there are names among the ancients, hardly inferior to that of Adam Fitz-Adam."

The good old gentleman would have proceeded, but his speech failed him again, and he lay as if expiring for two whole hours; during which interval, as I had no time to spare, and as all I heard was then fresh in my memory, I sat myself down to fulfil the promise I had made. When I had written thus far, he again attempted to speak to me, but could not. I held up the paper to him, and asked if he would hear it read. He nodded his assent, and after I had gone through it, his approbation. I desired him to signify by some motion of his hand, if there was any thing in it that he wished to have altered. He nodded his head again, and gave me a look of such complacency and regard, as convinced me I had pleased him. It is from a knowledge of this circumstance that I shall now send what I have written to the press, with no other concern than for the accident which occasioned it; an accident, which I shall never think of, without tears, as it will probably deprive the public of a most able instructor, and me of a worthy friend and constant benefactor.

MARY COOPER.

Globe, Pater-Noster-Row,  
Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1756.

P. S. Wednesday night, ten o'clock. Mr. Fitz-Adam is still alive, though in a dangerous way. He came to his speech this morning, and directed me to inform the public, that as the *WORLD* is now closed, he has ordered a general Index to the folio volumes to be printed, and given gratis in a few days, at Mr. Dodsley's in Pall Mall, and at M. Cooper's at the Globe in Pater-Noster-Row.

## WORLD EXTRAORDINARY.

The following paper having been transmitted to Mr. Fitz-Adam's bookseller on the very day of that gentleman's misfortune, he takes the liberty to offer it to the public just as it came to hand.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As the contagion of politics has been so prevalent of late, that it has even (I wont say infected, but at least) infused itself into the papers of the impartial Mr. Fitz-Adam, perhaps I may not make him an unacceptable present in the following piece, which will humour the bent of his disorder (for I must consider political writings as a distemper) and at the same time will cool, not increase, any sharpness in his blood.

Though the author of this little essay is retired from the busier scenes of life, he has not buried himself in such indifference to his country, as to despise, or not to attend to what is passing even in those scenes he has quitted: and having withdrawn from inclination, not from disgust, he preserves the same attachments that he formerly made, though contracted even then from esteem, not from interest. He sees with a feeling concern the distresses and distractions of his country; he foresees with anxiety the consequences of both. He laments the discord that divides those men of superior genius, whose union, with all their abilities, were perhaps inadequate to the crisis of our affairs. He does not presume to discuss the grounds of their dissensions, which he wishes themselves to overlook; and he would be one of the last men in England to foment division, where his interest as a Briton, and his private inclinations as a man, bid him hope for coalition. Yet he would not be a man, he might be a Stoic, if even these inclinations were equally balanced: his admiration may be suspended, his heart will be partial. From these sensations he has been naturally led to lament and condemn the late torrent of personalities: he sees with grief the greatest characters treated with the greatest licentiousness:

his friendship has been touched at finding one of the most respectable aspersed in the most injurious manner. He holds that person's fame as much superior to reproach, as he thinks himself inferior to that person's defence; and yet he cannot help giving his testimony to the reputation of a man, with whose friendship he has been long honoured. This ambition, Sir, has occasioned my troubling you with the following portrait written eight years ago; designed then as private incense to an honoured name; and ever since preserved by the author only, and in the fair hands to which it was originally addressed. I will detain you no longer than to say, that if this little piece should be accused of flattery, let it be remembered that it was written when the subject of it was no minister of state, and that it is published now (and should not else have been published) when he is no minister at all.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

H. M.

To the Right Honourable Lady C. F.

MADAM,

I have been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends, and think I have in some degree succeeded; but as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myself, I choose to submit to your ladyship's judgment, whose prepossession for the person represented is likely to balance what fondness I may have for my own performances. As I believe you love the person in question as much as ever other people love themselves, the medium between the faults you shall find, and the just resemblance that I see in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

The gentleman I am drawing is about\* three-and forty: as you see all the fondness and delicacy and attention of a lover in him, perhaps

\* This was written in the year 1748.



your ladyship may take him to be but three-and-twenty : but I, whose talent is not flattery, and who from his judgment and experience and authority, should at first set him down for threescore, upon the strictest inquiry, can only allow him to be in the vigour of his age and understanding. His person decides rather on my side, for though he has all the ease and amiableness of youth, yet your ladyship must allow that it has a dignity, which youth might aim at in vain, and for which it will scarce ever be exchanged. If I were like common painters, I should give him a ruddy healthful complexion, and light up his countenance with insipid smiles and unmeaning benignity : but this would not be a faithful portrait : a florid bloom would no more give an idea of him, than his bended brow at first lets one into the vast humanity of his temper : or than an undistinguishing smile would supply the place of his manly curiosity and penetration. To paint him with a cheerful open countenance would be a poor return of compliment for the flattery that his approbation bestows, which, by not being promised, doubly satisfies one's self-love. The merit of others is degrading to their friends ; the gentleman I mean makes his worth open upon you, by persuading you that he discovers some in you.

He has the true characteristic of a great man, that he is superior to others in his private, social, unbended hours. I am far from meaning by this superiority, that he exerts the force of his genius unnecessarily : on the contrary, you only perceive his pre-eminence in those moments by his being more agreeably good-natured, and idle with more ease, than other people. He seems inquisitive, as if his only business were to learn ; and is unreserved, as if he were only to inform : and is equally incapable of mystery in pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what he does.

In the house of commons he was for some time an ungraceful and unpopular speaker, the abundance of his matter overflowing his elocution : but the force of his reasoning has prevailed both over his own defects and those of his audience. He speaks with a strength and perspicuity of argument that commands the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleased. But his vanity cannot satisfy itself on the terms it could satisfy others ; nor would he thank any man for his approbation, unless he were conscious of deserving it. But he carries this delicacy still farther, and has been at the idle labour of making himself fame and honours by pursuing a regular and steady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height, and made those fear him, who now only love him—if a party can love a man

whom they see is only connected with them by principles, not by prejudices.

In another light one may discover another littleness in his conduct : in the affairs of his office \* he is as minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the same post ; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it. He is as attentive to the solicitation and interests of others in his province, as if he were making their fortune, not his own ; and to the great detriment of the ministry, had turned one of the best sinecures under the government into one of the most laborious employments, at the same time imagining that the ease with which he executes it, will prevent a discovery of the innovation. He receives all officers who address to him with as little pride as if he were secure of innate nobility ; yet this defect of illustrious birth is a blemish ; which some of the greatest men have wanted to make them completely great ; Tully had it ; had the happiness and glory of raising himself from a private condition ; but boasting of it, might as well have been noble ; he degraded himself by usurping that prerogative of nobility, pride of what one can neither cause nor prevent.

I say nothing of his integrity, because I know nothing of it, but that it has never been breathed upon even by suspicion : it will be time enough to vindicate it, when it has been impeached. He is as well bred as those who colour over timidity with gentleness of manners, and as bravely sincere as those who take, or would have brutality taken for honesty ; but though his greatest freedom is polite, his greatest condescension is dignified with spirit ; and he can no more court his enemies, than relax in kindness to his friends. Yet though he has more spirit than almost any man living, it is never looked upon as flowing from his passions, by the intimate connection that it always preserves with his understanding. Yet his passions are very strong : he loves play, women more, and one woman more than all. The amiableness of his behaviour to her, is only equalled by her's to him—But as your ladyship would not know a picture of this charming woman, when drawn with all her proper graceful virtues ; and as that engaging ignorance might lead you even into an uncertainty about the portrait of the gentleman, I shall lay down my pencil, and am,

MADAM,

YOUR LADYSHIP'S

Most obedient,

Humble servant,

VANDYKE.

\* Secretary at War.

















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